

THE LAND OF DECISION

—
SQUIRES

**THE UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS
LIBRARY**

975.5

S_g 51

Generated at Library of Congress on 2023-12-21 01:36 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uiug.30112049790725>
Public Domain in the United States; Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-us-google

**THE UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS
LIBRARY**

975.5

Sg 5f



SUNRISE IN VIRGINIA
The Silence of Peace

Photo by H. C. Mann

"The echoes of the last cannon fired at Appomattox floated away in the gray April morning, the last shot on Virginia's soil. Let us hope and pray that the silence of peace which has succeeded will never, never, never again be broken by the alarms of war."—Page 32.

The Land of Decision

Let facts, not fancy, here reveal
The splendor of Virginia's story.
The simple truth is eloquent enough.

BY

W. H. T. Squires

W. H. T. SQUIRES, M.A., D.D., Litt.D.

Author of

THROUGH CENTURIES THREE, *Virginia from Raleigh to Byrd*

THE DAYS OF YESTER-YEAR, *in Colony and Commonwealth*

WHO AM I, *a Genealogical Record Book*

PEREGRINE PAPERS, *a Tale of Travel in the Orient*

ACADIE DAYS, *Sketches of New Scotland, &c.*

THIS BOOK IS NUMBER

— 383 —

OF THE FIRST EDITION

FULLY ILLUSTRATED

PRINCRAFT PRESS, INC.,
PORTSMOUTH, VA.
MCMXXXI



SUNRISE IN VIRGINIA
The Silence of Peace

Photo by H. C. Mann

The peace which the world has known since Napoleon's flight away in the gray April morning
of 1814 has been a peace of the sword. Let us hope and pray that the silence of peace which has
fallen upon the world since the armistice of 1918 will be broken by the alarms of war. —Page 31

The Land of Decision

Let facts, not fancy, here reveal
The splendor of Virginia's story.
The simple truth is eloquent enough.

BY

W. H. T. Squires

W. H. T. SQUIRES, M.A., D.D., Litt.D.

Author of

THROUGH CENTURIES THREE, *Virginia from Raleigh to Byrd*

THE DAYS OF YESTER-YEAR, *in Colony and Commonwealth*

WHO AM I, *a Genealogical Record Book*

PEREGRINE PAPERS, *a Tale of Travel in the Orient*

ACADIE DAYS, *Sketches of New Scotland, &c.*

THIS BOOK IS NUMBER

— 388 —

OF THE FIRST EDITION

FULLY ILLUSTRATED

PRINCRAFT PRESS, INC.,
PORTSMOUTH, VA.
MCMXXXI

BOOKS BY
W. H. T. SQUIRES

The Three Virginia Books

THE DAYS OF YESTER-YEAR IN COLONY
AND COMMONWEALTH, a Sketch Book
of Virginia—1928.

THROUGH CENTURIES THREE, a Short
History of the People of Virginia—
1929

THE LAND OF DECISION, the Splendor of
Virginia's Story—1931.

GUIDE BOOK TO NORFOLK-PORTSMOUTH
AND VICINITY—1916

WILLIAM MAXWELL, a Virginian of Ante-
Bellum Days—1918

ACADIE DAYS, a Sketch Book of Nova
Scotia—1920

PEREGRINE PAPERS, Travels in the Orient
—1923

WHO AM I? a Genealogical Record Book
—1926

COPYRIGHT, 1931

W. H. T. SQUIRES

All rights reserved

975.5
Sg 52

25 May 34 C. U. C.

General 2 Ap 34 Direct

To One

WHO HAS WALKED WITH ME THE INTRICATE PATHS OF LIFE;
WHOSE LOVE, LIKE THE RAINBOW IN A CLOUD,
BRINGS SMILES THROUGH TEARS;
WHOSE SYMPATHY LIFTS A HEART OFTEN HEAVY WITH TOIL
AND JADED WITH DISCOURAGEMENT;
WHOSE COURAGE BURNS LIKE A STAR UPON THE
FROWNING FOREHEAD OF THE NIGHT—

TO ONE

WHO HAS MULTIPLIED THE JOYS OF LIFE, AND
DIVIDED ITS SORROWS—

TO MY WIFE

This Book Is Dedicated

862093

Table of Contents

	PAGE
HAIL	XI
I. THE DECISION AT YORKTOWN	I
II. THE DECISION AT APPOMATTOX	17
1. Sunday.	
2. Monday and Tuesday.	
3. Wednesday and Thursday.	
4. Friday.	
5. Saturday.	
6. Sunday.	
7. The Surrender.	
III. THE DECISION ON THE SEA	41
1. Hampton Roads.	
2. U. S. S. "Merrimac."	
3. Brooke's Vision.	
4. Saturday.	
5. Sunday.	
6. Beneath the Waves.	
7. Influence.	
IV. CAPE HENRY, A FOCAL POINT OF HISTORY	60
1. The Tower on the Dunes.	
2. The Lion Asleep.	
3. The Pageant of the Centuries.	
V. COLONIAL NORFOLK	78
1. Adam Thoroughgood.	
2. Legally Begotten.	
3. A Stragglng Village.	
4. The Borough.	
5. The Silver Mace.	
6. Virginia's Largest City.	
7. Complete Destruction.	
VI. SIDNEY LANIER	104
1. The Confederate Soldier.	
2. The Young Attorney.	
3. The Poet.	
4. Sunset Hour.	
VII. BACON'S CASTLE	129
VIII. DRAKELOWE	138
IX. OLD BLANDFORD	143
1. Abraham Wood.	
2. John Randolph of Roanoke.	
3. Winfield Scott.	
4. Eliza Hening.	
5. Robert E. Lee.	
6. The First Memorial Day.	
7. Two Governors.	

	PAGE
X. THE LAST DEFENDER	160
1. The House of God.	
2. The Retreat.	
3. The Unknown Soldier.	
XI. MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM MAHONE	168
1. The Country Lad.	
2. Behold This Dreamer.	
3. The Hero of the Crater.	
4. The Railway Magnate.	
5. Like Another Warwick.	
6. Senator Mahone.	
7. Evening Shadows.	
XII. LIEUTENANT-GENERAL AMBROSE POWELL HILL	204
XIII. JOHN REUBEN THOMPSON, THE LAUREATE OF THE LOST CAUSE	228
XIV. THE MARCH OF THE MOUNTAIN MEN	249
1. The Land Awaits.	
2. Twilight Before Dawn.	
3. The Coming of the Colonels.	
4. In the Great Woods.	
5. Winning the Frontiers.	
XV. JOSEPH JOHNSON, AN EXECUTIVE OF HIGH DE- CISION	271
XVI. STONEWALL JACKSON BORN	288
XVII. HOW STONEWALL FELL	302
XVIII. THE HEROINES OF TAZEWELL	325
1. Olivia Wynn.	
2. Mollie Tynes.	
XIX. THE CONFEDERATE BATTLE FLAG	340
XX. THE BLUE BANNER OF VIRGINIA	357
1. State Banners.	
2. Virginia's Flag.	
3. Sic Semper Tyrannis.	
4. The Virgin.	
5. The King.	
6. Civil War.	
7. The Flag Today.	
FAREWELL	372
INDEX	387

Illustrations

	PAGE
SUNRISE IN VIRGINIA. <i>The Silence of Peace</i> . . . <i>Frontispiece</i>	
YORK HALL, <i>the Nelson House, Yorktown</i>	4
MAP. <i>The Revolution in Virginia</i>	12
MAP. <i>The Retreat to Appomattox</i>	12
WHERE LEE SURRENDERED. <i>McLean House, Appomattox</i>	32
THE BATTLE OF THE IRON-CLADS. <i>Contemporary Engraving</i>	48
THE TOWER ON THE DUNES. <i>Cape Henry</i>	64
TIDEWATER VIRGINIA, <i>a Tangle of Land and Water</i>	80
(Four Scenes)	
THE BOROUGH CHURCH. <i>St. Paul's Parish, Norfolk, Va.</i>	96
THE PEAK OF THE MASSANUTTENS. <i>Valley of Virginia in Blossom Time</i>	112
THE ROAD FROM BACON'S CASTLE. <i>A Virginia Autumn Scene</i>	128
OLD BLANDFORD, <i>Petersburg, Va.</i>	144
THE UNION ARMY ENTERS PETERSBURG. <i>Photo Taken April 3, 1865</i>	160
THE BATTLE OF THE CRATER. <i>Painting by Elder</i>	176
THE SYLVAN PATH TO DRAKELOWE. <i>A Bit of Primeval Forest</i>	192
GENERAL AMBROSE POWELL HILL. <i>From a Contemporary Photograph</i>	208
THE MARSHES, POCOSONS AND UMBRAGEOUS FORESTS OF VIRGINIA	224

Generated at Library of Congress on 2023-12-21 01:36 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/ulug_30112049790725
 Public Domain in the United States; Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-us-google

	PAGE
BURIAL OF LATANE. <i>Painting by Washington</i> . . .	240
THE LAND OF THE MOUNTAIN MEN. <i>From an Ancient Engraving</i>	256
GOVERNOR JOSEPH JOHNSON. <i>Portrait in State Library</i> .	272
IN THE VALLEYS OF WEST VIRGINIA. <i>Once Northwestern Virginia</i>	288
A LITTLE RIVER SEEKS THE OHIO. <i>In Jackson and Johnson Land</i>	288
WHERE STONEWALL DIED. <i>Guinea Station, Va.</i> . . .	304
GENERAL STONEWALL JACKSON. <i>Portrait in State Library</i>	320
A CATARACT IN THE HILLS OF TAZEWELL	336
THE BATTLE FLAG ON A \$500 CONFEDERATE NOTE (1864)	352
A BATTLE FLAG FLOWN FROM THE RAMPARTS OF PETERSBURG	352
THREE CONFEDERATE FLAGS. <i>Photo Made During the Civil War</i>	352
A CONFEDERATE CAPTAIN IN UNIFORM. <i>Photo Made 1861</i>	352
THE BROOK THAT LAPSES AWAY TO THE VIRGINIA SEA .	368
SUNSET IN VIRGINIA. <i>The Cross on the Dunes</i> . . .	372
MAP. <i>Colonial Virginia. Counties, Parishes and Churches</i>	380

Hail!

The common run of men, as has been noticed since the beginning of the world, are as eager as children for a story, and like children they will embrace the man who will tell them a story with an abundance of detail and plenty of color, and a realistic assurance that it is no mere make-believe.

—John Morley, on *Macauley*.

Moses and Heroditus, who began the art of the annalist for civilized man, used geography and chronology as the two eyes of history. For many centuries their precedent was followed. The fife's shrill note and the deep roll of the drum drowned voices more significant. The narrator became the sycophant of kings, cardinals and courts.

When the kingly crown lost prestige and the commons demanded a hearing, the fife shrieked no longer and the drums went silent. Yet we believe Moses and Heroditus were right. Geography and chronology are the eyes of history, because the reader would fain see the scene . . . the flowing river, the lofty mountain, the bridge, the road and town. A shower of rain, an oozing marsh, a stone house, a broken bridge, the embankment of a railway have often turned the currents of history.

In this volume the geography of Virginia appears without apology on every page.

* * * *

Chronology is also the historian's eye. The month, day and perhaps hour are often critical.

The skeins of destiny are curiously tangled. A remote election or sudden death, a debate in Parliament or treaty in Paris, an assassination in the Balkans or riot in Turkey—such distant and intangible events wield a potent influence over those who never dream it possible.

In these pages the clock and calendar constantly appear.

* * * *

Accuracy is history's vital breath. Napoleon's cynical remark, "History is a fable agreed upon," is often justified. But the truth will emerge betimes. Guess at it and you are sure . . . sure to guess wrong!

Of others we do not speak, but Virginia and the Virginians have been cursed by wretched propaganda. Political pamphleteers, partisan editors and half-baked orators often make the worse appear the better reason, if an election may be won, a party retained in power or some idol kept for the nonce enthroned. It is to sympathize with Horace Walpole, though we dissent, when he cried, "Anything but history, for history must be false."

This pen believes that history must be true. If errors here are found, they are honest errors, not deliberate falsehoods of personal bias or deceptive intent.

* * * *

The humble foot-note marks the author's path. History is not fiction, but a drama rich with the

spoils of time. We were not present on the field of battle; we have never met Sabastian Cabot nor Comte de Grasse. We must follow others . . . hence the foot-note, which explains why it is said and who said it.

Like those perennial fountains which swell from the bosom of her hills, the story of Virginia is exhaustless. Every book, if it be a worthy book, begets another . . . and, let us hope, a better.

* * * *

Sympathy is the historian's heart. No man has the right to analyze the character, motives or career, the faults or mistakes, the successes or the failures of another (and he dead and gone) unless his touch be sympathetic. Let that biographer who defames his subject be anathema!

Sympathy is not flattery, nor blindness; but the sympathetic pen suffers with its subject. If we did not love Virginia and her sons, this book had best die a-borning.

* * * *

Common sense is the historian's head. For it there is no substitute. Neither erudition, patience nor research can take the place of this homely, wholesome virtue.

* * * *

Diction is the author's hand. With it he weaves a robe of English, fine and faultless, in which to clothe his heroes. They are worthy the choicest product of the pen.

Thomas Carlyle, with characteristic boldness,

invites his readers to a court ceremonial whereat their Majesties, the ministers, ambassadors, generals, admirals and fine ladies, stand forth without a vestige of clothing! It is shocking of the canny Scot to play such pranks with plastic imagination. But his point cannot be denied—all heroes deserve the best raiment.

He who presents them to the world should use choice English.

“My God,” cried Martin Luther, “how hard it is to make the Hebrew prophets speak German!” How hard it is to reap the teeming harvests of one’s brain in English, pure and undefiled!

And, when our best is done, we blush that it has been so poorly done, withal.

* * * *

This is our creed. We greet you with the Roman salutation

H A I L !

The Land of Decision

THE LAND OF DECISION

CHAPTER I

THE DECISION AT YORKTOWN

There were a king with a large jaw and a queen with a plain face, on the throne of England; and there were a king with a large jaw and a queen with a fair face on the throne of France. In both countries it was clearer than crystal to the lords of state that things in general were settled forever. It was the year of Our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five.

—*Charles Dickens: A Tale of Two Cities.*

There was a governor and captain-general of Virginia in the stately palace at Williamsburg, sent by the king. Like his royal master he, too, had a large jaw, but a small brain. He had a pretty mouth, pretty enough for a maiden,¹ but a black and ugly heart. He did his puny best—or worst—blundering along, to wrench an empire, a great continent, from the grasp of his royal master. And it was the year of Our Lord seventeen hundred and seventy-five.

This parlous and perilous year made a bad beginning. Lord North proclaimed the men of Massachusetts rebels (February) and General Gage quartered three thousand British troops in the rebels' homes at Boston (April 1). Eight hundred of them would seize the colony's store of powder at Concord (April 19), but the embattled rebels drove them in.

¹*Days of Yester-Year*, p. 202, for Dunmore's portrait.

Concord and Lexington set Virginia aflame. The ignoble Earl seized Virginia's supply of powder,² but the affair was settled betimes.

The Earl summoned the Burgess to meet for the last time (June 1).

Peyton Randolph, Speaker of the House of Burgesses and president of the Continental Congress, came from Philadelphia to Williamsburg, with an escort of horse and foot. Virginia was elated, and the Whigs jubilant, but the large jaw of the Earl fell. He had a threat (he would free and arm the slaves) that would bring Virginia to her knees in terror! (June 5.)

But the Virginians were not afraid of their blacks, nor were they afraid of Lord Dunmore. The streets of Williamsburg were filled with men in green hunting shirts, wearing Patrick Henry's words blazoned in white, "Liberty or Death."

The House of Burgesses sent the Earl a bill—every slave imported into Virginia hereafter should pay an import tax of five pounds sterling—a prohibitive impost. He vetoed the bill, the last veto by a royal governor in Virginia; and it was in favor of slavery, a traffic forced upon Virginia from the first.

The Earl received a dispatch from Boston. General Gage intended to seize John Hancock and Samuel Adams. He feared the angry Virginians would make him an hostage.³ He fled in the early hours of June

²GEORGE BANCROFT, "Fifteen half-barrels of powder."

³Dunmore's report states that he fled because he feared to fall "a sacrifice to the daring and atrociousness, the blind and unmeasurable fury of great numbers of the people."

8, perhaps at two o'clock⁴ by back exits through the palace gardens and a postern gate to Queen's Creek and Yorktown.⁵ It was twelve miles of rough going through the deep shadows of the forest along dim paths, lit by glittering stars, but terror was a spur and before the sun touched the blue waters of York River, the Earl, his family and staff, were safely aboard H. B. M. S. "Fowey."

It was an ignominious end to Virginia's magnificent colonial era. For well nigh two centuries (1585-1775) British valor and patriotism vanquished every obstacle and laid, deep and strong, the foundations of this mighty nation.

The Revolution began and ended at Yorktown, a sequestered village⁶ which straggles along a bold bluff overhanging the rippling waters of York.⁷

⁴LYON G. TYLER, *History of Va.*, Vol. II, p. 136; June 8, 1775, 2 a. m. GEO. BANCROFT, *Hist. of U. S.*, Vol. VII, p. 386, "the night following the seventh of June."

CHAS. C. CAMPBELL, *Hist. of Va.*, p. 151, "June 6."

⁵The route Dunmore took is not given by any authority. The author believes he would be apt to shun the main roads and reach Yorktown by sequestered paths.

⁶MARY L. FOSTER, *Colonial Capitals*, pp. 97-107.

⁷Lewis C. Cranton, addressed Congress, Dec., 1929, in these words: "It is a striking coincidence of fact, stranger than fiction, that the definite beginning of the American colonial period and its definite close should have been within twenty miles of each other in the Enchanted Peninsula of Tidewater Virginia—the beginning on Jamestown Island in 1607, the first permanent English settlement in the New World, and the close at Yorktown when the surrender of Cornwallis admitted the independence of the colonies. Midway between lies Williamsburg where was erected the first legislative building in America, the first public school, one of the first colleges, and where much else occurred of prime importance in our earliest period. It is my thought that this island, this ancient city, and this battlefield, with suitable forest lands should constitute a great historical National Monument, challenging the interest and reverence of all patriotic Americans."

The Council⁸ and Burgesses besought the Royal Governor to return, but he preferred his floating capitol. The "Fowey" was ordered to Boston, and the Earl sent Lady Elizabeth and their children to New York; thence to London. He transferred his headquarters to the "William," a merchant vessel, and spent a quiet summer on the Chesapeake.

H. B. M. SS. "Mercury," "Mars," and later the "Otter" and "Kingfisher" arrived. The Earl made his headquarters at Norfolk, the largest city in the colony, with perhaps 6,000 people, many of whom were English and Scotch tobacco buyers. The busy town was a Tory stronghold, and easily defended as it was separated from the rest of Virginia by the broad and deep waters of the Elizabeth River, and the intractable recesses of Dismal Swamp.

The Revolutionary Committee of Safety determined to drive the Earl from Virginia. Colonel William Woodford and the Minute Men of Culpeper County marched from Williamsburg (October 24) through Suffolk (November 21) and at Great Bridge (December 9) drove five hundred British and Tories back to their ships.⁹

On New Year's Day the Earl fired the warehouses along the waterfront, and the conflagration swept the entire town.¹⁰

The Earl sailed hither and thither,¹¹ scourging the Chesapeake, carrying destruction, pillage and dis-

⁸Names of Council: *Tyler's Quar.*, Apr. '29, p. 274.

⁹*Days of Yester-Year*, pp. 162-171.

¹⁰For a detailed account of the destruction of Norfolk, see Chapter V.

¹¹*Through Centuries Three*, p. 310.

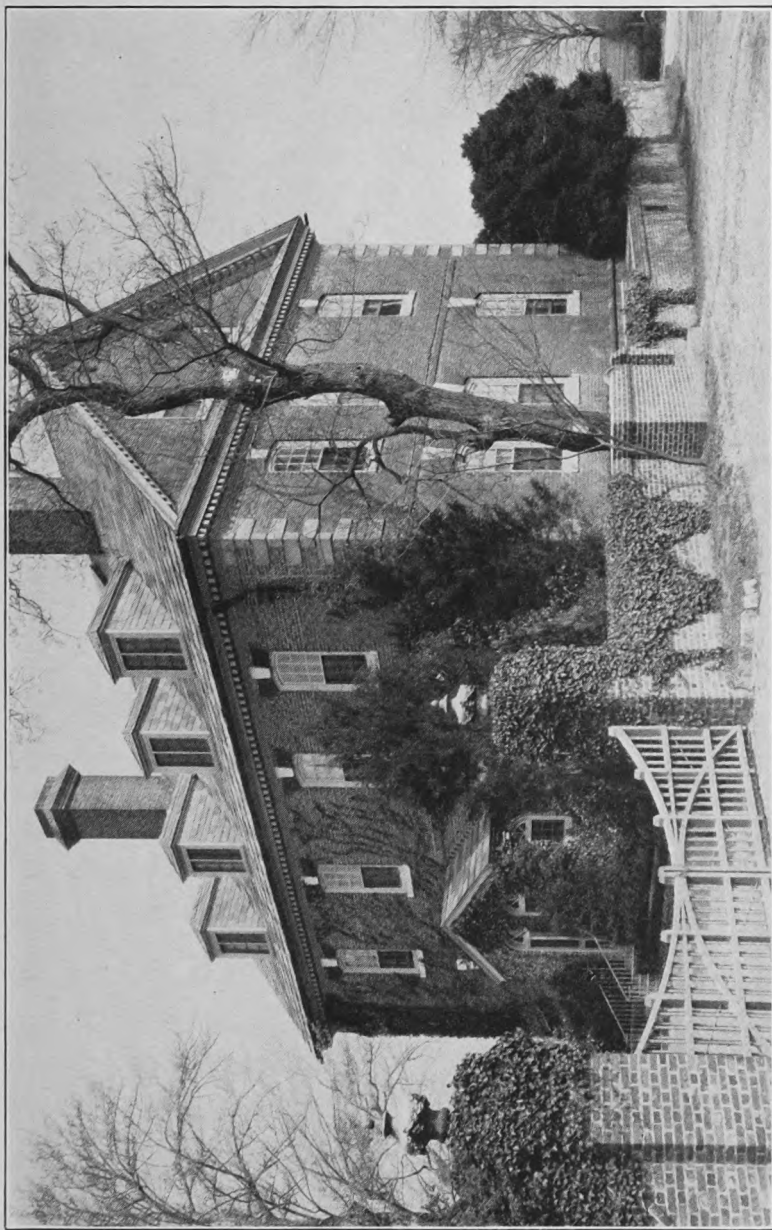


Photo by Courtesy of the Norfolk-Portsmouth Chamber of Commerce

YORK HALL

“Cornwallis boxed the Peninsula to Yorktown and occupied York Hall. He made his headquarters from August 1, 1781, until his surrender, October 19, in the home of Thomas Nelson, Jr., Commander of the Virginia Militia and Governor of the State.”—Page 11.

tress¹² along the extensive shoreline of Virginia and Maryland, and finally made his headquarters at Gwynn's Island, a sequestered retreat off the eastern edge of Gloucester (now Mathews) County. Gov. Patrick Henry sent Andrew Lewis to get the Earl. The selection was apt for Andrew had old scores to settle with his lordship. He held Dunmore responsible, rightly we think, for the murder of his brother Charles.¹³ His Scotch-Irish blood burned for revenge. He stormed the island and drove the British to their ships.

The Earl, severely wounded in his leg, exclaimed, "Great God, that it should have come to this!"

Dunmore burned his smaller boats, sent the others with the emancipated slaves to the West Indies, and returned to New York.¹⁴

II

For three years British policy spared Virginia. Our battles were fought in New England and New York with Washington;¹⁵ at Saratoga with Daniel Morgan; at Jersey City with "Light Horse" Harry Lee; at Princeton with Hugh Mercer; at the Brandywine with Edward Stevens and William Woodford; at Old Vincennes with George Rogers Clark; at King's Mountain with William Campbell and John Sevier; at the Cowpens with Daniel Morgan;¹⁶ at Eutaw

¹²CHAS. RAMSDELL LINGLEY, *Transition in Va.*, pp. 61-72. Character of the Earl.

¹³*Through Centuries Three*, pp. 306-7.

¹⁴Washington's Opinion of Dunmore, *Yester-Year*, p. 164.

¹⁵*Days of Yester-Year*, p. 140.

¹⁶*Days of Yester-Year*, pp. 134-150.

Springs with "Light Horse" Harry Lee.¹⁷ Virginia's blood was generously shed on many fields of blood and glory.

Three years after Dunmore's departure Sir George Collier entered our sea-gate (May 9, 1779). H. B. M. S. "Raisable," 64 guns, led a fleet with 2,000 seasoned veterans and General Edward Mathews on board. They stormed Fort Nelson,¹⁸ a feeble breastwork, from which Major Thomas Matthews and one hundred and fifty raw recruits retreated with becoming haste.¹⁹

Sir George found the "Marine Yard" at Portsmouth²⁰ the "best in the colonies." His was a visit, brief but costly, for the British destroyed 137 boats, large and small. The damage was estimated at five million dollars.

After eighteen months Brigadier-General Alexander Leslie²¹ arrived (October 16, 1780) with 3,000 men to reduce Virginia and humble America. Eight hundred men marched into Portsmouth (October 20), one thousand into Hampton by way of Newport News (October 23) and small forces took Suffolk and Princess Anne. Unexpected news of the sensational victory at King's Mountain (October 7) sent Leslie to Charleston (November 22) to reinforce Cornwallis.

The reduction of Virginia began in deadly earnest

¹⁷JOHN FISKE. Also THOS. BOYD, *Light Horse Harry Lee*.

¹⁸At present the site of the U. S. Naval Hospital, Portsmouth. *Va. Mag. of Hist. and Biog.* April, 1928, p. 184.

¹⁹RICHMOND C. HOLCOMB, *Hist. of Naval Hospital*, pp. 41-4.

²⁰Site of Norfolk Navy Yard.

²¹RICHMOND C. HOLCOMB, *Hist. of Naval Hospital*, pp. 45-6.

when Benedict Arnold and 900 men arrived with the New Year, 1781.²² Promptly reinforced, Arnold moved to Burwell's Bay²³ (January 4, 2 p. m.) and Jamestown Island. He landed 1,500 infantry and 120 horses at Westover, and pushed on to Richmond (January 5).

Governor Thomas Jefferson retired to Westham and Tuckahoe.²⁴ Colonel Simcoe followed the Governor and burned the foundry at Westham.

Virginia was thoroughly aroused. The militia sprang to the defense of the state. Arnold burned Richmond and retreated to Westover (January 6). Two days later (January 8) he sailed slowly down the James to Portsmouth (January 20).

General George Weedon at Fredericksburg, General Thomas Nelson, Jr., at Williamsburg and Baron von Steuben at Petersburg (Cabin Point) trained and drilled 4,000 raw, unarmed and undisciplined militia.

The French fleet, patrolling the shores of the continent from New England to the West Indies, had a sharp naval action off Cape Henry (March 16, 1781). Had Des Touches won, Arnold's army at Portsmouth would have been at his mercy. As it befell, Admiral Arbuthnot drove Des Touches to Newport. Perhaps this battle gave the young Marquis de La Fay-

²²LYON G. TYLER, "On the last day of the year (1780), Mr. Jefferson heard that 27 ships had entered the Chesapeake."

²³Chapter VIII.

²⁴*Through Centuries Three*, p. 398.

Tuckahoe is now the residence of Harold Jefferson Coolidge of Boston and Virginia, a scion of both the Randolph family of Virginia and the Coolidge family of Massachusetts.

ette²⁵ his great idea²⁶ of a decisive victory on the shores of the Chesapeake.²⁷

A new British commander, Colonel William Phillips, superceded Colonel Benedict Arnold, for the British disliked Arnold, regarding him a traitor. Phillips sent Arnold with 2,500 men²⁸ to Williamsburg (April 20), thence they pushed up the James to City Point (April 24) and Petersburg (April 25).

Baron von Steuben fought stubbornly, retiring from Petersburg. The British followed him to Manchester.

Meanwhile La Fayette hurried southward by way of Alexandria, Fredericksburg and Bowling Green to Richmond (April 29) and arrived four days after von Steuben's battle at Petersburg.

Colonel Phillips retired to Hog Island.²⁹ A dispatch from Cornwallis ordered him to Petersburg. Cornwallis was to abandon North Carolina and force a decision in Virginia.

Phillips³⁰ reached Petersburg (May 9), a sick and dying man. He was buried in Blandford (May 13) a week before Cornwallis arrived.³¹ The general expected to capture La Fayette. "The boy cannot escape me now."³² But the boy did escape and eventu-

²⁵Washington sent him to Virginia with 1,500 men to defend the Commonwealth as best he might.

²⁶The author's conjecture, unsupported by any authority.

²⁷B. TUCKERMAN, *Life of La Fayette*, Chap. 6.

²⁸LYON G. TYLER, "3000 men."

²⁹Chap. VIII.

³⁰His visit to Brandon, MARION HARLAND, *Some Col. Homesteads*, p. 6.

³¹Chapter X.

³²La Fayette had only 3000 raw recruits, poorly equipped.

A. B. MURRAY, *Men of the Revolution*, p. 328.

ally brought him to his doom. La Fayette's strategy in the Virginia campaign was superb.

When Cornwallis moved to Richmond (May 24) La Fayette retired behind the Chickahominy. Cornwallis turned eastward to White Oak Swamp (May 27). As he crossed the Chickahominy (May 28) La Fayette retired behind the North Anna.

Cornwallis again moved eastward and crossed the Pamunkey at New Castle (May 29). He passed Hanover C. H. (May 30) and (June 1) sent Colonels Simcoe and Tarleton to reconnoitre. The Marquis retreated into Spottsylvania County (June 2) and next day he crossed the Po; a day later (June 4) he put the Rapidan between him and his pursuers.³³

At the North Anna Cornwallis hesitated. "The boy" had drawn him a long way into an hostile country. The Virginians were gathering behind him at Point-of-Fork in Fluvanna County. He sent Colonel Simcoe to disperse them, capture such stores as he could use and destroy the rest. Banastre Tarleton³⁴ was to capture Governor Thomas Jefferson at Monticello and the General Assembly at Charlottesville. Neither raid was successful. Baron von Steuben eluded Simcoe, and Jack Jouett, by his famous ride from Cuckoo Tavern, saved Jefferson and the Assembly.

"Mad Anthony" Wayne and his veteran Pennsylvanians came to La Fayette's aid (June 10.) The Continental force turned southward by Raccoon Ford, to protect Charlottesville. La Fayette cleared an old

³³Ely's Ford.

³⁴*Through Centuries Three*, p. 326.

road through the forests, holding Cornwallis to his left and the distant summits of the Blue Ridge far to his right.

General William Campbell, the intrepid hero of King's Mountain, crossed Blue Ridge with 600 expert riflemen from the Scotch-Irish frontiers³⁵ and joined La Fayette at Mechunk Creek, thirteen miles east of Charlottesville.

Cornwallis prudently turned eastward (June 15), to Richmond (June 16).

Baron von Steuben united with La Fayette, and increased his army to 4,000.

The British rested four days in Richmond, and ten days in Williamsburg (June 25-July 4).

When they attempted to cross the James at Jamestown (July 6), La Fayette and Wayne attacked their rear at Green Spring, the famous plantation of William Berkeley,³⁶ but accomplished nothing. Cornwallis reached Portsmouth betimes, but La Fayette retreated to "Malvern Hill," the famous Cocke plantation, destined to fill so large a page in our Civil War.³⁷

The invasion of Virginia was ended. Despite the anguish and devastation Cornwallis achieved no decision. The British had, in six months, destroyed fifteen millions dollars worth of property and carried off 30,000 slaves, nine-tenths of whom died in camp or in the West Indies.³⁸

³⁵Chapter XIV.

³⁶*Through Centuries Three*, p. 154.

³⁷Chapters XII and XVII.

³⁸LYON G. TYLER, *History of Va.*, Vol. II, p. 209.

III

Cornwallis hoped to join Clinton in New York, and crush Washington on the Hudson. He explained to Clinton that Portsmouth, a small village, could not accommodate 7000 men. Clinton ordered Cornwallis to Old Point Comfort, at that time a sand bank!

Cornwallis obeyed the spirit of Clinton's command. He boxed the "Peninsula" to Yorktown, and occupied "York Hall."³⁹ He made his headquarters from August 1, 1781, until his surrender (October 19, 1781) in the home of Thomas Nelson, Jr., commander of the Virginia militia and governor of the State.⁴⁰

The British had almost completed a huge circle through Tidewater Virginia. They left Williamsburg July 5 for Jamestown, Surry C. H., Suffolk, Portsmouth, Old Point, and returned to Yorktown (August 1), within twelve miles of Williamsburg.

Cornwallis threw a detachment into Gloucester Point and began breastworks (August 4).

Meantime the French frigate "Concorde" arrived at Newport, Rhode Island, (August 3) and notified Washington that Comte de Grasse was sailing that day (August 3) from San Domingo for the Chesapeake.

La Fayette waited as patiently, or impatiently, as he might for the arrival of de Grasse. He wrote Washington (August 21), "The British must be forced to surrender!" He knew that Cornwallis was

³⁹EDITH TUNIS SALE, *Interior of Va. Houses*, pp. 89-96.

⁴⁰*Through Centuries Three*, pp. 323-333.

Generated at Library of Congress on 2023-12-21 01:36 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uiug_30112049790725 / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-us-google
Public Domain in the United States; Google-digitized

hopelessly trapped if the Virginia watergate were closed.

Comte de Grasse entered our capes with 28 ships-of-the-line and 3500 regulars of the French army (August 28). The British were fully aware of the movement, and strange to say, were not alarmed for Cornwallis.

In a sharp action Admiral Graves struck the French fleet (September 5) off Cape Henry; but Comte de Grasse had the better of it. He captured two British ships and retired to Lynnhaven Roads, behind Cape Henry, expecting to renew the battle the next day.⁴¹ But Graves disappeared into the gray mists of the Atlantic (September 6) and left Cornwallis to his fate. The responsibility for the surrender of that brave general must rest upon Clinton, for a stupid, strategic blunder, and Graves for an untimely retreat.

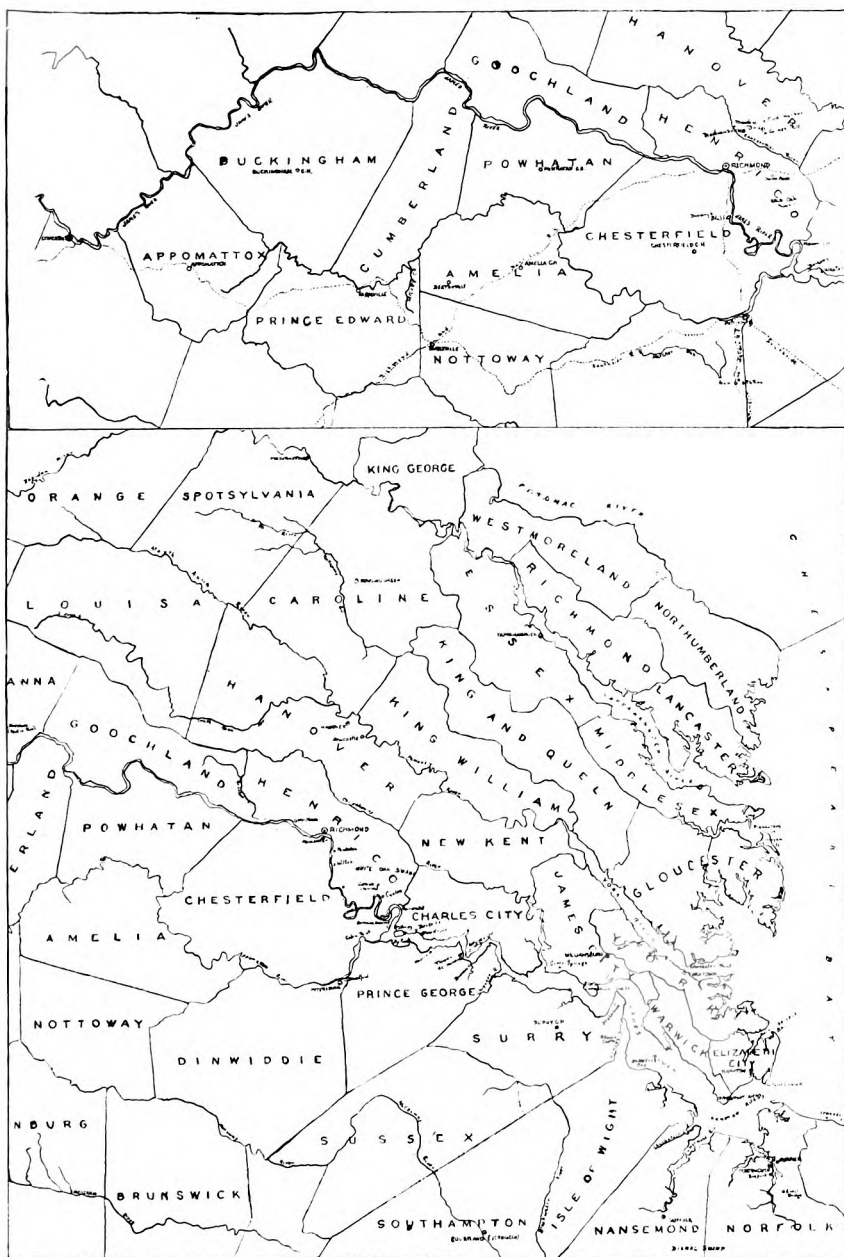
The day after the naval battle La Fayette moved into Williamsburg (September 7), twelve miles from Cornwallis. General St. Simon and 3000 French regulars joined him by way of Jamestown.⁴² La Fayette now had as many men as Cornwallis.

The next move, by far the most delicate and perilous, was Washington's. He made a feint against New York which completely deceived Clinton.⁴³ He called upon the governors of the northern states for volunteers to "capture New York," and his call was so loud that Clinton could not help hearing. With

⁴¹Chapter IV.

⁴²Some authorities say 3,500 regulars.

⁴³H. B. CARRINGTON, *Battles of the Amer. Revolution*, Chap. 74.



Drawn by Emily E. Squires

(Above)—Map showing retreat of the Army of Northern Virginia from Petersburg and Richmond to Appomattox C. H., April 2-9, 1865.

(Below)—Map of Revolutionary Virginia locating the sites in the Virginia Campaign.

11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31
32
33
34
35
36
37
38
39
40
41
42
43
44
45
46
47
48
49
50
51
52
53
54
55
56
57
58
59
60
61
62
63
64
65
66
67
68
69
70
71
72
73
74
75
76
77
78
79
80
81
82
83
84
85
86
87
88
89
90
91
92
93
94
95
96
97
98
99
100

the bulk of his army Washington hastened secretly southward (August 25). There were companies of infantry from New York and Connecticut, a regiment from Rhode Island, Colonel Scammel's light infantry, two New York regiments, one regiment from New Jersey and Lamb's artillery. About 2000 men marched into Philadelphia (August 30).

The day that de Grasse drove Graves from Cape Henry (September 5) Washington left Philadelphia. At Chester an express brought the welcome news that de Grasse had safely reached Virginia's waters. Washington's joy was intense. At last, he felt, victory, so long problematical, was to be won.

General Benjamin Lincoln led the army to Elk River, at the head of the Chesapeake, and Washington hastened to Mount Vernon, his first visit home since he left at the behest of Congress six years before (1775), to defend Boston. Rochambeau and Chastellux were his guests.

When they reached Williamsburg (September 15) La Fayette and St. Simon were overjoyed. Washington congratulated Comte de Grasse (September 18) on his signal victory over Graves.⁴⁴

General Lincoln moved the army safely down the Chesapeake and up the James to Jamestown; thence across country (September 25) to Williamsburg.⁴⁵

The siege of Yorktown began immediately (September 28). The allies, 16,000 strong,⁴⁶ dug breast-

⁴⁴Rochambeau, Knox, Chastellux, Du Portail, Cobb and Trumbull, accompanied Washington to Cape Henry and visited de Grasse on the "Ville de Paris."

⁴⁵ROBT. C. WINTHROP, Centennial address at Yorktown, October 19, 1881.

⁴⁶Seven thousand spoke French.

works within two miles of Yorktown, and extended their lines rapidly to right and left in a great crescent, the cusps resting upon York River. The Americans lay to the right or east, the French to the left or west. Washington and Rochambeau made their headquarters side by side on the road to Williamsburg where the two sectors met. The investment of Cornwallis was complete in two days (September 30) and on October 1 the guns opened fire.

North of the York General George Weedon and the Virginia militia blocked the road to Tappahannock and Fredericksburg.⁴⁷ Eight hundred French marines under Lauzun reinforced Weedon. Banastre Tarleton made an heroic effort (October 2) to break through, but failed. Tarleton's horse was captured, and he barely escaped.

Washington dug the first parallel before the British works (October 6), and heavy cannon, from the French fleet, bombarded Yorktown. Three days later more cannon opened (October 9). General Washington touched off the first great gun in a new line, and (October 10) the French opened with heavier guns from a new salient across a deep ravine which separated their lines from the British. Red hot shot burned one British man-of-war, 44 guns, and destroyed smaller craft (October 10).

Baron von Steuben built a second parallel, only 1200 feet from the British line (October 11). Every gap was closed and Yorktown was sealed.

The bombardment increased in violence, if that could be. A lurid glare lit earth and heaven. The

⁴⁷The road is now called the "Tidewater Trail."

roar of the cannon bespoke Washington's determination to force a decision—and end six long, heart-breaking years of war which had laid the land waste from the frozen shores of the St. Lawrence to the palm-embroidered banks of the Altamaha.

Two British redoubts must be taken. That to the right or east was manned by forty-five veterans. The stronger fort to the left by 120. Colonel Alexander Hamilton was commmanded to capture the first. Colonel William Deuxpont led the French against the second. Hamilton, by an impetuous charge, captured the fort in a few minutes.⁴⁸

Count Deuxpont's task was more difficult.⁴⁹ One hundred men fell before the British guns were silenced (October 14).

Washington watched the movement with intense concern. He exclaimed, at last, to Henry Knox: "The work is done, and well done."

Cornwallis determined to abandon his stores, leave his wounded, cross the narrow strait, break through the Virginia line under Weedon, and dash up the Rappahannock for Fredericksburg. Clinton might come to his aid.⁵⁰

At nightfall, October 16, every available boat and raft began a silent ferry across York River. But a

⁴⁸John Laurens of South Carolina leaped first into the fort.

⁴⁹He was wounded in the action. King Louis XVI rewarded him by naming him a Chevalier of St. Louis. Rochambeau mentioned him particularly in his reports. In later years he served as guard at the royal court of Bavaria, of which kingdom he was a native. The wounded were sent to Prince Edward County where many died and are buried.

⁵⁰Had Cornwallis made this movement six weeks, or even a month earlier, he might have escaped.

furious storm set high seas running and the movement became impossible. The stars in their courses fought against him.

The proud commander sent forward a flag of truce next morning (October 17) asking Washington's terms. John Laurens and Comte de Noailles met Colonel Dundas⁵¹ and Major Ross⁵² at the home of "Widow Moore," and delivered Washington's terms. They were harsh, for they were the same that Sir Henry Clinton demanded of General Benjamin Lincoln when Charleston, South Carolina, was surrendered eighteen months before.

The papers were signed on the morning of October 19, and the British marched forth as "prisoners of war to the combined forces of America and France."⁵³

The great decision was won; on Virginia's soil, by the sword of Virginia's greatest son. The Declaration of Independence was no longer a mere scrap of paper, but a charter of liberty; and not for America only, but for all the world.

This scene of wonder and of glory was staged in the sequestered village on the banks of York, by whose star-lit waters the Earl of Dunmore six years before, abdicated the crown rights of Great Britain.

⁵¹Francis Dundas had won the confidence of his commanders. He served in all parts of America and fought at the Brandywine, Germantown, Monmouth, at Guilford C. H. and throughout the South. In 1812 he received a commission as a general in the British army.

⁵²Alexander Ross, like Dundas, had served through the entire war. He was aide-de-camp to Cornwallis. He, also, attained the rank of general in the British army in 1812.

⁵³HENRY LEE, *War in the Southern Dept.*, Vol. II, pp. 481-8.

Letter of Earl Cornwallis to Sir Henry Clinton, K. B., dated Yorktown, Oct. 20, 1781, quoted verbatim.

CHAPTER II

THE DECISION AT APPOMATTOX

And I looked, and behold a pale horse; and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him. And power was given unto them . . . to kill with sword and with hunger, and with death, and with the beasts of the earth.

—*Revelation of St. John, VI:8.*

It was April in Virginia. The swelling buds, the twittering birds, the fragrance of hyacinths and lilacs proclaimed the advent of another spring. The peace of God, like a benediction, filled the blue arch of heaven above;¹ but the furies of hell were unleashed in the world beneath.

Billows of flame and blood had rolled time and again over the once fair and fertile fields, the farms and forests of Virginia. Four years of war and destruction laid the happiest land on earth under unutterable anguish, misery, fear, sorrow and pestilence. Only too literally the mourners went about the streets. Through these long years rude pine boxes brought home the mangled remains of boys who had marched forth so proudly with a mother's kiss upon their brows and a father's benediction on their heads.² Through these interminable years pestilence and famine, the hideous and inevitable companions of war stalked through the country-side. Men closed their eyes to

¹Sunday, April 2, 1865, is still remembered for the unusual beauty and mildness of the weather.

²THOMAS NELSON PAGE, *Marse Chan*.

WALTER HINES PAGE, *Life*, Vol. 1, pp. 2 and 3.

the obvious and their ears to the inevitable, and pinned their faith to the righteousness of their cause, as they hoped against hope. Surely a just God, they argued, would hear the cry of His children and harken to the blood poured forth like water to defend the constitutional liberties³ of the South. Now the end was at hand. Cruel fate could not be thwarted.

I

SUNDAY

The day was Sunday, the second of April, two weeks before Easter; and Easter betokens life after death, resurrection after crucifixion.

At four in the morning, General Grant opened an irresistible bombardment upon the whole Confederate front. Petersburg, the South's last bulwark of defence, was encircled save to the north and north-west by livid flames, a promontory in a sea of fire. The long duel between Grant and Lee, which began eleven months before on the banks of the Rappahannock, reached its culmination. General Grant promised President Lincoln to fight it out along that line if it took all summer. And it took all summer, and autumn and winter and spring had come again!

So attenuated had Lee's line of defense become that the Federal forces broke through, here and there, time and again. Ever alert he quickly reformed along interior lines—a relief, but temporary.

Lee, after conference with General James Longstreet (10-10:30 a. m.) telegraphed John C. Breck-

³ROBERT L. DABNEY, *Defense of Virginia and the South.*

enridge, Secretary of War, in these now historic words:

“I advise that all preparations be made for leaving Richmond tonight. It is absolutely necessary that we should abandon our position tonight or run the risk of being cut off in the morning.⁴ My retreat will be a difficult operation, but I hope not impracticable.”

General Breckenridge sent an orderly at once to President Davis, who was attending divine service in St. Paul's Church. The officer strode up the central aisle to the President's pew and handed him the fateful envelope. Mr. Davis grasped his hat and hurried out. There was not a soul in St. Paul's from good Dr. Charles Minnegerode⁵ in the pulpit to the humblest worshipper in the pew who did not understand. The blow had fallen! Richmond went wild with panic.⁶

General Lee withdrew his extended lines swiftly, secretly and successfully; as only a military genius could. He retreated toward Amelia Court House to the west, between the James and Appomattox.

Imagine a gigantic “Y” laid across the map of Virginia;⁷ the left head at Richmond, the right at Petersburg, the two strokes uniting at Amelia, and the stem of the letter lying westward through Farmville to Appomattox. That was Lee's line. Though outnumbered five to one, Lee did not lose a regiment,

⁴FITZHUGH LEE, *General Lee*, p. 379.

⁵JOSEPH PACKARD, *Recollections*, pp. 243-5.

⁶WILLIAM ASHBURY CHRISTIAN, *History of Richmond*.

⁷A. L. LONG, *Memoirs R. E. Lee*, p. 410.

nor even a company in this exceedingly delicate, intricate and dangerous movement.

On Monday he reported, "I have my army safely out of the breastworks, and to follow me the enemy must abandon his lines, and he can derive no further⁸ benefit from his railroads or James River."

The roads from Amelia to Danville and Lynchburg were still in Confederate hands.

As the last regiment left Petersburg the magazines were fired⁹ and the bridges across the Appomattox burned. The heavens were illuminated for miles around, and the soldiers trudging on in silence watched the lurid tints against the black heavens.

II

MONDAY AND TUESDAY

Lee shrewdly conjectured that General Grant would rush forward to press his victorious advantage (which he did); and that he would likely divide his forces (which he did) and that he might then fall upon the victorious invaders and defeat one corps at a time. Grant had 162,234 men, and Lee had 33,000 still in the field. (Monday, April 3.)

But starving men cannot fight. The long winter had exhausted the scanty supply of food. Many Confederate soldiers fell dead in their tracks during this terrible retreat.¹⁰ Many threw away their guns for they did not have strength to carry them. When

⁸JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

⁹E. LEE CHILDE, *General Lee*, p. 310.

¹⁰Chapter X.

Lee surrendered only 7,800 of his men had guns in their hands.

Lee ordered the commissary to collect all supplies available at Amelia, and a train of supplies¹¹ was forwarded from Danville. He planned to rest and feed his weary and dispirited men there and then turn upon Grant with all the old-time vigor.

At every strategic turn of events in his career Lee was thwarted by the ignorance, stupidity or insubordination of his subordinates. We have here the last fatal illustration. The supplies arrived at Amelia the day before the army. Somebody ordered the engineer to proceed to Richmond. To Richmond the supplies went, and were burned as they stood upon the tracks, by the same stupid, stolid psychology that set fire to the Confederate capital.

Richmond, with fifteen million dollars worth of property (wealth sorely needed by the poverty-stricken, panic-stricken, underfed and under-nourished people) was deliberately put to the torch!

The Germans did not burn Berlin in 1918, nor the French Paris in 1872. But some fool or set of fools burned Richmond a full week before Lee surrendered!¹²

Under a "misapprehension of orders" worse than criminal General Lee found at Amelia not an ounce of food. It has been said that at Amelia General Lee's

¹¹THOMAS NELSON PAGE, *R. E. Lee*, p. 616.

¹²J. WILLIAM JONES.

"Under a misapprehension of orders the tobacco warehouses in Richmond were fired, and the flames spread so rapidly that the heart of the business section was destroyed."

Dr. Jones is at least charitable!

countenance for the first time betrayed his utter despondency. After that super-blunder the final disaster hastened. The army vainly scoured the war-blistered countryside for food, and two precious days were lost (Tuesday, April 4, and Wednesday, April 5).

General Philip Henry Sheridan advanced along the Southside Railway (Norfolk & Western) with a superb cavalry force and cut the Richmond and Danville (Southern) Railway at Burkeville (Tuesday, April 4). The door to Danville and North Carolina was closed to Lee; only the roads to Lynchburg and the mountain country remained open.

III

WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY

Wednesday evening the weary, hungry and despairing army took up the march in silence and composure.¹³ Saylor's Creek flows to the Appomattox River fifteen miles west of Amelia and about four miles west of a village called Deatonville.¹⁴ Here General Sheridan flung his victorious cavalry squarely across Lee's line of retreat. It was surrender, or fight it out and cut through two army corps! Even in that bitter alternative the gray hosts did not hesitate. Anderson, Pickett, Bushrod Johnson and Ewell¹⁵ fell

¹³A. L. LONG.

¹⁴THOMAS NELSON PAGE, *Lee*, p. 554.

¹⁵J. WILLIAM JONES, *Robert E. Lee*, p. 367-8.

Ewell commanded the rear-most Confederates.

upon Sheridan. But it was useless. Six thousand men were captured—half of Lee's available force.¹⁶

As the sun set, lurid with the smoke of battle, hundreds of Confederate veterans, begrimed with clay, dust and blood, defended themselves on a plateau above the river bottoms. In a very frenzy of desperation without officers to lead them, they called to one another in rage and defiance. In the twilight General Lee, himself, rode up leading a brigade of infantry. His face was animated; his eye brilliant. In these terrible disasters and defeats he was as self-controlled and dignified as in his great victories. Instantly they hailed their chieftain:

"General Lee, Uncle Robert, lead us—lead us," they clenched their fists in intense emotion, and shouted as they ran to him. He gave the sharp word of command and brought order instantly out of chaos.

Even in that last battle¹⁷ at Saylor's Creek, with such odds against them, the Confederates won a victory in one sector of the field and captured 1000 prisoners whom they marched to Appomattox and who were with them under guard when General Lee surrendered! It is incredible, but true.

Many Confederates broke through the Union lines and finding themselves in the open country, turned their faces southward, seeking Joseph E. Johnston somewhere in North Carolina.

¹⁶Some authorities estimate the loss at 10,000.

¹⁷See Chapter XI—Governor Cameron's address.

H. W. BURTON, *History of Norfolk*.

IV

FRIDAY

At a late hour Thursday night (April 6) General Lee crossed the Appomattox, which in that rolling country is merely a rivulet, and entered Farmville. The enemy, eager and triumphant, splendidly mounted and equipped, and flushed with victory, were hot upon the rear. Yet Lee found time, early Friday morning, to call at the home of the widow of Colonel Thornton. With deep emotion he said to her:

"I have no time to tarry, Mrs. Thornton, but I could not pass Farmville without paying my respects to the widow of my honored soldier and friend, Colonel Thornton, and to tender my deep sympathy in the loss you have sustained. It is a misfortune that this country has been deprived of his services."

It is not strange that the people of the South,¹⁸ and indeed the entire nation, revere and love such a man.

This Friday was an eventful day in our history. The Confederate leaders knew their cause was lost, yet were loathe to suggest surrender to General Lee. But the condition of the army was so miserable and the struggle so hopeless that General Pendleton agreed to broach the subject. At Farmville, or perhaps in leaving, he suggested, tactfully, that General Lee open negotiations with General Grant.¹⁹ But Lee declined. He planned to "push on to the Staun-

¹⁸Incident related by DR. J. WILLIAM JONES, *Life of Lee*, p. 326.

¹⁹JOHN ESTEN COOKE, *Life of Lee*, p. 457.

ton River²⁰ and maintain himself behind that stream until a junction could be made with Johnston." The road to Lynchburg was open still, and the railway was uncut. Lee would make one last attempt to save his army. Had it not been for starvation, who will deny that he might have done it? Men cannot march and fight without food.

As Lee left Farmville Grant marched in.²¹

That afternoon at five o'clock (Friday, April 7) a note from General Grant²² was handed Lee:

"The result of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood, by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate army known as the Army of Northern Virginia."

These words were simple, direct, courteous and tactful.

General Lee replied:

"Though not entirely of the opinion you express of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia, I appreciate your desire to avoid useless effusion of blood; and, therefore, before considering your proposition, ask the terms you will offer on condition of its surrender."

²⁰A. L. LONG.

²¹At 11 a. m. See RICHARD MC ILWAINE, *Memoirs*, pp. 208-212.

²²We have never seen it stated that this note was written at Farmville.

V

SATURDAY

It must have been late Friday night before Grant received Lee's reply. On Saturday morning (April 8) he replied that peace was his "one great desire." His only condition was that the men be "disqualified for taking up arms against the government of the United States until properly exchanged." He suggested that they meet for conference.

General Lee replied, promptly:

"To be frank, I do not think the emergency has arisen to call for the surrender of this army; but as the restoration of peace should be the sole object of all, I desire to know whether your proposal would lead to that end."

That means, I take it, that General Lee had one last chance to win through, and he would not surrender so long as one chance remained.

The Federal cavalry gave the harassed Confederates not a moment's rest by day or night. After four years of superhuman effort they had them in retreat and determined to press for a decision. The retreat was forced to the verge of desperation. It is astonishing that Lee reached Appomattox, thirty long, hopeless, weary, despairing miles beyond Farmville, and Farmville is seventy miles from Petersburg and Richmond.

Saturday afternoon the last crushing disaster befell. General Sheridan captured a train of supplies sent eastward from Lynchburg for Lee's starving

army. The railway was cut and the road to Lynchburg, Lee's last refuge, was closed!

The scenes through which Lee's legions struggled beggar description. Language has no words sufficiently strong, bitter, excruciating, to depict the suffering of those who left a red and purple ribbon of blood from Petersburg to Appomattox. Each day and hour added new terrors of death and destruction.

Gaunt with famine, shrunken with hunger, stricken with delirium, fever, exposure, thirst, mental anguish and physical torture, these age-old, war-blasted, nerve-racked youths fell dead in their tracks, or flung themselves by the cold corpses of their comrades and their foes and prayed to die. They ate the buds of the bushes and the bark of trees; they were fortunate to secure a handful of parched corn, and so they struggled on to Appomattox.

Behind them, increasing thousands swarmed relentlessly along the roads, across the fields, triumphant, strong, happy, well-fed, magnificently equipped and disciplined, determined to grasp a conclusive victory and close the issue for all time.

Over a country once so fair, billows of smoke, gas and choking dust rolled to every horizon. In reeking clouds friend and foe seemed like demons, marching, charging, firing, retreating, shouting, fighting, cursing, praying, falling wounded, groaning, dying. The Confederates ever and anon, to protect their rear, used the piles of dead as a breastwork for the living! So desperate had they become that death was no terror, but a relief. They charged over the mangled corpses of their comrades and into the lines of the

foe. These despairing veterans of an hundred battle-fields like salamanders vomited fire and drove ever back and forth through rolling smoke and livid flame.

They leaped forward at each sharp command. Whole lines fell together, butchered into a writhing, bleeding, agonizing, dying mass. They waded through miry swamps of human blood. Volley after volley punctuated the endless days and turned the frightful nights into an hell-on-earth. The dreary hours dragged their bloody length. Sabbath to Sabbath . . . not a week . . . an eternity of torture! And so they came to Appomattox.

A very hurricane shrieked overhead, a tornado of iron and steel and lead. A moment's silence was but the prelude to an outburst more deadly and ominous than before, if that could be. The earth beneath them rocked with the detonations of great guns, the shock of battle, the explosion of magazines.

Death, like a monster, flung hideous coils about them. Shells, exploding on every side, tore the forests into splinters and flung the trees about. Burning wagons, ammunition dumps, dead mules and dead men blocked the roads. Mangled corpses lay on every hand. The world was filled with mutilated, butchered men and animals, for the end of the world had come!

Comrades who fought beside them four full years and had survived the shock of an hundred conflicts fell, shattered, mutilated, like the leaves fall in the autumn blasts, writhing in unutterable agony and torment undescrivable, from wounds fresh, festering.

Their senses reeled under the impact, shell-shocked,

dazed, crazed, torn of body, wounded, wrecked, hunger-smitten, famished, thirsty beyond words to describe, hopeless, despairing, driven on and on by a relentless storm of shot and shell. Billows of flame reached to high heaven. Only to the west was the horizon clear.²³

The deadly purr of the grape-shot, canister hissing like a million fiery serpents, the deafening roar of the cannon, each worse than the other—all details in a besom of carnage such as had never before in all history, to that time, been turned loose upon the sons of men. And so they struggled on to Appomattox. Hopelessly, painfully on . . . on . . . on . . . on . . . They came, the bravest, the noblest, the best of the whole world's bravest, and noblest and best!

How a single man lived through it only God-o'-Mercy knows!

General Lee called the remaining leaders²⁴ to his headquarters, a tent three-fourths of a mile east of Appomattox Court House. Standing before a blazing fire of logs, he read Grant's letters. He stood as erect as ever, thoroughly possessed. Fitzhugh Lee and John B. Gordon lay side by side on a blanket. Longstreet sat on a log smoking his pipe. Pendleton listened attentively.

It was almost midnight before they agreed upon their plan, a plan of vital interest. Gordon and Fitzhugh Lee were to push along the road from Appomattox C. H. to Appomattox station, only two miles, but held by Sheridan. If they cut their way through

²³PHILIP ALEX. BRUCE, *Rob't E. Lee*, p. 306.

²⁴CAPT. ROB'T E. LEE, *Recollections of Lee*, p. 152.

Sheridan's force and reached Appomattox station, Longstreet and Mahone were to follow before Grant could close the gap. But if the infantry lay behind Sheridan further fighting would be useless. A flag of truce would be sent forward and Lee would meet Grant and surrender, if the honorable terms Grant had suggested were still to be obtained.

It is plainly to be seen that, as a matter of principle, Robert E. Lee would be faithful to the trust committed to him. Not one soldier should be sacrificed, but he would not surrender until the last door was closed.

VI

SUNDAY

The day was Palm Sunday in the church calendar—one week exactly since the lines before Petersburg gave way and the death of A. P. Hill at Fort Gregg; one week before Easter. In the dull gray light that precedes the dawn Gordon and Fitzhugh Lee led their ragged, grey-coated braves, as silently as a phantom army, to their last battle. With fury unexampled they fell upon the cavalry west of the court house. Gordon had 2000 men and thirty cannon, Fitz Lee was on his flank. Longstreet, on rising ground east of the court house, held General Meade's lines against all odds.

Sheridan, surprised, retreated a mile and a half before the fury of Gordon and Fitzhugh Lee. The blue line was driven almost to the station.

But, alas, as the dull light of dawn brightened the

eastern heavens, Sheridan drew his cavalry apart as a man holds a curtain. The Confederate assault stopped! Before them 40,000 men in blue, their sabres gleaming, faced them, their cannon primed and ready to belch forth fire and lead at the first command. Grant had thrown the Army of the James squarely across Lee's last line of retreat, the road to Lynchburg was closed! To assault that line under General Ord was perfect folly. General Gordon sent back this message:²⁵

"Tell General Lee I have fought my corps to a frazzle and I fear I can do nothing unless heavily supported by Longstreet's corps."

On receiving that fatal message Lee remarked to Colonel Venable:

"There is nothing left for me but to go and see Gen. Grant, and I would rather die a thousand deaths."

A young officer cried out in the bitterness of his soul:

"O, General, what will history say of us if we surrender this army in the field?" to which Lee replied:

"That is not the question, Colonel. The question is: IS IT RIGHT? If it is right, I will take all the responsibility." He then addressed another officer, although he seemed to be speaking rather to himself:

"How easily I could get rid of this and be at rest. I have only to ride along the line and all will be over."

Then, after a pause:

"But it is our duty to live. What will become of

²⁵SIR FRED. MAURICE, *Lee*, p. 272.

the women and the children of the South if we are not here to protect them?"

He sent forward a flag of truce. One young captain, with a single cannon on a hill-top behind the court house, kept firing away, in perfect innocence of what was happening below.

Fitzhugh sent an orderly in haste, "Tell that — fool to quit firing that gun!" This gentle order was obeyed. The echoes of that cannon floated away into the gray April morning, the last shot on Virginia's soil. Let us hope and pray that the silence of peace that has succeeded will never, never, never again be broken by the alarms of war.

Lee's last command to Longstreet facing the invaders eastward, and to Gordon holding the road westward, was "Stand ready." Not a man moved. If General Grant's terms were not honorable nor satisfactory Lee would return from the interview, put himself at their head and cut their way through or fall to the last man, as the Spartans fell at Thermopylae.²⁶

Even at that last moment the Confederate morale was not broken! It was an agony, but it was magnificent!

While Lee awaited Grant's reply, he rested on some old fence rails an officer, Colonel Talcott of the Engineers, thoughtfully laid for him under an apple tree, about half a mile east of the Court House. There the Federal officer found him. The newspapers throughout the North heralded the story that Lee surrendered under an apple tree, and whole orchards

²⁶JAMES D. MCCABE, *Life of General Lee*, pp. 625-637.

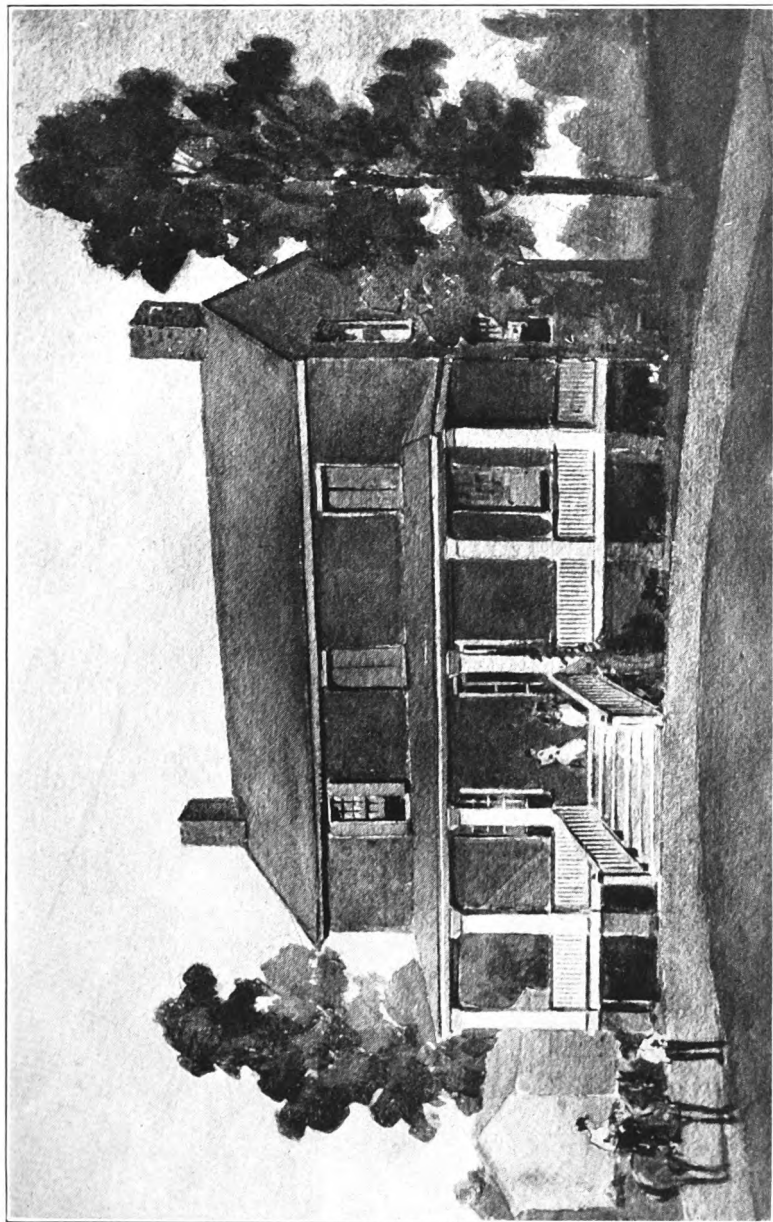


Photo by H. P. Cook

RESIDENCE OF WILBUR McLEAN
Appomattox, Virginia

Where the terms of surrender were discussed, written, and signed. "Promptly at eleven o'clock General Lee, accompanied only by Col. Chas Marshall, rode to the McLean residence. Many members of General Grant's staff and Generals Sheridan and Ord were with Grant. They mounted the old-fashioned stoop which led to the porch and the parlor of the house. They discussed many things casually, but no one alluded to the business in hand."—Page 34.

of apple trees were cut up into souvenirs and sold throughout the land! To this day the apple tree fable is repeated.

General Grant would meet General Lee at eleven o'clock at the home of Wilbur McLean, a typical Virginia country residence in a shaded lawn almost opposite the court house.

VII

THE SURRENDER

Promptly at eleven General Lee, accompanied only by Colonel Charles Marshall, rode to the McLean residence. He wore a full dress uniform with his sword, which he used only on occasions of great moment, at his side. The three stars on the lapel of his coat designated him commander-in-chief of the Confederate forces.

When General Grant arrived he wore the fatigue suit of a private soldier; only the stripes on his shoulder indicated his rank. His boots were generously bespattered with red mud. He shook hands with Lee and apologized for his costume. It was no discourtesy. The wagons which carried his personal effects had not come up. He asked Lee to overlook his untidy appearance.

It was a far echo from the old days of the Mexican war. General Winfield Scott was very punctilious in all matters of decorum. He ordered every officer who appeared at his headquarters to be properly attired. On one occasion Captain U. S. Grant reported to Colonel Robert E. Lee at Scott's head-

quarters. After the business in hand was done, Colonel Lee said:

“I feel it my duty, Captain, to call your attention to General Scott’s order requiring an officer reporting at headquarters to be in full uniform.”

No doubt both generals recalled the incident.

Many members of Grant’s staff and Generals Sheridan and Ord were with Grant. They mounted the old-fashioned stoop which led up to the porch and parlor of the McLean house. They discussed many things casually, but no one alluded to the business in hand until General Lee remarked:

“General, I have to ascertain the terms upon which you will accept the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia; but it is due to proper candor and frankness that I should say at once that I am not willing to discuss any terms incompatible with preserving the honor of my army, which I am determined to maintain at all hazards and to the last extremity.”

Grant replied very cordially:

“I have no idea of proposing dishonorable terms, General. I should like to know what terms you consider satisfactory.”

Lee replied that the terms Grant mentioned in his brief note of Friday afternoon seemed both fair and honorable.

The McLean house was furnished with the inevitable marble-top table. The two generals sat at the table, and Lee asked Colonel Marshall for a sheet of paper. Marshall had none, nor had any of the Union officers; nor was there a sheet of paper in the house, nor in the village! The nation and the world

stood at pause, and not a piece of white paper to be had! Yes, at last, a scrap was produced. Then a search began for pen and ink—an impossible quest for those humble adjuncts of civilization. At last General Grant found a bit of a lead pencil in the bottom of his pocket, and suggested that it would do. With it he wrote:

Appomattox, C. H.
April 9, 1865.

GEN. R. E. LEE, Commanding C. S. A.

In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8 inst. I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia on the following terms, to-wit:

Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer designated by me, the other to be retained by such officers as you may designate.

The officers to give their individual parole not to take up arms against the government of the United States until properly exchanged. And each company or regimental commander to sign a like parole for the men of their commands.

The arms, artillery and public property to be parked and stacked and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses nor baggage.

This done each officer and the men will be allowed to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they observe their parole and the laws in force where they may reside.

Very respectfully,
U. S. GRANT, Lt. Gen'l.

Grant handed the paper to Lee. He read it rapidly, carefully, and without any comment, except to remark that most of the horses were the private property of the men who rode them.

Grant replied that all such animals should be exempt and that they would be needed for the spring plowing. Lee said it would have a good moral effect.

Colonel Parker of Grant's staff and Colonel Marshall, made copies in ink; for at last they had found some.

While this was being done Lee and Grant spoke of their mutual friends of days gone, but made no reference to the surrender.

At last Lee said he had two or three thousand prisoners, and he had no food for them. Sheridan said that he had rations for 25,000 men. (He had captured the commissary train at Appomattox station.)

Colonel Marshall then wrote a brief acknowledgment of General Grant's letter in these words:

April 9, 1865.

General: I have received your letter of this date concerning the terms of the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia as proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8 inst. they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE.

A newspaper correspondent, who was present, described General Lee in these words:

"General Lee looked very much jaded and worn, but nevertheless presented the same magnificent physique for which he has always been noted. He was neatly dressed in gray cloth, without embroidery

or any insignia of rank except three stars worn on the turned portion of his coat collar. His cheeks were very much bronzed by exposure, but still shone ruddy underneath. He is growing quite bald and wears one of the side locks of his hair thrown across the upper portion of his forehead, which is as white and fair as a woman's. He stands fully six feet one inch in height, and weighs something over two hundred pounds without being burdened with a pound of superfluous flesh. During the whole interview he was retired and dignified to a degree bordering on taciturnity, but was free from all exhibition of temper or mortification. His demeanor was that of a thoroughly self-possessed gentleman who had a very disagreeable duty to perform, but was determined to get through it as well and as soon as he could."

Dr. J. William Jones, who knew Lee intimately, says that he was 5 feet, 11 inches tall, and weighed only 175 pounds.

The interview lasted three hours. At two o'clock General Lee left.²⁷ He mounted "Traveller" and rode back to his tent, three-quarters of a mile down the road. News had spread. The soldiers realized that the war was over. When General Lee passed the Federal soldiers they stood with uncovered heads, as in the presence not of a captive but of a conqueror!

When the Confederate soldiers recognized Lee and "Traveller" they could restrain themselves no longer. No conqueror ever received such an ovation—the ovation of his beloved, broken-hearted men. They crowded down upon him. Some grasped his hand,

²⁷HORACE PORTER.

some put their arms around "Traveller's" neck and wept as little children. Some flung themselves on the road-side and sobbed aloud. The emotion of the men could no longer be restrained. Lee, always so completely self-controlled, was overcome. The tears streamed down his face as he received an homage that kings might envy but could not obtain.

How long it took Lee and "Traveller" to negotiate that three-quarters of a mile I know not, but his progress was slow.²⁸ At last he reached his tent. He turned in his saddle and addressed his men. It was a short speech—only three sentences—but he spoke to the heart of the South, and his words have never been forgotten:

"We have fought through the war together. I have done for you the best that I could. My heart is too full to say more."

He dismounted and disappeared into the privacy of his tent.

When General Grant left the McLean house he heard many companies firing salutes in honor of the victory. It made him very angry.²⁹ He sent orders to stop firing immediately.

"The war is over. The rebels are again our countrymen, and the best sign of rejoicing after the victory will be to abstain from all demonstrations."

The first caller at Lee's tent was General Meade. They had been intimate personal friends in the old army, and Meade's call was a graceful and gracious gesture. When he entered Lee grasped his hand:

²⁸J. D. MCCABE.

²⁹HORACE PORTER.

“Ah, Meade,” he said, “the years are telling on you. You are getting gray.” To which Meade replied:

“General Lee, my gray hairs are not the work of years—you are responsible for them.”

After a while Meade asked:

“Now that the war is over, I hope you will not deem it improper for me to ask, for personal information, the strength of your army during the siege of Richmond and Petersburg.”

Lee replied:

“At no time did my force exceed 35,000 men. Often it was less.”

Meade exclaimed:

“General Lee, you amaze me! We always estimated your force at 70,000.”

* * * *

Shortly before General Lee died, while President Jefferson Davis was imprisoned in Fort Monroe, denied bail, charged with “conspiring for the assassination of President Lincoln,” a company assembled in General Lee’s home at Lexington. They discussed the political situation and were very bitter in their denunciation of the persecution of the late Confederate President, who was now a broken, disappointed and feeble old man. One of the visitors, a Doctor of Divinity, was especially vituperative.

When the guests left, General Lee followed the clergyman to the door, and said:

“Doctor, there is a Good Old Book which I read, and which you preach. It says ‘Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, and do good to them that

despitefully use you.' Do you think your remarks this evening are in the spirit of that Book?"

To which the Doctor replied in effect:

"Ah, General Lee, I am not so good a Christian as you are; hence, I find it hard to practice that forgiveness which I believe and try to preach."

To which Lee replied:

"I have fought against the Northern people because I believed they were seeking to wrest from the South our dearest rights. But I have never cherished toward them bitter nor vindictive feelings. And I have never seen the day I did not pray for them."

CHAPTER III

THE DECISION ON THE SEA

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

I

HAMPTON ROADS

The estuary of the James is known as Hampton Roads. The first colonists¹ called the river the Powhatan, and for them its mouth lay between Old Point Comfort and Willoughby Spit. Lord Delaware called this magnificent harbor (1610), one of the most spacious in the world, for his influential friend, the Earl of Southampton. The cumbersome title "Earl

¹GEORGE PERCY, *Observations* (Tyler's edition), p. 17.

"This River which wee have discovered is one of the famousest Rivers that ever was found by any Christian. It ebbs and flowes a hundred and three score miles where ships of great burthen may harbour in River, wee saw the goodliest Woods as Beech, Oke, Cedar, Cypresse, Wal-nuts, Sassafras and Vines in great abundance, which hang in great clusters on many Trees, and other Trees unknowne; and all the grounds bespred with many sweet and delicate flowres of divers colours and kindes. There are also many fruites as Strawberries, Mulberries, Ras-berries, and Fruites unknowne. There are many branches of this River, which runne flowing through the Woods with great plentie of fish of all kindes; as for Sturgeon, all the World cannot be compared to it. There are Beares, Foxes, Otters, Bevers, Muskrats and wild beasts unknowne. The fourte and twentieth day wee set up a Crosse at the head of this River, naming it Kings River, where we proclaimed James, King of England to have the most right unto it."

of Southampton's Roadstead" was soon contracted to Hampton Roads. Lord Delaware seems² also to have changed the name of the river to "James." Was not the Scotchman, stuffed and stupid though he be, the rightful King of Virginia, and not the Algonquin, be the latter ever so shrewd and wise? As a name Jamestown is older by three years than James River.

A small but deep river joins the James from the south, the Nansemond,³ and fifteen miles eastward the Elizabeth, short but wide and deep, flows in from Dismal Swamp.⁴ Hampton Roads, the united estuary of these extraordinary streams is so near the ocean that the light at Cape Henry is visible of a clear day without a glass, yet is doubly land-locked;⁵ protected by twin capes from the surges of ocean, and from the Chesapeake by Old Point Comfort⁶ and Willoughby Spit.

Cities, towns and villages cluster about the shore. Giant piers, the largest in the world, thrust gaunt skeletons far into the channel. The smoke of factories hangs like a pall over the marginal pines.⁷ The

²This statement is not supported by any contemporary evidence.

³To the west of the Nansemond, a smaller river, the Chuckatuck, also enters Hampton Roads.

⁴*Days of Yester-Year*, pp. 150-162. To the Indians it was "Chesapeake River."

⁵PHILIP ALEX. BRUCE: "When violent storms are blowing on the ocean the surface of Hampton Roads is frequently dotted with the white canvas of several ships, which have entered to await the return of more favorable winds."

⁶PHILIP ALEX. BRUCE, *Ec. Hist. of Va.*, Vol. I, p. 104.

⁷PHILIP ALEX. BRUCE, *Ec. Hist. of Va.*, Vol. I, p. 89. "Some conception of the pine forests may be obtained from the noble grove on the grounds of the Naval Hospital at Portsmouth. It is probable that these lofty pines are the scions of those upon which the English gazed in 1608."

shrill whistles of locomotives and the deep guttural blasts of giant ships sound their warnings. More coal is carried from this port than from any other in the world, and the tonnage constantly increases. The wealth of the South fills the hulls of an unending procession of ships.

Planes circle back and forth, over land and water. The long, low gray monsters of our navy steam silently in and out. On these shores the largest ships fabricated by the cunning hand of man are constructed. Here the old-time "man-of-war" became obsolete and the modern battleship was born.

Men have fought upon the sea since the days of Javan who went down to the sea in ships and divided the isles of the Gentiles in their lands.⁸ But not until the Confederate officers at Portsmouth rebuilt the "Merrimac," and John Ericsson the "Monitor" were ships made of iron.

II

U. S. S. "MERRIMAC"

The "Merrimac" launched at Boston (June 14, 1855), was the most formidable vessel built by the ingenuity of man; 275 feet long and 38½ feet abeam. She was of wood, of course; and with sails, of course, although steam engines were provided to buffet contrary winds. At first she mounted forty cannon; later sixty. They called her "The Pride of the Navy" but her career was at first prosaic. She sailed the Pacific, rounded Cape Horn and reached Norfolk

⁸Genesis 10:5.

(February 16, 1860) as the frivolous fifties turned into the terrible sixties.

The "Merrimac" was ordered from Norfolk to Philadelphia, but as such a movement would likely have sinister reaction on the convention then discussing secession at Richmond,⁹ the order was rescinded.

Sentiment against secession was powerful and influential both in convention and state, but the enthusiasm and persistent propaganda of the secessionists on the one hand and the cold, almost hostile, attitude of the administration on the other had their effect.

Captain McCauley¹⁰ received an order from Gideon Welles to fit the "Merrimac" for sea, and send her out of the danger zone (April 16, 1861). The next day the convention passed the fatal ordinance (April 17).

Captain McCauley obeyed the orders of his chief. "The 'Merrimac' was ready for sea, with steam up, April 18, after the convention had voted to secede."¹¹

Saturday, the twentieth day of April, is a date to be marked in crimson and crepe. A little before noon the destruction of the Navy Yard began. The first object¹² of attack was the "Merrimac."¹³ After twelve

⁹*Through Centuries Three*, pp. 475-7.

¹⁰Charles Stewart McCauley (1793-1869) had an honorable career in the Navy. In 1860 he came to Portsmouth as commandant of the Navy Yard. His course at the time of the secession of Virginia was vigorously criticized by Union and Confederate leaders.—HORACE GREELEY, *American Conflict*, Vol. I, pp. 473-6.

¹¹J. W. H. PORTER, *Records of Norfolk County*.

¹²FRANK M. BENNETT, *The Monitor*, p. 90.

¹³WILLIAM TINDALL, *Va. Mag. Hist. and Biog.*, Jan., '23, p. 11: "Yet

o'clock no one was permitted to enter the Navy Yard without the approval of Captain McCauley.

The state forces assembled in the streets of Portsmouth¹⁴ at two in the afternoon and slept that night under arms.¹⁵ At eight o'clock¹⁶ the U. S. S. "Pawnee," crowded with men, steamed to the Navy Yard to aid in the work of destruction.¹⁷

"A petty officer and gang of these sailors opened the sea valves of the 'Merrimac' and caused her to sink to the bottom."¹⁸ She settled slowly between the Navy Yard and Berkley¹⁹ shore, in waters lit by the lurid glare of burning buildings.

The "Pennsylvania," "Raritan," "Columbus" and "Dolphin" were burned to the water's edge.

General Taliaferro, commanding in Norfolk, was

on April 15, in disregard of that conciliatory policy, the seacocks of the 'Merrimac' were opened by orders from the Federal commander there and she was sunk, leaving her gun-deck slightly above the surface."

"When the Navy Yard was abandoned on the 20th of the month the upper part of the 'Merrimac' . . . was burned."

The first statement above is surely a mistake. Every other authority states that the "Merrimac" was burned and sunk on the 20th.

¹⁴J. W. H. PORTER, *Records of Norfolk County*.

¹⁵IBID.

¹⁶H. W. BURTON, *Hist. of Norf.*, p. 45.

¹⁷HORACE GREELEY, *The Amer. Conflict*, Vol. I, p. 475.

"The steam frigate Pawnee Capt. Hiram Paulding left Washington on the evening of the 19 and arrived at 4 p. m. of the 20 abreast of Fortress Monroe. Here she took on board Col. Wardrop's regiment of Massachusetts volunteers, 450 strong, raising her fighting force to some six hundred men. She steamed cautiously to the Navy Yard, 8 p. m., and found the guns there rendered useless by Capt. McCauley's orders. Several hours were devoted to the work (of destruction), the marine barracks, in the centre of the Yard, being set on fire, about midnight to give light for its continuance."

¹⁸FRANK M. BENNETT, *The Monitor*, pp. 90-1.

¹⁹Berkley is that part of Norfolk which lies south of the Eastern Branch opposite the Navy Yard, across the Southern Branch of the Elizabeth River.

notified of the "Pawnee's" arrival, and kept in touch with the situation,²⁰ but he made no gesture and no attack, although citizens and troops anxiously desired to defend the property. He ordered the channel blocked, and volunteers leaped to the task. Two schooners, loaded with rock, were sunk across the channel.²¹

At the break of day, Sunday, April 21, the sailors and workmen aboard the "Pawnee" and "Cumberland," left the Navy Yard. In avoiding the futile obstructions the "Cumberland" went aground, but was pulled off by the "Pawnee," which safely passed them.

III

BROOKE'S VISION

The wreck of the "Merrimac" lay awash for five weeks,²² and was raised by Lieutenant John Mercer Brooke. Had the "Merrimac" not been sunk she would not have been saved for her sensational career.²³

The Confederate authorities transformed her into the most formidable ship that ever sailed the seas. Plans for her reconstruction were drawn by Naval Constructor John L. Porter, after Lieutenant Brooke's

²⁰J. THOS. SCHAF, *The Confederate Navy*.

²¹General Taliaferro could easily have obstructed the harbor and captured all the men at the Yard, saved the buildings and machinery, if he had shown any executive ability or energy. HORACE GREELEY says he was "drunk throughout the night and with difficulty aroused at 6 a. m."

²²H. W. BURTON, *Hist of Norf.*, p. 46: "May 5, the remains of the ships burned at the Navy Yard were inspected, and a large force of workmen were employed to reconstruct the same. The 'Merrimac' was first repaired."

²³H. ASHTON RAMSAY, *Norf. Va.-Pilot.*, Feb. 18, 1912.

suggestions had been endorsed²⁴ by the Navy Department of the Confederate States (June 10, 1861). Chief Engineer William P. Williamson also labored upon them with indefatigable zeal. Her guns and armament were carefully selected and placed by Lieutenant Catesby ap R. Jones, whose name and fame are forever linked with her brief but brilliant career.

They cut her charred deck and timbers to the water's edge and a sloping "roof," seven feet high at the gable, with timbers two feet thick was built upon her deck, amidship. Plates of railway iron, 262 feet long, six inches wide and two inches thick²⁵ were riveted upon her not unlike the weather-boards of an ordinary dwelling. Every exposed part was protected by two thicknesses of iron plate thoroughly bolted—four inches of iron, fixed horizontally inside, vertically outside. Submerged decks projected fifty feet beyond her "roof," fore and aft. The iron plates extended only two feet below the water line.²⁶

A cast iron wedge projected²⁷ six feet from her prow, four feet below the water. This ram, invented by Lieutenant Brooke, was at once her strongest and weakest point.

Ten powerful cannon projected from her "roof" like dormer windows, two of which were the most powerful yet invented.

She drew 22 feet of water and made eight miles an

²⁴WILLIAM TINDALL, *Va. Mag. of Hist. and Biog.*, Jan., 1923: "Pursuant to an order of the Confederate Secretary of the Navy, dated July 11, 1861."

²⁵Rolled at the Tredegar Iron Works, Richmond.

²⁶J. THOS. SCHAF, *The Confed. Navy*, p. 151.

²⁷RICHARD LEE MORTON, *Hist. of Va.*, Vol. III, p. 24.

hour,²⁸ but she was difficult and tedious to turn about, and dangerous, too, unless the channel was wide and deep.²⁹

Horace Greeley accurately described the ship. "At once the cheapest and most formidable naval engine of destruction that the world has ever seen."

John Mercer Brooke, "an accomplished officer of the Old Navy," was born to General George Mercer Brooke, U. S. A. (Dec. 18, 1826), while his parents were at Tampa, Florida. At fifteen he entered the Naval Academy, Annapolis, graduating in 1847.³⁰

He spent some years investigating the depths of the Pacific between California and China, the profoundest depression on earth. King William of Prussia, impressed with the young officer's scientific discoveries, awarded him a gold medal, and he was elected to membership in the Academy of Berlin.

When Virginia seceded Lieutenant Brooke resigned his commission and offered his services to his state. After the war he taught for years in the Virginia Military Institute.

The construction³¹ of the "Merrimac-Virginia" was an effort on the part of the South to use Hampton Roads, closed by the Federal blockade.

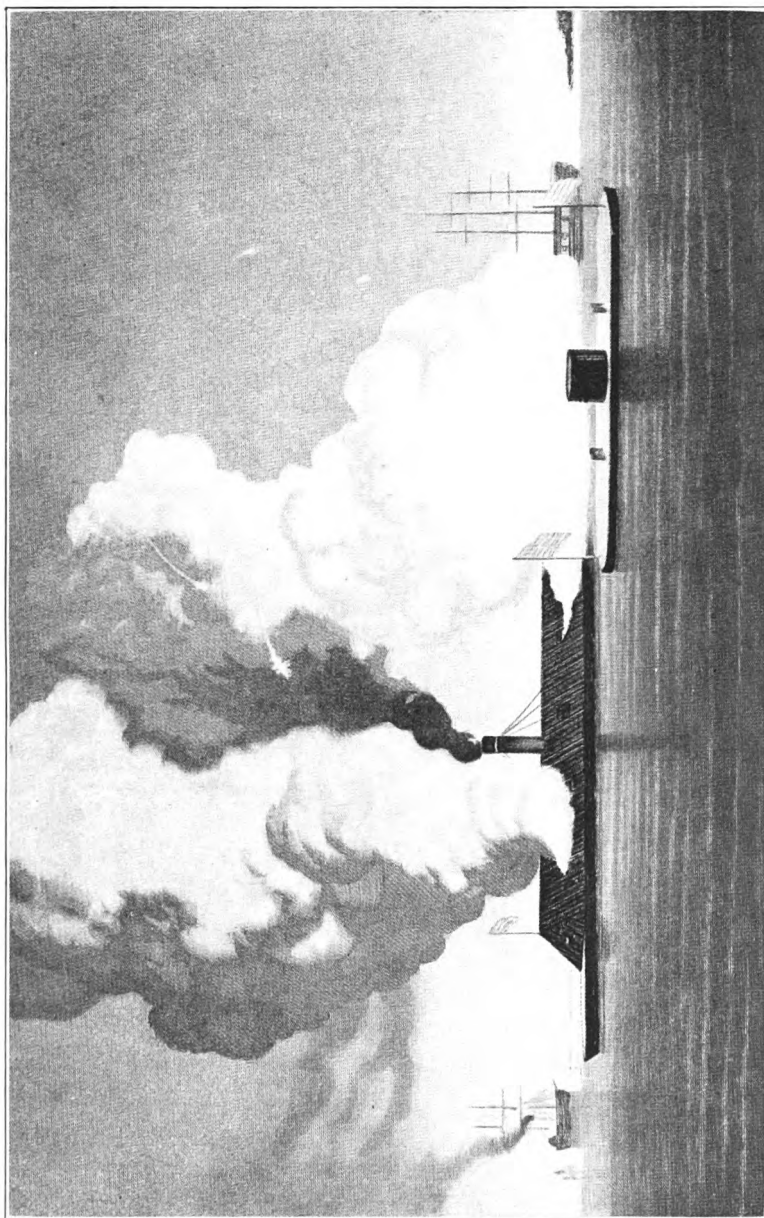
The Confederate government seemed strangely indifferent to the importance of the sea. Had southern ports been open to the world, the South had never been conquered.

²⁸WILLIAM TINDALL, *Va. Mag. of Hist. and Biog.*, Jan., 1923: "Six or seven miles an hour."

²⁹J. THOS. SCHAF, "*The Confed. Navy*," p. 145.

³⁰LYON G. TYLER, *Va. Biog.*, Vol. III, p. 48.

³¹EDWARD A. POLLARD, *The Lost Cause*, p. 225: "The plan originated with Lieut. Brooke."



From a contemporary engraving
"A small craft as unique in her construction as the 'Merrimac-Virginia' moved slowly from behind the Minnesota and offered fight." —Page 53.

General George B. McClellan determined to capture Richmond from Old Point by the simple method of marching up the James, thus repeating (unconsciously as we suppose) the strategy of Benedict Arnold and Lord Cornwallis.³² This plan was better strategy than Grant's approach from Washington.

General McClellan took command of the Army of the Potomac at Old Point two days after the battle of the iron-clads (March 11, 1862).

IV

SATURDAY

Saturday morning, March 8, 1862, at 11 o'clock,³³ the new ship steamed down the Elizabeth River into Hampton Roads. Soldiers and civilians cheered and waved her onward, praying for decisive victory.

The "Patrick Henry" a side-wheel steamer mounting twelve guns; the "Jamestown," two guns; and the "Raleigh," "Teaser" and "Beaufort," each carrying one gun, followed her.

Commodore Franklin Buchanan³⁴ addressed the crew, three hundred strong:

"Sailors, in a few minutes you will have the long-

³²Chapter I.

³³CAPT. E. V. WHITE, *Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch*, Aprl. 15, 1916: "At or about 12 m."

³⁴He was born (Sept. 17, 1800) in Talbot County, Maryland, and entered the Navy as a lad of fifteen. After many cruises he organized the National Naval Academy at Annapolis (1845) and was its first superintendent. He rendered valuable service at Vera Cruz in the Mexican War, and commanded the "Susquehanna," Commodore Perry's flag-ship, in the famous expedition to Japan. He resigned at the outbreak of the Civil War, and offered his sword to the defence of the South.

looked-for opportunity of showing your devotion to our cause. Remember that you are about to strike for your country and your homes. The Confederacy expects every man to do his duty. Beat to quarters."

The first officer under Commodore Buchanan was Lieutenant Catesby ap R. Jones.⁸⁵

The "Merrimac-Virginia" turned from the Elizabeth westward into the estuary of the James. Buchanan shrewdly selected the U. S. S. "Cumberland" for the first battle. She was the staunchest man-of-war in the Federal navy, and one of the finest specimens of naval architecture in the world. She mounted twenty-four rifled guns, the only ship that had them, and carried a crew of 300 men.⁸⁶

Near the "Cumberland" lay the "Congress,"⁸⁷ less formidable, with fifty guns of an older pattern. Other smaller ships lay with them off Newport News Point, where the waters of the river and Roads meet.

The great guns on ships⁸⁸ and shore poured a storm of shot and shell upon the iron-clad which would have sunk any craft that floated the seas. But the bombardment made not the slightest impression. She did not reply to the volley, but moved straight

⁸⁵Born in Clarke County (1821) of distinguished lineage, a family of sea-faring heroes, he entered the Navy as a midshipman and served through the Mexican War. He was a friend of Matthew Fontaine Maury. He resigned the day Virginia seceded (April 17). Gov. Letcher promptly appointed him captain in the Virginia Navy. He was assigned to the "Merrimac-Virginia" four months before the battle.

⁸⁶H. ASHTON RAMSAY, "The 'Virginia' had 350 men."

⁸⁷The "Congress" was the first to open fire. She delivered a full broadside upon the exposed armor of the "Merrimac-Virginia."

⁸⁸A shot from the "Cumberland" killed one man on the "Merrimac-Virginia," the first who fell in the famous battle. Several were wounded.

upon the "Cumberland" and struck her to the right of her bow,³⁹ crashing a great hole with her iron beak. As she backed from the collision she poured in a terrific volley, which tore another hole in the "Cumberland" "large enough for a horse and wagon to drive through." The brave sailors of the "Cumberland" refused to surrender,⁴⁰ and worked their guns until the gallant ship settled slowly beneath the waves.⁴¹ The stars and stripes went down flying at the masthead. The crew of the "Cumberland" showed a heroism worthy the Navy's finest traditions.

The "Merrimac-Virginia" left her iron beak in the "Cumberland's" hull.⁴²

Commodore Buchanan turned upon the "Congress," which retreated to shoal water, and ran aground. The "Virginia" put her in flames, while she received the shot of fully an hundred cannon.

The "Congress" surrendered. Commodore Buchanan was wounded by fire from the shore batteries⁴³ as he received her colors, and Lieutenant Catesby ap R. Jones took command.

He attacked the "Roanoke," "St. Lawrence" and "Minnesota," but they also retreated to shoal water.

³⁹H. ASHTON RAMSAY: "Struck her below her starboard fore-chains and crashed far into her.

⁴⁰The pay-master of the "Cumberland," McKean Buchanan, was a brother of Commodore Franklin Buchanan.

⁴¹She sank in 45 minutes.

⁴²DINWIDDIE B. PHILLIPS, *Career of the Virginia, Va. Hist. Col.*, Vol. VI, p. 197: "This loss impaired our efficiency . . . and prevented our sinking the 'Monitor' when we rammed her, Mar. 9th."

⁴³The South was justly indignant that any Union officer would fire upon a flag of truce. Such a perfidious act cannot be explained nor pardoned.

As the day's work was done, the "Virginia" steamed back to Sewell's Point.⁴⁴

As they rested after the arduous battle the sailors watched the "Congress" across the peaceful harbor, brilliantly burning. It was awe-inspiring. As old, bent and feeble men they recounted the story. Night lay on the waters as soft as velvet. The silence was intense after the terrific detonations of battle. The broad bosom of the waters reflected the lurid flames which touched the clouds, devouring shrouds, masts and yard-arms with red and hungry tongues. From time to time a shell exploded and the flames ascended to the very clouds. At midnight the powder magazines in the hold were ignited and a volcano of smoke and fire leaped aloft until the burning bulkheads burst asunder in their midst. With a final blast the good ship sank, and the "Congress" was no more. The blackness of the night closed in and peace like an angel rested on the waters. Every conflict and struggle and passion ends at last in silence and rest.⁴⁵

V

SUNDAY

The day of battle dawned in Sabbath stillness. Seldom do the waters here lie so tranquilly; and very seldom in March. A haze upon the horizon lifted slowly and disclosed the "Minnesota," still aground.

⁴⁴She anchored where the Virginian Railway terminals have since been erected.

⁴⁵The battle called forth at least three poems of some merit: "The 'Cumberland,'" by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow; "On Board the 'Cumberland,'" by George H. Boker, and "The Sword Bearer," also by Boker.

At half after six the "Merrimac-Virginia" crossed the Roads.

It was, perhaps, half after eight⁴⁶ when the "Virginia" opened fire. The "Minnesota" replied, but at so great distance no harm was done. A craft, as unique in her construction as the "Merrimac-Virginia," moved slowly from behind the "Minnesota" and offered fight. It was the "Monitor," built by a Scandinavian, John C. Ericsson, and it looked like a "cheese-box on a shingle." And the shingle projected only two feet above water. Four inches of ironplate protected her. With a flat bottom she could operate in ten feet of water. Amidship a revolving turret delivered shot with tremendous force and effect from two eleven-inch guns. Lieutenant Jones and his men recognized her at once. She was expected in Hampton Roads. Full details and even accurate drawings of the "Monitor" were on file at the Norfolk Navy Yard.⁴⁷ She arrived Saturday night, March 8, at 10 o'clock. At 2 a. m. Sunday she moved to the stern of the "Minnesota," rightly, anticipating that her giant adversary would strike that ship next.

The "Monitor" approached⁴⁸ the "Virginia" on the

⁴⁶WILLIAM TINDALL, *Va. Mag. of Hist. and Biog.*, April, '23.

"An hour later (7:30) she fired a shell which exploded in the 'Minnesota's' rigging."

⁴⁷The oft repeated statement that her appearance was a surprise to the Confederates is not true. She was laid down October, 1861, and launched January 30, 1862.

⁴⁸She left New York, March 6, passed the Delaware capes at noon, March 7, entered the Virginia sea-gate, March 8, at 4 o'clock, and at 9 p. m. dropped anchor at Fort Monroe. At 11:30 she moved to the starboard side of the "Minnesota." The hours cited by various authorities do not agree exactly but are substantially the same.

starboard or land side. The "Virginia" turned her bow upstream, westward, that she might sweep her queer antagonist. When close together, moving in opposite directions, along parallel lines, the two iron ships delivered each upon the other such broadsides as would have sunk any other vessels fabricated by the hand of man.⁴⁹

Lieutenant Jones concentrated his fire on the turret, to dislocate it. The unprecedented battle continued four hours, each ship striving for an advantage.

"Once passing upon the port side of the 'Virginia,' in crossing her bow to get between her and the 'Minnesota' again, she steamed up quickly and finding that she would strike my vessel with her prow or ram I put the helm 'hard-a-port' giving a broad sheer with our bow toward the enemy's stern, thus avoiding a direct blow, and receiving it at a sharp angle on the starboard quarter, which caused it to glance without receiving any injury. The contest so continued, except for an interval of about fifteen minutes until near noon; when, being within ten yards of the enemy, a shell from her struck the pilot-house near the lookout hole through which I was looking, and exploded, filling my face and eyes with powder, utterly blinding and in a degree stunning me."⁵⁰

A Confederate officer described⁵¹ the collision:

⁴⁹CAPT. E. V. WHITE: "We opened fire upon her with our bow rifle, but with no effect."

⁵⁰CAPTAIN JNO. L. WORDEN, Report, Jan. 5, 1863.

⁵¹CAPTAIN E. V. WHITE, *Norf. Ledger-Dispatch*, April 15, 1916.

“We caught the ‘Monitor’ and came near running her under the water; not that we struck her exactly at right angles, but with our starboard bow drove against her with determination to send her to the bottom. So nearly did we come to accomplishing our object that from the ramming and shot from our rifle gun,⁵² which blinded her commander, she withdrew to shoal water near the ‘Minnesota,’ whence, by reason of our heavy draft, we could not follow.”

The “Merrimac-Virginia” was not at her best. The shot and shells poured upon her sloping sides had not harmed her seriously, although some of the crew were shocked and wounded. The most serious injury was the loss of her iron beak.⁵³ The aperture left had been patched, but “our ship⁵⁴ was taking water freely at the opening in her bow, and our pumps had been busy all night long.”

How intricate are the decisions of life! If the “Merrimac-Virginia” had not rammed the “Cumberland” Saturday afternoon, she would certainly have sent the “Monitor” to the bottom Sunday morning. The loss of the “Cumberland” was the salvation of the “Monitor.”

In maneuvering the “Virginia” ran aground.⁵⁵ That was the “Monitor’s” opportunity, but she failed to locate the only vulnerable place in the “Virginia’s”

⁵²The “Virginia” rammed the “Monitor” and delivered the shot which blinded Capt. Worden at about 11:30 a. m.

⁵³The statement that Lieut. Jones did not know the ram was lost is absurd.

⁵⁴CAPT. E. V. WHITE.

⁵⁵At 11:30 a. m., after three hours of battle. Note the slight discrepancy in the hours as given by various authorities.

armor, a narrow strip just above the water line, when the ship was aground. While aground⁵⁶ she delivered a tremendous volley directly upon the turret of the "Monitor" at a distance of sixty feet, which carried away the steering-gear and signal apparatus, tore up the tower, blinded Captain John L. Worden and laid him unconscious on deck. He never recovered his sight. The "Virginia," between the "Minnesota" and the "Monitor," fought both simultaneously, each on a side. Her coal and ammunition were nearly exhausted; she needed a new beak and other repairs, after two such days of battle as no ship ever fought before.⁵⁷ The "Monitor" retired from the contest.⁵⁸

Lieutenant Jones awaited her return for three-quarters of an hour. Unable to follow her into ten feet of water and unable to destroy the "Minnesota" at the great distance, he returned slowly to Norfolk, expecting to repair the "Virginia" and renew the battle later.

Two challenges were declined. The "Merrimac-Virginia" in command of Josiah Tatnall returned to the scene of battle April 11, and "captured three Federal transports in the presence of the French and English cruisers." But the "Monitor" made no effort to protect them.⁵⁹

Again, on May 8, just before the evacuation of

⁵⁶LIEUT. HUNTER DAVIDSON, Oct. 25, 1862: "It was during the grounding of the 'Virginia' that the 'Monitor' received her coup-de-grace."

⁵⁷CAPT. WORDEN: "I therefore gave orders to put the helm to starboard and sheer off."

⁵⁸12:30 p. m., after four hours.

⁵⁹LYON G. TYLER, *The South in the Building of the Nation*, Vol. IV, p. 514. Lieut. Catesby ap R. Jones was again second in command.

Norfolk, she steamed down to the roads and confronted the whole Federal fleet, including the "Monitor," "Nagatuck," "Galena" and other ships which were bombarding the Confederate works at Sewell's Point.⁶⁰ They retired to Old Point when the "Virginia" appeared and Commodore Tatnall returned to Norfolk.

"After the evacuation⁶¹ of Norfolk by the Confederate forces, the 'Virginia' steamed down the Elizabeth River to co-operate with the army, but on reaching Hampton Roads the pilots declined to venture further," and Commodore Tatnall had no other recourse except to destroy her.

The Federal navy had nothing to gain by an engagement with the "Virginia" and everything to lose; hence their strategy. They knew that the ship would be useless once Norfolk was evacuated.

Historians have for years debated the battle. Technically the "Virginia" won. She destroyed the Federal fleet, or drove them⁶² to the protection of shallow water and the guns of Fort Monroe. But

⁶⁰At present the site of the Naval Operating Base, the terminals of the Virginian Railway and the Municipal Grain Elevator.

⁶¹LYON G. TYLER.

⁶²DINWIDDIE B. PHILLIPS: "We mounted 10 guns and our consorts 17 more. Opposed to us were in all 298 guns afloat and more than double that number with the guns of Ft. Monroe, Rip-Raps and Newport News, which we had to encounter as our change in position brought us within their range."

"In that two days' fighting she had met and put out of action the 'Congress,' 480 men and 50 guns, burned; 'Cumberland,' 360 men and 22 guns, sunk; 'Minnesota,' ashore and riddled, 550 men and 40 guns; 'Roanoke,' driven off, 550 men and 40 guns; 'St. Lawrence,' 550 men and 40 guns, driven off; two or three gunboats, 120 men and 6 guns, disabled; 'Monitor,' 150 men and 2 guns. She also silenced the forts at

the moral effect was unquestionably a Union victory, for the great ironclad did not save Norfolk, nor did she open Hampton Roads, nor did she deter McClellan in his advance upon Richmond, nor did she bring any real aid to the Confederacy.

VI

BENEATH THE WAVES

The fate of these two famous ships is melancholy in the extreme. The Confederates on the evacuation of Norfolk ran the "Virginia" into shoal water south of Craney Island, and at midnight (May 10, 1862) the crew disembarked. Trains of powder and cotton waste were strewn generously about her. "Still unconquered we hauled down our drooping colors with mingled pride and grief" and set the matches burning. Lieutenant Jones was the last man to leave.

Fifteen miles away on the road to Suffolk they heard a deep, low, sullen roar⁶³ and knew their gallant ship had been blown to fragments.

The "Monitor" sank off Cape Hatteras in December, 1862.⁶⁴

Newport News, which contained 200 men with 20 guns. In other words the 'Merrimac,' with 350 men and ten guns met and defeated a force equal to 2,960 men and 220 guns, with a loss of seven killed and seven-teen wounded. The Federal loss was 201 killed and 108 wounded."—*Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch*, March 3, 1931.

⁶³May 11, 1862, at 4:55 a. m.

⁶⁴DINWIDDIE B. PHILLIPS, *Career of the Virginia, Va. Hist. Soc. Collections*, Vol. VI, pp. 193-231: "She was a fraud upon public credulity from beginning to end, and ended her deceptive career at last going in gloriously headlong to the bottom."

VII
INFLUENCE

This battle⁶⁵ between the "Merrimac-Virginia" and the "Monitor" revolutionized the navies and the naval policies of the world, and to a degree the colonial policies of all nations, and hence the commercial policies of all nations. One historian says: "Old things passed away and the experience of a thousand years was forgotten." An English editor declared: "Whereas, we⁶⁶ had available for immediate use 149 first-class ships, we now have two."

The modern battleship is a direct development of the "Merrimac-Virginia." Monitors were used for a time, but are obsolete.⁶⁷

⁶⁵EMILY V. MASON, *Southern Poems*, "Battle of Hampton Roads," by Tenella, p. 123.

⁶⁶An editorial in the *London Times*.

⁶⁷In 1910 the last monitor was laid up at the Norfolk Navy Yard, a rusting heap of scrap iron

Generated at Library of Congress on 2023-12-21 01:36 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uiug.30112049790725
Public Domain in the United States; Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-us-google

CHAPTER IV

CAPE HENRY

A FOCAL POINT OF HISTORY

**“History hath triumphed over time,
which besides it nothing but
Eternity hath triumphed over.”**

—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

From the top of an old, stone lighthouse, dark and deserted after many years of service, one may behold, with imagination's plastic aid, the pageant of passing years. When the day's at the dawn and the year's at the spring, the beauty of heaven and of earth is spread upon land and sea.

“Blue sky and bluer sea with its white teeth showing;
Gold dunes made sweet by yellow jasmine growing;
Over sand and sea a keen wind blowing.”¹

I

THE TOWER ON THE DUNES

The two lighthouses demand immediate attention; one straight and tall, stands close beside the surf. Its octagonal sides alternating white and black, cut like a cameo against the blue sky. Its beacon, 80,000 candle power, shines twenty miles seaward; and it “has been seen² as far as forty-five miles.” Such power

¹JOHN RICHARD MORELAND, *The Sea and April*, p. 35.

²CAPT. H. ALMY, *Ledger-Dispatch*, Sept. 19, '29.

and service mocks³ its ancient rival. And yet one's steps turn instinctively to the deserted tower on the dune.

In the Seventeenth Century our colonial governors kept bon-fires burning here to point the path to safety and to port for those who struggled with the storms. Busy watchers fed the hungry flames through the long and often stormy winter nights.

The burgesses decided (1727) that a lighthouse at the Cape was necessary, and so it was, but despite heavy taxes funds were wanting.

Twenty years passed, and the General Assembly passed an act for "erecting and maintaining a lighthouse at Cape Henry." A tax of tuppence a ton was levied on every ship passing the watergate. Maryland laid a similar tax. Directors were named to build the tower (1752):

"the Honorable John Blair⁴ and Thomas Nelson,⁵ Esqrs., Lunsford Lomax,⁶ Robert Tucker,⁷ Samuel Boush,⁸ the younger, John Newton,⁹ William Westward,¹⁰ John Tabb,¹¹

³It rises seventy-five feet above the old lighthouse.

⁴*Through Centuries Three*, pp. 291-4.

The nephew of Commissary James Blair, founder of William and Mary College.

⁵Born at Yorktown and died there (1782) after distinguished public service as burgess, councillor and Secretary of State.

⁶At this time a burgess for Caroline County (1742-1756).

⁷A wealthy Norfolk merchant, burgess for Norfolk County. Served as mayor and sheriff. DR. RICHMOND C. HOLCOMB, *Naval Hospital*, pp. 18-22.

⁸Then burgess for Norfolk County, Clerk of Norfolk County for many years (1742-1774).

⁹Of the distinguished colonial Norfolk family.

¹⁰At this time burgess for Elizabeth City County (1752-58).

¹¹John Tabb was captain, colonel, judge and sheriff. In later years he sat in the burgesses for Elizabeth City County.

Littleton Eyre,¹² Lemuel Riddick,¹³ Samuel Boush,¹⁴ Jacob Ellegood,¹⁵ Jacob Walker and John Hunter.”¹⁶

This committee was large, able, influential and aristocratic enough, but if they built the light-tower posterity knows not of it. Perhaps a wooden structure was built.¹⁷

Again an interim of twenty years, and the act was amended (March 13, 1773). The directors were voted £6,000 to import stone for the tower. The new directors included John Page,¹⁸ Wilson Miles Cary,¹⁹ Henry King,²⁰ Westwood Low and Anthony Low.

Work was begun, for the *Virginia Gazette* (Williamsburg, April 28, 1774) carried this item:

“Notice is hereby given that a number of vessels will be wanted this summer to bring about 6,000 tons of stone from Mr. Brooke’s quarry²¹ on Rappahannock and land some on Cape Henry for the lighthouse, and the person or persons inclinable to engage in such work are desired to treat with Matthew Phripp, Paul Loyall and Thomas Newton,²² Esqr.”

¹²For years a burgess for Northampton County, serving from 1742 to 1761.

¹³Of the distinguished Nansemond family. He represented that county as burgess (1735-1777). The father of Willis Riddick.

¹⁴See Chapter V.

¹⁵For many years a burgess for Princess Anne County (1736-1749).

¹⁶MRS. V. HOPE KELLAM, *Princess Anne Homes*, p. 53.

¹⁷The suggestion is not substantiated by any authority.

¹⁸*Through Centuries Three*, p. 310.

¹⁹Son-in-law of John Blair, and burgess for Elizabeth City County (1760-72).

²⁰Son-in-law of William Westwood, and also a burgess from Elizabeth City.

²¹EDITH TUNIS SALE, *Interiors of Va. Houses*, pp. 247-259.

²²Thos. Newton was the grandson of John Hutchings of Norfolk

After the Revolution the General Assembly of Virginia (November 13, 1789) authorized Governor Beverley Randolph²³ to convey two acres of land at Cape Henry to the United States, that a lighthouse be built, provided the tower be finished in seven years. If the tract ceased to be used for that purpose it should revert, after seven years, to the commonwealth.²⁴

Congress acted promptly (March 26, 1790). The engineer selected a lofty dune²⁵ near the Cape and built the tower, 72 feet high, using the "Potomac sandstone" transported sixteen years before from Brooke Bank. It was the first structure of the kind erected by the United States; and is, we presume, the oldest national building in the country.²⁶

The work of those hands, so long fallen into dust, was simply but efficiently done.

The top of the dune was leveled, some seventy-five feet from side to side. Around the edge they built a bulwark like the breastworks of a fort, but of rough stone, with foundations sunk below the surface, three feet thick and three feet high, on an average. Where the stress of weather is most severe to north and east, a second, lower and lesser breastwork was built to protect the plateau against erosion. They dug deeply into the hill and laid the lowest courses

(Chap. V.), the son-in-law of Robt. Tucker, above, and the father of Col. Thos. Newton (M. C. 1801-1831). H. H. SIMMS, *Rise of the Whigs in Va.*, pp. 40-1.

²³*Through Centuries Three*, p. 350.

²⁴J. F. Newsom, Meteorologist, U. S. Weather Bureau at Cape Henry, 1929.

²⁵Thirty feet high.

²⁶MRS. V. HOPE KELLAM, *Princess Anne Homes*, p. 23. "John McComb, Jr., was the architect."

of stone, how deep no one knows. They used rocks, heavy, large, rough; for the foundation is very thick and solid, and rises six or eight feet above the sand.²⁷

Then the masonry retreats a foot on each of the eight sides for the old tower, like the new, is octagonal. A second foundation, rising perhaps six feet above the first, is laid in five courses of stone. They are not so large, nor so rough as those below—and all are cut the same width though they vary in length—some very short (three or four inches) and some very long (three or four feet).

Above and within the second substantial foundation the tower rises. Each stone is neatly dressed, the largest are not more than two feet long, and all the courses are of the same width (about six inches), bound by half an inch of mortar.

On the top a dome of bronze, shaped like a huge umbrella, protected the lamp, which was set in a cage.

The storms of seventy years swept over sand and tower, but the kindly light never failed. In 1857 an inner wall of brick was built behind the sides of stone, and ten years later (1867) the wooden stairs were replaced by iron. A great fog bell was added July 13, 1885.

During our Civil War a lightship, placed between the capes, was used for two years instead of the tower (1861-3). But after the destruction²⁸ of the "Merimac-Virginia" and the surrender of Norfolk, the light was restored and guarded by soldiers from Fort Monroe.

²⁷If the foundation is ever excavated a date and perhaps the names of the builders may be uncovered.

²⁸J. F. NEWSOME, *Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch*, Sept. 19, 1929.



Photo by H. C. Mann

THE DESERTED TOWN ON THE DUNES

"It is a bold statement that more history has been made upon this point of land and its encircling seas than upon any other spot in North America; except perhaps, the National Capital."—Page 70.

Generated at Library of Congress on 2023-12-21 01:36 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uiug.30112049790725
Public Domain in the United States; Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-us-google

Patriotic Virginians²⁹ placed a beautiful bronze tablet on the face of the tower looking toward the Cape, as a memorial to the first Virginians who here made their first landing after the first voyage.³⁰

Far up the sides of the tower four small windows, two feet by four, look to the southwest. The only door opens to the south; three windows open to the northeast, but otherwise the walls are solid. It is noteworthy that no crack menaces the foundations, and the only cracks are those above the door and from window to window.

Very recently (1930) the senior senator from Virginia³¹ secured an appropriation of \$5,000 for the preservation of the tower.

II

THE LION ASLEEP

From the top of the tower of a fine April day the beauty of spring lies upon a tranquil sea and sandy shore. The blue disc of the water below reflects the blue firmament of the heavens above. Tawney mountains of sand roll like the waves of a sea, fixed by the wand of an enchanter. The dunes are a desert in a world of water; thirsty hills, hot and sullen, lying in the arms of the ocean.

These hills of sand have their laureate in John

²⁹*Assoc. for the Preserv. of Va. Antiquities*, Apr. 26, 1896.

³⁰*Days of Yester-Year*, pp. 1-15.

Photo of Tablet, page 10.

Through Centuries Three, pp. 44-5.

³¹Hon. Claude Augustus Swanson.

Richard Moreland, who is at his best when he sings of them:³²

“The sea is full of loneliness and tears.
Mists soft as snow, and spray as keen and cold
As steel, the green forests, sunset’s gold,
April’s old wonder and December’s fears.”

From this bold head-land the Atlantic stretches eastward in broad expanse until the blue of the ocean melts into the blue of the sky. The ancient rabbis taught that blue was God’s color, and the sky was the hem of the Almighty’s robe.³³ Not until the Rock of Gibraltar rises from the wild waste of waters three thousand miles away is Neptune defied.

Northward the Chesapeake lies prone, placid and mild. Great rivers run into the bay, and great cities cluster about the rivers’ banks. Countless towns and villages and millions of prosperous and happy homes are seated along the Chesapeake’s lengthy shore line.³⁴

Cape Henry is a pivot of land and water, of ocean and of continent, of bay and of marsh. Fierce north-eastern storms rage upon these shores. If the land and sea were lashed from the southwest as often as from the northeast there would be no dunes at Cape Henry, as there are none at Cape Charles across the channel. Since creation’s dawn nor’easters have whipped the sand particles inland; and every storm drives the sand higher and carries it further. The

³²*Poppies Red in the Wheat.*
The Sea and April.
Newry.

³³Isaiah 6:1.

³⁴SWEPSON EARLE, *Chesapeake Bay Country.*

dunes are forever growing and forever moving. Their progress is marked by centuries, not by years, yet little by little marshes are filled, channels choked, and forests covered. Beneath the dunes great skeletons of oaks, pines and cypress find sepulchre.

“The wind is harrowing the dunes tonight;
It mocks the sea and hisses at the moon,
Bends slender trees, and like a lyric sprite
Plays on the broken reeds a plaintive tune,
And twirls the sand in spirals thin and white.
The wind is harrowing the dunes tonight.”³⁵

On a tranquil day the sea sleeps, but with restless slumber. The ancient prophet wrote: “There is sorrow on the sea; it cannot be quiet.”³⁶ The waves dream of storms and murmur in their dreams. The sea sleeps as a lion slumbers.

Far out on the dim horizon a speck, or a blur in the blue foretells the arrival of a great ship, standing into port with the treasures of North and East. Or perhaps the stately ship is leaving, laden with cotton from the Carolinas or tobacco from the green fields of Virginia.³⁷

In more sheltered waters a white sail swings to the breeze, and dips gracefully to the waves.

Over the crest of the dunes is another ocean; of marsh grass, golden and green in the morning sun. Runlets of water, as yellow as the dunes, pulse to the tides. In the distance marsh pines, stiff and tall,

³⁵JOHN RICHARD MORELAND.

³⁶Jeremiah 49:23.

³⁷*Days of Yester-Year*, illustration page 2.

rear proud heads, and still further the forest rolls into a dull wash of color. The half-drowned lands of the marsh and the main have never been turned to the plow, but their rich bottoms, besoaked with the rain and the tides, teem with amphibious life. They crawl and swim, feed and breed, live and die in the slippery slime of their home.

Was ever color so prodigally, so monotonously, yet so wondrously blended? The white cloud mass flung across the sky, the white surf flung across the strand, the white gulls liting along the shore, the white sails swinging in the breeze. The golden glory of the sun as it caresses the barren bosom of the dunes. The yellow rivulets lost in sedge. The splendor of the sweep of the sea and the sky, the sand and the marsh, blue and white, green and gold.

Fair as a scene of tranquility, Cape Henry is most fascinating when storms are unleashed and the hurricane shows its fangs in anger; when the waves roll in dashing mountains of water upon the shore; and the mountains are animate and would rend the very earth asunder. The crash and thunder of the tempest may be heard distinctly ten miles away, like the muffled roar of cannon on a distant battle line. The farmer turns uneasily in bed as the hurricane shrieks and the gigantic waves beat upon the distant shore. The mother comforts her sobbing child, and they pray that the blackness of the night may soon give place to the orange touch of dawn.

If one braves the storm upon the beach the sand stings like the bite of an insect. In the channel the pilot boats exalt in the very danger that surrounds

them. They are flung upward until they touch the low canopy of the clouds, and they sink out of sight into the vast trough between the billows. One watches and wonders if they will ever rise again!

Peace follows every storm, even as anger, pain and passion are abnormal and temporary. Sometimes the clouds are stubborn and sullen and refuse to give place for a whole month of gray days. But the drenched earth will always smile betimes into the blue of beneficent heaven. The billows beat out their frenzy on the shore, and then ocean and bay and sand dunes and marsh are happy again.

But the storms leave tokens.³⁸ There are always wrecks at Cape Henry; broken spars, half buried in the drifts, and timbers covered with fungus, tossed upon the shore. The bulkheads of ships long lost lie, at low tide, half submerged like the ribs of some monster from the depths. Mournful the tale these relics might tell. Some master sought safety here, but the seas ran too strong, or the winds were too wild, or the billows too heavy, or the fog was too dense. Perhaps the pilot became panic-stricken, or the rudder snapped, or a nail started, or the master missed his reckoning. The cargo, ship, and perhaps many of the crew, fell victims to the howling tempest.

There is something inexpressably pathetic in wrecks. They lost their way, or missed their chance, and never came to port. Whether ships that sail the seas, or souls that go astray, whether the bride at the altar or the child that sobs on the street, a wreck, a

³⁸*Days of Yester-Year*, p. 12.

blunder, a fatal mistake—how pathetic, and alas, how frequent!

Haliburton speaks of the ocean mourning the dead it holds in its bosom. Perhaps the waves are chanting a perpetual requiem for those who sleep in the vast chambers of the deep.

III

THE PAGEANT OF THE CENTURIES

It is a bold statement that more history has been made upon this point of land and its encircling seas than upon any other spot in all North America; unless, perhaps, the national capitol itself. Can such a thesis be maintained in the great court of public opinion?

1

The first scene in the pageant is at the court of Henry VII. That parsimonious sovereign sent the Cabots,⁸⁹ John and Sebastian, to discover lands lying beyond the mists of the western seas. Sebastian Cabot ante-dated Columbus' discovery of the mainland when he sailed from the frozen shores of Labrador to the latitude of Gibraltar (1498).

If an Indian brave stood upon these dunes in August, 1498, he saw the tall sails of Sebastian's two ships pass silently southward. Civilized man, for the first time, gazed upon these shores.

If Sebastian seems dim and distant, let it be remembered that England's claim to Virginia rested

⁸⁹LYON G. TYLER, *Va. Biog.*, Vol. I, p. 7.

upon his discoveries, and that the title to every acre of land east of the Mississippi and north of Florida rests to this day upon that English claim.⁴⁰

2

The Spanish conquistadors made one ineffectual attempt to colonize the Chesapeake. Lucas Vasquez de Ayllon sailed within these shores with 500 colonists and on the James, perhaps at Jamestown,⁴¹ founded a settlement called San Miguel de Guandape. De Ayllon died and so did two-thirds of the adventurers. The rest returned to San Domingo.

3

After sixty long and empty years Sir Walter Raleigh, America's first governor, planted the first English colony on Roanoke Island.

During the winter of 1586, probably in January, Sir Ralph Lane, his deputy, and a party of explorers trudged along this strand rounding Cape Henry.⁴² They gazed at the prospect in admiration. Sir Ralph Lane was so pleased with Hampton Roads that he urged Raleigh to transfer the colony hither.

4

One of the great days in this history of mankind, certainly a day which all Americans should remem-

⁴⁰CONWAY ROBINSON, *Voyages to N. Amer.*, Vol. I, p. 85.

⁴¹JUAN G. PURON, in *Appleton's Encyclop.*, Vol. I, p. 23.

We have always doubted the location of this Spanish colony at Jamestown.

⁴²Chapter V.

Also LYON G. TYLER, *Cradle of the Repub.*, pp. 201-2.

ber (April 26, 1607), was a Sabbath of sunshine after a terrific storm. At four o'clock in the morning the fore-castle guard of the "Sarah Constant" saw by the uncertain light these miniature mountains of sand bulking against the western horizon.

At sunset these first pioneers opened the box which contained the charter, prepared by James I. Virginia was legally established, and the foundations of America were laid here at Cape Henry.

5

North America was to speak English, not French. Despite the power, wealth and unity of France, the English colonies grew and prospered, while the French colonies of Quebec and Louisiana almost died of inanition.

With two regiments from Ireland, Braddock arrived in Hampton Roads (February 20, 1755), landing first at Hampton. H. B. M. SS. "Sea Horse" and "Nightingale" led and protected the fleet.⁴³ They sailed to Alexandria and marched into the primeval forests of western Pennsylvania, where the brave but stubborn Scotch commander fell in ignominious defeat. But when the treaty was signed New France forever disappeared.

6

The colonies, so feebly planted on these distant shores, grew by slow and painful processes. Their representatives in Philadelphia at last signed the national Declaration of Independence.

⁴³R. R. HOWISON, *History of Va.*, Vol. I, pp. 263-5. Also, contemporary account, *Va. Hist. Register*, Vol. V, pp. 121-141.

The dogs of war were loosed and swept the land from Boston to Savannah. Defeat⁴⁴ alternated with victory, but the decision which made the Declaration an immortal document, was won at Yorktown.⁴⁵

Many scholars overlook the compelling fact that Cornwallis would never have surrendered had the British held the sea. And the Chesapeake was a British lake until Comte de Grass defeated Admiral Graves off Cape Henry, September 6, 1781—forty-three days before Yorktown.

From these dunes the two fleets were plainly visible. The battle began, September 5, 1781, at eleven in the morning, and moved seaward slowly until the fleets were eight miles distant.

It was here, at the seagate, that the victory of Yorktown was really won.⁴⁶

7

The second war with Great Britain opened on these shores.

A British ship, "Leopard," awaited Commodore James Barron,⁴⁷ commanding the "Chesapeake," who was unprepared. The "Chesapeake" was overhauled

⁴⁴Lest the narrative be too detailed, the author omits reference to the battle of Adm. Marriott Arbuthnot and Destouches, March 16, 1781; the arrival and departure of Sir Geo. Collier and Gen. Mathews, May, 1779; the arrival and departure of General Alex. Leslie, Oct. 16-Nov. 22, 1780; the arrival of Benedict Arnold and the beginning of the Virginia Campaign, Dec 30, 1780

Through Centuries Three, pp. 320-324.

⁴⁵Chapter I.

⁴⁶COMMANDER A. H. MILES, U. S. N.

The Yorktown Campaign and Count De Grasse.

⁴⁷CHAS. HENRY AMBLER, *Thomas Ritchie*, p. 42.

(June 22, 1807) and three sailors taken from her. The indignation of the nation was thoroughly aroused.⁴⁸ Although Great Britain later disavowed the act,⁴⁹ the war might be dated from this outrage.

H. B. M. S. "Little Belt," commanded by Captain Bingham in searching for the "Guerriere," met Commodore John Rodgers (May 16, 1811). But this time the British met the wrong man, for in six minutes Rodgers silenced the "Little Belt's" guns.⁵⁰ The defeat of Barron and victory of Rodgers began the War of 1812.

8

April is Cape Henry's month. In April 1813 Sir George Cockburn anchored in Lynnhaven Roads where the "Sarah Constant" had ridden more than two centuries before.⁵¹ He harried the Chesapeake, following the wicked precedent of Dunmore. He laid towns in ashes, plundered farms, carried off slaves⁵² and cattle.

When the British burned Washington (August 24, 1814), and were driven from Baltimore, Sir George Cockburn returned to Cape Henry and remained until the fleet sailed to New Orleans. There Andrew Jackson, by a conclusive victory (January 8, 1815) redeemed the shame of the Maryland campaign.

⁴⁸*Through Centuries Three*, p. 374.

⁴⁹CHARLES J. PETERSON, *War of 1812*, pp. 24-5.

⁵⁰JOHN LEWIS THOMPSON, *War With Great Britain*, p. 46.

Also DAVID RAMSAY, *Hist. of U. S.*, Vol. III, p. 145.

⁵¹Captain Hull stood out of the Chesapeake (July 12, 1812) on his famous voyage. Five days later he met and out-manoeuvred the British fleet.

⁵²Cockburn sold the slaves into the West Indies on "his own account."
—*Appleton's Cyclop. Amer. Biog.* Vol. I p. 672.

9

The alarms of war again sounded on these shores when the fatal Ordinance of Secession was passed (April 19, 1861). President Lincoln had previously declared a blockade of the long shoreline from South Carolina to the Rio Grande. Eight days later he included the coasts of Virginia.

After two generations one may point to the Virginia sea-gate and say, "The Confederate States were defeated there!" Had the Confederacy access to the sea it had never been conquered. When President Lincoln launched the blockade, he delivered the South a mortal blow. When President Davis failed to parry that thrust his cause was lost. Useless the toil and blood, the superhuman efforts of a brave people; useless genius of Lee, Jackson, Johnston and Stuart if the door to the world was closed. The command of the sea made Yorktown inevitable. The command of the sea also made Appomattox inevitable.

10

Since Adam watched the birds flit from tree to tree in the Garden of Eden, the sons of men have dreamed of the conquest of the air. It seemed that mortal man would never cleave the azure vault of heaven.

When the century was young two mechanics from Dayton, Ohio—Orville⁵³ and Wilbur Wright—made their first successful experiments on the long and lonely stretch of sand between Cape Henry and Cape Hatteras. At Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, between the ocean and Albemarle Sound (almost at the site

⁵³Orville Wright was thirty-two years old at the time

of Raleigh's first colony) they flew the first plane, heavier than air (December 17, 1903).⁵⁴ It is sixty miles on weary foot from Cape Henry to Kitty Hawk—but only a few minutes by air.

11

The eyes of the world were turned upon Hampton Roads in April, 1907, for on the 26th day state and nation celebrated the 300 anniversary of the foundation of America. For many weeks the ships of all nations, mercantile and military, arrived. Rarely in time of peace has such an armada gathered. The Atlantic Fleet came in (April 15) under Robley Dunglison Evans,⁵⁵ and ten days later thundered a joyous welcome to the President, Theodore Roosevelt, (April 25 at 8 a. m.) aboard the "Mayflower."⁵⁶

12

Yet once again the war clouds lowered and the world was wrapped in flame. Only the Recording Angel knows the anguish of those bitter years (August 1, 1914-November 11, 1918). When America declared war, April 6, 1917, Woodrow Wilson,⁵⁷ poured the manhood of America on the fields of France. Such movement of men and munitions the world never saw before, and let us hope will never see again. The silent monsters of the deep steamed

⁵⁴Their experiments began December 3. Norfolk newspapers of the date are interesting.

⁵⁵The popular and able admiral was born in Floyd County, Va., of a colonial family. *Through Centuries Three*, p. 383.

⁵⁶WINTHROP L. MARVIN, *Greatest Cruise*, Rev. of Revs., April, 1908.

⁵⁷Born in Staunton, Va., December 26, 1856.

back and forth, an endless procession. One million young men, trained, equipped and ready, passed without the capes; and, when the war was over, joyously returned hither. Who may say how potent a factor were they in turning the scales of destiny?

“Our days are made on a loom whereof the warp and woof are past and future time.”⁵⁸ Of the future it is not ours to know, nor is it wise to conjecture, but surely no spot in all the wide area of the two Americas, stretching from pole to pole, exhibits to the eye, which can see the unseen, so rich and so varied a pageant as the past has spread upon the tawny dunes and azure waters of Cape Henry.

⁵⁸RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

CHAPTER V

COLONIAL NORFOLK

The star of Norfolk has five points of prime distinction; any one of which would make a city famous:

- 1. The site was visited by Sir Ralph Lane and probably selected by Sir Walter Raleigh for the "City of Raleigh," the capital of his dreams.**
- 2. It possesses a colonial mace.**
- 3. From it the first Proclamation of Emancipation was issued.**
- 4. It is the only American city completely destroyed and rebuilt.**
- 5. Here the Merrimac-Virginia was planned, built, fought and changed the naval architecture of the world.**

Tidewater Virginia is the despair of the geographer, but the pride of those to the heritage born. An intricate tangle of land and water, sandy wastes and broad green marshes, it resembles the low countries of Europe. The great Chesapeake has slowly subsided into the arms of the ocean, and lordly rivers, majestic bays, huge swamps, innumerable peninsulas and pocosons evidence the hunger of the water. The pulse of the tide beats an hundred miles inland. The estuaries of the rivers twist and turn like the contortions of enormous serpents.

The land is wholly peninsular, surrounded by the encircling sweep of the tides. Peninsulas, great and small, are attached to yet other peninsulas, great and small; and these, in turn, lead in bewildering confusion to necks of land that lie between broad bays, fresh and salt.

Most of the land lies prone to the sea. The rise of a foot or two is sufficient to drain the fertile fields. As one travels upstate and upstream, gentle hills, set well back from the river bottoms, rise between smiling vales. The further one invades the land, the more pronounced these acclivities become.

Many square miles of the Tidewater country fail to attain the elevation of low tide and are covered by vast sheets of shallow water. Often the land lies above low tide, but does not rise above high tide. These are verdant pocosons, dry half the time and half the time besoaked, a very paradise for birds and reptiles and crustacean life. Clothed with coarse marsh grass, the pocoson is the delight of the hunter.

In Holland these lands would have been drained. And some day they will be redeemed in Virginia. When the value of the acreage becomes greater than the cost of dykes, ditches, bridges and canals, magnificent farms and pastures will appear where the wild fowl feed and the reptiles breed.

The metropolis of this Virginian netherland is Norfolk. And Norfolk was built first upon just such a peninsula as described. As the decades have stretched into centuries, the low places have been filled, bridges constructed, and the homes of a prosperous people have spread forth in all directions, but withal Norfolk is a city water-born. Every street begins at the water and ends at the water. Wherever one turns it is to face a ferry, or cross a bridge, or travel along a dyke of made land. This amphibious city has an atmosphere, culture and destiny peculiarly its own.

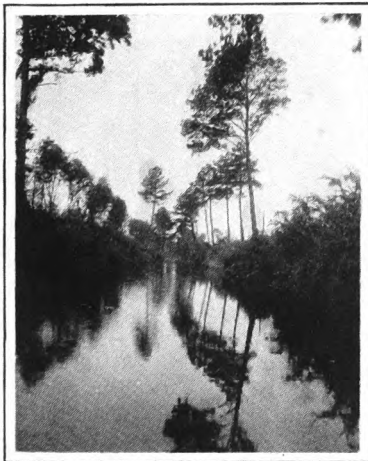
Sir Ralph Lane, Virginia's first governor after Raleigh, was the first white man to visit the site of Norfolk. With his companions he crossed the shining expanse of Albemarle Sound and pushed northward along the narrow Currituck.¹ To the east lay ranges of sand dunes. How little they guessed that on the tawny ridges after three centuries had passed the art of aviation would be born! The westward shores were clothed in the deep green shadows of stately pines, within the coverts of which furtive red men watched their progress. They followed the stand to Cape Henry and turned westward, crossing Lynnhaven Bay to Chesapeake River.² It is Elizabeth River now, and so they turned southward, passing the present corporate limits of the future city.

Sir Ralph Lane advised that the colony be transferred from Roanoke Island to the Chesapeake. Here Sir Walter Raleigh intended to plant an agricultural colony, and establish a plantation of English homes with substantial British farmers, their wives and little children. Raleigh's dream was eventually realized, and on the Chesapeake. But the task was done by other hands than his, and Virginia learned (what Raleigh knew) only after years of incredible suffering and at the cost of many hundreds of precious lives.

When Newport stupidly and stubbornly insisted upon Jamestown Island, he gave this section not even the tribute of a passing glance. He was thoroughly and obstinately obsessed with the idea of a north-

¹*Through Centuries Three*, pp. 29-30.

²C. WHITTLE SAMS, *The First Attempt*, pp. 163-4.



Courtesy of the Norfolk-Portsmouth Chamber of Commerce

"Tidewater Virginia is the despair of the geographer. An intricate tangle of land and water, sandy wastes and broad green marshes, it is the pride of those to this heritage born."—
Page 78.

west passage to the Pacific from the Chesapeake. And the Powhatan³ was to be a liquid avenue into the Golden Gate.

Unfortunately the River Powhatan was as stubborn as Christopher Newport. It refused to open into the Pacific, and Newport did not discover the northwest passage.

I

ADAM THOROUGHGOOD

For twenty years almost all the colonists were seated along the James; some on the York. Adam Thoroughgood was first to settle south of Hampton Roads.⁴

He was the seventh son of William Thoroughgood, of Grimston, County Norfolk, England. A lad of nineteen, he sought his fortune in Virginia (1621). In five years (1626) this alert scion of the fine old Norfolk family bought 152 acres of land at Kickatan. Three years later (1629) Adam took his seat in the House of Burgesses.

He secured 5,350 acres of magnificent land fronting the Chesapeake and Lynnhaven bays (June 20, 1635). Two years later (1637) the notorious governor, Sir John Harvey,⁵ invited the young planter into the Council—the highest honor to which a Virginian might aspire.

³The James is noted on Capt. John Smith's map of Virginia as the "Powhatan."

⁴*Through Centuries Three*, p. 135.

LYON G. TYLER, *Va. Biog.*, Vol. I, p. 105.

MRS. EDITH TUNIS SALE, *Interiors of Va. Homesteads*, pp. 3-4.

⁵*Through Centuries Three*, pp. 134-8.

Adam built his home on Lynnhaven Bay, so near the Atlantic that when the northeastern storms raged in the winter season he could hear the thunder of the billows that dashed upon the shores. It has defied the storms of centuries and the cruel tooth of time and is the oldest residence in North America.

Sir John Harvey organized the plantations, which sprawled along the tidal rivers, into eight shires; like the shires of England (1634). Elizabeth City shire or county extended from Kickatan southward until lost in the recesses of Dismal Swamp. It was far too large. Adam Thoroughgood secured the erection of the southern littoral into a new county, to be called New Norfolk (1636). Virginia was growing rapidly, and tobacco brought good prices. Hundreds settled along these southern shores and New Norfolk was promptly divided into Upper and Lower Norfolk.

The Nansemond (Upper Norfolk) was popular with Puritan and Quaker pioneers.

After the Restoration King Charles II insisted that the Virginians should build towns and live in them. How these urban Virginians were to make a living (more especially as every form of manufacturing was sternly prohibited) was a mere detail King Charles did not explain. He could not understand an obstinate and unreasonable people who preferred God's great out of doors, green tobacco fields, golden wheat fields, the cool forests of oak, pine, poplar and cedar. Why should not men prefer Jamestown? That miserable and decaying village was always impossible, but never more so than after the Restoration.

Governor Berkeley did his best, but the Virginians would not move to Jamestown. As a matter of fact, the irate old tyrant himself lived at an elegant plantation, "Green Spring," three miles in the country. Consistency, however, was never a Berkeley virtue.

When Lord Culpeper came over in 1680, he was expressly ordered by His Gracious Majesty not to build a town in Virginia; but (heaven save us!) to build twenty! Every county was to have a town! And the Virginia planter was forbidden to load his tobacco on a ship tied to his own wharf. He must haul his tobacco and other commodities over roads that did not exist, to a town that did not exist, and load it there! The Burgesses made the law—they were nothing if not loyal in the Seventeenth Century—but they knew well enough it could never be enforced. And it never was.

Strange as it may seem, that foolish and unjust law gave birth to Norfolk! Let us read as the clerk wrote it just two hundred and fifty years ago:⁶

II

LEGALLY BEGOTTEN

"At a Generall Assemblie Begunne at James Cittie the eighth day of June in the two and thirtieth yeare of our sovereigne Lord Charles the second—

ACT V

"This present generall assembly haveing taken into their serious consideration the greate necessity, usefullnesse and advantages of cohabitation," and con-

⁶*Hening's Statutes-at-Large*, Vol. II, pp. 471-5.

sidering the low price of tobacco “do praye your majestie that it may be enacted . . . and it is hereby enacted that there be within two months next . . . ffifty acres of land purchased by the ffeoffees of the severall counties at the rates hereafter sett downe and measured, layd out and appointed for a towne for storehouses, etc., for such county as is here after sett downe and expressed, this is to say,

In Henrico county att Verina⁷ where the court house is.

In Charles Citty county at fflower de hundred⁸ over against Swinares.

In Surry county att Smith’s ffort.⁹

In James Citty county at James Citty.

In Isle of Wight county at Pates ffeild att the parting of Pagan Creeke.¹⁰

In Warwick county att the mouth of Deep creek on Mr. Mathews land.¹¹

In Elizabeth Citty county on the westside Hampton on Mr. Thomas Jervise his plantation where he now lives.¹²

In Lower Norfolk county on Nicholas Wise his land on the Easterne Branch on Elizabeth river at the entrance of the branch.

In York county on Mr. Reed’s land where the Ship honors store was, including the low beach for land, wharves, etc., and the old field where Webber dwelt for cohabitation.¹³

⁷The court house of the county, the home of John Rolfe and Pocahontas after the marriage. Later the home of Commissary James Blair and William Stith.

⁸A famous plantation, the home of the Yeardley, Jefferson, West and other colonial families.

⁹Near Surry Court House.

¹⁰Near Smithfield.

¹¹Near Denbigh on John Mathews plantation. He was probably the grandson of Gov. Samuel Mathews.

¹²New Hampton.

¹³Now Yorktown.

In New Kent county att the Brick house a long the high land from marsh to marsh.¹⁴

In Gloster county att Tindalls point on Tindalls creeke side on John Williams land.¹⁵

In Middlesex on the west side of Ralph Worme-leys Creeke against the plantation where he now lives.¹⁶

In Rappahannock county att Hobses Hole.¹⁷

In Stafford county att Pease Point att the mouth of Aquia on the north side.¹⁸

In Westmoreland county att Nomenie on the land of Mr. Hardricks.¹⁹

In Accomac county att Colverts neck on the north-west side att the head of an Anchor Creeke.

In Northampton county at the north side of Kings creeke beginning at the mouth and soe along the creeke on the land belonging to Mr. Secretaryes office.

In Lancaster county on the north-side of Coretomond river against the place where the ships ride on a point of land belonging to Mr. Edward Carter about a quarter of a mile up the creeke which divides Mr. Chownings and the Courthouse.²⁰

In Northumberland county, Chickacony.

And be it further enacted . . . that the price to be paid by each county . . . shalbe tenn thousand pounds of tobacco and caske, which summe the owner or owners thereof shalbe . . . constrained to accept . . . and for encouragement of all and every such person . . . as will build a dwelling house . . . shall have assigned him . . . one halfe acre . . . he pay to the county one hundred pounds of tobacco.”

¹⁴Near West Point, Va.

¹⁵Now Gloucester Point.

¹⁶Near Urbanna, Va.

¹⁷Tappahannock, Va.

¹⁸Near Widewater, Va.

¹⁹Several miles east of Stratford.

²⁰Near Weems, Va.

It had been seventy-three years since Newport passed us by to establish the colony at Jamestown. It lacked but six years of a century since Sir Ralph Lane had advised the situation of the projected "City of Raleigh" on the Chesapeake. But now the hour had come.

Culpeper was one of the worst of many bad royal governors. No wonder the execution of such a law lagged!

After two years, however, action in reference to Norfolk was taken, and on August 16, 1682, the ffeoffees (trustees) purchased a tiny peninsula containing fifty acres of land from Nicholas Wise, Jr., carpenter.

Exactly twenty years before (1662) Nicholas Wise, the father of the vendor, bought 200 acres of land of Lewis Vandermull,²¹ which tract included the small peninsula now sold the ffeoffees.

"For and in consideration of the sum of ten thousand pounds of good merchantable tobacco and caske to Capt. William Robinson and Lieutenant-Colonel Anthony Lawson, ffeoffees in trust for the land county" bought one-fourth the Vandermull tract. On the whole, as money went and as land went, we think Nicholas Wise, Jr., made a very good real estate deal. His deed reads as follows:

"To all Christian people to whom these presents shall come . . . I hold myself well satisfied contented and paid and for divers other considerations me therefore, moving, having given, granted, bargained, sold, alienated, enfeoffed and conformed by these

²¹WM. S. FORREST, *Hist. of Norf.*, p. 47.

presents for myself, my heirs, exor's and adm're, do give, grant, bargain, sell, alienate, enfeoff and confirm . . . (the land) . . . running partly across an old field and party through some points of woodland, it being a small nick of cleared ground and woodland, etc."

Nicholas Wise probably lived on the eastern extremity of the land he sold, "where the bridge to Berkley and the Norfolk and Western freight stations are now located."²² Much of the shallow water has been filled so that the area of the original fifty acres has been greatly extended.

III

A STRAGGLING VILLAGE

Main street was laid along the height of land, and the Confederate monument stands just about the centre of the original town site. A deep inlet followed what is now Church Street, cutting inland. A much deeper inlet is now represented by City Hall Avenue and Cove Street. It was called "Back Town Creek." Church Street followed the height of land out of town, and was the only egress over dry land. A deep indentation from the Eastern Branch invaded the land along what is now Holt street.

In shape, the future city resembled a mushroom, attached to the mainland where the Burrough Church (St. Paul's) was erected after fifty-six years.

Norfolk is exactly the same age as Charleston, S. C., both were born in 1680.

²²C. WHITTLE SAMS, Map of Norfolk, City Library.

William Penn asked and secured the grant of Pennsylvania the same year and month, June, 1680.

Norfolk was only a straggling settlement in the closing years of the Seventeenth Century. Her growth was slow albeit steady. A glimpse of local life is vouchsafed us in this item.

There was a funeral in 1691 which evidently gave general satisfaction to the mourners. Or perhaps their grief was so profound that substantial solace was absolutely necessary. "Sixty gallons of cider, four of rum, thirty pounds of sugar" were consumed at the obsequies. On such sad occasions the amount of refreshments provided was only limited by the means of the widow.²³

Two years later (1693) a house and garden sold for nine pounds sterling (\$45.00), but the value of money was then much greater in proportion than now.

The location of Norfolk was wisely chosen. Broad avenues of water invited commerce to center here. The Eastern Branch and Broad Creek lead into the heart of the country. The Southern Branch and Deep Creek beckoned trade from Dismal Swamp and Carolina. The Western Branch opened into land as fertile as the Garden of the Lord.

Among the first to buy lots were Peter Smith, Richard Whitby, Henry Spratt and William Porteus.²⁴ In ten years we find William Hislett, Samuel Boush, Malachi Thurston, William Knott, Peter

²³PHILIP ALEX. BRUCE, *Social Life of Va.*, p. 226.

Lower Norf. Co. Records, Vol. 1686-95, etc.

²⁴Records of Lower Norf. Co.

Hobson, Bryant Cahill, Thomas Nash, Thomas Walke, Francis Simpson and many "mechanics."

At the end of the Seventeenth Century Virginia was very poor and trade much depressed. Tobacco, the only crop, which brought cash, sold for almost nothing—perhaps tuppence the pound (four cents).

In the county there were some rich and influential planters, for howsoever tight times may be there be those who can make money.

Thomas Willoughby, Cornelius Lloyd, Adam Keeling, Capt. John Sibsey, Francis Emperor, Henry Woodhouse, William Moseley, John Okeham, Lewis Connor, John Machen, Robert Hodges, William Porteus and Lawrence Phillips were prominent citizens.

Rev. Francis Makemie wrote (1705), "There are beginnings of towns at Williamsburg, Hampton and Norfolk, particularly in Norfolktown, at Elizabeth river, who carry on a small trade with the whole bay."²⁵

Norfolk was recognized legally as a "town":

"Begun at the Capitol in the City of Williamsburg, the 23 day of October, 1705, Edward Nott, Esqr., Governor in the fourth year of our Sovereign Lady Anne, Queen . . . Defender of the Faith, etc.

"Be it enacted:

"That the places hereinafter named shall be the ports meant and intended by this act and none other place or places whatsoever (vizt.) . . . on Elizabeth River . . . Norfolktown . . . That Norfolktown to be called Norfolk and to have Tuesday and Saturday

²⁵L. P. BOWEN, *Days of Makemie*, p. 390.

in each week for market days and the third day of October and four following days, exclusive of Sundays, annual their fair.²⁶

The new town touched hands with the West Indies. Lumber, grain and meat were exported, and sugar, wine and rum imported.

William Byrd II, of Westover, came to Norfolk as commissioner to run the Virginia-Carolina boundary. "Two dozen ships," he wrote, "might be seen anchored at any time before the town" (1728).

"The two cardinal virtues which make a place thrive, industry and frugality, are here seen in perfection. So long as the people can banish luxury and idleness the town will remain in a happy and flourishing condition."

Two centuries have passed, and Norfolk's most caustic critic could not charge this city either with luxury or idleness.

IV

THE BOROUGH

Eight years after Byrd's visit the town became a "borough," the colonial equivalent of the modern "city," with its own local government (1736).

On the 15th day of September, 1736, a Royal Charter was granted to the Borough of Norfolk, and Samuel Boush, Esq., was appointed mayor; Sir John Randolph (Knight) recorder, and George Newton, Samuel Boush, the younger, John Hutchings, Robert

²⁶*Hening's Statutes-at-Large*, Vol. III, p. 415.

Tucker, John Taylor, Samuel Smith, the younger, James Ivey and Alex Campbell, aldermen.²⁷

The first council meeting convened November 18, 1736. As they sit about the table, let us introduce them:

Samuel Boush, the first mayor, is remembered as influential in building the Borough Church.²⁸ He gave the ground wherein so many long-forgotten sleep. His father, Maximillian Boush, lived at Kempsville, in an ancient house still in use. Maximillian Boush was Queen Anne's councillor for the two counties. Samuel was, at this time, a member of the House of Burgesses (1734-40). Boush Street is a perpetual memorial of this colonial patriot.

Sir John Randolph, the recorder, came of a family than which none in America is more distinguished. William Randolph acquired a huge grant of land at Turkey Island, near Dutch Gap, on the James. His sixth son, Sir John, was the only colonial American who achieved knighthood.

In this year, 1736, being thirty-nine years old, he was chosen speaker of the House of Burgesses. He was not a citizen of Norfolk, albeit an official. He had the finest library in America, unless that at Westover was finer. Sir John Randolph's son, Peyton,²⁹ was the first president of the first Continental Congress (September 5, 1774) and his grandson, Edmund Randolph³⁰ was one of Virginia's ablest governors.

²⁷H. W. BURTON, *Hist. of Norf.* p. 3.

²⁸Now St. Paul's.

²⁹Chapter I.

³⁰*Through Centuries Three*, pp. 346-350.

George Newton had long before served for three years in the House of Burgesses (1723-26). He was of a wealthy and distinguished local family. His grandson, Col. Thomas Newton,³¹ represented this district in Congress for thirty years.

Samuel Boush, Jr., represented Norfolk in the House of Burgesses some fifteen years later (1752-55), and was our representative in that legislature when Governor Dinwiddie presented the mace to this city.

John Hutchings,³² a wealthy merchant, succeeded Samuel Boush in the House of Burgesses (1756-58) and also served the borough as mayor.

In the Revolution his son, Col. Joseph Hutchings, was captured at Kempsville.

Robert Tucker's career was much like John Hutchings. He, too, was a merchant and wealthy.³³ He, too, served as mayor and as a burgess (1753-55).

The world was rapidly drifting into one of the bloodiest struggles of all time. The immense development of British commerce, wealth and power, due largely to her expanding colonies, the corresponding jealousy of France, and the collapse of the Spanish empire foreboded ill. The prizes at stake were North America, Africa and India. War began in 1740. Colonial troops attacked the Isthmus of Darien (Panama), but at Carthagena Admiral Edward Vernon sustained an ignominious defeat.³⁴

³¹H. H. SIMMS, *Rise of the Whigs in Va.*, pp. 40-1.

³²LYON G. TYLER, *Va. Biography*, p. 262.

³³The Naval Hospital, Portsmouth, was on the Tucker plantation. R. C. HOLCOMB, *Naval Hospital*, pp. 23-9.

³⁴*Through Centuries Three*, p. 269. Four hundred young Virginians under Gov. William Gooch were in the army.

French and Spanish fleets were cruising in the Atlantic and might enter the Chesapeake on a campaign of retaliation and of conquest.

Norfolk has always been a focal point of the world's history.

"At a Common Council³⁵ held the 7th day of July, 1741, it was

"Resolved, That in future the white male inhabitants of this Borough (to prevent any invasion or insurrection) shall be armed at the church upon Sundays or other days of worship or divine service, under the penalty of five shillings, to be recovered before the mayor or any one of the aldermen."

The rector of the Borough Church held services with a pistol lying beside the Bible.

A French or Spanish fleet would receive a warm reception; but they did not arrive.

Five years later the victory of William, Duke of Cumberland, at Culloden Moor over Charles Edward Stuart, the "Young Pretender" and his fanatical Scotch followers, brought rejoicing to Virginia. The first great celebration in Norfolk's history was held (July 23, 1746) three months after the battle.

"Bonnie Prince Charlie" was carried through the streets in effigy, and burned to the delight of the loyal multitude.³⁶ A new street behind the borough church was named "Cumberland."

Governor Robert Dinwiddie's term of seven years³⁷ was filled with perplexing and intricate problems.

³⁵H. W. BURTON, *Hist. of Norfolk*, p. 3.

³⁶WILLIAM S. FORREST, *Norfolk*, p. 65.

³⁷*Through Centuries Three*, pp. 276-81.

It pleased His Excellency to present a beautiful silver mace to Norfolk. This jewel, unique among American cities, was made in London (1753) and presented, we presume, in person the following year.

V

THE SILVER MACE

The ancient record-book of the Council of Norfolk has this minute:³⁸

“At a Common Council held this 1st day of April, 1754, the Honorable Robert Dinwiddie, Esq., His Majesty’s Lieutenant-Governor and Commander-in-Chief, this day presented to the Borough of Norfolk a very handsome silver mace, which was thankfully received.

“Resolved, That the humble thanks of this Borough be made to the Honorable Robert Dinwiddie, Esq., His Majesty’s Lieutenant-Governor and Commander-in-Chief of this Dominion, for his valuable present, assuring his honour that the same was received as a token of his great regard and affection for the said Borough.

“Ordered, That a committee be appointed to return the thanks of this hall to the governor, and that it be referred to Josiah Smith, Robert Tucker, Christopher Perkins, Archibald Campbell, Alexander Rose and Richard Scott, Gent., to draw up the same.

“Norfolk Borough:

“At a Common Council held this day, 9th of April, 1754, the committee appointed to draw up the thanks of the borough to the Honorable Robert Dinwiddie,

³⁸H. B. BAGNALL.

Esq., reported that they had drawn, which was read and approved of.

“Resolved, That the same be fairly transcribed and that the mayor sign the same in the name of the corporation, 24th June, 1758.

“Resolved, That it is the opinion of this hall that a mace-bearer be appointed, and that he be allowed the sum of three pounds per year.”

The mace has been carefully preserved and is often carried in procession upon occasions of state. It weighs 104 ounces, and is made in six sections, which united are 43 inches in length.

The staff, 28 inches long and $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, is elaborately ornamented with scrolls and leaves.

The bowl is cylindrical (7 inches long and over 8 inches in diameter), the top slightly raised, and under the open work for the crown are the arms royal of Great Britain with the initials G. and R., for King George II, and the Latin “rex.” It has four panels. In the first the English rose and Scotch thistle grown from a common stem. In the second are the fleurs de lis of France. In the third the harp of Ireland, and in the fourth the arms of the British empire.

Four silver bands unite above the bowl to form a crown which supports a globe surmounted by the cross.

Around the base of the bowl is inscribed: “The gift of the Hon. Robert Dinwiddie, Esq., Lieut.-Governor of Virginia to the Corporation of Norfolk, 1753.”³⁹

³⁹*Dinwiddie Papers XIV*, Va. Hist. Society 1883.

Fuller White, a famous Eighteenth Century jeweler of London, has his hall-mark on the mace.

The only other colonial mace in America belongs to South Carolina, a very handsome wand 43 inches long when closed, but seven feet when opened.

The City of New York received a silver mace from the Duke of York in 1669, but it disappeared.

The Colony of Virginia possessed a very handsome mace used in the House of Burgesses. In the fanatical democratic reaction which followed the Revolution, the legislature ordered it sold. Col. William Heth bought it of the state (1783) and had it made into a large silver cup, now the property of William Randolph Hearst.

The Norfolk mace has been carefully preserved despite many disasters which have befallen this city.

When Norfolk was burned, January 1, 1776, it was taken to Kempsville and kept until the war was over.

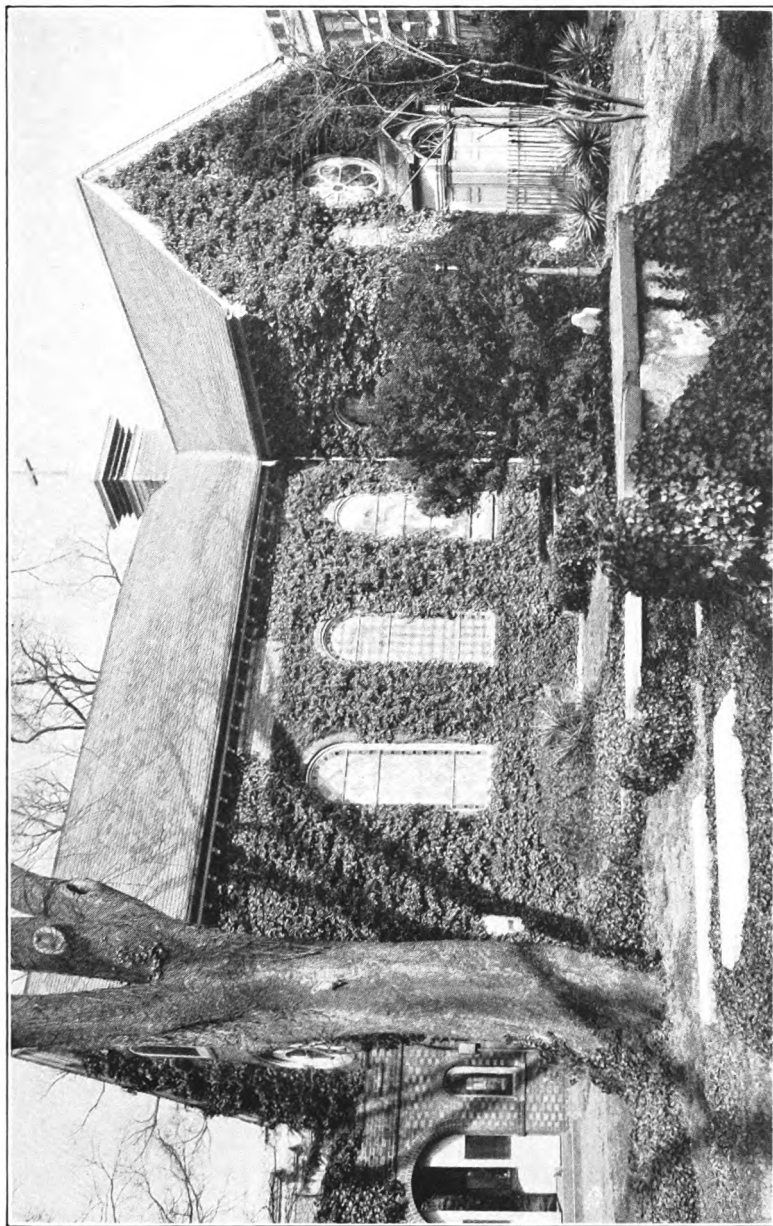
William W. Lamb, mayor of Norfolk when the city surrendered, May 10, 1862, buried the mace under the hearth of his residence in West Bute Street.⁴⁰

VI

VIRGINIA'S LARGEST CITY

The last decade of the colonial era was a period of great prosperity for Norfolk. Expanding markets, especially for tobacco, brought many agents and factors here. Prices were good and the export trade thrived. Virginia's imports in a year (1769) mostly through Norfolk, amounted to £851,000 (\$4,300,000).

⁴⁰ROBERT M. HUGHES. It is kept at present in the vault of the Norfolk National Bank of Commerce and Trusts.



Courtesy of Norfolk-Portsmouth Chamber of Commerce

THE BOROUGH CHURCH
St. Paul's Parish

"When at last the fire burned itself out only the walls of the Borough Church remained, lifting a piteous appeal to heaven above the dead who slept undisturbed by these dire disasters."—Page 103.

Glasgow demanded Virginia leaf for the manufacture of Scotch snuff.

Norfolk, like New York, was a Tory city, and for the same reason, namely, the large number of British citizens who resided here.⁴¹ But there was a large Whig element. Popular indignation was aroused over the Stamp Act. "The Sons of Liberty" were organized at the courthouse, then near the corner of Church and Main, but with only fifty-seven members. Whole counties were aflame upstate. Patrick Henry's ringing messages were everywhere repeated. It seemed to the Virginians that Norfolk was lukewarm to the colonial cause.

From the earliest days there had been but one church in Norfolk, situated on the neck of high land where the road to the country (Church Street) led out of the village. The Borough Church (St. Paul's) was a spiritual fortress. The Presbyterians had one pastor, but their cause had waned and died completely away after the death of Josias Mackie (1716) whom Francis Makemie brought to the colony in 1692.

In 1772 an earnest Methodist evangelist, Robert Williams, preached here. But Norfolk was as lukewarm to the Methodists as to the Whigs. William Watters wrote: "Their convictions were slight and their desires very faint. Such Methodists I have never seen. Many hundreds attended preaching, but the most hardened wild and ill-behaved of any people I had ever beheld in any place."⁴²

⁴¹It will be noted that most of the tombstones in St. Paul's Churchyard are over English or Scotch bones.

⁴²PATRICK HENRY DREWRY.

Our last royal governor, the Earl of Dunmore, dropped anchor at Gosport, a tiny village where the Navy Yard is now located.⁴³

His dismal prospects soon improved. Some 160 British veterans arrived from St. Augustine, Fla. The Tory gentlemen who sympathized with the royal governor resorted to him and he did not despise the aid of many runaway slaves.

During the summer the "Otter" and "Kingfisher" arrived, and the Earl made himself comfortable on the "William," a merchant vessel. His Excellency now commanded a motley army and navy, English and Tory, sailors and civilians, white and black, 800 strong, with his ships, guns and ammunition, a formidable company.

But men must be fed!

Food there was and plenty on the fertile plantations along the Chesapeake and the winding river shores. The Earl sent Captain Matthew Squires, of the "Otter," his ablest lieutenant, to plunder the plantations and bring in the forage. Squires did his work only too well, but when some of his boats were driven into Hampton Creek, the men of "Game Cock Town" seized them, a trivial incident which carried important consequences. The Committee of Safety at Williamsburg hurried Colonel George Nicholas and a hundred men to defend Hampton.

The Earl sent Squires to punish Hampton. In the skirmish that followed (October 24, 1775) two of Squires' sailors were killed and two wounded. It was

⁴³Chapter I.

the first bloodshed of the Revolution in Virginia—but before the war was done, many miles of Virginia's soil were drenched with precious blood.

VII

COMPLETE DESTRUCTION

The citizens of Norfolk watched the struggle across the Roads with intense interest. The newspaper was emphatically Whig. The editor, John Holt, was caustic in his denunciation of Captain Squires' raids and of the Earl's disgraceful plunder. He was warned to desist but would not.

Dunmore landed a company of sailors at the present ferry slip, surrounded Holt's print shop, located on the east side of Commercial Place, a few doors south of Main Street, and left it an utter wreck. When the citizens protested this high-handed procedure, His Excellency replied:

"I could not do the people a greater service than deprive them of the means of having their minds poisoned and of exciting in them the spirit of rebellion and sedition."

Fully a third of the inhabitants left Norfolk. Some of the Tories returned to England, some joined Dunmore and the fleet. Many of the Whigs sought refuge either upstate or in the adjacent rural districts. It was evident that sooner or later the Virginians would attack Dunmore. As he held the waters, and as there was only one approach to Norfolk by land, namely, by way of Great Bridge, the Earl fortified the eastern bridge-head with a small breastworks and mounted a few cannon.

Dunmore surprised the militia of Princess Anne gathered at Kempsville, and in an inglorious skirmish they fled leaving Colonel Joseph Hutchins a prisoner. He was so pleased with this victory that he issued a proclamation emancipating all slaves who would join his standard (November 14, 1775). This is the first proclamation of emancipation in history. Issued eighty-eight years before President Abraham Lincoln's famous document, and from the harbor of Norfolk, it is significant in the light of our subsequent history. The Earl wrote General Howe in New York (November 30):

“Immediately upon this (the victory at Kempsville) I issued the enclosed proclamation, which has had a wonderful effect as there are no less than 300 who have taken and signed the enclosed oath. The blacks are also flocking from all quarters, and I hope will oblige the rebels to disperse, to take care of their families and property.”⁴⁴

We suppose the Virginians will always be rebels. They were in Bacon's Rebellion; they were in the Revolution, and again in the Civil War.

Edmund Pendleton was chairman of the Committee of Safety. In other words he was governor of Virginia.⁴⁵ He sent Colonel William Woodford to drive the Earl from Norfolk the day Captain Squires attacked Hampton (October 24). Colonel Woodford led his men to Lower Virginia, crossing the James at Sandy Point, to Surry Court House and Smithfield. He hastened to Suffolk at the earnest request of Captain Willis Riddick.

⁴⁴LYON G. TYLER, *Hist. of Va.*, Vol. II, p. 157.

⁴⁵*Through Centuries Three*, pp. 309-312.

Moving to the western side of Great Bridge, Colonel Woodford adroitly drew the British and Tories into battle, December 9, 1775, and won a compelling victory.⁴⁶ The British commander, brave Captain Fordyce, had about 500 men, something less than half of whom were regulars. Colonel Woodford had 687 men, 165 of whom were Minute Men.

Immediately after the battle, the Virginians were reinforced by 588 North Carolinians under Colonel Robert Howe, who, as superior officer, assumed command.

Howe came into Norfolk by way of Kempsville (December 14, 10 p. m.) five days after the victory at Great Bridge and one month after Dunmore's Proclamation of Emancipation. He at once offered amnesty to all who would swear allegiance to the "Commonwealth of Virginia."

Meantime H. M. B. S. "Liverpool," mounting 28 cannon, stood within our capes. Dunmore at once made the "Liverpool" his flag ship.

Christmas day brought a warlike gesture from Dunmore. The fleet covered Norfolk with their guns from what is now Berkley Bridge to the western end of Main Street. The "Liverpool" lay off Church Street, flanked on either side by the "Otter," the "Kingfisher," the "Eilbeck," "Dunmore" and "William," armed and ready.

At three in the afternoon the guns opened. Bar-shot, chain-shot and grape tore through the trees and wrecked many warehouses and dwellings. Under a smoke screen which floated in from the ships on

⁴⁶*Days of Yester-Year*, pp. 162-9.

the southern breeze, Dunmore landed parties who fired many buildings. The flames spread rapidly. Colonel Stephens and two hundred Culpeper Minute Men charged through smoke and shell, driving the British to their ships.

“It is singular that during the whole cannonade the Americans lost not a man, and only seven were wounded. The civilians were equally fortunate. Only one old woman was killed, by a spent cannon ball back of town. The highest praise was bestowed on the cool and steady courage of the young troops in the midst of a scene which would have shaken the resolution of veterans.”⁴⁷

The battle of Christmas Day was the prelude to the total destruction of Norfolk, a week later.

When the memorable year 1776 was but two hours old the Earl sent sailors to start fires wherever possible along the waterfront. A strong south wind whipped the flames into fury and by daybreak billows of fire and showers of sparks swept the town. Despite the heroic efforts of soldiers and citizens Norfolk was doomed, for there was no way to fight the flames save by the tedious drawing of water from wells and cisterns, bucket by bucket.

Aroused from their sleep, the terror-stricken inhabitants, white and black, old and young, rich and poor, fled into the countryside, a wild and frenzied multitude. They fought their way through smoke and flame and burning cinders. Many carried with them such effects as they might; those more fortunate

⁴⁷JOHN BURK, *Hist. of Va.*, Vol. III, p. 451.

fled by boat or carts or other vehicles, along the one crowded road that led out of town.

To the Earl's eternal shame be it said, he opened all his guns on the stricken town. Shot and shell hissed and shrieked through billows of smoke and roaring flame. The hailstorm of deadly projectiles from belching cannon, the monotonous guns punctuating the winter day with hideous roar, vast columns of smoke ascending from warehouses and homes rolling far over land and water borne along on the stiff south wind—these set their seal on Dunmore's memory.

From red dawn until the sun set in a canopy of smoke and blood the work of destruction continued with tragic completeness, and when at last the fire burned itself out only the walls of the Borough Church remained, lifting a piteous appeal to heaven above the dead who slept on, undisturbed by these dire disasters.

CHAPTER VI

SIDNEY LANIER

**Sorrow is the soul's wilderness, through which the
Voice of God calls
As in Eden's primal bowers,
Misfortune and misery are as black as a starless night,
Until Light Eternal touches the shadows, and
The gloom is shot through with glory.**

The humble mountaineers who dwell on the misty flanks of Blue Ridge do not appreciate the matchless majesty of the mountain mass. Great heights demand wide perspectives. One can measure aspiring summits only from the plains below. So with men. Many a genius passes unacclaimed in the multitude, and only the lengthening years brings an accurate valuation of his worth.

Lanier came without observation, and he passed, as man and poet comparatively unknown.¹ Even those who came under the spell of his splendid personality did not take his measure. The purity of his life, the dignity of his unconquerable soul, the superb quality of his art, his heart-breaking struggle with a mortal malady, his failures, discouragements and sorrows have touched the heart of the world. At last he is recognized as a prince of American singers,

¹Note the large proportion of his poems which did not find a publisher until after his death.

and will likely take ultimate rank² as America's foremost bard, save Poe.

If a critic at the time of Lanier's death had made bold to place him above Longfellow, Holmes, Bryant, Whittier, Emerson, Lowell and Whitman, he would have been derided! And yet for half a century each passing year has gathered for him increasing admiration. His fame has constantly broadened, his reputation grown, and his genius commands a circle of admirers ever widening.³ As this mountain recedes it lifts an ever loftier summit to the dim horizon. Lanier's sun set in its glorious morning, but his posthumous fame has grown into a brilliant day.

I

THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER

Before the days of Bacon's Rebellion one John Lanier⁴ (1633-1719) settled in Prince George County (1670), Virginia; and his son, Sampson Lanier, married Elizabeth, a daughter of Richard Washington, of Surry County. So far as is known this family is not related to the great George.⁵ The grandson of this marriage was the grandfather of Robert Samp-

²Among our poets of the Nineteenth Century.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE, *The Old South*, p. 91, "Lanier has not been surpassed by any other that this country has produced."

³To be sure, so just and so good a critic as Gamaliel Bradford says that his poems are a "little disappointing. He gave them grace and dignity and charm and music; but why could he not put his soul into them?"

In Heaven's name, how could he have put more soul into them?

⁴His will cited, *Va. Mag. of Hist. and Biog.*, Jan., 1921, p. 102.

⁵WM. HAYES WARD is probably mistaken in much of the Lanier genealogy, given in a "Memorial" prefacing the "Poems of Lanier."

son Lanier,⁶ an attorney of Macon, Georgia, in ante-bellum days, who married Mary Anderson. Mary, like Robert, came of a colonial Virginia family.

To them Sidney Lanier was born, February 3, 1842. From both parents he inherited a talent for music and poetry. "To him as a child in his cradle music was given, the heavenly gift to feel and express himself in tone." As a child he could play any instrument placed in his hands, as if by intuition.⁷

He wrote his father, while at college:

"The natural bent (which I have checked though) of my nature is to music, and for that I have the greatest talent; indeed, not boasting, for God gave it me, I have an extraordinary musical talent, and feel it within me plainly that I could rise as high as any composer."

It is sad evidence of the intensely materialistic atmosphere of the ante-bellum South⁸ that young Lanier felt he must check an artistic impulse and apologize for it, and this the noblest art under heaven!

In those early days the music of the violin would "so exalt him in rapture that he would sink from his solitary music worship into a deep trance; thence to awake, alone, on the floor of his room sorely shaken

⁶EDWIN MIMS, *Life of Lanier*, p. 16, says he was an alumnus of Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va. While at that institution he met Mary Anderson, whom he married in 1840. Her brother, Judge Clifford Anderson, became, in time, the attorney-general of Georgia.

⁷ASGER HAMERIK, director Peabody Symphony Orchestra, Baltimore: "His conception of music was not reached by an analytic study of note by note, but was intuitive and spontaneous, like a woman's reason—he felt it so."

⁸Chapter XIII.

in nerve." A phlegmatic and practical temperament will never understand such artistic ecstasy.

His father persuaded Sidney to use the flute instead of the violin, as he feared the emotional reaction upon his nerves.

When Sidney was fifteen he entered Oglethorpe College, January 6, 1857. This struggling institution located at Midway, a suburb of Milledgeville, then the capitol of Georgia, was the property of the Presbyterian synods of South Carolina and Georgia.⁹ The college died in the agonies of Civil War, but has of recent years been revived and is located in a suburb of Atlanta. The one teacher who made a permanent impression upon our hero was James Woodrow,¹⁰ a deep thinker, brilliant preacher, noted scholar and something of a philosopher. The poet declared¹¹ that he owed to Dr. Woodrow the strongest and most valued stimulus of his early life.¹²

While at college he united with the Presbyterian Church, in whose communion he lived and died. His father's family were Methodists, but his mother was reared a strict Presbyterian, and she in her turn so educated her children.

⁹Rev. Samuel K. Talmadge, D.D., was at that time president of the college.

¹⁰Dr. Woodrow afterward became the president of the University of South Carolina. He was a clergyman of the Presbyterian Church, and his liberal views caused a trial which attracted wide attention at the time. His sister married another Presbyterian clergyman, Joseph R. Wilson, and their son, Woodrow Wilson, became in due time the President of the United States.

¹¹EDWIN MIMS, "*Life of Lanier.*"

WM. HAYES WARD, "*Memorial.*"

¹²He missed college one year, '58-9, during which he served as a clerk in the post office of Macon.

Lanier graduated in July, 1860, with first honor, and returned to the college as assistant professor. In his college notebook he once wrote: "The point which I wish to settle is merely what I am fit for, as preliminary to ascertaining God's will for me."

Virginia passed the Ordinance of Secession, April 17, 1861. Two days later the Macon Volunteers, the first troops to leave Georgia, and the first Confederate troops to arrive in Virginia, reached Norfolk and marched to breastworks thrown up in the fields north and east of the city. Sidney and his brother Clifford Lanier were two of the privates in the Macon Volunteers.¹³

The young Georgians in natty uniforms were very popular.¹⁴ The homes of the wealthiest citizens on East Main, Bank and Freemason Streets were opened to them. As Lanier was a musician he would likely receive an especial welcome. During his idle hours in Norfolk Lanier studied German and Spanish, and practiced diligently with his flute.

The first year of our terrible Civil War brought comparatively little bloodshed to Virginia. After the decisive victory of Southern arms at Manassas, Virginia,¹⁵ both sections settled down to preparation.¹⁶ Each side was determined to force a decision in 1862.

¹³EDWIN MIMS, *Life of Lanier*, p. 47: "After finishing the year's work at Oglethorpe he went to Virginia to join the Macon Volunteers."

¹⁴H. W. BURTON, *History of Norfolk*, p. 46.

¹⁵Chapter XIX.

¹⁶It is a serious charge against the Confederate government, as such, that they were lax and dilatory in preparation, so much so that the great victory at Manassas has been declared a disaster for the South.—EDWARD A. POLLARD, *Lost Cause*, p. 153.

Federal strategy was to capture Richmond by marching up the valley of James River from Fort Monroe. In the masterly defence of the Confederate capital by Joseph E. Johnston, Sidney Lanier did his modest part. He was sent from Norfolk to Wilmington early in the spring of 1862. One of his earliest poems is dated, French Camp, Wilmington, North Carolina, May, 1862.¹⁷ Like the early poems of Tennyson those of Lanier do not give promise of rich development. They are obviously the work of an amateur. He once said that he had a "disposition to push his metaphors too far." His metaphors were also strained.

From Wilmington he went to Fort Fisher; then he returned to Virginia and was in the battle of Drewry's Bluff (May 15, 1862).

In General Lee's magnificent offensive, known as the Seven Days' Battle,¹⁸ which ended at Malvern Hill,¹⁹ July 1, 1862, Lanier was in the ranks. Like all the Confederate soldiers he revered Lee and idolized his memory.

When General George B. McClellan definitely evacuated the peninsula Lanier was transferred to Petersburg (August 26, 1862) and served as signal officer under Major-General Samuel G. French.

Thirty years later an elderly citizen remembered Lanier:²⁰

¹⁷*Poems of Lanier*, p. 234.

¹⁸Chapter XII.

¹⁹EDWIN MIMS, *Life of Lanier*, p. 49, states that Lanier marched all night through a drenching rain over swampy roads before the Battle of Malvern Hill.

²⁰The quotation is from an interview given the author in 1894.

“He came often to our home in High Street, and he always brought his flute. He seemed to enjoy our home and the congenial society of my sisters, for they too were musicians.

“I have never heard any musician draw such music from any instrument. I do not believe any one in the world was his superior with a flute.²¹ I can close my eyes and see that slim, young Confederate soldier playing to my sister’s accompaniment. It was wonderful! He played as one entranced. When he finished every one would remain silent as if we sat in a holy place. Sometimes he would play a long while, and then leave abruptly with only a word of farewell. It was music-worship, and his melody was angelic. As he played his face would shine like the face of an angel.

“He was frail and thin, and pale—too frail by far, and I never was surprised to know that he died of consumption.”

While at Petersburg the first premonitions of his malady fastened upon him.

He spent two weeks in the early spring of 1863 at Macon, during which vacation he met his future bride, Mary Day.

When he returned to the theatre of hostilities the two brothers joined Milligan’s Corps as cavalry scouts with headquarters at Suffolk. They covered the tidewater section of Virginia and North Carolina. Still later he was stationed in and about Suffolk.²²

²¹In his hands the flute no longer remained a mere material instrument, but was transformed into a voice that set heavenly harmonies into vibration.—ASGER HAMERIK, Director Peabody Symp. Orchestra.

²²*Poems of Lanier*, p. 230.
Fort Boykin.

“Our life during this period²³ was as full of romance as heart could desire. We never ceased to talk of the beautiful women,²⁴ the serenades, the moonlight dashes on the beach of fair Burwell’s Bay (near Smithfield) and the spirited brushes of our little force²⁵ with the enemy.” The brothers, Sidney and Clifford had their headquarters for some months at Fort Boykin, on a high bluff overlooking Burwell’s Bay. They were constantly in the saddle, and their movement must needs be swift and concealed; caution and daring were requisite to the dangerous but fascinating service as scouts. Incidentally it was excellent for Lanier’s health.

While at Fort Boykin he wrote a poem of twenty lines, “To_____,” on his twenty-first birthday, February 3, 1863.²⁶ He also began a war novel, “Tiger Lilies,” which is of interest only as a literary curiosity.

“The two brothers were inseparable; slender, gray-eyed youths, full of enthusiasm; Clifford grave and quiet; Sidney, the elder, playful with a dainty mirthfulness. Often on moonlit nights we sat enthralled by the entranced melodies of his flute! Always the longing for the very highest pervaded his life, and in listening to him as he paced the long galleries of my old home, or as we rode in the sweet, green wood, I felt that we sat ‘in the aurora of a sunrise which was

²³A private letter of the soldier.

²⁴Reminiscences of the poet and his friends in Nansemond County are still remembered and often retold.

²⁵MILTON H. NORTHRUP, *Lippencott’s Mag.*, 1905. The Federal blockade in Virginia waters was strict and grew ever more efficient.

²⁶*Poems of Lanier*, p. 230.

to put out all the stars.'"²⁷ Three times during the war he was offered promotion, but declined as he preferred to remain with Clifford.

He was sent²⁸ to Wilmington, one of the few ports still open, as signal officer on the "Lucy," which on the night of November 2, 1864, slipped down the Cape Fear River and put to sea. She was soon captured by a Federal cruiser, the "Santiago de Cuba," and Lanier was clapped into prison at Point Lookout, below Washington, where the Chesapeake meets the Potomac.

He hid his flute in his sleeve, and it was not taken from him.

Lanier did not complain of his treatment at Point Lookout,²⁹ and no doubt a stronger man would not have suffered; certainly would not have suffered as did he. But the exposure, the long hard, cheerless days had a deleterious effect—in fact he never recovered. Sidney Lanier gave his life for the Confederate cause as really and as truly as any hero who fell in battle.

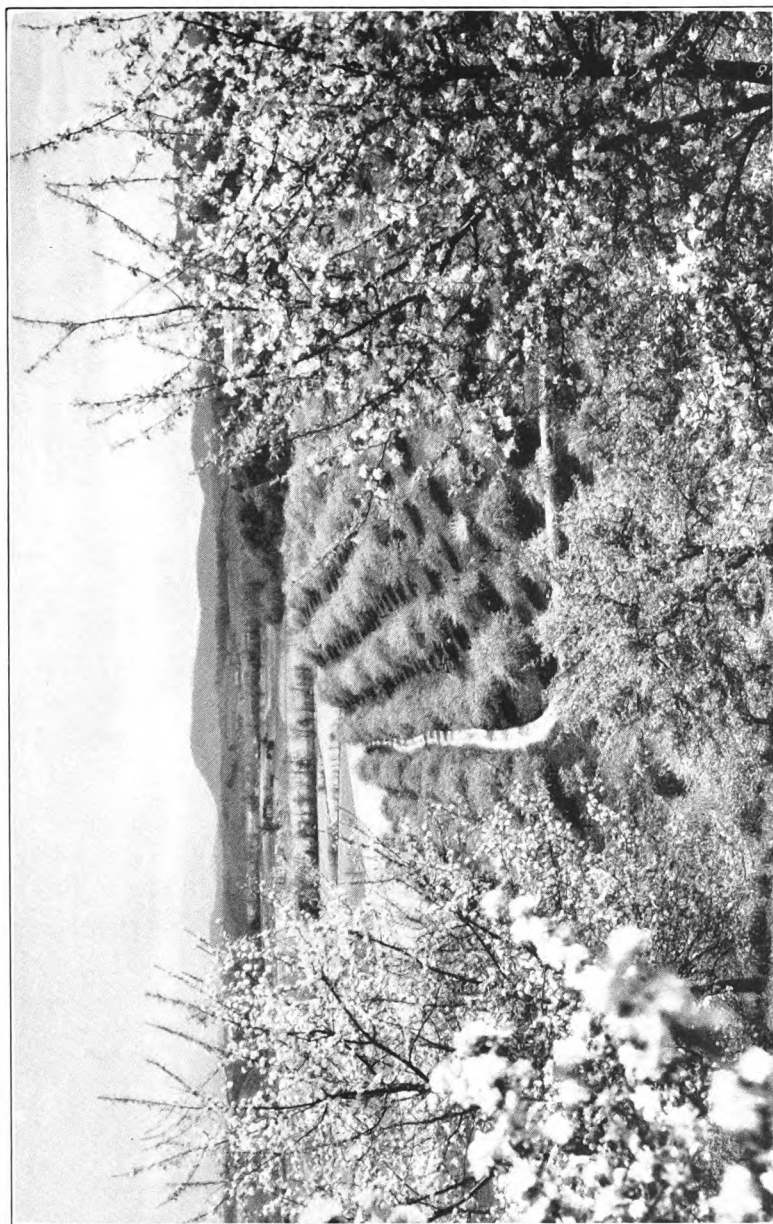
A fellow prisoner declared him "an angel imprisoned with us to cheer and console us" with the magic notes of his flute.

Father John Bannister Tabb, whose sweet poems will ever be remembered, was also a prisoner. Did ever grim walls hold nobler manhood, loftier life,

²⁷Quoted from "Southern Bivouac," 1887.

²⁸August, 1864.

²⁹EDWIN MIMS, *Life of Lanier*, p. 58: "He turned in disgust from (the prison's) harrowing memories." He described those trying days in "Tiger Lilies."



*Courtesy of the Norfolk and Western Railway, by
Holcombe Parker, Roanoke, Va.*

THE VALLEY OF VIRGINIA

Looking from the Blue Ridge toward the Peak, Massanutten Mountain, at the foot of which Sidney Lanier spent the summer of 1879 and wrote the "Science of English Verse."

"He engaged the cottage again for the summer of 1881, for to him the vales of Switzerland were not fairer. I had his plans not been changed he would likely have died there."—Page 125.

finer fibre, or more genius than Point Lookout³⁰ while the doomed Confederacy was dying?

Two beautiful poems, "Palm and Pine," a translation from the German of Heine,³¹ and "Spring Greeting," were written that bitter winter.

He is said to have secured his release by gold a friend smuggled to him in his mouth. They returned to him his Confederate uniform and a \$20.00 gold piece taken from him when he was captured.³² The prisoners to be set free boarded a ship at Point Lookout. As Lanier was too ill to walk, his comrades wrapped him in an old blanket and carried him aboard. The men were packed in the hold of the vessel, in filthy stalls ordinarily used for transporting cattle. His comrades did not think Lanier would live to see Old Point. "His thin hands were tightly clinched, his face drawn and pinched, his eyes fixed and staring, his poor body shivering from time to time with a spasm of pain." A kindly passenger on the boat gave him brandy and quinine. His comrades tenderly carried his emaciated body to Fort Monroe.

It is five hundred miles from Old Point to Macon, Georgia, as a crow flies. Yet he walked that weary way, step by step, through a country war-blasted, ruined, deserted, swept for four years by friend and foe. The Confederacy was not dead, but dying.

³⁰From November, 1864, to February, 1865.

³¹*Poems of Lanier.*

³²WM. HAYES WARD, *Memorial*, states as above.

Another version is that he hid the \$20.00 coin in his shoe and it was never found.

General Sherman carried a besom of destruction³³ across Georgia, leaving a desert behind that would have dishonored Attila and his Huns. The ill, foot-sore, wandering, ex-Confederate soldier crossed and re-crossed Sherman's trail of blood and fire.³⁴ How he negotiated that toilsome journey only God-o'-Mercy knows! He tottered into the parental door utterly exhausted, nearer dead than alive (March 15, 1865).

For six weeks he was desperately ill and his life was despaired of. As he began to convalesce his devoted mother died of the same dread disease, tuberculosis.

The anguish of this darkened home, once so happy, is a type of the homes of the Southland. It is a miracle that our civilization survived. War, famine, pestilence, hunger, desperation filled a brimming cup of misery.

In that dreadful spring General James Harrison Wilson captured Macon (April 20), to which town the erstwhile President of the South, Jefferson Davis, was brought after they captured him at Irwinsville,³⁵ Georgia (May 10). He was lodged in the Lanier Hotel at Macon.

Few episodes of the Civil War so profoundly moved

³³"In his official report Sherman says: 'I estimate the damage done to the State of Georgia and its military resources at one hundred millions of dollars; at least twenty millions of which have inured to our advantage, and the remainder is simply waste and destruction.' In other words he used property worth twenty million and ruthlessly and cruelly destroyed eighty million more."—J. WILLIAM JONES, *Hist. of U. S.*, p. 323.

³⁴CORNELIUS PHILLIPS SPENCER, *Last Ninety Days of War*.

³⁵A small court house town, the seat of Irwin County, approximately 75 miles north of the Florida line.

the heart of the Southern people as the death of Stonewall Jackson. The modest office at Guinea is a shrine to which Southern patriots turn.³⁶

Lanier caught the spirit, and in September of the terrible year 1865 his first real poem appeared under the title "Dying Words of Stonewall Jackson."³⁷

Real genius is evoked by the crushing of the heart, by anguish, bitterness, disappointment and blasted hopes. Luxury and ease produce no works of genius, as they forge no character.

This poem by a soldier of the Lost Cause gives no hint of bitterness, but its cadences ring the dirge of the helpless, hopeless South, tolling like a distant funeral bell.

II

THE YOUNG ATTORNEY

Lanier spent the winter, 1865-6 with an uncle at Point Clear on Mobile Bay. Then he secured a modest position as a clerk in the Exchange Hotel,³⁸ Montgomery, Alabama, which he filled for sixteen months (December, 1865-April, 1867).

These were the dark and bitter days of Reconstruction, and Montgomery was in the heart of the Black Belt. Five poems must be credited to these months: "A Sea-Shore Grave," "Birthday Song," "Night," "Night and Day" and "To Wilhelmina." One cannot enthuse over them. Lanier overstrains his lines, and is too subtle, too artificial, too allegorical. He

³⁶Chapter XVIII.

³⁷*Poems*, p. 238.

³⁸The property of his grandfather.

thinks too profoundly for the reader. The simple heart-compelling appeal of "The Dying Words of Stonewall Jackson" are absent.

Lanier did not possess those popular traits which Longfellow had to perfection. An oversensitiveness has militated against his fame, and explains, in part, the tardiness of his recognition.

At Montgomery he met a schoolmate of Oglethorpe days, George Laurens Petrie, who was the pastor of the Presbyterian Church on Sunday and a teacher the rest of the week. Rev. Mr. Petrie's organist was absent one Sunday, and he requested Sidney to play for the service. The congregation was amazed. Never had they realized that such ravishing music could be drawn from the modest little cabinet organ.³⁹

He returned (April, 1867) to his manuscript, "Tiger Lilies," begun at Fort Boykin, on the James, and in three weeks had it ready for the publishers. A New York firm took it, on what terms we do not know. A wealthy kinsman⁴⁰ helped "Tiger Lilies" into print (1867).

He wrote, years after, that "every book is a lottery." It is, with all the stakes against success. Lanier was not a novelist, and if he were a very able novelist he could not write a war novel—or an anti-war novel, as was "Tiger Lilies"—in three weeks. Literary miracles happen, but are about as rare as miracles of other kinds.

³⁹In "Tiger Lilies" he wrote: "Music means harmony, harmony means love, and love means—God!"

⁴⁰J. F. D. Lanier, an influential New York banker.

He spent a month in New York and a happy summer in Macon (1867), where he wrote "Strange Jokes." It is a strange poem with a strange title, for the subject is death.

Four short poems appeared in the "Round Table," New York, during this year: "The Tournament," "In the Foam," "Barnacles" and a "Birthday Song." But the poet had not arrived. "Tiger Lilies" appeared in October. It did not take the world by storm, although there was talk of a second edition.

Prattville, Alabama, was a small town with an old-fashioned rural school, to which Lanier went as principal (September, 1867).

He was fond, in these days, of catching the notes of birds and transcribing them.⁴¹ He composed songs for his own poems, those of Tennyson and other British poets.

When the Christmas holidays arrived, December 21, 1867, he returned to Macon for his bride, Mary Day, daughter of Charles Day, a prosperous citizen. No marriage was ever more beautifully romantic nor a more perfect love-match, despite the tragedies of the unfolding years. And tragedy promptly arrived. In less than a month the bride-groom was prostrated with his first hemorrhage. On his recovery he wrote one of his great poems, unknown, unquoted and unappreciated.⁴² In sixteen lines, "Raven Days," he

⁴¹CLIFFORD LANIER, *The Chautauquan*, 1895.

As a boy the poet lived much in the Georgia woodlands, knew and loved the trees, brooks, moss, flowers, birds—"doves, blackbirds, robins, plovers, snipes," and small wild animals.

⁴²This poem has not even yet been "discovered."

presents a picture pathetically accurate, of that unspeakable agony known as "Reconstruction."⁴³

It is the cry of a broken land, a people in unspeakable agony. It is the wail of a helpless, hopeless, starving people, proud but vanquished, crushed by defeat, forbidden the arbitrament of the sword, insulted by their former slaves, the Africans seeking to rule Anglo-Saxons by the will of other Anglo-Saxons, a refinement of political cruelty worthy Spain in the days of the Inquisition. The South fought an honorable fight, surrendered in good faith, only to receive every possible humiliation that relentless political cruelty could devise. The poet—a true poet—spoke, but no one heard.

He returned to Macon in the spring (May, 1868) very low in health and spirits, yet wrote four poems of some value, "Tyranny," "Shipload of Earth," "Life and Song" and "Resurrection."

His father persuaded Sidney to study law. Of course that was logical. If any firm in Macon could attract clients the Lanier-Day influence would draw them.

But man does not live by logic!

Two domestic events called forth two beautiful tributes from the pen of the young attorney. The lines mark an improvement. His grandparents, Sterling and Sarah Fulman Lanier, celebrated their

⁴³Chapter X.

Through Centuries Three, pp. 487-510, &c.

The Tragic Era describes this tragic era.

EDWIN ANDERSON ALDERMAN, *World's Work*, June, 1908.

golden wedding, which their "eldest grandchild" has immortalized.⁴⁴

Soon thereafter his eldest child, Charles Day Lanier, arrived, and the proud, young father wrote "To Baby Charles" on his first anniversary, December, 1869.

He addressed his fellow citizen in the cemetery at Macon, April 26, 1870, standing above the Confederate dead, to so many of whom he had been bound by ties of love and consanguinity. "Retrospect and Prospect" contains contemporary history well worth reading. He refers to Robert E. Lee, "stately in form, in soul, in character and in action."

Perhaps the most pathetic poem in American letters was penned by Lanier in New York, "June Dreams in January." He wrote from the meanest garret of the greatest city⁴⁵ in the country to the richest folk in all the world and described himself the hungriest poet this side of Heaven. But the appeal was not published (as indeed so much of his finest work was not published) until after his death.

He spent two months of the summer of 1870 (August and September) on Lookout Mountain, Chattanooga. Mrs. Lanier held a candle on one occasion while he read a poem of Paul Hamilton Hayne to a company of friends, one of whom was the late president of the Confederate States, Jefferson Davis.

His work as an attorney was not congenial. He was driven again to New York, then in November to

⁴⁴September 21, 1868.

⁴⁵He was in New York in 1867-69-70-71.

San Antonio, by way of New Orleans, Galveston and Austin, seeking health and healing.

“All day my soul hath been driven by wind after wind of heavenly melody.⁴⁶ The essence of all wind-songs, bird-songs, passion-songs, folk songs, country songs, sex-songs, soul-songs, body-songs hath blown upon me and sailed me into a sea of vast dreams whereof each wave is at once a vision and a melody.”

He here bares his passion for poetry. How he would have enriched the world had he found strength, time and means to write.

III

THE POET

He returned from Texas (April, 1872) with the coming of spring, and resumed practice with his father, but it was impossible.

July found him at Alleghany Springs, Virginia. His description of the Valley of Virginia is very fine,⁴⁷ the rivulet and the mountains speak to him.

“Nor do I fathom this long, unceasing monotone of the shallow, little river, which sings yonder over the rocks in its bosom as a mother croons over her children. It is but one word the stream utters: but it comes to have a frightful mystery in it, so this familiar stream-sound fills me with indescribable wonder.

“Nor do I comprehend the eloquence of the mountains. They speak at once a language of repose and

⁴⁶Written from San Antonio to Mrs. Lanier in Macon.

⁴⁷Letter dated July 12, 1872.

of convulsion, two languages which have naught in common.”

He finally determined to fling aside his codes and torts and to turn his face northward. Whether he starved or not, and he came very near it, he would dedicate his slight strength and few remaining years to music and poetry.

This drastic decision marks the beginning of the most pathetic struggles in American letters. The most gifted poet in the United States starving for a crust, unaided, unacknowledged; in a land teeming with books, magazines and libraries which were filled to satiety with mediocrity and drivel!

The editors with one accord declined Lanier's manuscripts,⁴⁸ and the publishers with equal suavity and unanimity declined his books!

In apparent hopelessness of recognition⁴⁹ Lanier found food in a position as flutist of the Peabody Symphony Orchestra, Baltimore, December, 1872.

He was thirty-one years old, and eight years remained to him. He probably reckoned that his time was even shorter, but his courage and determination to win against all odds never failed.⁵⁰ As no poem

⁴⁸“I'd like to send a poem or two occasionally, but I dread rejection like a mad lover,” *Lippincott's Mag.*, Vol. 75, p. 317.

⁴⁹An editorial in the “*Round Table*,” New York (1866) said: “The literary world was never so barren, never so utterly without hope.” If one reads the magazines of that day, and especially the verse, he will likely agree with the editor.

⁵⁰In a letter to his father, November 29, 1873, he wrote: “Several persons from whose judgment in such matters there can be no appeal, have told me that I am the greatest flute-player in the world; and several others of equally authoritative judgment have given me an almost equal encouragement to work with my pen.”

is dated 1873 he evidently gave his time and strength unreservedly to music. The struggle for mere existence was exacting.

And yet, in spite of his financial dependence, we delight to record that he interrupted a rehearsal of the orchestra and told the conductor what he thought of him when he spoke rudely to a young lady at the piano.⁵¹

A rich harvest⁵² from his pen came in 1874. Baltimore was distinctively Southern in atmosphere; more Southern then than now. It was an educational centre, wealthy, cultured and refined. The Civil War brought immense prosperity to the citizens, and but slight distress. Music and art had their seats at the head of the Chesapeake, then as now.

He secured an order to write a description of Florida, and spent two happy months with his beloved family in Macon, from whom their straightened circumstances had separated him. While at Sunnyside, a village between Macon and Atlanta, he wrote a distinctively original and Southern poem, describing the beauty of Georgia's fields, the dim Blue Ridge on the northern horizon, the abandoned homes and naked farms, results of post-war poverty and maladministration.

"Corn" certainly marks an era in American poetry, but not an editor would consider the two hundred lines! After long hesitation Lippincott's made the bold experiment, and it appeared in the

⁵¹GAMALIEL BRADFORD, *Amer. Portraits*, p. 75.

⁵²"Miranda," "My Springs," "In Absence," "Acknowledgment," "Laus Mariae" and "Corn."

February issue (1875). To the surprise of editor and critics, it attracted much and favorable comment. Henceforth his name⁵³ was, at the least, known.

Perhaps the bitterest drop in his cup of sorrow was the long, enforced separation from his wife and children. No man was ever more blessed in his misery, and no woman ever deserved, and received, a rarer reward. He could not present Mary Day Lanier a diamond tiara, fit to bedeck the brow of an Hohenzollern or Hapsburg princess, so he gave her a gift that mighty monarchs might covet but could not obtain—the rarest tribute⁵⁴ any man over paid his wife, “My Springs.” The fourteen quatrains were not published until he had been dead a twelvemonth.

Through the good offices of Bayard Taylor, a true friend in these days of adversity and illness, Lanier was appointed⁵⁵ to write the poem for the Centennial Cantata which was sung at the opening of the Philadelphia Exposition (1876). He composed the poem in seven days. It was a failure. Lanier was not at his best.⁵⁶

In July Lippincott published a thin first edition, “Poems by S. L.” Such a title was enough to kill the book a-borning. Nevertheless it was a step forward. He declared that he declined to die until he had written five books of poems—futile vaticination!

⁵³He once wrote his wife: “I know through the fiercest tests of life that I am in soul, and shall be in life and utterance, a great poet.”

⁵⁴Compare “Lines to My Wife,” WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

⁵⁵January 8, 1776.

⁵⁶The rendition was pronounced a success, and it is often said, no doubt with justice, that the words of the Cantata should not be judged without the music. The music was by Dudley Buck.

Johns Hopkins University opened its well endowed doors, and Richard Watson Gilder wished Lanier in the faculty,⁵⁷ but nothing came of it for three years. When, at last, opportunity knocked at his door he was prepared.

The winter which followed the Centennial (1876-7) was severe and the poet fled to Florida. "Tampa Robins" and "From the Flats," an appeal of a homesick and discouraged heart, stand to credit this visit. Wordsworth has whole pages that do not approach these Florida lines, which show that his heart was in Georgia.

"The Song of the Chattahoochie," written soon after (October, 1877) does not suffer beside Tennyson's "Brook." Lanier's description of the rivulet is superb. He had previously spoken of the "calm grandeur of Lee,"⁵⁸ and like Lee⁵⁹ he had an exalted idea of duty which is exquisitely introduced in the song.

Ten years after Lanier's death a very young man⁶⁰ chanced to open an American anthology,⁶¹ and his eye fell upon a description of the marshes of Glynn. He had never heard of Glynn County, and he had never heard of Lanier. But he was perfectly familiar with the marshes, pocosons and umbrageous forests of Virginia, and the unknown poet spoke his Southern dialect and described his native land with exquisite

⁵⁷In order to perfect his poetry Lanier studied English Literature, beginning with the Anglo-Saxon poems.

⁵⁸October 18, 1874.

⁵⁹"The sublimest word in the English language is Duty."—R. E. LEE.

⁶⁰The author.

⁶¹EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN, "*Poets of America*," (Boston, 1886).

touch.⁶² From that day he gave his heart to the singer.

Lanier was thirty-seven years old, February 3, 1879, and Johns Hopkins University unwittingly celebrated that anniversary by electing him to the chair of poetry.⁶³

He spent the summer of 1879 at Rockingham Springs, an old-fashioned resort which nestled against the southeastern front of the Massanutten Mountains, and here he wrote the *Science of English Verse*.

He was described⁶⁴ as above average height, fully bearded after the fashion of the day, with features emaciated and showing the ravages of disease. He breakfasted at eight-thirty and worked upon his lectures until four in the afternoon, resting only at the mid-day hour.

In the evening he usually played the flute to Mrs. Lanier's accompaniment, and often for an hour before midnight.

He engaged the cottage again for the summer of 1881, for to him the vales of Switzerland were not fairer than the Valley of Virginia. His physicians advised the loftier mountains of North Carolina. Had he returned to Rockingham Springs, as he intended, he would no doubt have died there.

His lectures on the *Science of English Poetry* were a series of original, painstaking and thorough reviews of the masters of British poetry from Caedmon to Tennyson. In his prose as in his poetry Lanier rises

⁶²"The Marshes of Glynn" was written in the spring of 1878.

⁶³EDWIN B. HOPKINS.

⁶⁴JOHN W. WAYLAND, *Sidney Lanier at Rockingham Springs*, pp. 19-22.

to sublime heights. "Time whose judgments are inexorably moral" will need for him no expurgation. His work and his life were pure, because his heart was pure.

IV

THE SUNSET HOUR

The poet's pen garnered a rich harvest in the last year, during whose fleeting months he labored against time. In a pathetic letter⁶⁵ he describes his acute anguish: "For six months past a ghastly fever has been taking possession of me each day at about twelve o'clock noon, and holding my head under the surface of indescribable distress for the next twenty hours. I work day after day in such suffering as is piteous to see."

With health shattered by life's trying experiences, nerves unstrung, quivering in utter exhaustion, he produced his finest lines. One who faced Eternity unafraid would likely achieve heights of spiritual fervor unknown to lesser men. Three poems, not to mention others, are unsurpassed in the richness of their spiritual insight: "The Crystal," "The Ballad of Trees and the Master," dated in November, and "Sunrise," December, 1880.

The argument of "The Crystal" is wrought as artistically as the finest tapestry. He conversed with his soul, at midnight and found that every great character has his faults and weaknesses. They lift their heads of gold, but stand on feet of iron and miry

⁶⁵To Paul Hamilton Hayne, dated November 19, 1880.

clay. Shakespeare, Homer, Buddha, Dante, Milton, Emerson, Keats, Tennyson, he calls, and then turns to Jesus, "The Crystal." The most intricate inspection, even when the Lord was in the grasp of torture, sleep and excruciating death, reveals no fault, no weakness and no lapse. Lanier hails Him the "Crystal Christ." English literature has no finer tribute to the Lord. For to Lanier to write was to worship.

In the "Ballad of Trees and the Master" he sings of Gethsemane, of the Savior's passion. These sixteen lines are America's finest hymn.

A month later, December, 1880, he composed "Sunrise," which many critics declare his masterpiece. It is a companion poem to the "Marshes of Glynn," which he might have called "Sunset." With fever racing at 104 degrees, too feeble to hold a pen, he dictated the matchless lines to his wife. Dreary December days, when it seemed that he must die,⁶⁶ gave place to a new year, full of crisp, cold days. He so far regained strength that he delivered twelve lectures on the English novelists. Those who listened wondered whether he would finish the hour.

The family pitched their tents on Richmond Hill, three miles from Asheville, in May. Mrs. Lanier and four little children, his father and brother were of the party; but Sidney did not improve.

They moved southward (August 4, 1881) over the mountains to Lynn, in Polk County, where the majestic front of the Blue Ridge sweeps westward more

⁶⁶It should not be forgotten that Lanier was a cheerful, one might almost say a happy sufferer; always hopeful, never morbid.

than southward and gives a touch of the Italian Alps, near the line that separates the two Carolinas.⁶⁷

“We are left⁶⁸ alone with one another. On the last night of summer a change comes. His love and immortal will hold off the destroyer of our summer yet one more week, until the forenoon of September 7, and then falls the frost, and that unfaltering will renders its supreme submission to the adored will of God.”

He sleeps in Greenmount Cemetery. Our two Southern poets, Poe and Lanier, found each a sepulchre in the bosom of Baltimore.

⁶⁷On the flanks of Tryon Mt.

⁶⁸August 29, 1881. Mrs. Lanier's diary.



THE ROAD TO BACON'S CASTLE *Photo by Harry Staley*

"The road from Bacon's Castle to Drakelowe turned sharply into the forest, and was upholstered with soft green moss and leaves thickly fallen. Tall pines flung down their incense and the gum trees were aflame, their autumn fires glowing in the forest's green depths."
—Page 138.

CHAPTER VII

BACON'S CASTLE

And if there be no ghosts to inhabit here, the wraiths have missed an auspicious opportunity.

The royal river of Virginia inscribes many a tortuous turn before it falls at last into the arms of the Chesapeake. The last great semi-circle sweeps about a huge peninsula below Jamestown. Viewed from the south the land takes the shape of the tusk of a wild boar. Within the river's embrace are many fine old plantations, deep umbrageous woodlands and sluggish streams that wander hither and yon as if uncertain where to flow. The homes of the farmers are set at great distances; for, after three centuries, land is plenty and people are few.

I

Arthur Allen¹ came from England (1649) to these frontiers and acquired a modest farm of 200 acres between Lawne's Creek and Lower Chipokes. As the years passed, Arthur added fields and forests, and at his death (1770) bequeathed a huge estate to his son, namesake and heir, Arthur the Second.

Five years before Arthur arrived (1644) Opechan-canough fell with fury upon these defenseless frontiers, and the slaughter that befell is an horrid tale

¹EDITH TUNIS SALE, *Interiors of Va. Houses*, pp. 379-386, an accurate and delightful description of the castle.

oft referred to in these papers. The Second Massacre was the last (for Surry County), but Arthur did not know that; and so, being a prudent man, he made his home very literally his castle.

So stout were Arthur Allen's walls of brick that the tumults of many wars, the devastating repairs of many successors, and the cruel tooth of time have not demolished them.

Arthur the Second was elected Speaker of the House of Burgesses. Being rich and influential, it goes without saying that he was a friend of Governor Berkeley and abhorred Nathaniel Bacon and the "rag tag and bob tail"² who followed with him.

After Bacon's untimely death his followers in these parts seized the Allen homestead and held out for four months. There is a "hidden room"³ in the attic with a porthole for a window from which the Baconians kept watch and ward.

Sailors from a British man-of-war lying in the James defeated the Baconians and took thirteen prisoners, including Captain Rookings, but did not capture the "castle." After four days, however, the "castle" was deserted. A diligent antiquarian has discovered this interesting item: "The guard at Allen's brick house we here is run away."

Captain William Rookings was clapped into a dungeon at Jamestown and the irascible old governor would certainly have hung him, but he cheated the gallows by dying in prison.

Some months later (1677) Speaker Arthur Allen

²The phrase was used at the time to describe Bacon and his army.

³Nine feet wide and twenty-five long.

sued⁴ Robert Burgess, "For that during the late most Horrid Rebellion he with others did seize, keep garrison in the plts house neare fower months bearing title of Lt-Commander-in-Chief next to William Rookings."

Evidently Robert Burgess was one of those who made good their escape from the "plts house," meaning, of course, the plantation house. If so, we congratulate Robert across the centuries. Bacon never set foot in Bacon's Castle, but his rebellion died here, and here his name lives still in manor house, post-office, church and village.

Speaker Allen's son, James, inherited the estate, and left it to his sister Katherine, the wife of Benjamin Cocke. Allen Cocke was next owner. His son, Benjamin Cocke, left Bacon's Castle to his sister Mrs. Ann Hunt Bradley (1802). Mrs. Bradley gave the estate to Indiana Allen Robinson from whom it passed through the Hawkins family to William A. Warren of Surry County. Mr. Warren gave it to his son Charles Walter Warren, as a wedding present, when he married Carrie, the daughter of Major Blair Pegram.

II

The morning sunshine caressed these fair and fertile fields as we entered the avenue leading to the manor house along a quadruple line of stately forest trees. Two great magnolias, much fine old boxwood, and rich deep green cedars touch the landscape with dignity and rustic elegance. These are the rem-

⁴The records of Surry County.

nants and the pledge of pristine prosperity; for the glory of the castle has departed with days colonial. The spacious lawns are grazing places, the inhabitants are tenants and a depressing loneliness clings to the ancient walls.

The house is a very riot of architectural fancies. Unfortunately another and more recent house was built adjoining, but fortunately no part of the original castle was destroyed. The manor Arthur Allen built is the only Jacobean residence in Virginia, or, as we suppose, in America, save one.⁵

The little lass who answered our knock said her mother was not at home, but she would guide us for a consideration.

One steps to the modern porch from a well-worn millstone and enters the ancient door at a right angle. Once within, the main hall turns to the right sharply. The hall is a tunnel; narrow, low-vaulted, arched, and for all the world like the corridors of ancient monasteries or the crypts of old English churches. A huge drawing room⁶ fills the entire western wing, for the castle faces south. So heavy are the walls and the weight hypothecated upon them that a king post in the midst of the room supports the rafters. It is said to be the only post of its kind in a Virginia house.

The yawning fireplace must have been superb when heaped with blazing logs at Christmastime.

⁵The Adam Thoroughgood house in Princess Anne County. Adam died in 1640. Chapter IV.

Through Centuries Three, p. 135.

⁶It measures 18 feet by 22.

With the slightest imagination one may see colonial dames, well plastered, laced, buttressed and powdered, tripping across the floor in sweeping dresses; and elegant young men in brilliant satin waistcoats, knee breeches, silver buckles and all that⁷—the romance, the light, joy and glory of days long dead and gone. The eastern wing, across the narrow hall, accommodated the dining room, a chamber of like huge proportions. At the end of the hall an inconspicuous staircase leads upward. It is not spiral but has that effect, built, as it were, in a closet. Again the suggestion is defense.

The sleeping apartments of the second floor are like the rooms below in their dimensions.

Mrs. Indiana Allen Robinson was married August 10, 1837. It was a match made in heaven, if the record left upon the window panes is evidence.

“Dear Indy:

In storm or sunshine, joy or strife

Thou are mine own, my much loved wife

The treasured blessing of my life.

September 1840

Married three years.”

On the same pane this inscription:⁸

“Thou are but a little tablet on which to inscribe a record of human happiness, and yet these words may be found after both of us are laid in the dust, so uncertain is everything connected with human life. We are happy, now, dearest Nan, enjoying all

⁷DAISY NURNEY, *Norfolk Va.-Pilot*, April 30, 1922.

⁸DAISY NURNEY, “Sketch of Bacon's Castle,” *Norfolk Va.-Pilot*, April 30, 1922.

the blessings of prosperity and matured affection and confidence. Let us make the most of these bright and sunny hours of happiness. Let us cull all the beautiful flowers that now strew our paths and lay them at each other's feet; and when called to another world, another life, let us obey the summons with resignation, consoling ourselves with the reflection that we have been all to each other which duty or affection demanded. And may the hope of a happy reunion in a world where care and sorrow are never known cheer the heart and brighten the sufferings of that one of us, who by death of the other may be left in the cheerless world, desolate and alone. Emmett."

Emmett was an ardent lover, an affectionate husband and well versed in the rather stilted phrases fashionable at that time. His was an industrious diamond-ring (pen):

"On the 10th day of August 1837 we were married, dearest Nan, and many a happy day have we seen since then. Have we not, Sweet Nan? Your husband, dearest, owes you much—much—and he neither wants the feeling to appreciate, nor lacks the sense of gratitude to acknowledge the blessings you have showered upon him. God bless you, my own. Jan. 1, 1841."

At an earlier date than Emmett's some one else wrote:

"Thy memory as a spell of love o'er my mind
As dew upon the purple bell, as perfume on the wind;
As music on the sea, as ripples on the river,
So hath it always been to me.
So shall it ever be."

The attic and cellar are the most interesting features of Bacon's Castle. Heavy beams support the roof and plainly show the marks of axe and adz. Many of the planks in the floor are twelve inches wide. The nails were made by hand and two home-made locks are of wood. How long have these unknown carpenters been sleeping in their graves, yet the work of their hands abides. Life is a brief span at the longest, but man's skill defies the centuries!

Five men might stand abreast in the attic fireplace. How did they ever get such huge logs up the narrow stairs? Or did they import fuel through the diminutive windows?

Six diamond-shaped chimneys rise above the gabled roof, three on each side, and resemble turrets, giving the manor a crenellated effect.

The cellar is half above ground, but resembles the dungeons of old English castles. The foundations are fully exposed. The fireplace in the cellar is by far the largest in the house. One thinks of Mrs. Gummage sitting in her chimney corner at Yarmouth nursing her sorrows and her rheumatism, mourning for the "dead un" as little David Copperfield saw her so many years ago.

III

Of course there are ghosts⁹ at Bacon's Castle. No ancient, historic, sequestered and decaying manor house would be complete without spectres. They come unbidden at eerie hours of night, opening closed doors, and insisting upon reopening them

⁹DAISY NURNEY, "Bacon's Castle," *Norfolk Va.-Pilot*, April 30, '22.

after the quick emphatically close them. They set rocking-chairs in motion and insist upon rocking them when any chair, quiet and unoccupied, is not supposed to take such liberties. They rattle the windows impatiently when there is absolutely no wind, they walk across the floor and the planks creak at their astral footfalls, although angels and ghosts are not supposed to have any weight! They sigh as though they sorrowed without hope.

One of them, at least, has been seen from time to time. She is a "woman in black" and is chiefly engaged in passing around the dark corners of the house and disappearing toward the cemetery, in a distant corner of the yard, deeply shadowed by trees and thickets.

But the most interesting of all phantasms is the "Devil's Lamp," a ball of fire, which the darkies assert is often seen at midnight blazing like a comet from the topmost chimneys of the manor to the churchyard, not far away. It falls to earth and disappears among the graves.

IV

Let us follow the "Devil's Lamp" to the pathetic but picturesque ruins of the church. It was built for the Lower Parish of Surry (1751) although Bishop Meade¹⁰ does not mention it. A colonial ruin is now rare in Virginia for most of them have been repaired and rehabilitated.¹¹

¹⁰WILLIAM MEADE, *Old Churches and Families in Va.*

¹¹Blandford, Old Donation, Jamestown, St. Luke's, Pohick and numerous homesteads.

The Civil War laid a cruel hand here, heavy and onerous. Population, always sparse, moved away. The Negroes, intoxicated by their new freedom and whipped to frenzy by the preaching of a woman who came from Boston to instruct and lead them, "Mother Howard," as she was called, burned the ancient church in 1868. The ivy-clad walls remain, a memorial to a congregation gone, and a guardian to those who sleep peacefully under fine old boxwoods, cedars and crepe myrtles.

CHAPTER VIII
DRAKELOWE

Whenever I come to an old pine tree,
Something leans over and talks to me.
I feel its breath and hear it sigh,
As a pine tree will when the wind goes by.

I hear it tell how the eons pass,
Like ripples that wane in a field of grass;
How the storms that wrestled and swayed and beat
Have fallen asleep at a pine tree's feet.

And there's always a calm when the whispers cease,
And always a mantle of cool green peace;
And always a doubt that a thing can die
That has gripped the earth; that has scanned the sky.
—Leigh Hanes.

The road to Drakelowe turned sharply into the forest, and was upholstered with soft, green moss and leaves thickly fallen. Tall pines flung down their incense, and the feathery cypress waved us welcome. The gum trees were aflame, their autumn fires glowing in the forest's green depths. The sturdy oaks held rich foliage, despite cold nights—shining chestnut oaks, knarled water oaks, graceful willow oaks and white, black and red oaks, found in every Virginia forest. The hollies were dying their green berries red against the coming Christmas-time. The birches retreated into the thickets as though ashamed of their naked limbs. Rabbits dashed frantically to shelter and squirrels were busy in the slender hickory trees, gathering and burying a winter store. A wild turkey, "a neat, high-bred bird of quakerish ele-

Generated at Library of Congress on 2023-12-21 01:36 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uiug.30112049790725
Public Domain in the United States; Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-us-google

gance," as Robert Louis Stevenson would no doubt have said, disdained at first to yield the road, but thought better of it and disappeared into the green silence.

Drakelowe is a natural park, lying snugly in the embrace of our royal river, opposite Jamestown, and so near that the tops of the monuments are to be seen over the trees. This land has never been turned to the plow, and the forested slopes, the yellow shores and deep green pocosons are as the Indians hunted through them; as the hand of God made them.

Drakelowe, we are told, is an ancient Saxon word meaning "Dragon's Den." The dragon of this particular Drakelowe is a distinguished member of Congress from Petersburg;¹ his last guest before we arrived was the senior senator from Virginia.²

The den is a log cabin of ample proportions, and with such effete and modern appurtenances as running water from a deep artesian well and shower baths! Daniel Boone and Christopher Gist would blush for such! But they would approve of the skins which cover the floor and the antlers on the walls, eloquent testimony to the Dragon's skill as a hunter.

Had one been on the bluff at Drakelowe, May 13, 1607, he would have seen the "Sarah Constant," the "Godspeed" and "Discovery" swing along the channel in full view for ten miles and drop anchor before Jamestown at sunset.

Thursday morning, May 14, the colonists leaped

¹Patrick Henry Drewry, attorney, author, churchman and statesman.

²Claude Augustus Swanson.

ashore and began to build the foundations of Virginia and America.

Here the first representative assembly was convened. And the same month (August, 1619) a Dutch trader arrived with the first cargo of African slaves.

In the Revolution Benedict Arnold³ crossed and recrossed the James at this point. Cornwallis retreated by the same ferry. And here Benjamin Lincoln landed the Continental army brought from Elk River by way of the Chesapeake, and united with LaFayette and Governor Thomas Nelson to force the great decision at Yorktown.⁴

In the terrible Sixties this liquid avenue was panoplied with war. Hundreds of vessels and hundreds of thousands of soldiers, and hundreds of millions of dollars worth of ammunition and of stores passed to and fro until at last the cruel war was done.⁵ To tell the story of these waters would be to write the history of this nation.

In profound peace and sylvan seclusion Drakelowe dreams of the old alarms. Tides wash the yellow shores moving as though they slept, and the wavelets murmur as they dream.

The sun was slowly sinking and the shadows turned until they pointed eastward. As we were far from home these pleasant visions must give place to the practical necessities of the hour.

³Chapter I.

⁴Chapter I.

⁵Chapters II, VI and XII.

II

Of Fort Boykin we had never heard until Sidney Lanier wrote that he once was stationed there.⁶ One of his first poems is dated there, but it is not one of his best (1863). He wrote a threnody for a comrade killed at Surry C. H., a few miles away. The young soldier, who afterwards became a famous poet, speaks of beautiful nights on Burwell's Bay, of dashing heroes and of many pleasant visits with the lovely girls of Nansemond.

The fort was raised as a place of defense in the Revolution. It was rebuilt in the War of 1812, and greatly strengthened and enlarged at the outbreak of the Civil War. The engineers gave it five salients, like the points of a star. The breastworks and redoubt are still preserved and carpeted with thick green grass. The erstwhile place of war is now a retreat of profound peace.

Twenty years ago Fort Boykin was a thicket so closely grown that only a wild animal might slink through it, but today the stately boxwood stands in formal rows, and the hollies have attained the girth of a man, on ramparts where Lanier played his flute in the moonlight, and watched the enemy's ships in Hampton Roads. A tiny lakelet with the tiniest of islands is a feature of one depression dug originally by soldiers' hands. In mid-summer it is as white as snow, with pond lilies transplanted from Dismal Swamp. Every wild flower which blooms in Virginia's fields and every tree that lifts its arms

⁶Chapter VI.

to Virginia's sky have been brought here to bedeck the redoubts and embower the breastworks.

III

As we crossed the Nansemond the great, red sun sank into a bed of clouds and the blue water below turned as red as blood with the reflected glory of the dying day.

This was the Nansemond up which Captain John Smith and twelve companions sailed in the summer of 1608, and were attacked by three hundred braves.⁷ We thanked the Prince of Peace that the colors staining the blue waters incarnadine today are merely a reflection of the setting sun, and not human blood.

As we gazed the golden shifts of light caressed the tallest trees; but the shadows were deep and gloomy. They seemed to move like living things, along the water's edge. The green pocosons became black, and the cloud mass burned to ashen gray, and our day beside these battle-girt waters was done.

Just over the woodland and up the river lives a Virginia woman⁸ who is a real poet. She must have watched such a sunset across the Nansemond when she wrote:

"The twilight drops her gray veil down
As night is near;
To purple shadows, shrink the trees
And blur and disappear."

⁷JOHN SMITH, *True Relation* (Tyler) pp. 61-2, "This river is a musket shot broad, each side being should bayes, a narrow channel, three fadom."

⁸ELKANAH EAST TAYLOR, *Candles on the Sill*, p. 73.

CHAPTER IX

OLD BLANDFORD

**The silence here is pregnant with the memories
and glories of a deathless past.**

The long midsummer afternoon slowly waned. Melancholy clouds, heavy and oppressive, mocked the parched earth and thirsty fields with never a drop of rain. The very breeze that lifted the dust-laden trees was hot and sullen.

My feet turned instinctively from the streets of the city of the living to the silent aisles of the city of the dead. Vague memories of childhood days drew me as a magnet. Half-forgotten sorrows, dim in the lengthening prospective of the years, stirred again within me, for my life is sprung from the dust that lies beneath this heaving sod.

A bit of rural England was grafted on Virginia's far frontiers three centuries ago. Some ancient pioneer had an inspiration when he chose this summit for the parish church. We suspect it was of the Bollings, but none knows now.¹ The land falls in natural terraces from church to river. Though an hundred miles inland, the pulse of the mighty Atlantic beats its double diurnal rhythm and lifts the

¹H. I. BROCK, *Colonial Churches*, p. 50.

"The vestrymen responsible for the building included Colonel Robert Bolling, Captain Peter Jones and Mr. Theodorick Bland."

CHURCHILL GIBSON CHAMBERLAYNE, *Va. Colonial Churches*, pp. 163-176.

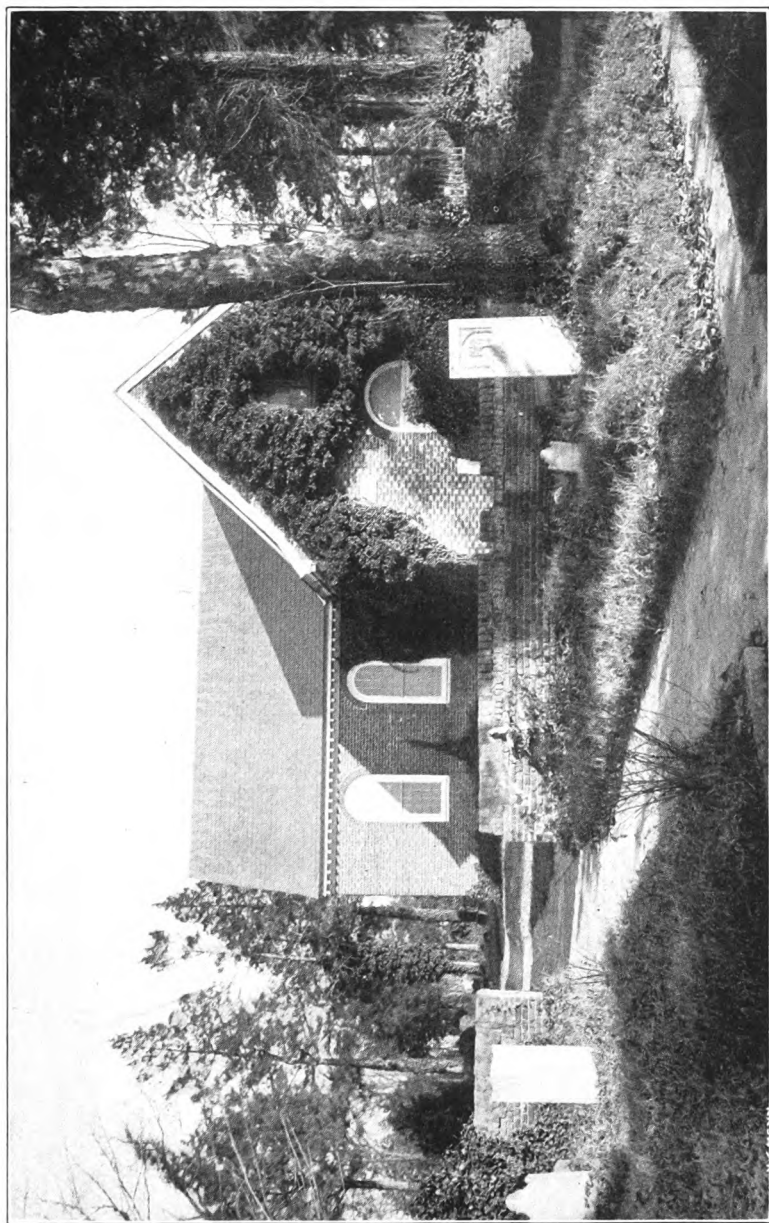
waters here. The hills that rise beyond the river lie far below the Blandford height, and of a clear day the homes of the farmers, their growing crops and woodlands are visible; but this afternoon the shadow of the cloud mass blurred the landscape in a dull wash of color.

Perhaps in all America no site retains its quaint, colonial traits less disturbed.² These stout walls and fences of brick were laid by skilful hands in Flemish bond (1735), long before the French and Indian War. The ivy spreads a thick and intricate mesh over the ancient church; and the dull, red-brown gables that lift above the deep-green canopy suggest Stoke Pogis. The brick is probably English,³ for the Colonial tobacco fleet used brick for ballast on the voyage to Virginia, and English brick was as cheap here as in England.

Many strolled through Old Blandford that Sabbath afternoon. Their steps turned to the more recent sections, where the lawns are neatly trimmed and the monuments tell of Confederate heroism. Fretted marble and chiseled granite proclaim the pomp and pride, the wealth and power that once was their's, who lie in straightened beds below. I had the ancient sector to myself; not one intruded. The roads were steep and narrow, far too rough for automobiles. The stones about were mostly humble memorials, all ancient; many moss-grown and fallen. Hundreds of graves were unmarked and forgotten. But the mighty

²EDWARD POLLOCK, "The old church was not used after 1803."

³The fact is disputed. See discussion, MRS. V. HOPE KELLAM, *Old Houses in Princess Anne County, Virginia*, p. 13.



*Courtesy of the Norfolk-Portsmouth Chamber of Commerce
Photo by H. C. Mann*

OLD BLANDFORD

“The silence here is pregnant with the memories of a deathless past.” —Page 143.

trees stretched their protecting arms overhead. Like their God, they made no distinction between rich and poor. The feathered cypress, the deep-green cedars and the aspiring elms cast an emerald gloom befitting time and place. The stillness and loneliness were accentuated, now and again, by the distant shriek of a locomotive or faint echoes from traffic on the highway.

Let none disdain the story Old Blandford has to tell.⁴ These swelling hills and umbrageous valleys are pages, open to those who will read them. Twice have decisions rendered here swung the nation and turned the currents of history! Cornwallis came northward from his quasi-conquest of Carolina, and turned eastward to Yorktown and his doom. Grant swept southward until he reached this very summit, then turned westward and forced his will by overwhelming numbers until the thin gray line was broken and surrendered at Appomattox. Old Blandford boxed its compass while the world stood at pause.

I

ABRAHAM WOOD

Abraham Wood,⁵ a lad of ten, sailed into the Chesapeake (1620) aboard the "Margaret and John." He paid his passage after he arrived by labor in the fields of Capt. Samuel Mathews, a fine old Puritan, and our governor under Oliver Cromwell.⁶

⁴DR. PHILIP SLAUGHTER, *Hist. of Bristol Parish*, pp. 89-105.

⁵ALVORD AND BIDGOOD, *First Explorations*, pp. 35-50.

⁶*Through Centuries Three*, pp. 167-170.

Land was plentiful in the colony. Huge grants might be had for the asking, and Abraham was not backward. At twenty-eight (1638) he took up his first farm—400 acres. Like his namesake in Genesis, the Virginia Abraham added field on field, and forest on forest, until the fragmentary records (now extant) aggregate 6,230 acres. It's a safe guess that the half has not been told. From Blandford's summit the prospect all was his.

When Abraham Wood was thirty-four there was a frightful Indian massacre. Opechancanough made his second bloody attempt to murder all the English, Friday, April 18, 1644. Only the Recording Angel knows how many were butchered along these frontiers.⁷ Our hero contracted to build and man a fort on his land at the falls of the Appomattox,⁸ which was a ford if the river was not in flood. He called it Fort Henry. They elected Abraham to the House of Burgesses, but he was soon appointed by the King himself to a seat in the King's Council at Jamestown.

An Indian path began at Fort Henry, a trace⁹ which followed the fords of the rivers crossing the Nottoway, the Meherrin and the Roanoke (Clarksville, Va.); thence over the Tar (Oxford, N. C.), Neuse (Durham, N. C.), Cape Fear and along Deep River (Carthage, N. C.) to the Yadkin (Rockingham and Wadesboro, N. C., Lancaster, S. C.) and

⁷JOHN ESTEN COOKE, *History of Virginia*, p. 186.
Chapter VII.

⁸*Through Centuries Three*, p. 150.

EDWARD POLLOCK, *Guide to Petersburg*, p. 6.

⁹That Indian path today is a splendidly paved and crowded highway known as "U. S. No. 1."

Catawba (Chester, S. C.). The trace crossed the Broad and Enoree (Clinton, S. C.); thence over the Saluda (Abbeville, S. C.) and across the Savannah to Cherokee-land, ever approaching the Blue Ridge, but holding those heights to the blazing west.

Colonel Wood was blind to no opportunity. At his huge warehouses he traded fire-arms, fire-water, axes, knives, medicines and all the amenities of civilization for furs and tobacco. The poor lad who shipped in the "Margaret and John" became one of the richest men in North America.

A noted English scientist, Farrar, asserted that the Pacific might be reached in ten days by travelling due west from Jamestown. If it could be done, Abraham was the man to do it. With Edward Bland (whose name survives in Blandford) and two other companions, Abraham set forth along Occaneechee Trace, described above. In five days they made sixty-five miles. Bland named the country "New Brittain," and determined to settle an independent colony there, but he died and nothing came of it.¹⁰

Twenty years later (September 1, 1671) Abraham Wood sent a party from Fort Henry to explore beyond the mountains.¹¹ They passed the sites of Roanoke, Christiansburg and Blacksburg; discovered a river which the Indians called Kanawha, "River of the Woods," but which they named Wood's River, for their patron. They followed its flow into the tangled recesses of the great Appalachians, probably as far as Ripplemead or the Narrows, and returned

¹⁰*Through Centuries Three*, p. 153.

¹¹Chapter XIV.

after one month (October 1), leaving one dead. This was the first exploration beyond Blue Ridge.

In the convulsion known as Bacon's Rebellion, Abraham played the role of a successful politician. He was reputed to be "Berkeley's friend," but the angry old governor complained bitterly that General Wood was too ill with his "infirmities" to take the field. After young Bacon's untimely death, Abraham was made "Major-General" and appointed to settle the affairs of this distracted colony.

The romancers have not yet discovered our hero. Some day a fine story will be made of his life, character and achievements, for his career is intriguing and compelling.

He left a daughter, Mary, who married Peter Jones,¹² one of the Captains at Fort Henry. Their son, a second Peter Jones, was a friend of the second William Byrd. When William the Second declared his intention of laying off a town upon his parental acres, to be called "Richmond," Peter the Second declared his intention of laying off a town upon his grand-parental acres, to be called for himself—"Petersburg" (1733). Two years later the church was built (1735), and thirteen years later Peter's brother, Abraham Jones, had Petersburg chartered.¹³

We cannot find it in our hearts to forgive Peter Jones. He should not have robbed his grandfather, whose heir he was, of the honor and the name. Fort Henry had long since fallen into desuetude. The

¹²His will referred to: *Va. Mag. of Hist. and Biog.*, Jan. 21, p. 101.

¹³*Days of Yester-Year*, pp. 83-4.

Indians and traders called the village "Wood's Town," yet Peter made it "Petersburg."

The Scotch-Irish who reached the Kanawha knew not Abraham. To them it was "New River," though in the Ohio Valley it retained its original name—Kanawha. Father Abraham's name is lost both to the city he founded and the river he discovered.

II

JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE

The manor house of the village in the Eighteenth Century was built by the Bollings. Col. Robert Bolling married Jane Rolfe, the grand-daughter of Pocahontas.¹⁴ One branch of this imperial family lived on a hilltop between the parish church and the thrifty village and called their estate Bollingbrooke.

When Virginia's troubles were swelling to an outburst,¹⁵ a little boy was born (June 2, 1773) a few miles down the river, to a mother who was a Bolling. He was John Randolph of Roanoke,¹⁶ seventh in descent from savage old Powhatan. In the senate of the United States (1811) he referred to the troubled days of his early childhood (1781) in these eloquent words:

"Bred up in the principles of the Revolution, I can never palliate, much less defend (the British naval outrages). I well remember flying with my mother (January 3, 1781) and her new-born child from

¹⁴On Virginia's "Imperial Family" see *Through Centuries Three*, p. 101.

¹⁵*Va. Hist. Reg.*, Vol. II, p. 199, letter of Colonel John Banister (April, 1781).

¹⁶HENRY ADAMS, *Life of Randolph*, p. 5.

Arnold and Phillips, after they had been driven by Tarleton and other British pandours from pillar to post, while her husband (his step-father, St. George Tucker) was fighting the battles of his country."

Benedict Arnold¹⁷ landed at Portsmouth in January, and Col. William Phillips followed (March 20, 1781). They pushed inland to Petersburg, drove Steuben across the Appomattox and unfurled the British flag over the manor house, Bollingbrooke, their headquarters.

Phillips was a dying man. La Fayette's unceasing bombardment gave him no peace. He was moved to the cellar, and exclaimed:

"Will not that boy let me die in peace?"

They buried him in a corner by Blandford's brick fence. Thomas Jefferson, standing over his unmarked grave, said:

"Here lies the proudest man of the proudest nation on earth."¹⁸

Cornwallis arrived one week after Phillips' death, and five months later surrendered at Yorktown.

III

WINFIELD SCOTT

The British in red and the Continentals in buff and blue had but recently disappeared from the landscape when another little lad came to a modest home a few miles south of Blandford (June 13, 1786). His

¹⁷Chapter I.

¹⁸EDWARD POLLOCK, *Guide to Petersburg*, p. 19.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE, *Stories of the Old Dominion*, p. 309.

name was Winfield Scott,¹⁹ and in the narrow street below, called Bollingbrooke Street²⁰ because it led to the manor house, he hung out his shingle and waited impatiently for clients who came not. The impecunious young attorney, just turned twenty-two (1808), gave over law and entered the United States Army as a captain of light artillery.²¹ His natural genius for war and the success of his manoeuvres in Canada and Mexico filled the world with his fame. At the battle of Lundy Lane, near Niagara Falls (1814) he won for himself and the volunteers from this town the applause of President Madison, who referred to Petersburg as "The Cockade City of the Union."

IV

ELIZA HENING

For long years the church was a desolate and falling ruin among its dead. A beautiful elegy, the finest American poem of the kind, was written with a pencil on its walls (about 1820).

For years unknown, the authorship is now conceded to Eliza Lewis Hening,²² the nineteen-year-old

¹⁹THOMAS WILSON, *Biography of Amer. Heroes*, p. 273.

Through Centuries Three, pp. 344, 388.

²⁰ARTHUR KYLE DAVIS, *Three Centuries of An Old Va. Town*.

²¹CHARLES J. PETERSON, *Military Heroes*, p. 214, "Among those called out was a Petersburg troop of horse in which Scott hastened to enroll. His soldierly person, evident taste for arms, and his military ability attracted attention. Congress had just authorized an increase of the army. William Branch Giles asked a commission for Scott. On May 3, 1808, Scott was made Captain of light artillery."

J. D. SCHOEFF, *Travels in the Confederation* (Morrison), Vol. II, pp. 72-77.

²²ARMISTEAD C. GORDON, JR., *Writers of Fugitive Verse*, pp. 81-87 and 198-9.

PHILIP ALEX. BRUCE, *Va. Mag. of Hist. and Biog.*, (1925), p. 329.

daughter of William Waller Hening. She became Mrs. Spotswood, and by a second marriage Mrs. J. F. Schermerhorn.

Thou art crumbling to the dust, old pile,
 Thou art hastening to thy fall;
 And round thee in thy loneliness
 Clings the ivy to the wall;
 The worshippers are scattered now,
 Who knelt before thy shrine,
 And silence reigns where anthems rose
 In days of auld lang syne.

How sadly sighs the wandering wind
 Where oft in years gone by
 Prayer rose from many hearts to Him,
 The Highest of the High;
 The tread of many a noiseless step
 That sought thine aisles is o'er,
 And many a weary heart around
 Is still forevermore.

How doth ambition's hope take wing!
 How droops the spirit now!
 We hear the distant city's din;
 The dead are mute below.
 The sun that shone upon their paths
 Now gilds their lonely graves;
 The zephyr which once fanned their brows
 The grass above them waves.

Oh, could we call the many back
 Who've gathered here in vain,
 Who've careless roved where we do now,
 Who'll never meet again;
 How would our very hearts be stirred
 To meet the earnest gaze
 Of the lovely and the beautiful,
 The light of other days.

The first railway in Virginia²³ and one of the oldest in the world was chartered (1830) and built in the ravine below Blandford from Petersburg to the Roanoke River in North Carolina. It has grown and expanded until it is today one of the greatest systems in the world, serving great states and millions of people.²⁴

V

ROBERT E. LEE

With the Sixties the unspeakable agony of war again befell. In the fourth year of civil strife the House of God looked down upon scenes too terrible for any pen to describe.

A mine was excavated under one of the strongest Confederate forts (July, 1864), half a mile south. At half after four in the morning (July 30), 12,000 pounds of gun powder were touched off. An enormous mass of dull red clay, whirled two hundred feet into the air carried 300 Confederate soldiers, their cannon and small arms, and fell back to earth. The countryside rocked with the explosion and the Federal guns let loose with unexampled fury upon the gap opened into Petersburg. Strange to say, the psychological effect upon the Federal troops was like that of the Confederates: they were dazed, and their charge was feebly made. Lee sent Mahone²⁵ to close the gap, and the battle was one of the fiercest of the war. When that awful day was done, 4,000 Federal soldiers lay dead in the crater their explosion made.

²³The Petersburg Railway.

²⁴The Atlantic Coast Line.

²⁵Chapter XI.

For ten months of smoke and blood and frantic strife, death shrieked incessantly by day and night upon the blast, thirteen major battles were fought, 100,000 Federal soldiers were killed and half as many Confederates. The last day brought the fall²⁶ of Gen. Ambrose Powell Hill (April 2, 1865). General Lee telegraphed President Davis, 11:30 a. m., "My lines are broken in three places. Richmond must be evacuated this evening."

During that last fatal Sunday night, Lee, with consummate ability, drew off his men. Regiment by regiment slipped from the long lines they had held at such terrific cost of blood and treasure, marched through the streets of the beleagued city, tramp, tramp, tramp, until the midnight hour was long passed. Then silence fell. During two hours of deathlike silence, the horizon was illuminated by burning bridges and warehouses.²⁷

Before dawn galloping horses and jangling harness of blue-frocked cavalry awakened the echoes. When the sun rose long lines of infantry were again tramping, tramping, tramping through the streets, thousands upon thousands of them, the Grand Army of the Republic, 200,000 strong, hurrying forward to intercept the ragged, starving Confederates.²⁸ The United States flag fluttered again over the broken walls of the church. Martial law was declared in the city. Virginia ceased to exist (1867) and for a time was "Military District No. 1."

²⁶Chapter XII.

²⁷Chapter X.

²⁸Chapter II.

Despite man's inhumanity, God's good gifts were not withdrawn. The sunshine brought seedtime and harvest. The broken city was slowly rebuilt, but the broken hearts and broken homes were never mended. The "ragged rebels" faced their new problems and perplexities with the same grim determination which won victory on an hundred bloody battlefields. After long years²⁹ prosperity came, slowly and haltingly at first; but now we suppose no people on earth are more contented or face the future with a livelier confidence than those who inhabit here.

VI

THE FIRST MEMORIAL DAY

Under the shadow of the church wall an old stone carries an inscription, which has been widely quoted:³⁰

"Stranger, pause and heave a sigh,
As thou art, so once was I;
As I am now so shalt thou be.
Prepare for all eternity."

Forty years ago two lads spent a happy Saturday gathering hickory nuts in the adjacent woods. As the last afternoon in October drew in they turned their bare feet homeward, and decided to stop at the church, rest a bit, and divide the spoils of the day.

"We will put two hickory nuts at the gate for good luck," said one boy, "and get them when we come out." The other agreed. As the purple shadows

²⁹E. S. GREGORY, *Sketch of Petersburg*.

³⁰Similar inscriptions are found in English church-yards.

deepened they sat on one of the old table tombs behind ancient ivy-covered walls and counted the nuts:

“One for you, one for me;
One for you, and one for me.”

It took quite a while to divide them all.

Meantime a colored laborer, his week's work done, came trudging homeward. He preferred to pass the cemetery before twilight, but had been detained. As he approached the ruins of the old church he thought he heard a voice, rising evidently from the lonely graves. He listened, and the words were wafted to him on the quiet evening air; there could be no mistake about it—

“One for you and one for me!”

Down the steep road to the town he fled.

At the foot of the hill a white man hailed him.

“What's the great idea?”

“Massa Tom, I is just come from de old church, and fore Gawd de Lord and de Debbil is up dar dividin' out de souls! Ain't dis here what dey calls Hallowe'en?”

“Yes, it's Hallowe'en, but you're nothing but a fool nigger. There ain't nobody dividin' out no souls in Blandford.”

As the negro insisted that there was, the two men crept slowly and cautiously up the hill and along the wall.

Sure enough, just as the negro had said, they both heard a low and solemn voice in the green twilight

“One for you and one for me!”

Emboldened by each other's presence, they slowly approached the gate, when they heard another voice, "That all of them?"

And a reply,

"No, there are two at the gate."

That was too much—down the hill came the white man and the negro, the white man leading the race! And to their dying day, both believed that only the fleetness of their feet had saved them.

The national holiday³¹ known in the North as Decoration Day and in the South as Memorial Day was first inaugurated by the women of Petersburg in this quiet necropolis.³² Mrs. Joynes began the movement (May 9, 1866) less than twelve months after the close of the war. The first observance was held June 9, 1866.

Petersburg, the state, and indeed the whole South, were under the iron heel of a military despotism, Russian in harshness and tyranny. The period is known by the euphonic name "Congressional Reconstruction." It was feared that insolent Federal soldiers and military satraps³³ might prohibit or at least interrupt the decoration of the graves of the Confederate dead. Fortunately nothing of the kind happened. At one o'clock the procession moved from city to cemetery. There were only three carriages in the town! They were in line.³⁴

³¹MRS. ROGER A. PRYOR, *Reminiscences of Peace and War*, p. 406.

³²ARTHUR K. DAVIS, *Three Centuries of An Old Va. Town*. Mrs. John A. Logan of Illinois, on a visit to Petersburg, conceived the idea of making May 30 a national holiday.

³³CLAUDE E. BOWERS, *Tragic Era*.

³⁴MRS. ROGER A. PRYOR, *Reminiscences*, pp. 408-9.

At Blandford there was a prayer and an oration at a pit which had been filled by soldiers who fell before Fort Stedman. This grave of a thousand men was covered with fragrant flowers. There was another speech at the grave of Colonel Scott, and it, too, was blanketed with flowers.

An anthem had been prepared by one of the ladies, but as it was too intensely Southern, it was not sung lest the Federal soldiers, who looked on, might interfere. A hymn was substituted, and the sad procession marched back to Petersburg.

VII TWO GOVERNORS

I left my seat upon a broken tombstone. The day was done. Deep shadows crept from the sombre trees and covered all the landscape as the gray light died in the west.

There is a green sward under which the dust of 15,000 Confederate soldiers rests—unknown soldiers, every one, for whose return some aged father and broken-hearted mother in the Southland vainly prayed and waited. All are long since reunited now.

General Mahone, "The Hero of the Crater," sleeps on the hilltop among his "ragged rebels," as he delighted to call them.

Two governors of Virginia have recently found a home in this city of the dead. William E. Cameron³⁵ was directly descended from the first rector of Blandford Church. After a long and varied life of brilliant

³⁵*Through Centuries Three*, pp. 536-540.

attainments he was laid literally among his fathers (1926).

A year later, another governor, William Hodges Mann, who, like Cameron, fought under General Mahone at the Crater, was also laid to rest (1927). In the State Senate Judge Mann pushed through a law that closed 800 saloons in rural Virginia (1906) and another that opened 350 rural high schools. It is noteworthy that the same hand, the same year, closed the saloons and opened the schools.³⁶ I paused for a moment beside his grave. In the shadows I could see him standing in the senate chamber at Richmond. I could hear again, on the hustings, his impassioned pleas for temperance, for the youth of Virginia, for justice, law and order. My heart gave thanks to God Almighty that, in the holocaust of war, this seventeen-year-old lad, wounded at Seven Pines, lived to bless Virginia and attain the age of patriarchs.

Reluctantly my footsteps turned to leave this holy place. Blandford, rich with the treasure of centuries, wears a seven-fold diadem. Occaneechee and the Indian days, the golden age of Bollingbrooke and Colonial Virginia, the glories of the Revolution, statecraft, literature, the brave but bloody Sixties and the triumphs of peace, which God grant may ever here endure.

³⁶*Through Centuries Three*, pp. 567-571.

CHAPTER X

THE LAST DEFENDER

A city of broken hearts and broken homes. The mourners go about the streets with hearts too heavy and anguish too acute for tears.

I

THE HOUSE OF GOD

A casual visitor to the quaint, old-fashioned town of Petersburg will likely pass a church; to which, perhaps, he will not give the tribute of a second glance. It rears a Gothic facade rather too heavy for its size, but with dignity, austere, almost sullen. Two streets, Washington and LaFayette, make a corner upon which a congregation of prosperous Presbyterians built (1851) this House of God.

When the fury of civil strife burst like a tornado, the pastor of the church was Dr. Theodoric Pryor, a powerful preacher. His son, Roger A. Pryor,¹ orator and editor, belonged to that new school of Southern Democracy which urged, demanded and ultimately forced secession. So ardent a disciple of Calhoun was he that he traveled to South Carolina to witness the surrender of Fort Sumter!

¹Roger Atkinson Pryor was born near Petersburg (1828), graduated from Hampden-Sydney College (1845), served as editor of the Washington "Union" (1852), Richmond "Enquirer" (1854), the "South" (1857), the "Washington States" and many other papers. He was a member of Congress (1859-61), from which he retired March 3, 1861, before Virginia seceded. MRS. ROGER A. PRYOR, *Reminiscences of Peace and War*.

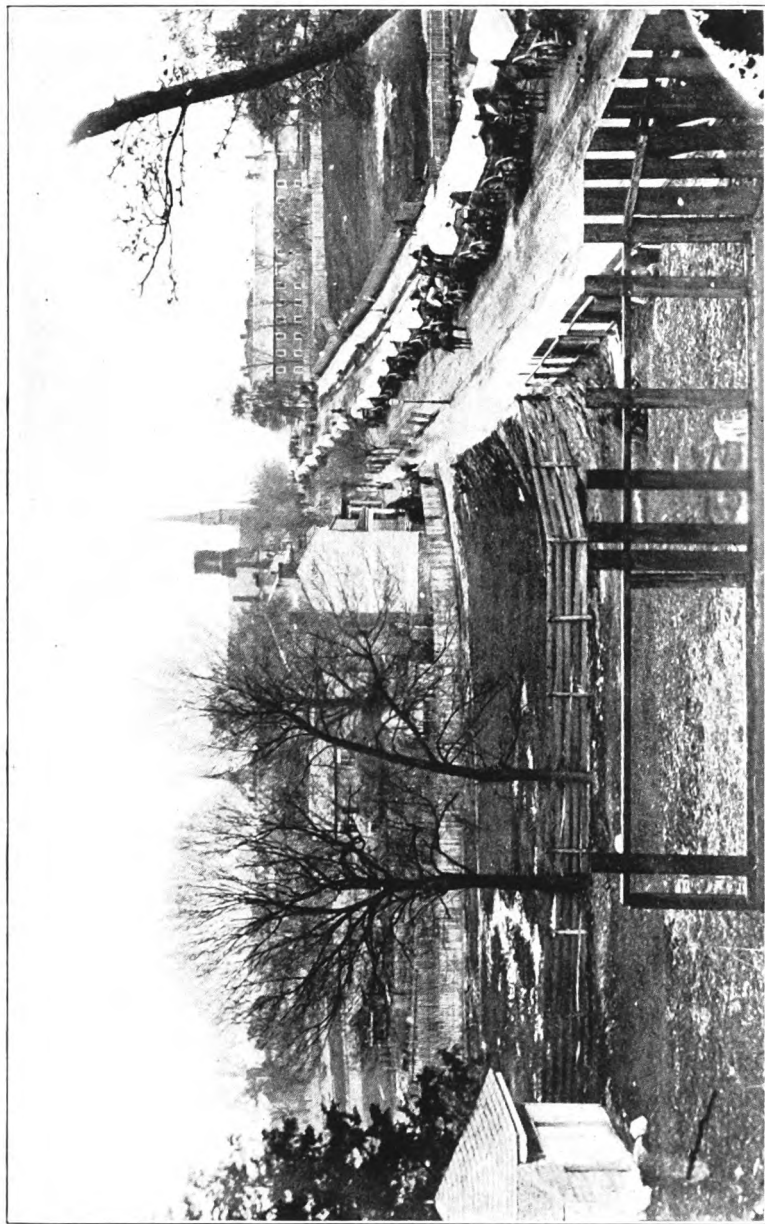


Photo from collection of H. P. Cook

PETERSBURG

This photograph was taken Monday morning, April 3, 1865, as the first Federal wagons passed along Washington Street, following the army. The sombre church with the steeple gone crowns the hill top. Anderson School, one of the largest public schools in Virginia before the Civil War, was to the extreme right, but the campus is plainly visible. To the extreme left, the small building was an aqueduct which supplied water to many homes. The photograph was made immediately in front of the residence of the elder who hurried Petersburg's Last Defender.

Dr. Pryor remained in the pulpit for two of the four years of agony and blood. He spent the remaining two years as a chaplain in the Confederate service.

Petersburg was a Whig stronghold.² The wealth, culture and conservatism of Eastern Virginia was found largely in the Whig camp. Many old-line Whigs trembled for the future of their state and country. Alas, they had reason.

Virginia passed the fatal Ordinance of Secession (April 17, 1861) and threw herself (May 6) into the arms of the new Confederacy.

The inauguration of President Davis was set for February 22, 1862. Great preparation was made for this gala event, but the day dawned in gloom, and as the sullen hours passed a storm of unexampled violence swept over Virginia and the South. Houses rocked on their foundations, trees were torn from the earth, fences levelled and those who travelled toward Richmond were fain to seek such shelter as they could from the bitter blasts. It was an evil omen! The superstitious shook their heads. For twenty years ensuing (war, reconstruction and poverty) men recalled that ominous storm.³ In the midst of the tempest the spire of the sombre church on the corner rocked, swayed and fell with a terrific crash across street and church-yard. Not for forty years was it replaced.

²H. H. SIMMS, *Rise of the Whigs in Va.*, pp. 63-88.

³MRS. ROGER A. PRYOR, *Reminiscences of Peace and War*, p. 84.

II

THE RETREAT

The second day of April, 1865, was a Sabbath of rare peace and beauty.⁴ But there was no peace in this beleaguered town. Persistent rumors were afloat and great fear filled every heart. News was uncertain; nobody knew, but all were busy telling.

General Ambrose Powell Hill⁵ fell at Fort Gregg,⁶ General Lee's lines were pierced and patched and broken again; Richmond was to be evacuated; President Davis had already gone to North Carolina, and many, many other tales,⁷ alas, too true!

On that calm and beautiful, that frightful, stricken Sabbath day, the over-wrought people were panic-stricken. Ambulances brought in the wounded and dying until the town was filled with anguish. The groans of the wounded and the moans of the dying as they jostled along the crowded thoroughfares were echoed in the lamentation of the over-wrought and hysterical women.

Officers dashed through town. Troops were constantly moving back and forth. Meanwhile bursting shells and shrieking balls redoubled their fury. Death whistled in the air above, death stalked in the streets below. If ever war made a hell on earth it was Petersburg, April 2, 1865. The crisis so long

⁴Chapter II.

⁵Chapter XII.

⁶Two miles southwest of the city on the Boydton Plank Road, the colonial Occaneechee Trace.

⁷JOHN HERBERT CLAIBORNE, *Seventy-Five Years in Old Va.* Dr. Claiborne heard of Hill's death at 11 a. m. and at 3 p. m. rumors of Richmond's evacuation.

dreaded had come . . . only God Almighty knew what would next befall.

The Federal lines for ten months had held a great semi-circle beyond and about the city. Southern valor and genius built a veritable Gibraltar of defense. From the Appomattox River east of the city to the Southside Railway (now the Norfolk & Western) fifteen miles west of the city, the thin gray line grew ever more ragged and more hungry, but none the less determined. They faced a triumphant foe, whose numbers were constantly augmented. The English statesman was right who said that it is the last shilling which wins every war.

Along these lines the greedy angel of death snatched his prey. Thousands upon thousands of fine, noble brave lads were "put in" to fall before other thousands who withstood them. America was filled with anguish from ocean to ocean during the struggle.⁸ Rachel wept for her sons and was not comforted.

Despite rumors, the reverberation of the great guns continued to echo and re-echo. The distant roll of the Federal cannon, the nearer thunder of the Confederate reply had marked the minutes, day and night, for well nigh a year. So accustomed had the citizens become to the bombardment that not the continuous explosions but an occasional silence startled them.

At nine o'clock in the evening the guns relaxed. The firing was less vigorous. At ten o'clock the Confederate cannon still whirled defiance; but keen listeners thought their number reduced. At eleven o'clock there could be no doubt about it. The Fed-

⁸Page 154.

eral bombardment was abating and the Confederate guns were for the most part silent.

At twelve o'clock the streets leading to the four bridges across the Appomattox were thronged with soldiers. Lee was retreating! The worst had come! The tread of the infantry was muffled in the dust of the streets as they marched through the black and silent night; black save for the glare from the distant Federal guns, and silent save for the echoes that rolled in from them.

The cavalry jangled as horse and riders followed the infantry across town and river. Last of all the artillery rattled along the unpaved streets.

The withdrawal was swift and silent. There were no signals, no bands, no bugles; only the hurried movement of 30,000 men.

At three in the morning all were gone except John B. Gordon, to whom General Lee intrusted the delicate and difficult task of bringing the rear guard safely from the outer lines, through the city and across the bridges. Then the movement ceased.

A terrific explosion! The citizens rushed from their trembling houses. It was the magazine of Cummings' battery of seige guns. A great, red light flashed across the darkened firmament and flung back an angry glare from clouds of smoke resting like a pall upon the horizon.

There was another explosion across the river, then another still further distant, and the echoes of others, each growing fainter as the reverberation rolled in from the northern horizon.

General Gordon's last act was to fire the ware-

houses and stores along the city's water front, and last of all to fire the four bridges.

From three o'clock until the sun rose the doomed city was illuminated by the horrid, fateful, ominous conflagration. Flames leaped heavenward, fold upon fold; the smoke rolled upward and onward. The sky was heavy; the very clouds seemed wounded and bleeding! The twisting, tortuous flames made the dull morning hideous. The familiar homes of the city stood forth in the glare, flushed and sullen with anger.

The streets were black and smoke-laden and the river ran deep in sombrous shadows, save where it reflected the burning bridges and warehouses upon its shores.

Billows of smoke and flying fingers of flame snuffed out the stars of heaven—and the stars are the symbols of hope. Hope was indeed lost in the impending disaster, which betokened only ruin, death and despair.

A merciful dispensation of Providence hides the future from the children of men. Had the Virginians known that the agony of war and the humiliation of defeat were to be followed by the excruciating horrors of Reconstruction—a euphemistic word for diabolical destruction—their anguish and their tears would have been multiplied manifold.

III

THE UNKNOWN CONFEDERATE SOLDIER

As General Gordon's ragged veterans marched quietly along Washington Street, one of them, old in

war and inured to hardship though young in years, yielded up his spirit. A comrade lifted him from the dust to the curb and tried to revive him. It was useless. Petersburg's last defender had fallen! His comrade could not tarry. In his embarrassment he noticed the sombre outline of a church looming dark, austere, with its steeple gone. He lifted the lifeless form to the front portal and on a bit of soiled paper scratched three pathetic words, "Please bury me." He picked up his gun and hurried across the river toward Appomattox.

At five in the morning, or thereabout, the foremost troops of General Grant's cavalry pushed into the city, hot upon the vanished Confederates. They hoisted the stars and stripes over the court house, under which a figure of Justice stood, but the scales which Justice held in her hands had been shot away, and during the long and hard years of Reconstruction, Justice had no scales!

At dawn interminable lines of blue-coated soldiers swung through the streets—marching—marching—marching—from curb to curb, an endless army of men.

A good woman early astir passed the church on the corner. She was astonished to see a ragged Confederate soldier sitting at the church door, bolt upright, dead, his lifeless eyes staring at the swinging, shouting, singing, triumphant lines of blue; his foes no more, for in the cold embrace of death all men are brothers. On his gray coat she read a pitiful appeal, "Please bury me."

As there was no pastor, she hurried to the home

Generated at Library of Congress on 2023-12-21 01:36 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uiug.30112049790725
Public Domain in the United States; Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-us-google

of an elder,⁹ who lived on a hill nearby and had for four years supplied the Confederate hosts with munitions of war. When the gates of his foundry were closed Saturday night, it was expected that they would be opened Monday morning. But they were never opened again—in the Confederate service—except for this last task. With two colored servants, the elder prepared a plain box at the foundry and carried it to the church.

Rev. Churchill Gibson, a faithful and beloved clergyman,¹⁰ lived just over the way. He drew on his white surplice and crossed between the marching lines. By the open grave hastily dug in the churchyard he read the beautiful service of the Church of England as the elder and the two servants lowered the Last Defender to his place of rest.

The significance of the scene was not lost upon the marching men. One facetious lad called out, "Bury Johnnie Reb." Another took up the refrain, "Bury him deep." And another, "Hold him down." Another, "I shot him." And so the Angelican ritual was punctuated by joyous, if not sympathetic, responses—such responses, as we dare say, no rector ever heard before or since.

For many years the sunken grave could be detected in the churchyard, but now a bit of velvet lawn covers the ashes of Petersburg's last and unknown defender. Each setting sun flings a mantle of deep purple over the unmarked spot where the unknown soldier awaits the call of the Angel of the Resurrection.

⁹W. H. Tappey, the maternal grandfather of the author.

¹⁰Rector of Grace Protestant Episcopal Church, Petersburg, Va.

CHAPTER XI

MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM MAHONE

“The contemporary mind may in rare cases be taken by storm: but posterity never. The tribunal of the present is accessible to influence, that of the future is incorrupt.”

—*William E. Gladstone.*

I saw him from time to time, an old man, on the streets of Petersburg. Small of stature, he weighed perhaps an hundred pounds. He was active for his years, his carriage erect and his step suggested the soldier that he was. His face, when one caught a glimpse, was bearded, thin, pinched and sad: the face of a bitter and broken man.

When the lads of the town saw him coming, they would whisper, “There’s Billy Mahone!” We feared him as we would a wizard. Sometimes a bold boy would cry out, “Billy Mahone,” and we would scamper away as fast as our young legs would carry us. But the General never heard; or, if he heard, he did not heed.

After his last defeat in the gubernatorial election of 1889, the young men of Petersburg’s most cultured and aristocratic families staged a mock serenade about his handsome home in Market Street, and set off fireworks. To such depths of rudeness will people of refinement descend, when driven by political prejudice and lashed by partisan passion.

If some one had asked one of the lads or one of

their fathers, or one of the young serenaders, "Why, what evil hath he done?"¹ not one of them could have rendered a reason. Such was the intense feeling which followed the erstwhile Confederate chieftain, once acclaimed upon these same streets, "The Hero of the Crater." It is a potent example of pernicious propaganda, the most curious and cruel instance in the long history of Virginia.

Dead for a generation, it is time prejudice yielded to truth. If facts are trustworthy, the reader will render his decision, and it will not be the verdict of his relentless foes.

I

THE COUNTRY LAD

Southampton County,² famous for peanuts and hams, has given the nation three famous men: John Young Mason, George Henry Thomas and William Mahone. Mahone, the youngest of the three, was born at Monroe, once a thriving village on the broad Chowan,³ December 7, 1826.

"His father Fielding Jordan Mahone was the only child of William Mahone, who came from Ireland with four brothers, prior to the War of 1812, in which he served. Wm. Mahone I, settled in Isle of Wight County, and married Nancy Jordan. Their son, Fielding Jordan Mahone, a merchant with several stores in Southampton County, was locally famous as an English scholar and mathematician. During

¹Matt. 27:23.

²*The Days of Yester-Year*, pp. 184-5.

³*Through Centuries Three*, pp. 265-6.

Days of Yester-Year, pp. 83-4.

Nat Turner's insurrection he served under Colonel Ripley, and protected the homes of Southampton from frenzied negroes. He married Martha Drew. They had three children: Nancy, the wife of Dr. Josiah Manry; William, who received his grandfather's name, and Susannah, the wife of W. W. Briggs, once sheriff of Southampton County."⁴

William Mahone was a delicate, but likely lad, and not likely (being a likely lad) to spend his life plowing peanuts and fattening swine (albeit a worthy and necessary vocation). His father sent him (July, 1844) to the Virginia Military Institute from which he graduated (1847).

He taught Latin and mathematics at the V. M. I. for a short time, and was then a tutor at Rappahannock Military Academy (1847-9).

II

BEHOLD THIS DREAMER

William Mahone spent two years (1849-51) as surveyor⁵ with the Orange and Alexandria Railway—the first link in the present Southern system. He came (1851) to Norfolk and built the Norfolk and Petersburg Railway, the first link in the Norfolk & Western. "He overcame obstacles at that time regarded insuperable.⁶ The right of way from Suffolk to Petersburg, as straight as an arrow, surveyed and

⁴These statements are copied almost verbatim from a brief autobiographical sketch written by General Mahone before his death, and loaned by his nephew, L. L. Manry, Courtland, Va.

⁵Lived at Culpeper for 18 months.

⁶*History of Virginia*, Vol. IV, p. 216.

built by him, was conceded to be the best bit of railway construction in the United States.”

Norfolk was nearly two centuries old, but a commercial island, with only 14,320 people (1850), the majority of whom were colored laborers and their families.

The ambitious young engineer dreamed of a great steel highway from Hampton Roads to Cincinnati and Memphis, 1,030 miles long.

The stockholders elected “Mr. Mahone, of Southampton County, Chief Engineer at a salary of \$2500 per annum (April 6, 1853).”⁸

“Work on the road is progressing (April 13, 1854) rapidly under the skillful management of Chief Engineer William Mahone, who is one of the most practical and accomplished business men of this section.”⁹

On March 30, 1858, Engineer Mahone announced that freight for Suffolk and intermediate points would be received.

The seventh annual meeting of the stockholders (April 12, 1860), elected William Mahone president of the Norfolk and Petersburg Railway by a majority of 923 votes. The new road was reported in a “flourishing condition.” At Petersburg and at Lynchburg Mahone’s traffic was passed directly through to the state line at Bristol. Such arrangements are now commonplace, but Mahone was a leader and in some respects the originator of such co-operation.

⁷Chapter V.

⁸H. W. BURTON, *History of Norfolk*, p. 15.

⁹H. W. BURTON, *History of Norfolk*, p. 18.

III

THE HERO OF THE CRATER

From the day of his birth to the day of his death William Mahone was an intense Virginian.¹⁰ In the spring of 1861 the president of the railway was transformed into a colonel of the Sixth Virginia Volunteers. He marched with Lee from the Seven Days of Battle until the surrender at Appomattox.¹¹ When Jackson fell at Chancellorsville Mahone executed a flank movement with complete success.

During the siege of Petersburg "Mahone was conspicuous above any other leader."¹² He captured 1,000 men on Jerusalem Plank Road (June 22, '64) and next day defended the Weldon Railway so successfully that the invaders lost 28 officers and 600 men. At Sapony Church (June 29) he fought all night with Fitzhugh Lee and Wade Hampton, completely routing the enemy.

These lesser achievements were mere preludes to his masterly victory at the Crater. Artificial thunder rolled, not from the heavens above but from the bowels of the earth. Great columns of smoke, gas and clay were hurled aloft in one indistinguishable mass and fell to earth with sickening vibrations.¹³

Two hundred cannon, primed, ready and waiting, belched forth upon the Confederate lines the most frightful bombardment ever turned loose to that

¹⁰"He was an ardent secessionist and was in Richmond when the state convention passed the Ordinance."

¹¹Chapter XVII.

¹²J. H. CLAIBORNE, *Seventy-five Years in Old Virginia*, pp. 335-8.

¹³Chapter IX.

time. A crater 25 feet deep, 50 feet wide, and 150 feet long, opened an ominous gap through Lee's lines. The Federal hosts expected to charge into Petersburg, seize railway and town, and force the capitulation of Richmond. In this perilous crisis Lee turned to Brigadier-General William Mahone. Slowly, cautiously, his brigade crept along a deep ravine to the scene of the explosion, while a frightful tempest of shot and shell passed over head.

Wright's Georgia Brigade moved with Mahone. Their scouts reported that negro troops held the crater! The Virginians and Georgians were beside themselves with rage. It was not enough that their "comrades had been slaughtered in a brutal and inhuman manner, unknown before in civilized warfare, but slaves, armed, were even now tramping upon their mangled and bleeding corpses."¹⁴

Mahone, a very colossus of war, was omnipresent. Now at the front, eagerly peering through the gray and smoky mists, now giving sharp commands, now consulting with the Georgians, now hearing from the scouts, now changing his route or amending his plan to meet some new danger. He did not know how many men he faced, and no one knows to this day. Behind the negroes lay Burnside and the "Ninth Corps." Mahone's word passed: "Reserve your fire till we reach the brink of the crater—then one volley point-blank at their faces and breasts—then charge like hell, with bayonets fixed."

But before this plan could be carried out, the

¹⁴H. W. BURTON, *History of Norfolk*, p. 92.

negroes turned upon Wright's Georgians. Like a flash Mahone cried, "Charge."

The Virginians leaped forward like tigers. It was intense, and superb! Without a moment's delay, without the hesitation of one man, they followed Mahone.¹⁵ Officers with bare heads and torn shirts, men ragged, begrimed and determined; all had but one idea, "Close the gap."

They knew that Lee trusted them, that the army depended upon them, that Richmond and the South trembled in the balance. They charged with desperation, do or die, yelling like demons, "No quarter." Their bayonets came down upon the negroes like the teeth of a frightful machine.¹⁶

The negroes, broken by the impact, cried for mercy; fled, forced their way through the white troops behind them, trampled upon them in absolute panic, wholly uncontrollable. The dead fell in heaps, blue and gray, negroes and white. Blood ran in streams. The earth was slippery with gore, a slaughter pen of mortal men, a foul and frightful mass of fighting, cursing, bleeding, wounded, dying men, who looked more like demons up from hell than human beings.

The Georgians to the right of Mahone's Brigade charged, but were repulsed. They formed again behind Mahone and charged once more and again retreated. But the fight was won. Billy Mahone was master of the fetid, reeking crater.

General William Francis Bartlett surrendered five hundred men, who cowered among six hundred dead.

¹⁵Even Stonewall Jackson was not more popular with his men than Billy Mahone.

¹⁶W. GORDON MC CABE, *Defense of Petersburg*.

In twenty minutes it was over, so sharp was the action.¹⁷

When General Lee arrived, he cited William Mahone before him. Upon the scene of this great achievement Lee brevetted him "Major-General of the Confederate States Army." It was the proudest moment of his life.

After the war was over, and not long before he died, General Lee said to General Wade Hampton and Horace Lacy,¹⁸ "Of course I could not nominate a successor. The whole matter was in the hands of the President. But among the younger men I thought William Mahone had developed the highest quality for organization and command."

Had Mahone fallen then, as Jackson, Stuart, A. P. Hill and many others fell, his name would today call forth the plaudits given those heroes.

During the war's last six months Mahone added other victories, only less brilliant. With A. P. Hill and Heth he captured 2,700 prisoners at Davis House (August 19). A month later (October 28) "Mahone broke three lines of battle" and left 250 of the enemy dead behind him. General Lee reported, "General Mahone penetrated the enemy's picket line last night (October 30) and swept it for half-a-mile, capturing 230 men, without losing a man." He avenged Pegram's death (February 6, 1865) at Hatcher's Run. He seemed another Stonewall Jackson to his devoted soldiers.

¹⁷Mahone captured fifteen battle flags.

¹⁸*History of Virginia, Vol. IV, p. 217.*

The retreat from Petersburg was eloquently described by one of Mahone's officers:

"Occupying the lines at Bermuda Hundred, between the Appomattox and the James, Mahone's Brigade was spared the shame and horror that surrounded and filled the two devoted cities.¹⁹ And now Gethsemane had come. Throughout that dreadful week the Old Brigade held on its steady way. The roadside swarmed with drooping forms; the signs of ruin strewn the weary path; organizations melted away and discipline gave way to license; dismay and panic seized on headless masses, whole corps were routed, whole divisions captured. At last there was no army. But through it all—through hunger, weariness and hopelessness—through all the demoralizing evidences of defeat—in the face of the confident foe—Mahone's Brigade marched on as though the war were young, as firm as when it held the pass in Maryland; as self-reliant as when it rushed upon the flaming Crater; as ready to obey the words of Lee as though he still had ninety thousand men to do his will, and still a Jackson on the flank.

"Presuming on the universal ruin the enemy made one attempt to break your stern array, and your last battle was a victory.

"But two divisions of the Confederate army remained intact (Field's and Mahone's). Even the genius of Lee was powerless long to postpone the stroke of fate."²⁰

¹⁹At 9 a. m. Monday, April 3, Mahone was at Chesterfield C. H. J. HERBERT CLAIBORNE, *Seventy-five Years in Old Virginia*, p. 264.

²⁰WM. E. CAMERON, Address to Mahone's Brigade at Norfolk, Va., July 31, 1876.

JOHN S. WISE, *End of An Era*, p. 428. "When the army surrendered (Appomattox) Mahone's division was in better fighting trim and surrendered more muskets than any other in Lee's Army."



Photo by H. P. Cook

THE BATTLE OF THE CRATER

The Battle of the Crater, painted by Elder, formerly hung on the walls of General Miahone's home in Petersburg. It now decorates the Westmoreland Club, Richmond.—Chapter XI.

IV
THE RAILWAY MAGNATE

After an honorable surrender in good faith, Virginia was punished with cruelty and tyranny as needless as it was unconstitutional, unjust and shameful. The decade that followed the war was black with humiliation and mourning.

William Mahone, as a true patriot, turned from the bloody fields of battle to the arts of peace.²¹ His ardent desire was to bring happiness, peace and prosperity to Virginia and the South. The Norfolk and Petersburg Railway was a complete wreck, but he went to work with a will.

An interesting side-light shows him as "President of the Virginia and North Carolina Immigration and Colonization Society." To the deserted farms and war-blasted fields of the South he would bring new people, new life and new funds. What the Society accomplished, if anything, we know not. In the light of subsequent events, it is interesting to note that Gilbert Carleton Walker,²² a Norfolk banker, who settled in the city after its occupation by Federal troops, was a director of this society.

Traffic between Norfolk and Petersburg was at last restored, and the City Council of Petersburg visited Norfolk in a body, the guests of President Mahone, to celebrate the event (February 19, 1866).

²¹His residence was in Petersburg, on Union Street, next to St. Paul's Church. He lived in Lynchburg for about two years (1869-71) and returned to Petersburg. But he was frequently in Norfolk.

²²President of the Exchange National Bank. E. GRIFFIN DODSON, "The Exchange National Bank failed after 1880."

As General Lee surrendered only ten months before, William Mahone had evidently worked with celerity. The financing of such a road at such a time must have been a delicate problem. Among those conspicuous at this celebration were Governor Pierpont, Gilbert Carleton Walker and William E. Cameron (two men whom Mahone was in future days destined to place in the governor's chair).

They toasted the president as "The Warhorse of Railways as Well as of Battlefields," to which he modestly replied, "I have no higher ambition than to bring prosperity again to Norfolk, Petersburg, and all Virginia." In that statement we believe he was sincere. As the future was to unfold a long and bitter struggle between General Mahone and the high priests of finance, this item in a Norfolk paper will throw a ray of light on the systematic fleecing of the commonwealth by the financiers:²³

"Sept. 3, 1867. The state's interest in Dismal Swamp Canal, 660 shares, sold by auction at Norfolk to two citizens at \$13.00 a share. The par value of the stock was \$250.00. The sale of the state's interest at such a great sacrifice was an astonishing event."

There is another ray of light on the English financiers who had bought up most of Virginia's securities at ridiculous prices:²⁴

"May 11, 1868. Jno. Everett of London is in Norfolk in the interest of direct trade. General

²³The systematic spoilation of Virginia by the vultures of high finance is an ugly tale which has not yet been told.

²⁴H. W. BURTON, *History of Norfolk*, p. 110.

Mahone was very earnest in its promotion. At his office at the station in E. Main Street, Mr. Everett said that the South had been outrageously misrepresented to the English people.”

The first step Virginians must take to preserve their civilization was to rid the commonwealth of Henry Horatio Wells, the worst governor in the long annals of Virginia.²⁵

William Mahone selected his friend and business associate, Colonel Gilbert C. Walker,²⁶ a Northern Democrat, a fluent speaker, a pleasant personality, a colonel in the war, a lawyer by training, a banker, strongly connected in congressional circles, to defeat Wells. Walker was triumphantly elected July 6, 1869.

“Among the enemies²⁷ Wells made was William Mahone, who, by his presidency of certain railways acquired considerable power with the Republican leaders. Wells had offended Mahone by consenting to sell the Commonwealth’s interest in the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad and its allied lines—of which Mahone was the chief officer—to the Baltimore & Ohio Railway.²⁸ This railway was unfavorable to Mahone’s re-election to his old post, as it feared that, under his energetic management, these various lines, which he was now proposing to consolidate, would curtail the traffic they monopolized.”

²⁵H. W. BURTON, *History of Norfolk*, p. 123.

²⁶GOV. HARRY FLOOD BYRD, *Scribner's*, June, 1928. “Even General Lee was denied the right to vote, was indicted for treason, examined before a Congressional Committee and died a prisoner on parole.”

²⁷*Appleton Cyclop*, “Mahone.”

Through Centuries Three, pp. 507-512.

²⁸PHILIP ALEXANDER BRUCE, *Hist. of Va.*, Vol. II, p. 127.

Yet the consolidation was so bitterly opposed that the Norfolk Board of Trade (April 12, 1870) passed this resolution:

“We heartily desire the consolidation of the Southside line of railroads, embracing the Norfolk and Petersburg, Southside, Virginia and Tennessee, and Virginia and Kentucky roads, believing it presents the only means whereby we can successfully compete with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad for the trade of the great West, and defeat the cities North of us, to draw the trade of Virginia and the states West and South of us, through our own state, to markets further North.

“2nd. That we unequivocally advocate the consolidation of said roads, and earnestly request our Representatives in the Legislature to use their utmost efforts for the consummation of such a policy.

“3rd. That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to our Senator and Delegates in Richmond.”

It is inconceivable that there should have been any voice raised in opposition, but such was the case. Six prominent Norfolk citizens voted against the resolutions!

The reporter adds:

“There was great opposition,²⁹ especially by persons who sold themselves for dollars and cents to the hired agents and lobbyists of the Pennsylvania and Maryland Railroad Monopolies. They gave reasonable excuses, but some here and elsewhere opposed the bill on account of personal prejudice against General Mahone.”

²⁹From this early date the high priests of finance bitterly and persistently hounded General Mahone. They did not desist even after he was laid in the tomb.

The bill passed June 7, and the news was received with great joy. One hundred and eleven guns, one for every vote in the legislature, were fired (June 8) and bonfires illuminated the streets. Fireworks were set off in front of General Mahone's office.

“John Goode addressed the citizens. He described the opposition to the bill. It encountered a violent and bitter fight. Heaven and earth were, as it were, moved to defeat the measure, but, thanks to the patriotism of your General Assembly and thanks to General Mahone, we have been able to rout the enemy and achieve a victory as great as the celebrated Crater.”

The Atlantic, Mississippi and Ohio was organized³⁰ and Mahone was elected president.

It was a great victory for the General, as John Goode said, but he had offended the money trust. Will they seek revenge? We shall see.

Two years later (December 19, 1872) the report of President Mahone was received with “satisfaction.” One of the most acute panics in our history broke. Jay Cooke and Co. failed (September 18, 1873), and the crash followed. There had been no prosperity in the South, only war and reconstruction, death, ruin, anguish and mourning. Just as the South regained control of its own local affairs this crowning disaster befell the country.

Governors do not succeed themselves in Virginia. The Radical Party nominated their most popular leader, Robert W. Hughes, at Lynchburg (July 30, 1873). They were determined to recapture the state.

³⁰June 17, 1870.

The Conservatives in a large and enthusiastic convention at Richmond (August 6) nominated General James Lawson Kemper³¹ and Robert E. Withers. "Kemper³² owed his nomination largely to the influence of William Mahone, whom he had supported in the contest over the railroads," which means that General Kemper could not be bribed nor brow-beaten by the railway solicitors and lobbyists, but aided Mahone in constructing his great line across Virginia. "Withers, on the other hand, was an enemy of Mahone."

So powerful had Mahone become that the politicians dared not make their slates without conciliating the General, his friends and his foes.

The Radical policies of the late Sixties were too well remembered, and Kemper was elected. His term was one of the most painful and difficult in our history. The complete collapse of credit, the dire straits of business, the stagnation of industry, the prohibitive price of money and the general depression were acute.

The Atlantic, Mississippi and Ohio found it difficult to meet interest charges. A bill of complaint was filed against the company (March 14, '76) by New York and English bankers demanding a receiver.

The City Council of Norfolk entered a protest, but added this word to the Court:

"That, if the Honorable Court determines that a Receiver shall be appointed, the City of Norfolk

³¹*Through Centuries Three*, pp. 517-526.

³²R. L. MORTON, *History of Va.*, Vol. III, p. 168.

respectfully asks the appointment of General William Mahone as Receiver of said road.”

One may guess that General William Mahone would be the most unacceptable man in the United States to the bankers and brokers. It need hardly be added that the “Honorable Court,” Judge H. L. Bond,³³ heard the plea of the bankers and was deaf to the plea of the people. Mahone was not appointed, and his relations with the railway system, the child of his youth, the ambition of his life, the offspring of his brilliant genius, was abruptly terminated. Shylock’s blood is embalming fluid. In four short years they had stabbed him!

The Norfolk and Western Railway is to this day a magnificent monument to Mahone. It has realized his dreams. It follows his right-of-way. The stations he located and named³⁴ are prosperous little towns and villages. Many of the buildings he planned and constructed are still in use. He was a wise master-builder.

It is really astonishing that General Mahone could have wielded any influence whatever with the receivers,³⁵ but he managed to effect a contract with the purchasers whereby they were to pay the state of Virginia half a million dollars for her claims on the road, and also pay labor and supply claims and give the stockholders share for share in the new company.

Out of the half a million thus provided the legisla-

³³ H. J. ECKENRODE, *Va. During Reconstruction*, p. 116.

³⁴As Disputanta, Waverly, Wakefield, Ivor, Zuni and others.

³⁵Judge H. L. Bond appointed C. L. Perkins of New York and Major Henry Fink.

ture set aside an hundred thousand dollars for building the Colored Normal and Collegiate Institute at Petersburg, while the remainder was paid to the account of the free schools.

This chapter in General Mahone's life closed with the celebration of the twelfth anniversary of the Battle of the Crater (July 31, 1876). Mayor John S. Tucker welcomed a great multitude; Mahone's Brigade, their growing families and thousands of friends. When Mahone arose he was accorded a great ovation. He closed an eloquent address, speaking with intense feeling:

"My comrades, it is meet that we devoutly acknowledge our gratitude to God that we are spared to see this occasion. We are come to celebrate a Brigade whose record history will brightly trace from our 'City by the Sea' to the end at Appomattox.

"Let us move forward in our tasks with the determination and solemn sense of duty which has made this July day conspicuous in the annals of the war. By your matchless charge our lines at the Crater were redeemed and the very safety of our army for the time restored.

"The cause, my comrades, which you consecrated by your valor and the blood of the noble dead, is gone. The azure cross and silver stars which you bore are furled, and you are of one nation, a common country, and the same flag forever. But for them and their glorious memories you are solemnly charged to care, and by all the ties of battle, of hardships and of glory won, of your hero dead, you are bound to cherish a comrade's life recollection."

When the General concluded, the band played "Dixie," and the multitude went wild. James Bar-

ron Hope read a poem penned to Mahone's Brigade. Colonel William E. Cameron, as orator of the day, delivered an address.

And so a happy day, and so for William Mahone, a happy chapter ends.³⁶

V

LIKE ANOTHER WARWICK

Like that potent Earl who made and unmade kings during the War of the Roses, General William Mahone in our post-bellum history made and unmade governors,³⁷ senators and hundreds, if not thousands, of lesser officers.

The state was preparing, in the blistering summer of 1877, to elect Kemper's successor. Many candidates were willing—more than Virginia had ever before witnessed—Gen. William Terry of Wytheville, Col. F. W. M. Holladay of Winchester, Maj. John W. Daniel of Lynchburg, Gen. Wm. B. Taliaferro of Gloucester, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee of Fairfax, all elegant gentlemen, all popular, all Confederate officers and all eager to accept the most difficult position the state had to fill. But the shrewdest politician in Virginia was the late president of the Atlantic, Mississippi and Ohio. He understood the plain people, the small farmer, the railway mechanic, and he also understood the big bankers and the smooth attorneys who represented New York and London. Not only did Mahone know them, they knew Mahone, and if

³⁶WILLIAM H. STEWART, *Spirit of the South*, pp. 195-200.

³⁷H. J. ECKENRODE, *Va. During Reconstruction*, p. 117.

by any means, fair or foul, he could be kept out of the governor's chair—well the financiers were not scrupulous.

When the Conservative, that is the Democratic Convention, took the first ballot Mahone led. Instantly it became the field against Mahone. The field would probably unite on John W. Daniel.

John Sargeant Wise of Accomac, one of Mahone's strongest lieutenants, in a dramatic speech, withdrew the name of Mahone and flung the Mahone votes to Colonel Holladay, who was nominated and elected.

The new governor and new legislature must take cognizance of the state debt, a ghost which arose at every political gathering for eight years and would not be laid.

The Funding Bill of 1871 was drawn in the interest of the speculators who planned to fleece Virginia in her weakness and who did not hesitate to profit by the agony of her people in their hour of deepest distress.

It was "rushed through the House at the close of the session (March 30, 1871) with little opportunity for debate.³⁸ It received the support of half the Conservatives and all the Republican members but one. The negroes voted against the bill at first, but reversed their vote three hours later. It was believed that they had been bribed."

Any adequate discussion of the difficult and intricate Virginia state debt would fill fully twenty volumes the size of this and then leave much unsaid. Before the courts, local, state and supreme, for fifty

³⁸R. L. MORTON, *History of Virginia*, Vol. III, p. 163.

years, that record alone would be impossible. But the legal question was by no means the only point at issue. The formation of the state of West Virginia, its size, population and wealth, and its relation both to Virginia and the Federal Union, was involved. The effect of secession, the commonwealth before and after secession, as well as before and after the dismemberment of Virginia, into two separate commonwealths, was also involved. The responsibility of the United States and its relation to each new state (or the old state reorganized as two); the legality of a war of conquest; the moral right of such a war; the practical effects of such a war; the financial, economic, political, domestic, moral effects of such a war; the power of Congress and of the President; the "Readmission" of the new state of Virginia by Congress (January 26, 1870); the legal, financial and moral effect of that act of "readmission"; the question of the disintegration of the old state of Virginia, which seceded April 17, 1861; the constitution and the constitutional conventions and the adoption of the new constitution, and the absolute cancellation of Virginia's old constitution of 1850; the effect of all these actions under duress, conquest and compulsion; the result of war and defeat; legally, morally, politically and financially; in short, every question of validity and responsibility and every action of the two states and of the United States in peace and war from April 17, 1861, to January 26, 1870, must enter the details of this exceedingly delicate and involved question. And yet, we regret to say, that no question ever before the people of Virginia was more roughly

and rudely handled; was ever more disgustingly discussed by men thoroughly incapable and ill-informed; was ever more bandied about from Accomac to Cumberland Gap; was ever more grossly perverted by bankers, speculators, carpet-baggers, shysters, unscrupulous brokers and equally unscrupulous politicians than this.

It is a miracle that the state came through the slough of financial and political despond as well as she did.

From the welter and mass of ignorance and conscienceless profiteering three general policies were evolved, debated and urged upon the people.

I. The Wise Theory:

Henry Alexander Wise, perhaps the wisest man in Virginia at the time, and certainly one of the most talented, patriotic, trustworthy and high-minded, proposed this solution:

“Let us boldly take the stand that we will not recognize nor pay a dollar of the debt of the old state of Virginia, until and unless forced to do so by the Federal Government. Let us compel the creditors of the old state of Virginia to take the initiative and assert their rights against this state, if they think they have any. That will force them, in asserting their claims, to implead the Federal Government and West Virginia with us. Then, whatever judgment is finally rendered will be with all the parties before the court. True, we may have to assume, ultimately, a part of the debt by the dictation of the Conqueror, but it will certainly not be more than is now proposed, nor upon terms so hard and humiliating; and, if we accomplish no more by delay, it will give us

opportunity, first, to know what we really have to pay (instead of foolishly guessing); and, second, we gain a period of recuperation.”³⁹

II. The Readjusters for the most part declined to pay or to endorse for West Virginia's part of the antebellum debt. They demanded that all taxes be paid in specie and not in coupons clipped from state bonds. And they demanded that the creditors agree to receive three per cent interest instead of six compounded through all the uncertain years of War and Reconstruction. “Peacably if we can, forcibly if we must,” was their slogan.

III. The Funders advocated the assumption of the entire state debt (West Virginia's part included, if that state would not agree to assume her share voluntarily). They also advocated receiving coupons in lieu of cash from those who held bonds, and contended that the state should pay all interest compounded at six per cent. Their argument was that the honor and integrity of the state was paramount to all other considerations and that it was good business to keep on good terms with the “money trust” who controlled the wealth of the nation and the world.

It may seem inconsistent to assert that the long future has proven all the policies right, in part.

I. Wise was right. The question was not settled until every phase had been threshed out through long years in all the courts, and at last in the Supreme Court of the United States.

³⁹*Through Centuries Threc*, pp. 514-5.

II. The Readjusters were right in demanding the reduction of interest, the cancellation of coupons and their insistence that Virginia was under no obligation to pay West Virginia's ante-bellum debt—nor to endorse for its payment.

III. The Funders were right in their contention that the development of the state, largely by outside capital, would ultimately bring to Virginia such abundant wealth that the debt could be easily handled. The debt of the state today is not a burden. Virginia has one of the smallest debts in the United States. The multiplying assets of the state are far greater than the debt.

It would be tedious to describe the minutiae of the perfervid and too often fetid politics of Virginia in the twelve years next succeeding.

It may be said briefly that Governor Holladay was a conscientious Funder. The financial state of the commonwealth during his term plumbed abysmal depths. Virginia was bankrupt, and yet the speculators vociferously demanded their last dollar. The governor, in despair, turned to Hugh McCulloch, the Coryphaeus of the Shylocks, seeking some reasonable easement and relief from the unspeakable injustice of the Funding Bill—"The Crime of 1871."

McCulloch prepared a new bill, worse than the old "Crime," and presented it as the speculators' ultimatum.

The bankers, brokers and those who followed with them applauded the McCulloch Bill; but the common people, who paid their taxes in hard-earned cash, not by the manipulation of coupons, were now

thoroughly alive to the situation. Led by Mahone and his able lieutenants they denounced the bill in all its features. "It was evident that the state's creditors would only yield their petition for a better;" and "better" for the financiers meant worse for Virginia.

The state was aflame with righteous indignation. The speculators pushed their advantage too far, though they knew it not.

General Mahone called those who would protect Virginia from this new iniquity to meet at Richmond (February 25, 1879). Some 175 earnest and determined men from every section of the state and every walk of life responded. There were antebellum Democrats and old line Whigs, Republicans and even a few negroes from Halifax and New Kent Counties.

It was the beginning of a bloodless revolution. Enthusiasm ran high and Harrison Holt Riddleberger presented the platform of readjustment, "peacefully if we can, forcibly if we must." The gist of his "Address to the People of Virginia" has been stated.

Despite the violence of the opposition from all sections and from all classes, despite the narrow margin⁴⁰ by which the money trust forced the McCulloch Bill to passage, Governor Holladay signed the bill (March 28, 1879). Long afterward he declared that he acted conscientiously and would do the like again under similar circumstances. The governor's devotion and courage were worthy a worthier cause.

⁴⁰Two in the Senate and nine in the House of Delegates.

The Readjusters went directly to the people. Their campaign was a crusade, and Mahone was their leader. No man in Virginia knew the brokers and the bankers so well as he. Had they not swept him out of the presidency of the railway? Had he not defied and whipped them when they would hold Virginia in thrall by cutting her railways into minor competing lines? He turned his experience and ability to good account and organized such a political party as the state had never known before. Every county and precinct was tabulated and no voter overlooked.

The Funders stood their ground despite the rising storm. They had the effrontery to declare⁴¹ the McCulloch Bill a noble bit of legislation worthy Solon or Solomon (August 6, 1879). They answered arguments against the bill by vilifying Mahone and ridiculing Riddleberger.

The Readjusters swept the state. The Scotch-Irish sections were heavily against McCulloch, and the Readjusters came over the Blue Ridge with huge majorities (82,000 to 61,000). The small vote shows the lamentable condition of Virginia.

The new legislature (December 3, 1879) passed the Riddleberger Bill. The Governor vetoed it. He told the General Assembly that it was contrary "to the constitution of the United States, the constitution of Virginia and the traditions of the commonwealth." The governor was at least courageous.

The Readjusters were indignant, but not sur-

⁴¹But with dissenting votes.



THE ROAD TO DRAKELOW *Photo by H. C. Mann*

"In profound peace and sylvan seclusion DrakeLOW dreams of the old alarms. The sun was slowly sinking and the shadows turned until they pointed eastward."—Page 140.

prised. They must elect a governor who would sign the Riddleberger Bill.

Holladay's veto made Mahone's organization permanent. Billy Mahone was an ardent disciple of Andrew Jackson. Like the Great Andy, so wildly applauded, he turned all Funders out of office and filled their places with Readjusters. Unfortunately many of the petty officials were not worthy.⁴² It was Mahone's weakness that he used a mailed fist when he ought to have worn a velvet glove.

The year 1880 now at the threshold was a presidential year. Virginia had now two completely organized and bitterly antagonistic varieties of Democrats. The National Democratic Convention at Cincinnati must decide whether the Funders or the Readjusters were genuine Democrats. They decided for the Funders. Mahone was expelled. His followers to the last man were anathematized as heretics. The Republican party which had sinned so grievously and continuously against Virginia and the South hailed the Readjusters and received them bag and baggage—good Republicans all!

In nine short months the Democrats will be sorry.⁴³ Mahone will have his revenge! The Democrats had the presidency and both branches of Congress as good as secured if they had muzzled General Winfield Scott Hancock.

⁴²It was the boast of the Funders that all the "best people" were with them.

⁴³The Cincinnati convention made two fatal blunders which lost them the control of the nation, the selection of General Hancock and the expulsion of General Mahone.

The legislature of Virginia elected the man who had seated them—William Mahone—to the United States Senate—and he took his seat, March 4, 1881, the day Winfield Scott Hancock was not inaugurated!

The senate was tied. The Vice-President, Chester A. Arthur, was a Republican; the new senator from Virginia could break the tie by voting Democratic or Republican.

Which? On that decision the future leadership of General Mahone in Virginia rested. He knew that in national affairs all the Virginians were Democrats. If the shrewdest man in Virginia had been shrewder he would have voted Democratic. Had he done so the crown would have been his until his death. But in Washington he could not forget Cincinnati. Mahone was certainly not an angel. He was a very masculine man.

Senator Mahone voted Republican. He had his revenge. He became the confidant of presidents and statesmen in Washington; but he estranged Virginia and placed a sword in the hands of his implacable foes which they used only too long and too well.

VI

SENATOR WILLIAM MAHONE

The affairs of Virginia are often settled at a mahogany table in Washington, though Washington is not supposed to be the capital of Virginia.

In the fall of 1881 Virginia elected a governor to succeed Holladay—Virginia always comes home

from a presidential inauguration across the Potomac to elect a governor.

Capt. William Evelyn Cameron, "Mahone's aristocratic fellow townsman,"⁴⁴ was nominated by the Readjusters and made a winning race against the Funder Democrat, John W. Daniel. It was a spectacular campaign. Both candidates won! Cameron became governor, but this campaign made John W. Daniel senator, which position he held until his death.

When the General Assembly met (December 7, 1881) the Riddleberger Bill was passed⁴⁵ and received the signature of Governor Cameron (February 14, 1882). Many other reforms were instituted. Even a harsh critic of the Readjusters is forced to admit⁴⁶ that "the Readjusters passed at this time all the laws they had promised their constituents;" and they promised much.

As soon as the Readjusters accomplished their mission they began to disintegrate. They were really Democrats.

General Mahone's weakness lay at the very citadel of his strength—a will of iron. He was Caesar, and Caesar brooks no opposition. John E. Massey, a picturesque and interesting figure, was an invaluable aide to the Major-General, but he rebelled when party discipline became too strict.⁴⁷ Massey joined

⁴⁴PEARSON, *The Readjuster Movement*.

⁴⁵The Readjusters had a majority of six in the Senate and fourteen in the House.

⁴⁶R. L. MORTON, *Hist. of Va.*, Vol. III.

⁴⁷The reader will again observe the parallel between Mahone and Andrew Jackson.

the Democrats and four years later was rewarded by his election as lieutenant-governor, serving with Fitzhugh Lee.

The defection of "Parson" Massey was serious⁴⁸—not so much because the "Parson" was popular and a very whirlwind of a campaigner but because he led a procession which, year by year, left General Mahone. Each succeeding struggle finds the General's strongest friends in the ranks of his foes.

It was always the same, though in each case different. Like Winfield Scott before him, and Woodrow Wilson later, Mahone was a lonely man.

The Democrats in Lynchburg (July 25, 1883) condemned Mahone with words which left nothing to be desired in vituperation, but they flattered him in flattery's sincerest form—imitation. They took over his policies, wholesale! No political party, certainly none in Virginia, is worried anent that rare and golden virtue, consistency.

They who had so recently applauded Hugh McCulloch accepted the Riddleberger Bill as the just and final settlement of the state debt! They selected a railway president, John S. Barbour, to become "Chairman of the Executive Committee," the office (and the very name of the office) was borrowed from the Readjusters. They gave Barbour all the Caesarean powers Mahone held in his capable hands on Capitol Hill. They also told the world that they were no longer "Funders" but Democrats—in that at least they spoke consistently.

⁴⁸The Big Four also left Mahone—Samuel H. Newberry, Peyton G. Hale, A. M. Lybrook and B. F. Williams.

Mahone was Arthur's friend, but Blaine received the Republican nomination. Mahone was then for Blaine, but Cleveland secured Virginia's vote by a narrow margin.⁴⁹

With Cleveland in the White House and substantial majorities in control of the government the jubilant Democrats came home to smash the Mahone machine. They used the Barbour machine to do so.

John Sargeant Wise,⁵⁰ a worthy son of Henry A. Wise, made a great appeal to Virginia to continue the Readjuster-Republican regime.

But the Democrats were now alert, as shrewd and as well organized as their opponents. Barbour was a match for Mahone. The Democrats made the strongest nomination in a generation—Fitzhugh Lee.

One may guess, and rightly, that such a campaign between such candidates with such organizations behind each would prove a battle royal. As the tenseness of older days relaxed, the Virginians enjoyed that election more than any gubernatorial campaign in our history—bar none. Confederate veterans, Republicans, as well as Democrats, gave Fitz a rousing ovation when he came to town, and he came to a different town every day. He rode Uncle Robert's saddle, and he said he wished he was Fitzhugh Smith instead of Fitzhugh Lee, so that he would get some credit for himself (and also get the vote of the Smith family), and he told many jokes, for the most part old and well-seasoned. He was a

⁴⁹Cleveland, 145,497. Blaine, 139,356.

⁵⁰Nominated in Richmond, *New Virginia*. Selections from *Richmond Whig* (1885).

very prince of good fellows and everybody loved him, and loves his memory still.

John Sargeant Wise, being a Sargeant as well as a Wise, was a better speaker than Fitz. What he lacked as a prince of good fellows he made up in brains.

Behind the shifting scenes of this impressive political drama the invisible hands of Mahone and Barbour directed the campaign.

Lee was elected by a slim⁵¹ majority (only 8,000).

Mahone's comment was caustic and characteristic:

“The Democrats have carried the state and legislative tickets by unscrupulous use of election machinery, over which they have absolute control, and which was provided by their recent usurping legislature with this end in view.”

Mahone was convinced that he spoke the truth.

When Fitzhugh Lee was inaugurated (January 1, 1886) and the Democratic legislature convened, John Warwick Daniel was elected to the United States Senate to succeed William Mahone (1887).

The General returned to Petersburg. Hamilton Holt Riddleberger, two years later, gave place to John S. Barbour. Barbour earned it. His organization abides.

⁵¹The year before Cleveland's majority over Blaine was returned at 6,141. There have always been those in Virginia who believe that an honest count would have given the state to Blaine in 1884, and to Wise in 1885. Fraudulent elections were one of the bitter fruits of Reconstruction.

VII

EVENING SHADOWS

Many a long and strenuous year lay behind General Mahone. He was alert for his sixty-two years, and still ready to fight. His last effort was to win the governor's chair, within whose amply upholstered arms he had placed at least four less able men.

It was an unfortunate decision. His work was done. He had labored enough, suffered enough, and achieved enough. Far better to spend the evening hours in the quiet and tranquil happiness of his home, surrounded by his neighbors, his friends, his old associates, his devoted family,⁵² and his grandchildren.

If the Democrats controlled the election machinery, as he had said, and if they counted John Sargeant Wise out, would they permit the election of their arch-enemy, William Mahone?

The brilliant coterie who surrounded him in happier days, Cameron, Wise, Barbour, Riddleberger,⁵³ Ruffin and others had followed Massey, for the most part, into the Democratic tent.

Every chance in the lottery was against him. He had nothing to gain but an empty honor, if elected,

⁵²General Mahone married (Feb. 8, 1855) Miss Otelia Butler of Smithfield, Va., daughter of Dr. Robert Butler, who was once the treasurer of the state. Mrs. Mahone's mother was Otelia Voinard, daughter of Joseph Voinard who came to America with LaFayette and was in the French ranks at Yorktown, after which he became a tobacconist in Petersburg.

⁵³HERMAN SCHURICHT, *Hist. of German Element in Va.* Vol. II, p. 192.

and everything to lose; yet he drew his sword, flung away the scabbard and dashed into the fight.

The Democrats nominated Captain Philip McKinney of Farmville.⁵⁴ A greater contrast could hardly be imagined. McKinney was an old line Whig, a perfect Virginia gentleman of the old school, a Presbyterian elder who took the office seriously, a faithful but not a brilliant Confederate officer, and a patient, patriotic Democrat who had "awaited his turn"—a great game with Virginia Democrats. Phil was by no means the only governor, or senator, or congressman who has been rewarded for "awaiting his turn."

Captain McKinney was a strong Funder, but all his speeches were moderate. He avoided personalities and rudeness. He remembered that he was an old Virginia gentleman of Whig antecedents.

The dear people of Virginia were wearied with perfervid politics. The state was growing rich. Farmers and merchants refused to get excited.

Of the 283,000 votes cast, Captain McKinney received a majority of 42,000. General Mahone polled 121,000 votes, under the circumstances a notable tribute to his ability.

The campaign of 1889 closed the political career of William Mahone. As one looks back over his long and varied life, it is to marvel how narrowly he missed greatness, for he had within him all the elements of a great man.

No one ever loved Virginia more devotedly than he; none ever struggled so long and so successfully

⁵⁴"Reply to General Mahone," State Democratic Committee (1889).

in so many different fields of achievement for Virginia, and no Virginian has received less gratitude and less appreciation.

There is, of course, a reason. The press, the financiers, the entire money power and their servile clientele were solidly arrayed from first to last against Mahone. When he was in the midst of his fight with Hugh McCulloch an influential journal⁵⁵ said he represented "as disreputable an organization as now exists in this country." That is a typical illustration of the vehement voice of the money trust and their vituperation.

Another metropolitan daily⁵⁶ asked, "Can Mahone with 120,000 negroes at his back reinforce his failing columns with a sufficient number of white men to perpetrate his rule as a freebooter and pirate over the people of his own state?"

As one reads those bitter words, he asks, "Is it the voice of the Pennsylvania or the B. & O.?"

It was characteristic of Mahone that he answered none of his critics. This proud reserve has been interpreted (and unjustly) as acquiescence in the slanders.

Over and over again the disinterested reader asks, "Why, what evil hath he done?" Shall Mahone be stoned because he built great railways across Virginia and laid the foundations of commerce, industry and prosperity? Or shall we stone him because he bared his breast to a million Federal bullets on a hundred fields to drive the invaders from our soil?

⁵⁵*The Nation*, March 4, 1880.

⁵⁶*Washington Post*.

Or shall we stone him because he single-handed defied the railway financiers who would make Virginia another Ireland or Poland to be exploited at will? Or shall we stone him because he was the one leader who defied the vultures of Wall Street and Lombard Street and protected the taxpayers of Virginia?

The charges brought against Mahone are as general and as vague as they are vehement and acrid. Sift them and from the welter of truth and falsehood, passion and prejudice, four outstanding maledictions always appear.

We are told that he used the readjustment of the state debt to his personal, political advantage. He did. But not more than Abraham Lincoln used the slavery question, or than Grover Cleveland used the tariff question, or than Bryan used the free silver issue, or than Woodrow Wilson used the questions of the European war. Every statesman in every republic must identify his fortune with the policies he advocates.

Again, it is charged that Mahone built up a great political machine to rule the state at his dictation.⁵⁷ He did. And his foes did the same. Mahone was only a bit more astute than his foes.

Again it is said that Mahone used the corrupt negro vote to carry elections. He did. And every election held in Virginia since the negroes⁵⁸ were

⁵⁷R. L. MORTON, *History of Virginia*, Vol. III, pp. 195-217.

⁵⁸IBID, p. 210. "Altho his pretended love for the colored people resulted neither in legislation to benefit them nor in high rewards in office, they were given some local offices in the black counties and were taught that the Democratic party wished to bring them once more into bondage."

given the ballot has witnessed the same shameful exhibition. As late as the gubernatorial election in the fall of 1929 the state was flooded with "De Priest circulars" to solidify the white vote for the Democratic party. Mahone's fault was that he was more successful in managing the colored vote.⁵⁹

We are constantly reminded that Mahone betrayed the Democratic party in March, 1881. Those who use the argument conveniently forget that nine months before he and his friends were officially expelled at Cincinnati (June 24, 1880). Could a man "betray" a party from whose councils⁶⁰ he had been officially and publicly expelled?

The General breathed his last October 8, 1895, after having suffered a stroke of paralysis.

The family left Washington at night and arrived in Petersburg next morning. A great multitude, drawn by sincere sympathy, forgetting former antagonisms, followed the Hero of the Crater in solemn procession to St. Paul's Episcopal Church; where, after a brief service, the march was resumed to Blandford.

And there he lies, among his Confederate soldiers atop a green and peaceful slope in Blandford Cemetery.⁶¹ "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

⁵⁹The Funders did not scruple to solicit the aid of Fred Douglass. He wrote a letter to the negroes advising them to vote with the Funders and against Mahone.

⁶⁰Benjamin H. Hill Speech in Senate.

⁶¹Chapter IX.



This chapter has been read, critically, by Nelson M. Blake of Duke University, and L. L. Manry of Courtland, Va., a son of General Mahone's elder sister.

Generated at Library of Congress on 2023-12-21 01:36 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uiua.30112049790725 / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-us-google / Public Domain in the United States; Google-digitized

CHAPTER XII

AMBROSE POWELL HILL

"Tell A. P. Hill to prepare for action,"
—*The dying words of Stonewall Jackson.*

"Tell A. P. Hill he must come up,"
—*The dying words of Robert E. Lee.*

The most casual reader has noticed how similar are the surnames of the Southern leaders. There were three Generals Jackson,¹ two Generals Johnston,² four Generals Lee³ and two Generals Hill.

The characters, careers and destinies of the two Hills were very dissimilar. Daniel Harvey Hill of South Carolina won the first Confederate victory at Big Bethel, Virginia,⁴ June 10, 1861.

In the Seven Days' Battle, the Maryland campaign, at Booneville, Fredericksburg and Chickamauga, he did valiant service.

After the war he was an editor, the president of the University of Arkansas and the commandant of the Military College of Georgia.⁵

¹Thomas Jonathan (Stonewall) Jackson, Chapter XVII.

Henry Rootes Jackson.

William Lawther Jackson.

²Joseph Eggleston Johnston.

Albert Sidney Johnston.

³Robert E. Lee.

William Henry Fitzhugh (Roney) Lee.

Fitzhugh Lee.

Stephen D. Lee.

⁴He commanded the 1st North Carolina Regiment.

⁵At Milledgeville.

General Hill is not to be confused with Georgia's distinguished Senator, Benjamin Harvey Hill, although they share their last two names.

I

Ambrose Powell Hill was born at Culpeper Court House, Virginia, November 9, 1825, the third son of Major Thomas Hill⁶ and Fannie Russell Baptist. The Major was a successful merchant and influential politician. His brother represented Culpeper County for twenty years in the House of Delegates at Richmond.

The Major was a son of Colonel Henry Hill and Anne Powell. And she was the daughter of that stalwart planter and explorer who appears elsewhere in these pages, Capt. Ambrose Powell,⁷ the friend of Dr. Thomas Walker. The captain left his name securely in our geography (Powell's Valley, River and Mountain) and he was one of the commissioners who ran the line between Virginia and Kentucky.

Sprung of such manhood, and begotten of such blood,⁸ reared in such atmosphere, nurtured by such memories, the slender but ambitious youth would likely make his mark, and a magnificent mark he made. He entered West Point (July 1, 1842) the day Thomas Jonathan Jackson matriculated.⁹ The

⁶*Nat. Cyclop. Amer. Biog.*, p. 101, a sketch far from accurate.

The War and Its Heroes, Richmond, 1864, p. 54.

⁷*Hardesty's Encyclop.*, p. 393.

PHILIP SLAUGHTER, *Culpeper County*, p. 111.

Chapter XV.

⁸JANE GRIFFITH KEYS, *Baltimore Sun*, March 1, 1908, "The Hill Family."

MRS. JOHN B. DEY, Norfolk, Va., a daughter of General Hill's brother.

⁹Chapter XVI.

career of the two lads was destined to run a noteworthy parallel. In disposition and temperament they were as twins. In age, education, methods of war; in attack and defence; in their superb military achievements; in the many victories each inscribed upon his escutcheon, broken in each instance by a single defeat; in their popularity, their close association and the intimacy of each with General Lee; the manner of their tragic fall, which closed for each a life of glory with a martyr's crown; two such similar careers could not, we suppose, be found elsewhere in all American biography.

In five years Hill graduated (June 3, 1847) fifteenth in a class of thirty-six, having missed one year¹⁰ on account of his health; for, like Jackson, he was not robust. Among his classmates were Ambrose Everett Burnside,¹¹ Henry Heth,¹² Romeyn Beck Ayres,¹³ Charles Griffin¹⁴ and Orlando Boliver Willcox.¹⁵

It is to remark the conspicuous asininity of scholasticism here exhibited. The lad who makes the

¹⁰GENERAL JAMES A. WALKER.

¹¹Born in Liberty, Indiana, May 23, 1824, of a Scotch, S. Car., family, which migrated to the frontiers where Ambrose was born. He was employed by Geo. B. McClellan while McClellan was vice-president of the Illinois Central Railway.

¹²Born in Chesterfield County, Va., December 16, 1825, and later commanded a division under A. P. Hill.

¹³Born in Montgomery County, New York, December 20, 1825, he served in Mexico after leaving West Point. He taught (just before the war) artillery practice at Old Point Comfort, Va.

¹⁴Born in Licking County, Ohio, 1826. He fought bravely at First Manassas, Gaines' Mill and Malvern Hill.

¹⁵Born, Detroit, Mich., April 16, 1823. At West Point he graduated eighth in a class of 38. He also fought the Mexicans and the Seminoles. He practiced law in Detroit until the war began.

grades in school does not ordinarily make the grade in life. The test of questionnaires on boresome lectures is not a test of character nor career. Like Stonewall Jackson the year before him, Powell Hill was a mediocre student, in a class of young officers, not one of whom was a distant rival.

II

The young Virginian was promptly sent to Mexico¹⁶ (August 22, 1847). He was engaged at Huamantla (October 9) and three days later at Atlixco.

After the Mexican War the Seminoles were giving trouble, so Lieutenant Hill was sent to Florida and became captain.

He served five peaceful years (1855-60) in the Coast Survey, the duties of which often called him to Washington. There he married Dolly, the daughter of Calvin C. and Henrietta Hunt Morgan of Lexington, Kentucky. The bride¹⁷ was the sister of General John Hunt Morgan, the Confederate chief-tain.

Two children blessed this union. Fanny Russell Hill, the elder, long after the war became Mrs. Gay, but left no children. Lucy Lee Hill, the younger, was born at Petersburg shortly before General Hill's tragic fall. General Lee was her god-father and she received his name. She married General James McGill of Pulaski, Va., but has no children.

Captain A. P. Hill resigned his commission in the

¹⁶Commissioned second lieutenant of the First Artillery, July 1, 1847.

¹⁷Long after General Hill's death his widow became the wife of Dr. Forsythe. MRS. JOHN B. DEY, Norfolk, Va.

army (March 1, 1861), four days before President Lincoln was inaugurated, and offered his services to Governor John Letcher for the defence of Virginia.

III

He was described¹⁸ as slightly built, but erect; five feet, ten inches tall. His features were regular and attractive, but not handsome. His face was thickly bearded after the fashion of the sixties, which sends our Civil War heroes to posterity hidden in thickets of hair. He was an expert horseman, as Culpeper men are apt to be. "Of all the Confederate leaders Hill was the most genial and lovable."¹⁹ His soldiers were his neighbors and their sons. They fought literally and continuously for their homes, farms and families.²⁰ Culpeper, Orange, Hampshire, Fauquier, Fairfax, Loudoun, Jefferson and Berkeley were frequently within the enemy's lines, and were the scenes of many battles.

He was given a colonel's commission and ordered to Harper's Ferry²¹ to guard the Baltimore & Ohio Railway, which was to be used for the state, but not for invasion. He made his headquarters at Romney and pushed his scouts eighteen miles west of Cumberland.²² He exhibited his ability in this preliminary campaign and his friends urged his promotion, but the Confederate war office was not hospitable to

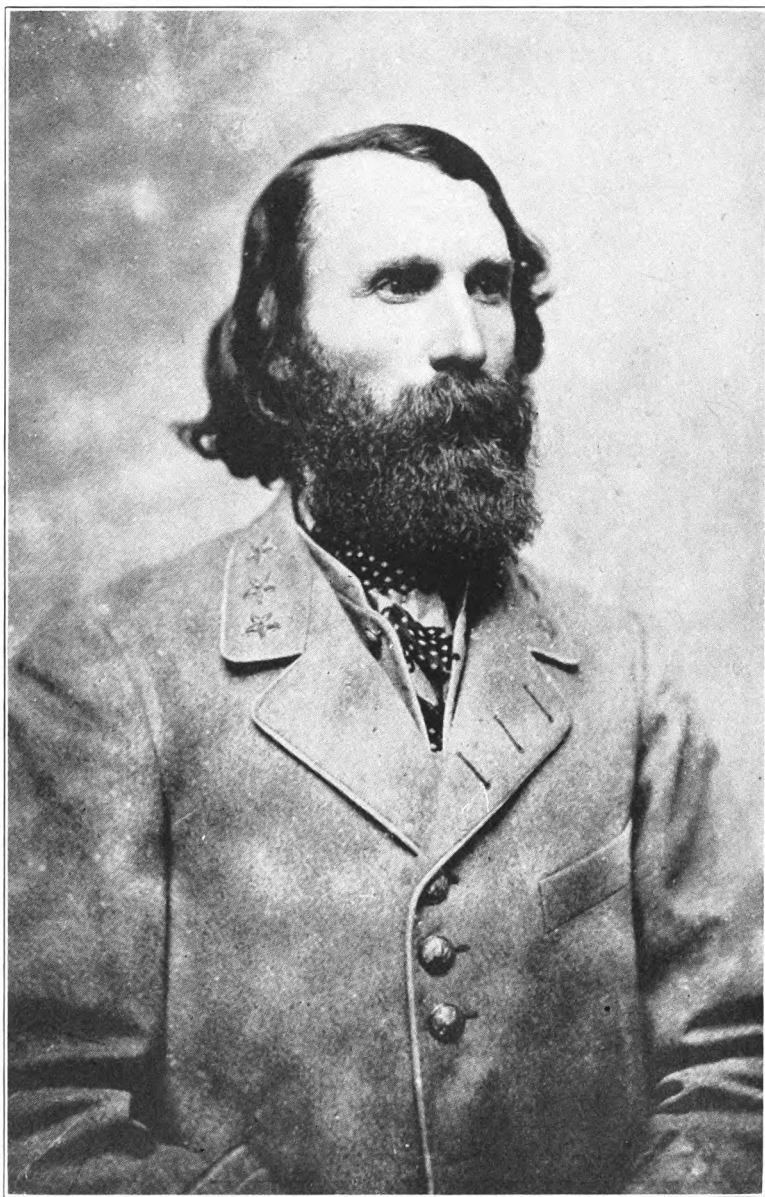
¹⁸DR. J. WILLIAM JONES, his friend, clergyman, editor, author, soldier and patriot, a private in that regiment.

¹⁹Resembling J. E. B. Stuart and Turner Ashby.

²⁰But one of his bravest companies was from Baltimore.

²¹HORACE GREELEY, *Amer. Conflict*, Vol. I, p. 462.

²²ROBT. L. DABNEY, *Life of Jackson*, p. 200.



AMBROSE POWELL HILL

Photo by H. P. Cook

"The setting of his sun in its golden prime sheds a melancholy radiance over the tottering ruins of the Confederacy."—Chapter XII.

the suggestion. Too many Virginians were already Brigadiers and field officers. Hill must wait.

He made no complaint but bided his time.

Fortune did not smile upon him at First Manassas. Hill's was an inconspicuous part in that strategic victory.

Masterly inactivity²³ lulled the South into false security after the great victory at Manassas, an inactivity the more unpardonable because the North was alive with extensive preparation. At last the idea permeated the War Department that the Confederacy needed all men and means whether the man was born in Virginia or elsewhere. It may also have permeated the War Department that the Union states were absolutely determined to win the war if it took the last man and the last dollar.²⁴

Confederate disasters at Mill Springs, Kentucky, January 19, 1862; Fort Henry, February 6; Roanoke Island, North Carolina, February 8; Fort Donelson, February 16, and Nashville, Tennessee, February 23, were calculated to disillusion any ideas the South might entertain of an easy victory.²⁵

IV

General George B. McClellan would capture Richmond by marching a powerful army up the James and York.

General Joseph E. Johnston was a commander of caution. He gave the invaders as much territory as

²³EDWARD A. POLLARD, *Lost Cause*, p. 140.

²⁴The most loyal Southerner finds nothing to boast of in the executive departments of the Confederacy.

²⁵*The Days of Yester-Year*, pp. 191, 217-8.

possible, encouraged them to extend their lines into an hostile country. The strategy of McClellan and Johnston was good in each case. But the strategy of Johnston was not that of Napoleon, nor of Lee, nor Jackson, nor Hill.

At Williamsburg, May 5, 1862, the retreating Confederates fell with fury upon their foes. No leader fought with more spirit than the new Brigadier, Ambrose Powell Hill.²⁶ "His coolness, courage, and skill won the admiration of the army and the applause of the whole country." His star rose resplendant on a gloomy horizon and reward came promptly: a commission as Major-General.²⁷

V

Of a quiet Sabbath morning, General McClellan might have heard the distant bells of Richmond ring, so near was he to the city—but very far from its capture.²⁸ Robert E. Lee succeeded the cautious Johnston, but to Johnston's credit, be it said, he prepared the stage wisely and well for the greater soldier. At a famous council of war (Wednesday, June 25, 1862) Lee, Jackson, Longstreet, Magruder and the two Hills laid the plan²⁹ that was to send McClellan reeling down the James.

²⁶T. A. DODGE, *Birdseye View of Our Civil War*, Chapter XI.
F. W. PALFREY, *Mass. Hist. Soc. Papers*, Vol. I, pp. 95-114.

²⁷WILLIAM PARKER SNOW.

He was made brigadier-general February 21, 1862.

²⁸JOS. E. JOHNSTON, *Narrative of Mil. Operations*, p. 142.

²⁹JAMES LONGSTREET, *Battles and Leaders of Civil War*, Vol. II, p. 397:
"On June 23, Jackson the two Hills & myself."

Chapter XIII, John R. Thompson, *The Battle Rainbow*.

A. P. Hill crossed the Chickahominy, north of Richmond, by Meadow Bridge,³⁰ and delivered the first blow in the Seven Days' Battle, Thursday, June 26, at three o'clock. Undeterred by formidable obstacles and deadly fire he pushed against the invading hosts, supported by James Longstreet. Nothing could stop those angry Confederate soldiers who had been forced to fall back mile by mile without a chance at their foes.³¹

The Union army retreated to Mechanicsville, a sleepy village which McClellan's engineers had made a fortress. Hill followed. The Federal artillery turned loose a cyclone of destruction. The Confederates advanced, fighting, yelling, determined, victorious. Over their heads screaming shells and bursting balls tore the forest to splinters. The rain of lead plowed the advancing ranks and dyed the green fields crimson with precious blood. Hill³² and Longstreet carried position after position. Wherever the fight was fiercest Hill, hatless, coatless, begrimed, urged his men on as their comrades fell like the leaves of autumn. Two hours of this hell on earth and the grim, gray lines surged forward in a supreme effort. The Federal guns were silenced and the bleeding, blackened Virginians gave a hoarse yell of joy. Mechanicsville is a name that shines with undimmed lustre, burnished by Virginia's noblest

³⁰Exactly five miles from the Capitol Building and one mile above Mechanicsville.

³¹Except at Seven Pines.

³²R. DE TROBRIAND, *Four Years With the Army of the Potomac*: "Hill was repulsed with considerable loss, but during the night Porter was compelled to fall back."

blood. At nine o'clock the exhausted men fell by the roadside, in the fields or the forest, and slept.

With the dawn Friday morning, June 27, the enemy were gone. Hill's corps heard the detonation of distant guns. Longstreet and D. H. Hill³³ followed Porter³⁴ to Cold Harbor (Gaines's Mill), two miles down the valley. At one o'clock they struck again and the battle raged all afternoon.

At four o'clock A. P. Hill "suddenly rose before the enemy," unwilling to restrain his men. It was a terrific fight, man to man, eye to eye. Meagher's Irish Brigade, conspicuous for their courage, opposed Hill and the Virginians. The South always resented the use of mercenaries imported to wrest from Virginia and the South their constitutional rights. Victory trembled in the balance; then the battle-scarred Confederates heard the roar of Jackson's guns opening over the woodlands.

Thank God, he arrived in the nick of time and flung his veterans from the Valley of Virginia full upon Fitz-John Porter's flank, rolling him up like a scroll!

Had it been twelve o'clock instead of sunset this victory at Cold Harbor might have become one of the decisive battles of the war.³⁵

Darkness and complete exhaustion alone saved the invaders. Night spread her sable wings like an angel of mercy over forest and farm, and brought a respite to victors and vanquished.

³³With troops from Alabama, Mississippi and Texas.

³⁴Fitz-John Porter and McClellan's Fifth Corps.

³⁵R. DE TROBRIAND, *Four Years With the Army of the Potomac*, Chapter 13.

When the sun rose Saturday morning, June 28, there was not a blue-coat north of the Chickahominy. General McClellan was in precipitous retreat to the James River. "Everything not transferable, including millions of rations and hundreds of tons of ammunition, had to be destroyed. Five thousand loaded wagons, 2,500 head of cattle and the reserve artillery were hastily moving toward the James."³⁶

Hill and Longstreet crossed the Chickahominy early Sunday morning, June 29. Once again the Confederate army was united and lay between McClellan and Richmond.

At three o'clock Monday afternoon they struck Sumner, McCall, Kearny and Hooker at Frayser's Farm (Glendale), on a ridge midway between the Chickahominy and James. Unfortunately the Confederates failed to command the road by which the invaders were retreating. Franklin held the bridge over White Oak Swamp. Had Lee secured that road the retreat would have become a panic. In the fierce fighting General Meade was severely wounded and General McCall was captured. Their lines swayed back and forth as the Confederates vainly attempted to stampede them. "Had all our troops been at Frayser's Farm there would have been no Malvern Hill."³⁷

"McClellan,³⁸ if not always great in advance was masterly in retreat, and was unquestionably the greatest of Americans as an organizer of an army.

³⁶E. BENJ. ANDREWS, *Hist. of U. S.*, Vol. IV, p. 80.

³⁷R. L. DABNEY, *Life of Jackson*, Chapter XIV.

³⁸DANIEL H. HILL, *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, Vol. II, p. 389.

Lee's plans were perfect; and had not his plan for a decisive battle at Frayser's Farm miscarried, through no fault of his, he would have won a most complete victory. It was not the least of his greatness that he did not complain, and at no time sought a scapegoat upon whom to lay a failure."

This terrible battle closed at nine o'clock, long after nightfall.³⁹ A. P. Hill had borne the brunt again. He executed one of the most brilliant engagements of the entire war. He "fought and overcame a force largely superior, which broke the spirit of the enemy and achieved final victory."⁴⁰

General McClellan entrenched his army at Malvern Hill, the left wing resting on the James, his front arranged tier upon tier, gun above gun, along the terraces of a natural amphitheatre a mile and a half in width, his right protected by deep swamps and thick forests.

Here General Lee attempted to make McClellan's retreat a disaster, but he failed and the invaders won the dubious triumph of a peaceful withdrawal from Virginia,⁴¹ embarking at Berkeley Hundred, which they called Harrison's Landing.

A. P. Hill emerged from this holocaust of blood and glory a marked man. After the Seven Days' Battle Lee depended upon him only less than upon Stonewall Jackson.

"Had not Hill and his brave Virginians been made of steel⁴² rather than flesh and blood they could not

³⁹JAMES LONGSTREET.

⁴⁰ROBERT A. BROCK.

⁴¹Contemporary accounts quoted by WILLIAM PARKER SNOW.

⁴²C. C. CHESNEY, *Essays in Mil. Biog.*, p. 114.

have withstood the many hardships of those terrible days. After a desperate fight at Mechanicsville on Thursday, they marched to Gaines's Mill and fought five hours Friday, rested Saturday morning, travelled a circuitous road covering many difficult miles Saturday afternoon and Sunday and on Monday achieved another brilliant victory against great odds. Hill was a genius. Monday night his army, prostrated with utter fatigue, lay on the ground without fire or covering, or food, too weary to think . . . only wanting to rest."

Ah, it was a bloody week of fiercest fighting. Only the Recording Angel knows the number of the slain, friend and foe, invaders and defenders. The sword of A. P. Hill had flashed in the fore of the fight. No one did more to save Richmond than he. Of his men 3,870 were reported killed or wounded.

VI

The siege of Richmond so dramatically ended, Lee turned upon General John Pope.

Early in August Hill joined Jackson at Gordonsville. General Banks, who commanded Pope's advance, lay in Culpeper County under the shadow of Cedar Mountain behind Cedar Run. Jackson advanced upon Banks at three in the afternoon. At first Banks seemed to have the better of it; but at six o'clock A. P. Hill fell upon Banks' right flank. "Just as the full-orbed moon was lighting the mountain-tops, the Federals gave way, leaving their dead and wounded upon the field."⁴³

⁴³R. A. BROCK, *Hardesty's Encyclop.*, p. 331.

Pope made a brave stand at Bull Run, upon fields already famous. In the battle (August 28-29) A. P. Hill, "with dauntless abandon, met and repulsed at the point of the bayonet six distinct and separate assaults of the enemy."

On the second day Lee so arranged his forces that, if Pope charged Longstreet, he would uncover his flank to A. P. Hill; and, if he charged Hill, Longstreet would fall upon his other flank.

Late in the afternoon Hill made a brilliant and valorous charge. He drove the Federal force before him and captured two batteries and many prisoners. Never had he fought more valiantly. His army exhausted their ammunition, collected cartridges from their fallen foes, fought them with their own lead and charged with cold steel. They drove their foes to Fairfax Court House, and rested there. Mortal man could carry on no further.

The Federal army made a brave stand at Chantilly (Ox Hill) September 1. A cold, drenching rain was falling. Jackson, Ewell and A. P. Hill found it difficult to move through the storm, across swollen streams and over bottomless roads, but in the battle Generals Isaac J. Stevens and Philip Kearny of the Federal army fell. The storm increased in violence as night closed in. Next day Pope's broken and demoralized army took refuge north of the Potomac.⁴⁴

⁴⁴*Harper's Encyclop. of U. S. Hist.*

"Chantilly."

J. WILLIAM JONES, *Hist. of U. S.*, p. 290.

W. S. WINTON, *Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac*, pp. 184-193.

VII

Two weeks later (September 15, 1862) Stonewall Jackson captured Harper's Ferry, with 11,583 prisoners, seventy-three cannon, 13,000 small arms, two hundred wagons and a great quantity of other supplies, which the foot-sore and hungry Confederates needed. As usual A. P. Hill was at Jackson's elbow and shared credit with his chief.

A few miles away at Sharpsburg, Maryland, Lee and McClellan were again engaged (September 17) in a strategic struggle. Jackson and Hill hastened to Lee's assistance, marching eighteen miles across country. Hill flung 2,000 men against 15,000 under Burnside and drove them before him.⁴⁵ Critics have declared this march and assault "not surpassed in brilliant action by any other commander in all the long and cruel war."⁴⁶ When Lee slowly retired from the bloody but indecisive battle, Hill covered his retreat and was not molested until a Federal force crossed the Potomac (September 20) to intercept Lee's flank. Jackson ordered Hill to drive them from Virginia. He charged and there followed "the most terrible slaughter this war has witnessed. The broad surface of the Potomac was blue with floating corpses. But few escaped to tell the tale. By their own account they lost 3,000 men, killed and drowned from one brigade alone."⁴⁷

The bloody year 1862 closed for Virginia with General Lee's defence of Fredericksburg. In the

⁴⁵COL. W. H. PALMER, *Southern Hist. Soc. Papers*, Vol. XX, p. 202.

⁴⁶R. A. BROCK.

Also R. JOHNSON, *Short Hist. of War of Secession*, Chapter XII.

⁴⁷COL. THOMAS J. SCHARF, C. S. A.

duel that raged across that little city Hill was again on Jackson's right flank.

Once during the year there was an estrangement between these two fast friends and devoted patriots. It seems that Jackson, without A. P. Hill's knowledge, ordered Hill's brigade to encamp.

When Hill learned of it he accosted his superior with intense indignation:

"General Jackson, you have assumed command of my division. Here is my sword. I have no further use for it."

Jackson coolly replied:

"General Hill, keep your sword, but consider yourself under arrest."

General Lee vainly attempted to pour oil on these troubled waters.⁴⁸ Each stubborn commander insisted that he was right and that the other had insulted him. Lee finally ordered both to his tent. Neither would yield. At last Lee exclaimed:

"Then let him who thinks he has been the more injured prove himself the more magnanimous by forgiving more."

That appeal was irresistible, and the two trusted and devoted lieutenants clasped hands, in silence. It was a closed incident.⁴⁹

VIII

The campaign of 1863 began at Chancellorsville, to which Hill moved with Jackson when he fell upon General Hooker's right wing, and crushed it. But

⁴⁸T. A. DODGE, *Birdseye View of Our Civil War*, Chapter XXI.

⁴⁹Chapter XVII.

it was a costly triumph. Stonewall Jackson fell mortally wounded in front of Hill's men. His last order on the field was:

“Go back and tell A. P. Hill to press right on.”

Jackson did not know that Hill, too, was severely wounded almost immediately after he had fallen.

Jackson died, but Hill was spared and received (May 24, 1863) a commission as Lieutenant-General.⁵⁰

Eleven months of blood, agony, superhuman effort and military glory had passed since Hill led his silent gray legion across Meadow Bridge and began the Seven Days of Battle against McClellan.

Confederate valor reached flood tide at Gettysburg. After July 4, 1863, the Confederate cause was a lost cause.

A. P. Hill began the battle of Gettysburg July 1, 1863.⁵¹ He repulsed Generals Reynolds and O. O. Howard and captured the town. When Lee was finally foiled and the Southern legions slowly withdrew, wounded, battle-worn and dispirited, Hill manoeuvred that most difficult and delicate of all military operations, an orderly retreat from an hostile country by a discouraged army. Constantly in the saddle, vigilant,⁵² cautious, cool, courageous, calculating every possible emergency and prepared, he encouraged and inspired his men. A. P. Hill's genius was never more superbly exhibited.⁵³

⁵⁰LYON G. TYLER: "He was promoted May 20."

⁵¹His division under Henry Heth.

⁵²JAMES LONGSTREET, *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*.

⁵³The efforts made to turn that retreat into a rout were nugatory.

At Bristow Station⁵⁴ he sustained his only defeat by pushing into a sharp action with General Gouverneur K. Warren. But Ewell came to his aid and saved the situation.

The fame of A. P. Hill filled the Southland. The world would know something of this modest, silent man. He, therefore, gave this interview:

HEADQUARTERS THIRD ARMY CORPS

October 25, 1863.

My dear Sir:

Your letter has been received, and I very cheerfully give you such information as I can.

I was born in Culpeper County, Va., on the 9th of November, 1825. My father was Major Thomas Hill of same county. My mother was Fannie Russell Baptist of Mecklenburg county, Va. In 1842 I was entered as a cadet at West Point, graduated in 1847, and was appointed brevet second lieutenant in the First regiment, United States Artillery, and assigned to the light battery of Capt. Frank Taylor; marched from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico with the command of Gen. Joseph Lane, acting as adjutant of an infantry regiment commanded by Major Heintzelman (major-general); engaged in the battles of Huamantla, Puebla and Atlixco; by promotion of Major T. J. Jackson to first lieutenantcy, was promoted second lieutenant 20th of August, and assigned to Magruder's battery; in 1849 ordered to Florida; promoted first lieutenant September 1851, and served in Florida and Texas until winter of 1856, when, my health becoming very much impaired, was, by kindness of Secretary Davis (Jefferson Davis) detailed for special duty in the United States coast survey and was upon this duty when the war broke out; resigned my commission on 1st of March, 1861; was appointed colonel of the Thirteenth

⁵⁴Near Manassas, October 14, 1863.

Virginia regiment May 9, 1861, and ordered to Harper's Ferry; brigadier-general, February 26, 1862; major-general May 26, 1862, lieutenant-general May 26, 1863.

Very respectfully,
(Signed) A. P. HILL.⁵⁵

IX

President Lincoln brought General Ulysses S. Grant from the West (March 12, 1864) to capture Richmond and crush the Confederacy. The final campaign destined to end at Appomattox⁵⁶ began at the Wilderness (May 5, 1864). Once again A. P. Hill was ordered to begin the battle.

Never robust, the constant strain and exposure undermined his constitution. He surrendered his corps to Jubal A. Early and rested for a short time, but after the Battle of Spotsylvania Court House (May 9-12, 1864) he returned.

On the night of June 17 he was ordered from New Market⁵⁷ to Petersburg, a difficult march. He crossed the James at Drewry's Bluff and next day flung his men along Jerusalem⁵⁸ plank road, between Petersburg and the invaders. Though he fought as bravely as ever he was sure that Lee with all his genius would not be able to cope successfully with the huge army and unlimited resources of the Federal government.⁵⁹

⁵⁵This letter is now in the Virginia State Library at Richmond.

⁵⁶Chapter II.

⁵⁷There are three New Markets in Virginia, one in Shenandoah County, another in Prince William County, and this New Market is near the North Anna in Spotsylvania County.

⁵⁸The road from Petersburg to Courtland.

⁵⁹COL. W. H. PALMER, *South. Hist. Soc. Papers*, Vol. 5, p. 202.

General Grant, by his famous series of left flank movements across Virginia, drew lines of circumvallation around Richmond and Petersburg, and attempted to cut the Petersburg and Weldon Railway,⁶⁰ upon which communication with the Carolinas largely depended. But Longstreet, Hill and Mahone disputed his way and saved the road (June 22, 1864) for a time.

Two months later the assault was renewed at Reams Station, twelve miles south of Petersburg. General Lee sent A. P. Hill to drive Warren from the railway. Hill fell upon the flank and rear of the invaders, August 18, and captured 2,500 prisoners, among them General Joseph Hayes. As Warren was heavily reinforced Hill drew off, waited a week, then struck General Hancock (August 25). After severe fighting the Federal line broke. Hancock lost one-third his force, 2,500 men, nine cannon and seven stands of colors. This brilliant battle would alone have won for A. P. Hill imperishable renown.

He was ill again, in March, and rested a few days.⁶¹ In the nine months preceding he added to his former victories Gettysburg, the Wilderness, Second Cold Harbor, Jerusalem Plank Road, Reams Station, the Crater, Weldon Railway, Hatcher's Run and innumerable minor engagements with the foe who were now everywhere victorious.

"In the campaign of 1864 his corps killed, wounded or captured twice as many men as it numbered, and

⁶⁰Now the Atlantic Coast Line.

⁶¹At the home of G. Powell Hill in Chesterfield County near Coalfield.

took in battle a number of guns and flags without losing one of either."

He has been described,⁶² as he appeared during this hard winter before Petersburg:

"General Hill was of the old-fashioned American type of handsome men. He was a 'men's man,' with a high brow, large nose and mouth and a face covered with a full, dark beard. He dressed plainly, not to say roughly. He wore a woolen shirt, and frequently appeared, especially in action, attired in a shell jacket. About his uniform he had little or no ornamentation, hardly more than the insignia of rank upon his collar. General Hill gave the impression of being reticent or uncommunicative. Neither in aspect nor speech did he appear to measure to his great record. Yet great it was. His soul seemed concentrated and absorbed in fighting."

X

The road that leads from Petersburg southwesterly to North Carolina and the cotton states has been famous since the days of Bacon's Rebellion, when it was known as Occaneechee Trace.⁶³ After the Revolution it took the prosaic name Boydton Plank Road. It is now Route No. 1.

By the side of the road, overlooking Petersburg and the Weldon Railway, the Confederates con-

⁶²JOHN SARGEANT WISE, *End of an Era*, p. 331. Mr. Wise differs with Dr. J. William Jones.

⁶³J. WILLIAM JONES, *Hist. of the U. S.*, p. 348.
Through Centuries Three, p. 195.
Days of Yester-Year, p. 85.

structed Fort Gregg equipped with their heaviest guns,⁶⁴ for it was a keystone of the arch of defence.

In the uncertain light that preceded the dawn of a Sabbath in early spring (April 2, 1863) Fort Gregg was captured and the road into Petersburg and Richmond was at last opened.

When Hill heard that his lines were pierced he reported to General Lee "before it was light,"⁶⁵ and reconnoitred, crossing Boydton Plank Road with Sergeant Geo. W. Tucker.

"Sergeant," he said, "should anything happen to me you must go back and report to General Lee."

The devastated woodlands and war-blasted fields were thronged with stragglers. Hill and the sergeant encountered a body of six hundred, whom they eluded. General Hill was anxious to re-establish contact with his men beyond the Federal lines. They happened upon two infantrymen among the trees. General Hill at once called to them:

"Surrender."

They were about to obey when they observed that there were only two Confederate horsemen, so they fired point blank, each covering his man.

Corporal Jno. W. Mauk⁶⁶ of Company F, 138 Penn. Infantry, a farmer lad of good character who lived and died near Bedford, Pennsylvania, fired the shot which dis severed the thumb of General Hill's left hand, as he held his bridle, and passed directly

⁶⁴MRS. ROGER A. PRYOR, *Reminiscences*, p. 343.

⁶⁵CHARLES SCOTT VENABLE.

⁶⁶It is a strange coincidence that Corporal Mauk was by General Sedgwick's side and saw him killed at Spotsylvania C. H.

Generated at Library of Congress on 2023-12-21 01:36 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uiug.30112049790725
Public Domain in the United States; Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-us-google

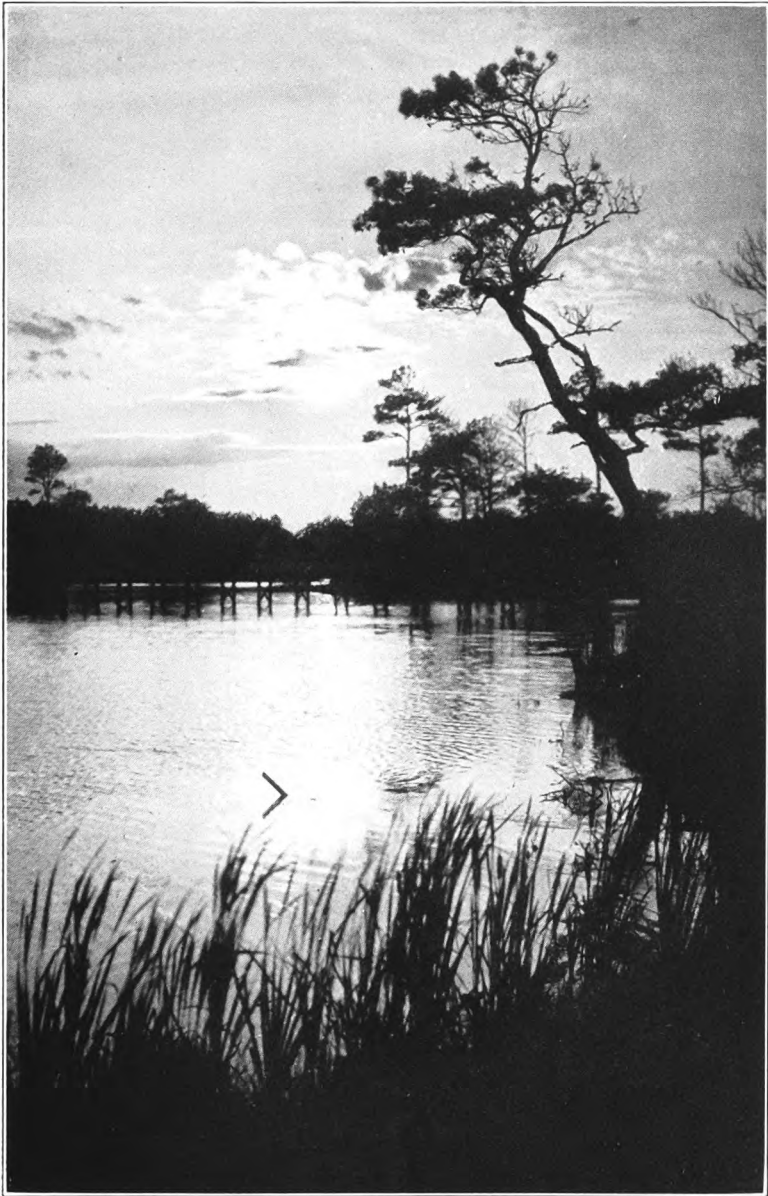


Photo by H. C. Mann

"Over the crest of the dunes is another ocean, of marsh grass, golden and green in the morning sun. In the distance marsh pines, stiff and tall, rear proud heads, and still further the forest rolls into a dull wash of color."—Chapter IV.

above the heart, killing him instantly. The two Federal soldiers disappeared in the pines.

General Horatio G. Wright sent for the corporal and had him recount his experience.⁶⁷

“Do you know whom you shot?” Of course the farmer lad did not know. “You have killed General A. P. Hill of the Confederate army.”

Meanwhile Sergeant George W. Tucker⁶⁸ notified General Lee, obeying Hill’s instructions. Lee ordered a Confederate advance, and the General’s body was recovered in less than half an hour.⁶⁹ Nothing upon his person had been disturbed. The fatal bullet passed entirely through his body.

General Lee made the sad comment:

“He is at rest now, and we who are left are the ones to suffer.”

XI

His remains were hurriedly shipped to Richmond,⁷⁰ and in the distraction and confusion of that terrible day a coffin was not secured.

His cousin, G. Powell Hill, whose home in Chesterfield County he had left only two days before, prepared the body⁷¹ of his famous kinsman and interred it in “Winston’s Burying Ground” Tuesday, April 4, at two in the afternoon.⁷²

⁶⁷Statement of Jno. W. Mauk, *Baltimore American*, May 29, 1892.

⁶⁸Of the 5th Alabama Battalion.

⁶⁹CHAS. SCOTT VENABLE, *South. Hist. Soc. Papers*, Vol. XII, p. 187.

⁷⁰GEN. JAMES A. WALKER, *South. Hist. Soc. Papers*, Vol. XX, p. 383.

⁷¹W. P. SNOW, “His body was pierced by three bullets,” is certainly incorrect.

⁷²Statement of G. Powell Hill.

After the war Colonel W. H. Palmer, chief of staff to General Hill, secured the reluctant consent of the family to reinter the remains in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond,⁷³ among the Confederate dead.

Thomas A. Brander of Pegram's Battalion, inaugurated a movement to erect an heroic statue to his memory which should also serve as his mausoleum. His ashes were deposited under it, May 30, 1892, with that becoming pomp and circumstance for which Richmond is famous. Far to the northwest of the Capitol his effigy gazes silently upon the roads, fields and woodlands his sword so ably defended.

His is a record⁷⁴ of lustre imperishable. His sword carved a name to live when monuments of granite and of bronze have crumbled into dust.⁷⁵ And yet there are many who feel that Virginia⁷⁶ has not sufficiently burnished his memory. "His bright and gracious figure sweeps athwart our troubled story, wearing his wounds like stars."⁷⁷ His genius, his achievements, his sacrificial death deserve a martyr's crown. He fell in defence of his home and for a cause he felt, with all his ardent heart, to be just and right.

⁷³WILLIAM ASBURY CHRISTIAN, *Richmond*, p. 424.

⁷⁴JOHN ESTEN COOKE, *Surry of Eagle's Nest*.

DR. PHILIP SLAUGHTER, *Hist. of St. Mark's Parish*, p. 193, gives General Hill eight lines!

⁷⁵A. P. Hill Camp U. C. V., Petersburg, Va.

⁷⁶As in the case of Turner Ashby.

Also see *Days of Yester-Year*, p. 215.

⁷⁷W. GORDON MC CABE.

“No man was more distinguished throughout the war for chivalric bearing. On every field he bore a conspicuous part and in the last struggle of that noble army he found a hero’s grave.”⁷⁸

The setting of his sun in his golden prime sheds a melancholy radiance over the tottering ruins of the Confederacy.

⁷⁸A. L. LONG.

CHAPTER XIII

JOHN REUBEN THOMPSON THE LAUREATE OF THE LOST CAUSE

**Neither time nor space shall efface the memory
of his gentleness and worth.**

I

He opened his blue eyes to the light of an October day in Richmond,¹ a straggling town whose modest homes, muddy streets, deep ravines and rugged, unkept appearance gave small promise of the culture, wealth and beauty of the modern metropolis. His father, John Thompson, a shrewd and successful merchant, from the granite hills of New Hampshire, and his mother, Sarah Dyckman, of ancient Knickerbocker blood, gave their son those traits which have made New England and New York centers of culture.

John Reuben Thompson (October 23, 1823) was three months older than Stonewall Jackson (January 21, 1824); two years older than Ambrose Powell Hill (November 9, 1825); three years older than William Mahone (December 1, 1826) and George Brinton McCellan (December 3, 1826).

The growing lad was put to school in East Haven, Connecticut, that his education might touch the

¹His father's residence was at the corner of Fourteenth and Main Streets, which section of the city was completely destroyed by the conflagration of April 3, 1865.

culture of his fathers. At sixteen he entered the University of Virginia (1840). One of his instructors was John Barton Rogers.² Though not a brilliant student, John debated in the Jefferson Society and published at least seven poems in the college magazine which did not herald a poet.³ He studied the classics and law, and graduated⁴ at twenty (1844). Clients did not crowd to his desk in the office of a rising young attorney, James A. Seddon.⁵

II

When the Lord created the blue-eyed boy He did not make a solicitor. That "one talent which 'tis death to hide" insistently urged him; and so he laid aside the leatherbound codes.

Henceforward his life was spent in straightened circumstances, as befits a poet. The Cause⁶ he loved so well was lost, and his best poems were wreaths of immortelles for the caskets of the South's heroic dead. But who shall say that, in the long years, his decision was not wise? Had Thompson been a successful Richmond lawyer, with an elegant home on Franklin Street, this page would not be written; or, if written, not read. There is a compensation even if it comes a century late. The world does homage to the man who struggles.

The young attorney, or perhaps his father, bought the "Southern and Western Literary Messenger"

²*Days of Yester-Year*, p. 264.

³Chapter VI. He resembled Lanier in lack of early promise.

⁴WILLIAM LAUDER WEBER, *Southern Poets*, p. 212.

⁵A faithful and life-long friend of the poet and one of his pall-bearers.

⁶In England they called him "Thompson the Confederate."

(November, 1847). Thirteen years before (August, 1834) Thomas W. White, a modest printer with large vision, established the "Southern Literary Messenger." It was an ambitious venture for a job printer whose office was "over the Anchor Shoe Store," opposite "the old Bell Tavern at the corner of Fifteenth and Main Streets."⁷ Long before White the Virginia Historical and Philosophical Magazine by John Holt Rice and others had blazed a literary path.⁸

The young editor's portrait⁹ was made for us by his friend, John Esten Cooke. Small of stature, slender and graceful, his dark blue eyes bespoke the poet, and his voice, too, was suggestive of the bards; low, musical and sympathetic. A fine reader and an accomplished raconteur, his verses sounded best when he recited them. Chestnut hair and a beard long and flowing in the fashion of the frivolous fifties disclosed a magnificent face and forehead, which unmistakably proclaimed the thinker.¹⁰ He was "perhaps the most accomplished editor¹¹ of his time, a trained litterateur, an accomplished citizen of the world and a careful business manager."¹²

The office of the "Southern Literary Messenger" during Thompson's time was on Franklin Street, east of Capitol Square, a locality still the printers'

⁷JOHN S. PATTON, *Poems of Thompson*.

⁸WILLIAM MAXWELL, *Memoirs of John Holt Rice*, p. 132. The magazine was issued first in January, 1818.

⁹PHILIP ALEXANDER BRUCE.

¹⁰JOHN SARCEANT WISE, *End of an Era*, p. 69, "Mincing and primping John R. Thompson the poet."

¹¹B. B. MINOR.

¹²PHILIP ALEXANDER BRUCE.

heaven. The third story front room of a Leigh Street residence¹³ was his home, for Thompson never married.

The magazine grew in influence and circulation. It "took an unchallenged place in the front rank of American magazines."¹⁴ He declared, over and over again, "The South needs other culture besides cotton culture." The South is popularly and superficially supposed to be the home of romance and of poetry. The reverse is true. The South produces a round hundred millionaires who have made fortunes on cotton, corn and cattle, to one poet or novelist. No people in the world are more practical. True in Thompson's time, it is true today that the South needs other than cotton culture.¹⁵

Thompson was a lesser bard. He had not the lyric notes of Lanier, nor the organ tones of Poe. Thompson's richest benison was a rare discernment of talent in others. His was the blessed ministry of friendship. He is the St. Barnabas of American letters. He gave encouragement to the struggling, the young, the timid and immature. The roster of those whom he lifted into fame includes:

Owen Meredith, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Richard Henry Stoddard, Mrs. Signourney, Frances Sargent Osgood, George P. Morris, William Gilmore Sims, Moncure Conway, Matthew Fontaine Maury, Philip Pendleton Cooke, G. P. R. James, Donald G. Mitchell, Paul Hamilton Hayne, James Barron Hope, Mrs.

¹³No. 802 E. Leigh Street. His desk is now preserved at The Poe Shrine in East Main Street. MARY NEWTON STANARD, *Richmond*, p. 137.

¹⁴W. GORDON MC CABE.

¹⁵THOMAS NELSON PAGE, *The Old South*, pp. 57-72.

Margaret Junkin Preston, Joseph G. Baldwin, Henry Timrod, John Esten Cooke, Geo. W. Bagby, Mrs. Burton Harrison,¹⁶ Frank R. Stockton and many, many lesser lights. This was his finest labor through twelve fruitful years (1847-59).

The literary product of the South is short at the longest and poor at the best, but how much poorer would it be without the "Southern Literary Messenger" and its sympathetic and discerning editor!

The poetic gift of the young editor was often recognized by his fellow citizens. Daniel Webster visited Richmond (April 29, 1847), and received a royal welcome, for that city was ever a Whig citadel; Thompson read a poem of welcome.

When the Second Presbyterian Church¹⁷ was dedicated (May 7, 1848) the brilliant young pastor, Moses Drury Hoge, asked Thompson to compose a hymn. The twenty lines do not strike fire, but they are as good as the average hymn in the hymnals:

"Lord, here, upon thy sacred day,
Teach us devoutly how to pray.
Our weakness let thy strength supply;
Nor to our darkness light deny.

And when at last in life's decline
This earthly temple we resign;
May we, O Lord, enjoy with Thee
The Sabbaths of eternity."

¹⁶MRS. BURTON HARRISON, *Recollections*, pp. 119-125.

¹⁷WILLIAM ASBURY CHRISTIAN, *Richmond*.

Dr. William Swann Plummer preached the dedicatory sermon: Deut. 32:31. The church cost \$27,000 and was the first church in the city lighted with gas—which was supplied by a private laboratory. The church is still a potent factor in the religious life of the city, located on Fifth Street near Main.

When the Natural Bridge¹⁸ was advertised for sale the "Messenger" sprang to the forefront with a poem of protest. What, we fancy, would Thompson say of the Natural Bridge today? So thoroughly commercialized is it that blinding barriers are erected on both sides of the public road. The traveler passes over the bridge ignorant that one of the wonders of the world is beneath his feet. The price of admission is prohibitive to thousands who would otherwise view it. Yet no protest has been voiced since Thompson's day.¹⁹

Edgar Allan Poe had for several years been retained by the "Messenger." Late in the summer of 1849 he returned to Richmond and received an enthusiastic welcome. Since the publication of the "Raven" (1845) the world was his. During this visit he took the temperance pledge and renewed an acquaintance with a former friend, a widow of independent means. He set forth for New York to make arrangements for the wedding. The next issue of the "Southern Literary Messenger" said:

"The day²⁰ before (he) left Richmond he placed in our hands for publication the manuscript of his last poem (Annabel Lee) which has since found its way into the newspapers and has been extensively circulated. As it was designed for this magazine we will publish it."

Poe reached Baltimore (October 2), met some old acquaintances, and was later found unconscious on

¹⁸PORTE CRAYON, *Va. Illustrated*, pp. 179-183.

¹⁹1849.

²⁰B. B. MINOR, *South. Lit. Mess.*, p. 167.

the streets. The details of the tragedy are unknown. He died in a hospital October 7, 1849.²¹

Of Matthew Fontaine Maury the editor wrote:

“The views of Lieutenant Maury are marked in a high degree with the originality and *lucidus ordo* which characterize everything that comes from his pen. His style, too, is singularly pure and fresh and at times he becomes really poetical; showing that, had he not been one of the first savants, he might have been one of the most distinguished *litterateurs* of the age.”

Will the generation which loved Thompson forgive a smile? A certain stately pose and a touch of penantry are Thompson's besetting sins. Fondness for foreign phrases and a lack of “pure and fresh” directness are often tedious.

From time to time he made translations of poems and stories from German and French classics, as the story of Casanova and Baron Trench.²² His translation of Gustave Nadaud's poem “Carcassonne” has retained a modicum of popularity:

“I'm growing old, I've sixty years;
I've labored all my life in vain.
In all that time of hopes and fears
I've failed my dearest wish to gain.”

The peasant who speaks these pathetic words wished of all things to see the fair castellated city of Carcassonne. Realizing that his time was short he

²¹JOSEPH LEONARD KING, *Dr. George W. Bagby*, p. 72. “Of especial interest was Thompson's lecture on Poe.”

²²SPOFFORD, *Library of Literature*, Vol. II, pp. 201-3.

“Carcassonne” quoted in full, Vol. I, p. 61, but credited to Lippincott.

set out upon the road though "double bent with age."
A kind fellow traveller picked the wayfarer up, but
the old man died before they reached the city. His
fondest wish was never realized,

"He never gazed on Carcassonne;
Each mortal has his Carcassonne."

For many years guests etched their names with diamonds on the window panes of Brandon,²³ America's oldest estate.²⁴ The quaint custom struck Thompson's fancy, and the "Messenger" (1851) carried a poem²⁵ of seven stanzas on the "Window Panes of Brandon:"

"How the past, like a surf-coming haze from the sea
In an instant surrounds us once more,
While the shadowy figures of those we have loved
Are distinctly seen on the shore."

Thompson's intense love for Virginia and the South sometimes carried him too far. He criticized "Evangeline" so sharply that Longfellow discontinued the "Messenger." "Evangeline" is a great American epic. Thompson should have realized that literature recognizes no section and knows no politics. Though he had provocation, he should have risen above it. He should have recognized talent in Boston whether Boston was willing to recognize talent in Virginia or not.

His defence of the South called from Thompson's

²³*Through Centuries Three*, p. 107.

²⁴Chapter VII.

²⁵Fac-simile of this poem, as written, *Va. Mag. of Hist. and Biog.*, July, 1928, p. 280.

pen the best pun in American letters. When "Uncle Tom's Cabin" took the world by storm (1852) and wielded an immense influence against slavery Thompson wrote:

"When Latin I studied, my Ainsworth in hand,
I answered my teacher that *sto* meant to *stand*.
But, if asked, I should now give another reply,
For *Stowe* means, beyond any cavil, to *lie*."

III

In his thirtieth year (1854) the editor spent "six halcyon months" in England, Scotland, Ireland, Belgium, Holland, France, Germany and Austria. He met Charles Dickens, Bulwer-Lytton, T. B. Macaulay, the Brownings, Thomas Carlyle, Alfred Tennyson and William Makepeace Thackeray, whom he especially admired. He wrote his experiences in "Across the Atlantic; Sketches of English and Continental Travel." The entire edition was burned as soon as bound (1856), but the publishers found a complete set of proof-sheets among the ruins, which they bound and sent the author. He made light of his calamity,²⁶ declaring that he was the only author in the world of a one-volume edition.

His devotion to Southern letters called forth this editorial:

"The New Year 1856 opens well for Southern letters. There are gratifying evidences in many quarters of our beautiful and genial section of the country, of a rich blossoming of thought, a quickening of latent genius, a gushing forth of the bright waters

²⁶MILDRED LEWIS RUTHERFORD, *The South in Hist. and Lit.*

of poetry from what has so long been thought a sterile and unsympathetic soil.”

Again it is to smile, beg pardon and swear that we love him!

The Virginians were happy and prosperous before the Civil War. The two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the original settlement at Jamestown was celebrated among the lonely ruins on the island. Thompson reported the pilgrimage and program in verses fairly well done.

The unveiling of Crawford's equestrian statue of Washington in Richmond²⁷ was an event long anticipated and ever remembered. Unfortunately the day (February 22, 1858) was marred by a blizzard, one of the worst that ever swept Virginia. Governor Henry Alexander Wise introduced John Reuben Thompson, who delivered the opening ode. It was a happy occasion in a life which had too few happy days. James Barron Hope, another editor and poet and patriot, spoke the final poem.

Perhaps Thompson referred to himself when he wrote:²⁸

“That till the mighty prophets come
The part of Poesy is to be dumb?

* * * *

All, all are poets on whom God confers
The gift of nature's true interpreters.”

To this creed we readily subscribe, always with the reservation that we do not have to read the poems.

²⁷*Through Centuries Three*, p. 458.

²⁸F. V. N. PAINTER, *Poets of Va.*, p. 178.

Quotation from “Poesy,” Columbia College, Washington, D. C., 1859.

IV

His health was poor and his was the struggle of a frail man to keep red blood in his veins and red figures out of his ledger.

Under the pressure of work and discouragement, Thompson's health failed. Dr. George William Bagby (May, 1860) took the magazine and Thompson moved to Augusta, Georgia, as editor of the "Southern Field and Fireside," at a salary of two thousand dollars.

War burst forth. Dust and ashes followed defeat and ruin. Three political poems came from his pen. None of them make good reading now, and they add nothing to his reputation.

"Coercion" demanded the right of a state to re-assume her sovereign powers. "Lincoln's Message" ridiculed the war president, following the other editors and politicians of the South without whose propaganda the people would never have been pushed into Civil War.²⁹

"On to Richmond" is a diatribe against General Winfield Scott, who, though a native Virginian, did not resign.³⁰

Thompson's patriotic soul was aflame with enthusiasm for the Confederate cause. He returned to Richmond (1861) as Assistant Secretary to the Commonwealth.

The fall of General Ashby inspired his finest poem.³¹ It alone would save his name to posterity.

²⁹*Through Centuries Three*, pp. 473-5.

³⁰*Days of Yester-Year*, pp. 189-190.

³¹The author's opinion. Other critics give the first place to "Stuart."

No finer threnody for a soldier has ever been written in America. It was the first of five war poems in which he reaches his zenith. Nothing he wrote before or after the war can be compared with these.³²

"Ashby" was published³³ in the "Richmond Whig" (June 13, 1862), seven days after the cavalier's untimely fall at Harrisonburg (June 6).

The fierce fighting known as the "Seven Days' Battle" revealed the genius of Robert E. Lee to an astonished world.³⁴ General George B. McClellan and the "finest army ever gathered and equipped on this planet" were driven from the hills above Richmond and relinquished the Peninsula campaign.

The afternoon before General A. P. Hill began his terrific assault³⁵ a thunderstorm swept Virginia. As the clouds in the west broke away the sun burst through, and a rainbow as beautiful as a benediction from heaven spanned the marshes of the Chickahominy and rested on the wings of the Confederate army. The soldiers were heartened by the omen. The bow of azure, crimson and gold promised victory; and, sure enough, victory came.

"The warm, weary day was departing—the smile
Of the sunset gave token the tempest had passed;
And the lightning yet fitfully gleamed for a while
On the cloud that sank sullen and dark in the east.

³²"Ashby," "Battle Rainbow," "Burial of Latane," "Home, Sweet Home" and "Stuart."

³³The poem is quoted in full, *Days of Yester-Year*, pp. 215-6. Also in *South. Lit. Mess.*, May Number, 1862.

³⁴Chapter XII.

³⁵Chapter XII.

For the fierce flame of war on the morrow flashed out
 And its thunder peals filled all the tremulous air;
 O'er the slippery entrenchment, and reddened redoubt
 Rang the wild cheer of triumph, the cry of despair.

Then a long week of glory and agony came—
 Of mute supplication, and yearning, and dread;
 When day unto day gave the record of fame,
 And night unto night gave the list of the dead.

* * * *

We had triumphed—the foe had fled back to his ships;
 His standards in rags and his legions a-wreck.
 But, alas, the stark faces and colorless lips
 Of our loved ones gave triumph's rejoicing a check.

And that Love, shining richly and full as the day
 Thro the tear-drops that moisten each martyr's proud pall,
 On the gloom of the past the bright bow shall display,
 Of Freedom, Peace, Victory best over all."

Thompson's third war poem, "The Burial of Latane," relates an incident which will never be forgotten in Virginia. Captain William Latane was the only soldier whom General J. E. B. Stuart lost in his sensational ride around McClellan. The brave young officer fell as "his company"³⁶ made a most brilliant and successful charge with drawn sabres." The Captain's brother delivered his body to Mrs. Catherine Brockenbrough for Christian burial. She sent for a clergyman, but the Federal officer refused to let him pass. Mrs. Brockenbrough³⁷ and Mrs.

³⁶Quotation from report of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart.

³⁷On the Brockenbrough family see *Va. Mag. of Hist. and Biog.*, Vol. V, pp. 447-9; Vol. VI, pp. 81-5; Vol. XXIX, p. 260.

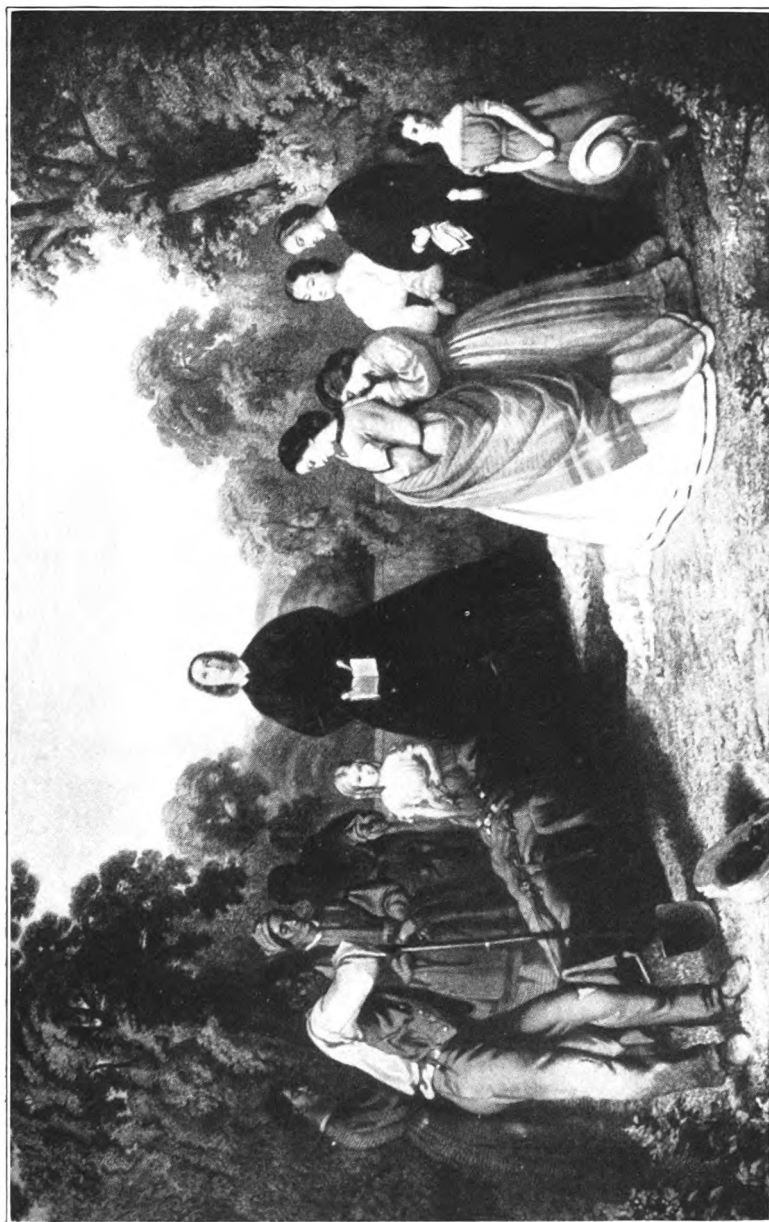


Photo by H. P. Cook from painting by W. B. Washington

THE BURIAL OF LATANE
Chapter XIII

Willoughby Newton read the familiar service and heaped the mound with flowers.

Thompson told the story in the "Southern Literary Messenger." William D. Washington³⁸ read the poem and painted a famous picture.

"No man of God might say the burial rite
 Above the 'rebel'—thus declared the foe
 That blanched before him in the deadly fight.
 But woman's voice, in accents soft and low,
 Trembling with pity, touched with pathos, read
 O'er his hallowed dust the ritual for the dead.

* * * *

'Tis sown in weakness, it is raised in power,
 Softly the promise floated on the air.
 And the sweet breathings of the sunset hour
 Came back responsive to the mourner's prayer.
 Gently him they laid beneath the sod,
 And left him with his fame, his country and his God."

On the "circling hills" above "Rappahannock's waters" the two armies were separated only by the narrow stream.

The Federal band³⁹ at sunset played "Dixie" to the immense enthusiasm of the gray-clad boys who crowded to the southern shore. "Hill and plain" re-echoed with the "yelling of the Rebels."

The band swung into "Yankee Doodle;" then "loud shrieked the swarming boys in blue defiance to the Rebels." That martial air died, and the "plaintive notes" of "Home Sweet Home," "stirred the hidden founts of feeling."

³⁸MRS. MARY NEWTON STANARD, *Richmond*, pp. 192-3.

³⁹BAYARD TAYLOR relates the same incident in a poem.

Or Blue or Gray, the soldier sees
 As by a wand of fairy
 The cottage 'neath the live oak trees,
 The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold, or warm, his native skies
 Bend in their beauty o'er him;
 Seen through the tear mist in his eyes,
 His loved ones rise before him.

As fades the iris after rain
 In April's tearful weather
 The vision vanished, as the strain
 And daylight died together.

It was a sad day (May 11, 1864) that brought the fall of James Ewell Brown Stuart. His sword flashed in the foremost fight for three full years.⁴⁰ Sheridan pushed toward Richmond. Stuart challenged him at Yellow Tavern. As he fell, he cried, "Go back! I would rather die than be whipped."

They laid him with thousands who died to defend their hearths and homes.⁴¹ On the impulse, Thompson wrote⁴² his "Stuart," usually considered his finest effort.

And thus our Stuart at this moment seems
 To ride out of our dark and troubled story
 Into the region of romance and dreams,
 A realm of light and glory.

And sometimes when the silver bugles blow
 That radiant form, in battle reappearing,
 Shall lead his horsemen, headlong on the foe,
 In victory careering!

⁴⁰LYON G. TYLER, *Cyclopedia of Va. Biography*, Vol. III, p. 89.

⁴¹Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond.

⁴²Published in the *Richmond Examiner*.

Thompson collected his better poems for publication in England (1863), but they were lost on the Atlantic.

V

The fortunes of war turned ever more sharply against the South. Hope of foreign intervention faded. Thompson was sent to London to use his influence and especially his pen in the Southern cause. He travelled (June 22, 1864) to Danville, Raleigh and Wilmington.⁴³ He was so feeble his friends carried him aboard the blockade runner, "Cape Fear" (July 5), but the voyage was beneficial and his health improved. He reached London be-times by way of Bermuda.

He wished to establish a paper in London, devoted to the Confederate cause, but nothing came of it.

Thompson made many friends, among them Dean Stanley, Francis Turner Palgrave, Stuart Wortley, Lord Donoughmore and Kingslake.

Two entries in his diary are interesting and illuminating: "April 23, 1865. Received a letter from my sister, dated April 3, describing the terrible scenes attending the evacuation of Richmond. My books are burned, as I had supposed, and my father has lost all by the fire. This news and the surrender at Appomattox have wholly unfitted me for work." Three days later he wrote: "April 26, 1865. About two o'clock ---- came in bringing the startling news of Lincoln's assassination on the night of the 14th in the theatre at Washington by Jno. Wilkes Booth.

⁴³Chapter VI.

Was greatly shocked and distressed to hear it, because I do not think a shameful murder can advance any good cause, and I fear Europe will be easily persuaded that Booth was prompted to commit the terrible crime by Confederates.⁴⁴ I was especially pained that he profaned the motto of Virginia, 'Sic semper tyrannis,' by shouting it from the stage.⁴⁵ I found the whole mighty metropolis in the most intense excitement."

VI

Thompson returned to Richmond, but could find no employment. William Cullen Bryant secured him a meagre salary as "literary editor" of the "New York Evening Post." In days gone Thompson criticized Bryant as sharply as he had Longfellow. But Bryant's forgiveness and kindness are noteworthy. J. Q. C. Lamar was right when he declared, "My countrymen, know one another and you will love one another."

Edmund Clarence Stedman and Richard Henry Stoddard also befriended the dying Confederate. And he was dying; no mistake about it!

Two poems of protest against the brutal excesses of Congressional Reconstruction fell burning hot from his pen. Of the unspeakable Underwood⁴⁶ he wrote:

⁴⁴John Wilkes Booth was not a Southern man. He was a madman; a dissipated and degenerate son of a fine English family. The attempt to connect President Jefferson Davis with the heinous murder was the most indefensible political blackmail attempted in American annals.

⁴⁵Chapter XX.

⁴⁶*Through Centuries Three*, p. 512. This poem appeared in "The Land We Love" (1867).

“Virginia! how sad is thy case,
 How degraded thy judgments impartial
 When Underwood sits in the place
 That once was adorned by a Marshall!
 We say it with reason that Fate
 Was cruel, if not undiscerning,
 To give Knavery, Pedantry, Hate,
 For Goodness and Wisdom and Learning.”

“The Old Guard,” New York, published “Virginia
 Fuit.”

“*Consummatum*—the work of destruction is done,
 The race of the first of the states has been run,
 The guile of her foes is triumphant at last,
 And Virginia,⁴⁷ like Poland, belongs to the past!

How low she lies now, stript of half her domain,⁴⁸
 Bewailing her sons who in battle were slain,
 With the shade of an infinite sadness upon her.
 And all she loved dearest, all lost, but her honor!

Let them falsify fact, without conscience or ruth;
 Let them paralyze justice and manacle Truth,⁴⁹
 But of just retribution there cometh a day—
 The Master has promised—I WILL REPAY.”

Thompson's last poem was written in New York, five years before his death, for his latest years were not prolific of poems. It is a touching story:

On the last night, but one, of the year '67, when a snow cloud hung darkly 'twixt Broadway and heaven, a little Italian tatterdemalion, ragged, friendless, dirty and brown, bent 'neath the weight of a harp, sank

⁴⁷*Through Centuries Three*, pp. 492-9.

⁴⁸*Through Centuries Three*, p. 482.

⁴⁹*Through Centuries Three*, pp. 497-505.

on the steps of a Fifth Avenue palace. The watchman rolled him to the pavement and in constabulatory tones bade him be-gone.

“But Miserrimus answered him never a word,
Nor waked from his slumber, nor whispered, nor stirred.
The harp-strings were mute as the harp-strings of Tara;
And dumb in the bundle of rags was the wearer.
And the soul of the outcast, escaping its bars,
Away through the snow clouds that shut out the stars,
Away from the sorrows and sins of the city,
Had taken its flight to the Infinite Pity!”

Even in this metropolitan story⁵⁰ he had a plea for his distressed people.

“Think of the thousands who perish and die
In the sorrowful South; of the children who cry
For food unto mothers, who writhe with the pain
That the cry of the children, O God, is in vain!”

In the early days of 1872 he journeyed to Nassau, Cuba, and New Orleans, with William Cullen Bryant. A year later he fled to Denver; but it was useless. He returned to New York and died (April 30, 1873). The obsequies, in New York and again in Richmond, would have pleased him. Edmund Clarence Stedman, Richard Henry Stoddard, William Cullen Bryant, Whitelaw Reid, Judge Roger A. Pryor,⁵¹ Blair Scribner and Richard Watson Gilder stood by his bier in New York.

At Richmond the train was met by Dr. Moses D. Hoge, General P. T. Moore, H. C. Cabell, Judge R.

⁵⁰Published in *Harper's Weekly*, 1868.

⁵¹Chapter X.

B. Wellford, James Pleasants, Major Lewis Ginter, Dr. George W. Bagby, James A. Cowardin, Judge W. W. Crump, James A. Seddon and Raleigh T. Daniel. They bore him to St. Paul's Church, thence to Hollywood.⁵² He sleeps near J. E. B. Stuart, whom he loved and lauded.

VII

Long after his death his life-long friend, Colonel W. Gordon McCabe, wrote: "He left copies of his poems exquisitely done, looking to their eventual publication. I saw them four years before he died endorsed in his beautiful handwriting." But they disappeared.⁵³

That was the third time his work met with accidental disaster. The fire in New York wiped out his book of travel. The poems he sent to London in 1863 disappeared at sea, and after his death his papers were lost.

His fame has grown dim. Perhaps the loss of the manuscripts obscured his name.⁵⁴ But his friends did not forget him. Philip Pendleton Cooke wrote his requiem:

"Peace to the poet's shade; His ashes rest
Near the sweet spot he loved on earth the best."

The James River "murmurs as it flows,
Perpetual requiem o'er his soft repose."

⁵²WM. LANDER WEBER, *Southern Poets*, p. 14.

⁵³ARMISTEAD C. GORDON, *Memories of W. Gordon McCabe*, Vol. II, p. 87.

⁵⁴CARL HOLLIDAY, *Hist. of South. Lit.*, p. 302, calls him John Randolph Thompson. *Ridpath's Libr. of Univ. Lit.* repeats the same fictitious name.

A gracious flower is laid to his memory in this line of his biographer:⁵⁵

“His poems fill few pages but many hearts.”

Gratitude is a virtue as fine as it is rare—so rare that one is at times tempted to question whether it exists! Thompson encouraged Margaret Junkin Preston⁵⁶ in her rise to a modest fame. Standing beside his grave, newly made, she wrote three beautiful stanzas to his memory, closing with these lines:

“Think of the thousand mellow rhymes,
The pure idyllic passion-flowers,
Wherewith in far-gone, happier times
He garlanded this South of ours.

Provinçal-like, he wandered long
And sang at many a stranger’s board;
Yet ’twas Virginia’s name that poured
The tenderest pathos through his song.

We owe the poet praise and tears,
Whose ringing ballad sends the brave,
Bold Stuart riding down the years—
What have we given him? Just a grave.”

⁵⁵JOHN S. PATTON, *Poems of J. R. Thompson*.

⁵⁶The daughter of Dr. George Junkin, president of Washington and Lee University and the sister of General Stonewall Jackson’s first wife. The wife of Prof. J. T. L. Preston of Lexington, Va.

CHAPTER XIV

THE MARCH OF THE MOUNTAIN MEN

They came along our western ways, through dim woodlands, wild and wide, where the sky, and grass, and water and mountains are blue. They made their homes in Virginia's umbrageous valleys; some chose a pleasant slope, some a sequestered cove, and some the bank of a brimming brook.

I

THE LAND AWAITS

A casual glance at the map of Virginia shows a considerable section of the commonwealth, known as Southwestern Virginia, thrust south and westward. North Carolina and Tennessee lie along the southern edge, the ragged boundaries of West Virginia to the north and a long retreating line separates Kentucky to the west. This land lies wholly within the valley of the Mississippi, while all the state beside drains to the lordly Chesapeake or the spreading waters of Albemarle Sound.

Even a painstaking study of maps and charts fails to give an adequate idea of this delightful country. Its mountains rise to the sky on dim and distant horizons. Its fertile valleys sweep on between mountain corridors, and follow cold, rapid rivers which lapse away into the thick shadows of primeval forests. Massive rocks and naked mountain slopes vainly seek to obstruct the streams which twist, turn and

dash impetuously against every obstacle, showing white tusks of anger.

This is a land of blue grass pastures that need not be seeded nor turned for the lush turf is indigenous to the soil. Once the trees are cut these sloping fields are clothed with rich, green mantles. This is the land of the chestnut, the oak, the elm, the pine, the hemlock¹ and the taut lashorn standing stiff, green-black and uncompromising upon the crest of the mountains. The snow lingers long upon these heights, and in the hidden coves and shady coverts of the hills. The breezes of spring are fragrant with the breath of the arbutus, which the melting snow discovers. In June the rhododendron flings a riot of color into every sequestered nook, fringes the brooks with inimitable tints of pink and purple, and offers rich incense in nature's lofty sanctuaries.

But the beauty of the mountain land and the perennial wealth gathered from farm, field and forest are by no means the chief asset of this country. The manhood nurtured here has been potent and distinguished from the first generation.²

History is, however, strangely silent. Southwestern Virginia has never heralded her heroes who have come down from these heights to hold their own in the councils of states and nation. They have led armies, won victories, written books, and become

¹Called locally spruce.

²THEODORE ROOSEVELT, *Winning of the West*, Vol. I, Chap. 5: "Full credit has been awarded the Roundhead and the Cavalier for their leadership in our history. Nor have we been blind to the Hollander and the Huguenot, but it is doubtful if we have realized the importance of that stern and virile people whose preachers taught the creed of Knox and Calvin."

renowned as governors, lawyers, orators, statesmen, clergymen, admirals and captains of industry. The greatest of her sons is Stephen Austin.

Seventeen counties, pulsing with life, aggressive, cultured and wealthy, fall into four platoons, lying snugly in the valleys or boldly mounting the dim summits as though commanded to fall in line. Three lie on the crest of the Blue Ridge,³ five bestride the great valley,⁴ five chin the ridge-roof of the Appalachians,⁵ and four nestle against the tumbled Cumberlands.⁶ The state of Massachusetts would but slightly overlie them, if hypothecated here, and Connecticut is smaller.

Commercially, Southwestern Virginia begins at Roanoke. Topographically it begins at the height of land between the Mississippi and the smaller rivers which drain to the southeast.

Immediately south of Salem the Blue Ridge presents an impressive front.⁷ It is the northern extremity of a gigantic mountain mass which lies like a wedge, pushing southward and westward, reaching higher levels at every bound, and carrying a great plateau upon its back.

Before these mountains leave the state, they throw two massive peaks against the sky, Mount Rogers (5,719 feet)⁸ and White Top (5,520 feet), the loftiest summits in Virginia.

³Floyd, Carroll and Grayson.

⁴Montgomery, Pulaski, Wythe, Smythe and Washington.

⁵Giles, Bland, Tazewell, Russell and Scott.

⁶Buchanan, Dickenson, Wise and Lee.

⁷Known as Twelve o'Clock Knob.

⁸*Days of Yester-Year*, pp. 263-285.

World Almanac, 1930, p. 733.

Beyond the state line the ridge heaves higher still, until at Mount Mitchell (6,711) and Clingman's Dome (6,644), the greatest heights east of the Rocky Mountains are attained.

Through this Virginian plateau New River, a young and rollicking rivulet, flows literally upon the top of the mountains. It turns hither and thither like a silver serpent, seeking a chance to leap the Blue Ridge and join the pleasant rivers of Piedmont. But it seeks in vain, and turns westward at last to the distant Ohio.

For uncounted years wild animals traveled the floor of the valley in their migrations. The Indians with instinct keenly developed eschewed the heights and followed the animal traces. Pioneers followed the Indian paths. Towns and cities grew in the wake of the pioneers, and the railways and metaled highways have linked the towns. One may travel from New York to New Orleans and never climb a ridge! The highest elevation between ocean and gulf is only 2,500 feet.⁹

The western wall of the Valley of Virginia lifts a double rampart. Walker's Mountain stands forward and behind it mighty Clinch, chief backbone of the entire Alleghany system, rears an impressive and inhospitable front. Between them umbrageous valleys and rich coves are filled with happy farms.

The Valley of the Clinch lies between the Valley of Virginia to the east and the topsy turvy Cumberlands to the west.

⁹At Rural Retreat. *Virginia*, Dept. of Agriculture, p. 254.

Four Cumberland counties lie with their backs against Kentucky. This is not a land of pleasant pastures and bucolic peace, but the home of busy towns, ambitious for industrial development. To be sure, the soft blue haze which transfigures all our summits clings to every mountainhead, but the soil of the Cumberlands is rugged and stern. The tangled hills push rudely forward and jostle one another out of all order and sequence. The country resembles the waves of an angry sea fixed in its fury forever.

The Cumberland counties have found a friend in the facile pen of John Fox, Jr. He loved the sequestered coves and the rivers which break through frowning gorges and win their wild way to the Ohio.¹⁰

God is a generous giver. The four Cumberland counties, the poorest in Virginia, are, by a paradox, probably the richest. Beneath the sterile soil lie beds of coal and from these naked hills come power to drive a million wheels on land and propel a thousand ships at seas. Lee County, thrust forth like a toe between Kentucky and Tennessee, ends at Cumberland Gap and unites in its ample bosom the blue grass pastures of the limestone land and the rich mines of the sandstone hills.

II

TWILIGHT BEFORE DAWN

Half a century had not passed before the Burgesses at Jamestown gave serious thought to the unex-

¹⁰The Cumberland Vendetta.
Trail of the Lonesome Pine.
Blue Grass and Rhododendron.
The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come, &c.

ploded lands which lay toward the setting sun. The first native-born generation took control. For them the frontiers had no terrors. The great woods from whose unknown recesses lordly rivers were forever flowing belonged to Virginia. The western wilderness, with thick forests, swelling plains and shadowy mountains, was their heritage and the dominion of their children in generations yet unborn.

Many colonial fortunes were made in furs. Indians and long hunters brought valuable pelts to exchange for guns, powder and firewater. It was against the law to sell fire-arms to the Indians, but they did it nevertheless.¹¹

Abraham Wood, a colossal colonial figure, came to the James (about 1620), a mere lad. He acquired large grants of land and (1644) was elected to the House of Burgesses. He became a merchant prince.¹² His trade in furs touched the Cherokees in Georgia and the dealers of London.

He was invited into the Governor's Council (1658), an honor open only to the wealthiest and most influential Virginians.¹³

The General Assembly requested Colonel Wood to explore the distant mountains. They wished him to find that "new river" which the Cherokees insisted flowed the "wrong way." Of course, all sober American rivers from the Penobscot to the Altamaha flowed south and eastward from the mountains to the sea.

¹¹Chapter IX.

T. J. WERTENBAKER, *Va. Under the Stuarts*, p. 147.

William and Mary Quarterly, Vol. IX, p. 6.

¹²*Through Centuries Three*, pp. 150-5.

¹³ARTHUR KYLE DAVIS, *Three Centuries of An Old Va. Town*.

No river should take such liberties with geography as to flow north or westward.

Colonel Wood¹⁴ set forth on the toilsome but romantic journey. Unfortunately for his fame and memory this Abraham had no Boswell. It is not sufficient that men do great deeds. There must be a pen to record them. One may venture a guess that from Wood's Town he traveled the Occaneechee Trace, crossing the Roanoke at Long Island (Clarksville).

Twenty years later Abraham Wood sent a party to continue the exploration. They would likely follow the Dan to the vicinity of Leaksville, North Carolina, then Smith River, passing the site of Martinsville, Virginia, and over the rough flanks of the Blue Ridge, which here present a magnificent front, thickly forested, stern, uncompromising. The explorers passed through a lofty gap known as Wood's Gap to this day, the fine old Colonel's only memorial in Virginia

On the plateau they found the river they sought, swift, cold, tortuous, cutting through the hills at sharp angles, as a knife cuts cheese.

The Indians called it "Canaway" (Kanawha), which they said meant "the river of the woods." But they changed the translation slightly and called it "Wood's River."

The Burgesses accepted neither name. To them it was a new river, different from all the rest. "New River" has held its name in North Carolina and Virginia, although before it reaches the Ohio at Point

¹⁴ALVORD AND BIDGOOD, *Trans-Alleghany Explorations*, p. 54 &c.

Pleasant it resumes the ancient Indian name, Kanawha.

Colonel Wood's party were the first white men to enter the imperial domain of Southwestern Virginia.¹⁵

As a sequel to Colonel Wood's exploration, Captain Henry Batte¹⁶ came to Wood's River in 1666. His brief journey added little to the knowledge of the colony. Five years later (1671) his brother, Thomas Batte,¹⁷ also explored here.

The discovery of these rich, vast regions beyond the frontiers of civilization, made little impression upon Seventeenth Century Virginia. But the long hunters came. From the earliest years they adopted the Indians' methods, dress and tactics. They¹⁸ spoke Cherokee and acquired the proverbial endurance of red men.

Some of them lived with the Cherokees and were accepted as members of their tribes. Many captives were forced to live with them.

To New River, Holston, Clinch, and along the Cumberlands, the Cherokees came, hunting; and sometimes, they passed northward to make war upon their inveterate foes, the Iroquois.

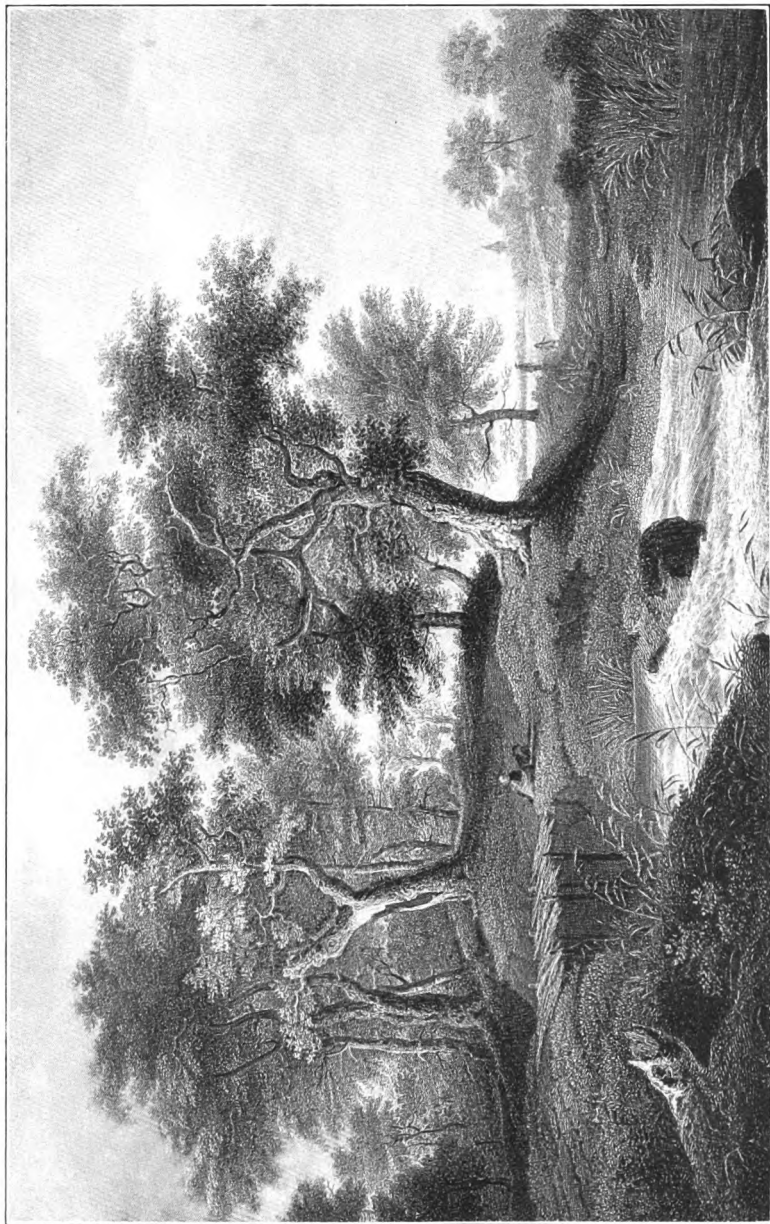
¹⁵Page 147.

VIRGIL A. LEWIS: "New River was discovered in 1641-2 by Walter Austin, Rice Hoe and their associates."

¹⁶Henry Batte represented Charles City County in the House of Burgesses. Henry and Thomas were brothers.

¹⁷For the journal of Thomas Batte see LOUIS PRESTON SUMMERS *Annals of Southwest Va.*, pp. 1-7.

¹⁸The last of the long hunters in Virginia was Wilburn Waters. For his diary see L. P. SUMMERS *Annals of Southwestern Virginia*, pp. 1516-1635.



From an old engraving

THE LAND OF THE MOUNTAIN MEN

They made their homes in umbrageous valleys; some chose a pleasant slope, some a sequestered cove, and some the bank of a brimming brook.—
Chapter XIV.

III

THE COMING OF THE COLONELS

A long chain of causation¹⁹ led to the eventual settlement of Southwestern Virginia. The first link harks back to Benjamin Burden,²⁰ an able deputy of Thomas, sixth Baron Fairfax.²¹

Burden's son-in-law, James Patton,²² served as a lieutenant in the British navy. He finally made his home on a fine estate of fourteen hundred acres,²³ which he bought for five shillings (83½ cents)! We judge the lieutenant was rather good at a trade. He is described as "a tall and commanding figure," when he carried eight and fifty years on his broad shoulders.

Lieutenant Patton's son-in-law, Colonel John Buchanan,²⁴ also had a son-in-law, Charles Campbell, a young man of superb physical strength, noted even along these frontiers for his endurance. It would seem that the genius of this distinguished, colonial family lay in the ability of their respective daughters to select men of worth for their mates.

Lieutenant (afterward Colonel) Patton secured from the crown a grant of 120,000 acres, to be taken west of the Alleghany Mountains. No doubt the

¹⁹SAMUEL KERCHEVAL, *Hist. of the Valley*.

²⁰Also called Benjamin Borden, PHILIP ALEX. BRUCE, Vol. I, p. 319.

See also WILLIAM HENRY FOOTE, *Sketches of Va.*, Vol. I, Chap. VI.

²¹*Days of Yester-Year*, pp. 131-133.

Letters from Governor Gooch, *Va. Mag. of Hist. & Biog.*, Oct. 1920.

²²LYON G. TYLER, *Cyclop. Va. Biog.*, Vol. I, p. 302.

²³The town of Waynesboro is built upon Patton's plantation.

²⁴Margaret Patton married John Buchanan.

See PHILIP ALEX. BRUCE, *Hist. of Va.*, Vol. I, p. 337.

crown (and the head under it) had notions exceedingly vague as to these frontiers.

Colonel Patton and his sons-in-law unto two generations set forth promptly to select the fattest coves in the mountain country. Who can blame them? The prize falls to the shrewd and the before-handed.

East of the swelling crest of Blue Ridge, Dr. Thomas Walker lived on a fine plantation, Castle Hill, twenty miles from Colonel Patton. The Colonel invited his neighbor, a young man of thirty-three at that time, to join him in his proposed hegira to the southwest.

Of all men who had a hand in opening and developing Southwestern Virginia, Dr. Walker is the peer. Few Virginians of the Eighteenth Century had a more useful or sensational career.

He was born in Abingdon Parish, Gloucester County, where the family was already ancient. An ancestor, another Tom Walker, sat in the Governor's Council (1662) beside Abraham Wood.

While the younger Tom studied at William and Mary he decided upon medicine, and began practice at Fredericksburg. But the great western wilderness lured him and he finally settled at Castle Hill, in the new piedmont county of Albemarle. Into Albemarle he introduced the pippin, the fame of which, and the favor and flavor of which have since filled an hungry world.

In the spring of 1748²⁵ a body of knights well mounted and well attended began their journey.

²⁵Journal of Thomas Walker, L. P. SUMMERS, *Annals of Southwestern Virginia*, pp. 8-26.

They crossed the upper James at twin villages which retain the name of two of the party.²⁶ They climbed a rising horizon to the south, passing Catawba Valley, a beautiful cove, dedicated of recent years to healing the sick.²⁷ Catawba was as rich as the Garden of the Lord, so Colonel Patton staked a claim. They rode to Draper's Meadows, lifted skyward on the mountain's summit and as fair as Catawba. Here Colonel Patton staked another claim on a site, since dedicated to education.²⁸ Alas, the thrifty colonel little recked that his life's blood would one day dye this rich, green sod!

The cavalcade crossed New River at Ingles' Ferry, above Radford, and came to another magnificent valley, a prospect as fair as Catawba or Blacksburg. The Colonel staked another claim and called the tract "Anchor and Hope," a far echo of his youthful days upon distant seas. He gave this estate²⁹ out of hand to his daughter, Mrs. John Buchanan, a dowry befitting a princess.

At the head waters of Holston, on a gentle but lofty divide between the Kanawha and Tennessee rivers, Colonel Patton staked another claim, "Davis' Fancy." One of the knights named Davis fancied it, and his posterity reside upon it in the sixth and seventh generation to this day.³⁰

²⁶Buchanan and Pattonville.

²⁷The state institute for tubercular patients.

²⁸Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Blacksburg, Va.

²⁹Now Max Meadows, but the church of the village retains the ancient and picturesque name "Anchor of Hope," slightly changed from "Anchor and Hope."

³⁰Near Mt. Airy, a mile or more from Rural Retreat.

Down the cool, green valley they passed. The swiftly running waters of Holston River chanted a ceaseless welcome and the sky bent blue above them, the mountains towered dim green on either hand, the forests stretched before them, a land as fair, as inviting, and as wholesome as the sun in his journey smiles upon.

The long ridge that kept them company to their right, they called Walker's Mountain, for their companion, neighbor, physician and scribe.

Beyond Walker's Mountain, the taller Clinch offered no gap until they turned at Long Island of Holston and passed through the barrier at Gate City, long known as Estillville.

Again they faced a lofty range, Stone Mountain; again they found a gap—Big Stone Gap. Turning southward and travelling with the water, they called the next range "Cumberland." And a gap in this range they named Cumberland Gap. Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee make a point near Cumberland Gap.

The colonels, or perhaps the physician, left this memorial to William, Duke of Cumberland, son of King George II, brother of Frederick, Prince of Wales, the uncle of George III, and the victor of Culloden Moor. They were much impressed with the seams of coal, lying often exposed by erosion and naked to view.

When they returned from the Cumberland country they followed a narrower valley between Clinch and Walker's Mountain. It was so fertile they named it

Rich Valley, and Colonel John Buchanan³¹ staked his claim. Many of his posterity reside there.

They climbed from Rich Valley to a spacious cove on the crest of Clinch Mountain, sixty square miles of meadowland, three thousand feet above the sea. One of their axemen, James Burke, planted the peelings of potatoes. Long afterward an abundant harvest was found and eaten. From this trivial circumstance Burke's Garden,³² a favored corner of Tazewell County, received its name.

Colonel Patton returned to Waynesboro and Dr. Walker to Castle Hill, but the land of the Southwest was from that time a prize Virginia set her heart upon, and determined to possess and hold against all rivals, savage or civilized.

IV

IN THE GREAT WOODS

The young physician of Castle Hill³³ recognized his opportunity in the fair lands which had lain empty since creation's dawn. Fortune did not have to knock twice at the colonial doors of Castle Hill.

The Loyal Land Company was organized and asked a charter for 800,000 acres of land west of the Alleghany Mountains and north of the Carolina line. The wisest heads, it may be said in passing, had not the slightest idea where that long lost line would cross the mountain barrier. The sites of Pittsburgh,

³¹THOS. W. PRESTON, *Hist. of the Holston Valleys*, pp. 32-36.

³²Chapter XVIII. BICKLEY, in his history of Tazewell County, gives a different version.

³³LYON G. TYLER, *Cyclop. Va. Biog.*, Vol. I, p. 350.

Pennsylvania, and Knoxville, Tennessee, were both supposed to lie within the ample bosom of this colony.³⁴

The Loyal Land Company was well named and well officered, for the life, brain and heart of it was Thomas Walker. He had not viewed those upland valleys, smiling in the sunshine, he had not measured those naked seams of coal, nor pushed through those lordly forests, nor lain in the lusk pastures of blue grass for naught—not he, Dr. Thomas Walker!

The charter was signed July 12, 1749, and on March 6, 1750, a select company,³⁵ expert frontiersmen and veteran long hunters, left Castle Hill, and passed over steep hillsides now terraced for the homes of Lynchburg. They forded numerous branches of the Otter, racing southward to join the brimming Staunton. They held the bold Peaks of Otter on their right and crossed the Blue Ridge by Buford's Gap, "on an ascent and descent so easy that a stranger would not know he had crossed the Ridge." They camped upon the site of Roanoke, passed the site of Salem, holding Twelve o'Clock Knob consistently to their left. They struck the trace Dr. Walker traveled two years before with the colonels. At length they crossed a clear mountain river flowing from the Cumberlands, and Ambrose Powell, one of Dr. Walker's company, carved his name on a tree by the nameless stream, and he carved it so deep and

³⁴THOMAS W. PRESTON, *Hist. Sketches of Holston Valleys*, p. 33: "The boundary between Virginia and Tennessee was not settled until the compromise line of 1802 was established."

³⁵Journal of Dr. Walker is given in L. P. SUMMERS, *Hist. of Wash. Co.*, pp. 796-807.

so well that a party of Virginians riding into Kentucky twenty years later (1770) found his name. From that day to this it has been Powell's River, and mountain and valley. Ambrose unwittingly cut his name as deep into the geography of this country as his courageous grandson and namesake cut his name into the history and affection of his fellowmen.³⁶

Dr. Walker penetrated as far into Kentucky as the site of Pineville, through Bell County, down the Cumberland River into Knox and Whitley Counties, and probably into Pulaski and Laurel. At last they turned again eastward and ascended the Clinch, noting especially the immense deposits of coal. They climbed through the hills of West Virginia and reached an outpost of civilization at the junction of Greenbrier and New Rivers.

This long and toilsome exploration caught the popular fancy. Virginia's boldest youths were eager for adventure. They asked nothing better than to brave the perils of the wilderness and carve for themselves fortunes and establish estates in these fertile western lands.³⁷ The Loyal Land Company located not less than 224 tracts of fine land and sold them promptly to prospective settlers.

King George granted a charter to the Ohio Company,³⁸ a rival of the Loyal Company, the same day.

³⁶Chapter XII: Ambrose Powell Hill.

WALLACE NUTTING, *Va. Beautiful*, p. 228.

³⁷L. P. SUMMERS, *Hist. of Wash. Co.*, p. 792.

³⁸B. A. HINSDALE, *The Old Northwest*, Chap. V.

Va. Mag. of Hist. and Biog., Oct. 1928, p. 323.

B. FERNOW, *Ohio Valley in Colonial Days*, Chap. V.

It was to locate 500,000 acres west of the Alleghany Mountains and south of the Ohio River. George Washington was one of the largest stockholders, and other members of his family were interested.

The Ohio Company employed Christopher Gist,³⁹ an expert woodsman and scout, to locate their grants. Gist started westward (October, 1750), three months after Dr. Walker returned (July). He penetrated as far as the falls of the Ohio (Louisville) and returned through Pound Gap in the Cumberland Mountains. He left his name in Gist River, and followed Dr. Walker's trace to the Greenbrier.

It has no bearing on this story, but it is interesting to note that young George Washington took Christopher Gist with him when he made his famous journey to the French commander at Fort Duquesne,⁴⁰ to deliver the demand which precipitated the French and Indian (Seven Years') War. The expert scout returned to Williamsburg with Washington.

Southwestern Virginia was claimed by four powerful rivals. The French contended that all land draining to the Ohio was an integral part of New France.

The Iroquois stoutly maintained that these regions were their favorite hunting ground, which they had conquered in fair fight from the Cherokees.

³⁹For the Journal of Christopher Gist, see L. P. SUMMERS, *Annals of Southwestern Virginia*, pp. 27-57.

⁴⁰J. WINDSOR, *Struggle for Great Valleys of North America*, Narrative and Crit. Hist. of Amer., Vol. V, Chap. 8.

Also CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER, *Pioneers of the Old Southwest*, pp. 75-83.

The Cherokees as stoutly denied the Iroquois conquest. These valleys were theirs and had been visited by their hunting parties every summer through unremembered years.

The British claimed the section as the "back parts of Virginia," to quote an homely phrase constantly used in ancient deeds and grants. Under no circumstances would Great Britain permit any power, savage or civilized, to dispute her rights and thereby threaten the very existence of her colonies along the seaboard. It need hardly be said that the Virginians, to the last man and gun, were solidly behind the Motherland.

The logic of events both in Europe and America made it clear that only by the shedding of blood would these intricate questions be settled.⁴¹

V

WINNING THE FRONTIERS

The Seven Years' War brought terrors untold to the expanding, unprepared and exposed frontiers of Virginia. The horrid tale of murder, arson, rapine, assassination, expatriation and of tortures worse than death has never been fully told. Yet enough is known.

All the colonies suffered. But Virginia's territory was enormous. It bordered the Ohio for its entire length, for which valley the hostile French and their cruel and implacable allies contended. The Shawnees were especially vindictive and made constant

⁴¹CHAS. E. KEMPER, *Va. Mag. of Hist. and Biog.*, April 22, pp. 169-182.

inroads from the Scioto. Near the head-springs of the Potomac, up the Valley of Virginia in a wavering and irregular line, across New River and down the Holston and Clinch, the anguish, anxiety and torture spread through eight interminable years; for the Seven Years' War lasted eight years in America.

Peace and victory came at last (1763). The French claims were extinguished. New France vanished after two centuries, and Canada was born. All nations were war-worn and war-weary. England desired peace on any reasonable terms. King George III, therefore, issued a proclamation (October 7, 1763),⁴² prohibiting settlement west of the Alleghany Mountains and commanding any there to retire.⁴³

The proclamation was bitterly resented in Virginia. The Scotch-Irish of the Valley, who had suffered so greatly and so long, were especially indignant. Then, too, what of the grants given, and bought and sold in good faith—all under the royal seal and signature?

The King was without doubt actuated by the best motives.⁴⁴ It was plainly a gesture to placate the hostile savages and give civilization a chance to rest and recuperate.

The Iroquois had been staunch allies to the British and should be rewarded. They certainly should not be offended. The Cherokees must be kept quiet. So numerous and powerful were they that the long river,

⁴²For the text of this proclamation see *Amer. Archives*, Series 4, Vol. I, p. 172.

⁴³THEODORE ROOSEVELT, *The Winning of the West*, Vol. I, Chap. 7.

⁴⁴W. F. POOLE, *The West From 1763 to 1783*.

Narrative and Crit. Hist. of Amer., Vol. VI, Chap. 9.

now known as the Tennessee, was originally called the Cherokee.⁴⁵

For five years the authorities in Williamsburg held the pioneers in check as best they could, although, it must be confessed, their reins were lax. A treaty with the Six Nations was finally concluded, October 24, 1768, at Fort Stanwix, New York, by which those tribes ceded to Great Britain their title to the southern hunting grounds from the Monongahela⁴⁶ to the Cherokee.⁴⁷ Dr. Thomas Walker represented Virginia at the conference, and he deserves chief credit for this amicable arrangement.

But the happy news was almost immediately forgotten in ominous reports from the Cherokees.⁴⁸ At Hard Labor, South Carolina, one John Stuart, superintendent of Indian Affairs, as commissioner from Virginia, signed a treaty with the Cherokee chiefs, agreeing that New River should henceforth be the permanent western boundary of settlement. No lands were ever to be occupied beyond it!

The wrath of the Virginians can readily be imagined. The arduous labor and expense of exploration, the bloodshed of the Seven Years' War, the diplomacy of the Crown and the treaty at Fort Stanwix had been rendered nugatory by a stroke of John Stuart's pen.

Baron de Botetourt, Virginia's able governor, dispatched Dr. Thomas Walker and Colonel Andrew

⁴⁵J. H. PERKINS, *Eng. Disc. in the Ohio Valley, North Amer. Review*.

⁴⁶Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

⁴⁷Paducah, Kentucky.

⁴⁸J. W. POWELL, Seventh Annual Report, Bureau of Ethnology, on the importance, influence and power of the Cherokees.

Lewis at once to South Carolina. The chiefs met them again, with Stuart, at Lochabar, October 18, 1770, and they agreed to molest no white settler in the disputed territory while negotiations were pending.

When this good word reached Virginia, the restless pioneers began their march. They did not await the signing of papers at Lochabar, but pressed into the promised land. Up the Shenandoah, across the James, along the headwaters of the Roanoke and over New River they moved. With instinct almost uncanny they selected the choicest, richest meadows and raised their log cabins beside the finest springs. Each month registered an onward movement of homeseekers and ardent builders.⁴⁹

Many took up lands along the three branches of Holston;⁵⁰ others climbed the bold face of Clinch Mountain and located in the rich valleys beyond;⁵¹ still others pushed southwestward to the Watauga and the lower lands of East Tennessee.

A traveler who passed along these frontiers en route to New Orleans in 1768 saw no trace of civilization beyond New River. In two years he returned and was amazed to find the valley, far down into Tennessee occupied and cultivated. In such brief time was this mountain empire filled with people. Not with the teeming populations of today, to be sure, but filled as frontiers are ever filled, the claim of one neighbor adjoining that of the next.

⁴⁹J. G. CRAIGHEAD, *Scotch and Irish Seeds in Amer. Soil*, pp. 265-286.

LYMAN CHALKLEY, *Va. Mag. of Hist. and Biog.*, Vol. XXX, pp. 183-202.

⁵⁰PHILIP ALEX. BRUCE, *Rebirth of the Old Dominion*, Vol. I, pp. 338-9.

⁵¹JOHN SARGEANT WISE, *End of an Era*, pp. 236-9.

The original settlers have shown remarkable tenacity. The pioneers held the land for their children and the children of their children. They abide upon the original grants a million strong, and many a farm is held by a title older than the nation.

Southwestern Virginians are colonial, almost to a man, although our colonial period closed less than six years after Dr. Walker's pre-treaty agreement was made with the Cherokees.

The original grants were often of huge extent. Each generation has seen the plantations become smaller. But the wealth and prosperity of the farmers have increased as their acres have grown less.

After the richer meadows were pre-empted lands less desirable were eagerly acquired. The farms climbed higher along the mountain slopes and retreated further into the sequestered coves. Those who had less wealth, energy or initiative were content on thinner lands or labored for their richer neighbors.

Clearings were frequently made without title and these squatters remained for years undisturbed, while the wealthy and perhaps absent owner paid the taxes and let them be. Many of them lived by shift of garden patches, odd jobs, lumbering, hunting and fishing.

But the race was one. The pioneers were Scotch-Irish, American born. With the human stream, originating for the more part in Pennsylvania and Virginia, many came from Scotland, Ulster and England. There is a dash of Huguenot blood and a considerable German element.

The fecundity of the of the poor families on the hills matched the large families in the valleys. From crowded cabins and narrow coves they follow the rivers. Mountain youth, earnest, sober, strong, determined, often ignorant and uncouth, seek the towns and the cities far from their homes. They descend from their lofty abodes to find their opportunity and new homes in every state and city of the Union. The commonwealths lying to the south and west have been especially enriched by this fine race.⁵²

As the Gulf stream passes through the depths of the Atlantic and blesses all the shores it touches, these children of the forest, multiplying in the fastnesses of our mountains, bring to every section of America the staunch faith, sturdy convictions and other heroic qualities which made their fathers mighty in the emerald fields of Ulster and among the heather hills of Scotland.⁵³

⁵²W. W. HENRY, *Scotch-Irish of the South*.

⁵³CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER, *Pioneers of the Old Southwest*, pp. 10-15.
FAIRFAX HARRISON, *Va. Mag. of Hist. and Biog.*, April 22, pp. 203-222.

CHAPTER XV

JOSEPH JOHNSON AN EXECUTIVE OF HIGH DECISION

**His was a troubled morning;
And his a golden day of action and glory.
His was an ashen evening, when the sky was hard,
austere and lowering;
But the fogs of forgetfulness have obscured his
name, and his fame has faded.**

He was the idol of the mountain men, a rare product of that fine land of lofty summits and fertile meadows which filled the far northwestern corner of Virginia, undivided. No writer of romance has woven a career more compelling, nor told a tale more intriguing, than these sober facts, largely forgotten. Joe Johnson's long and useful life was an inspiration. His struggles and his triumphs appealed to the noblest and best in man.

I

He was born¹ in Orange County, New York (December 10, 1785), hard against the Jersey boundary, to a father who fought the battles of his country in the recent Revolution. The young father died when Joe, his second son, was only five years (1790) old, leaving Abigail Wright Johnson, his widow, with five helpless children as his only estate.

¹R. A. BROCK, "Dec. 19."

LYON G. TYLER, "Dec. 10."

The South in the Building of the Nation, Vol. XI, p. 575.

Abigail was the woman for an emergency. The large family of small children moved to Sussex County, New Jersey, and lived for a decade, as we imagine,² among Abigail's kith and kin.

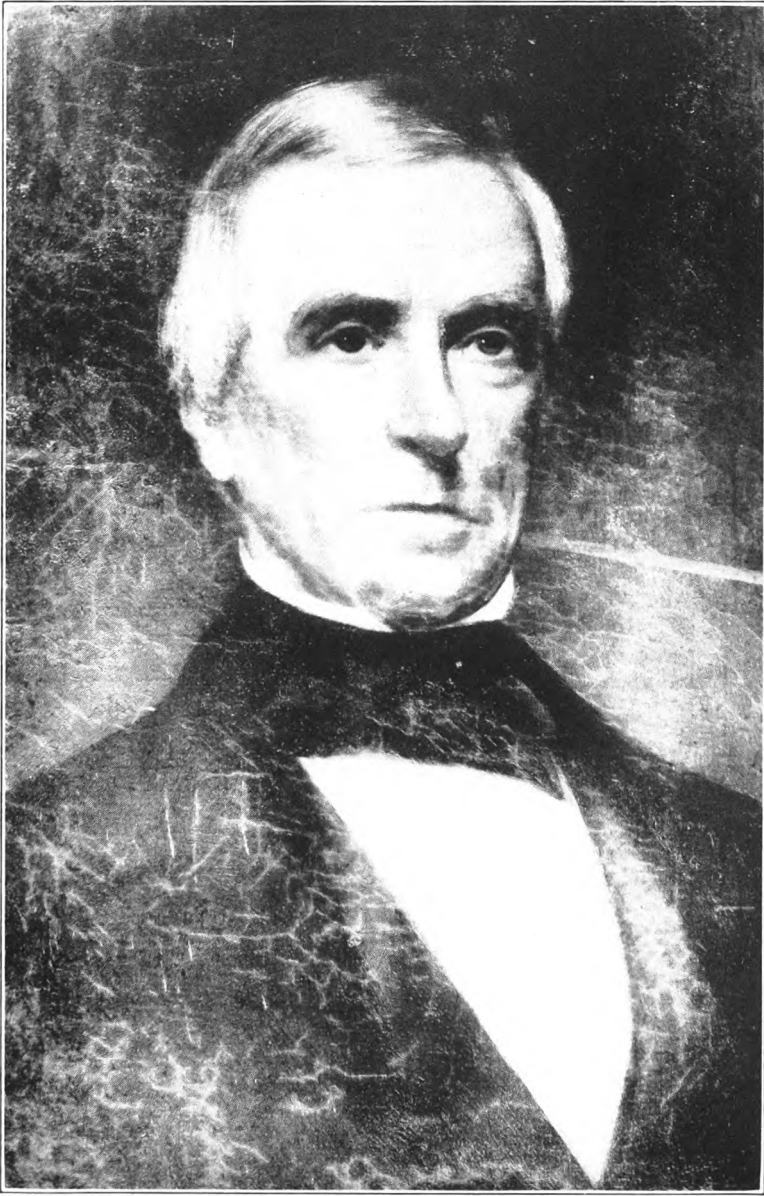
With the turn of the century Abigail and her growing brood removed to the inviting lands of Virginia. Despite narrow circumstances her daughter married. The son-in-law and two grandchildren journeyed with the rest.

Northwestern Virginia resembles Pennsylvania, against the angle of which it so snugly lies. Rapid rivers, bold and cold, spring from tangled hills and leap down winding valleys to the Ohio. That beautiful river³ is really native to these Virginian hills. The Monongahela, its chief source, is born here, unites with the Alleghany under the smoky canopy of Pittsburgh and returns again to trace in its deep channel the long western boundary of the Virginias.

As the Appalachian highlands approach the Ohio their heights grow less pronounced. Ridge after ridge, and valley after valley lie parallel to the Monongahela, flowing northward, and the Ohio returning southward. But these ranges lock their shoulders together and bar any passage across country. They frown upon all who attempt to travel eastward or westward, but open inviting avenues to those northward bound. By reason of this topography it followed, naturally and inevitably, that the rich and thickly forested valleys of the Cheat and Monongahela were settled

²There is no authority for this statement, but she was born and reared in Sussex County.

³The French always called the Ohio "La belle riviere."



*Photo by H. P. Cook
From Portrait by Jack Ecker
in Va. State Library*

JOSEPH JOHNSON

Governor of Virginia, 1852-1856.

Generated at Library of Congress on 2023-12-21 01:36 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uiug.30112049790725
Public Domain in the United States; Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-us-google

largely by pioneers who toiled upstream from western Pennsylvania; and the valley of the Ohio by those who floated downstream from Pittsburgh.

These steep hills, rich meadows and umbrageous valleys were thickly clothed with magnificent trees, to clear which was a gigantic task. And settlement here was retarded when the rich, level prairies of Ohio and Indiana were opened.

Abigail and her children climbed southward and upward along the rough roads that parallel the Monongahela until they reached Harrison County. The earliest family and most influential in these parts was the Jacksons, who came from Ireland to Maryland and multiplied rapidly in the wholesome country.⁴

Joe found a job at Bridgeport, a few miles east of the court house town, Clarksburg. Though young, he did a man's work. His employer, who rejoiced in the unusual name of Smith, had not the physical strength to clear the thick woodlands. The mechanical contrivances of today were unknown, and what could not be done by brawn was left.

Mr. Smith's new hand lately from Jersey was rather low of stature and slightly built. Mountain men, mostly of Scotch and Ulster blood, are big of body, long of limb, and are often giants, physically and mentally. Joe was of Ulster blood, but his black and brilliant eyes suggested a dash of Welsh.

He was the chief support and reliance of his widowed mother, and to him the other children

⁴Chapter XVII.

turned for guidance. Mr. Smith found him indispensable, and Joe became the manager of the farm.

Now Smith had a daughter, as one of romantic imagination might have guessed, and the daughter looked upon the young manager with becoming favor, as she should.

Before Joe was twenty-one he married the maiden; a match made in Heaven. The girl married a prince when she wedded her father's erstwhile farm-hand, and the young farmer married a queen, devoted and amiable, who furthered his every ambition. Joe bought the interest of the Smith heirs, four years later, lived, prospered, and finally died at the patriarchal age of ninety-two (1877), upon the broad acres his youthful hands had cleared.⁵

II

That man is wise who recognizes his limitations. The frontiers offered little education and less culture; so much the better for those who possess them. Joe, with meagre schooling shrewdly observed that the laurels of life are won and worn by men who know. He knew that ignorance pays no dividends. He was out to make the most of life.

When the long, hard work of the day was done, Joe studied. Few tasks are more difficult than self-instruction and few men can endure criticism. Only an exceptional youth does either; but Joe was exceptional,⁶ else these papers had not been written.

⁵Compare the story of Daniel Morgan, which runs strangely parallel to that of Joe Johnson, *Days of Yester-Year*, pp. 134-149.

⁶Like Benjamin Franklin.
Andrew Johnson.

He organized a debating society, a nocturnal Athenaeum, which trained a number of men who became more or less famous as speakers.⁷ Joe's ability increased as the emery wheels of repartee and rebuttal sharpened his wits and trained him in logical and analytical thinking.

The first decade of the Nineteenth Century was filled with events, local, national and international, well calculated to stir even the plegmatic. Colonel James Monroe,⁸ William Henry Cabell and Judge John Tyler were governors of Virginia.

A great revival of religion swept along the southwestern frontiers and up the Ohio Valley. Camp meetings were popular throughout western Virginia. Schools and colleges were springing up; new cities and towns were being laid out. The abolition of slavery, by gradual and reasonable process, was vehemently discussed.

Thomas Jefferson became the third President after a bitter political campaign, and Aaron Burr Vice-President (March 4, 1801).

Ohio was admitted as a state (1802). Spain ceded to France Louisiana territory, which stretched along the entire western bank of the mighty Mississippi from the Gulf to Canada and the distant Rocky Mountains. France sold the immense area to the United States for fifteen million dollars (April 30, 1803). Lewis and Clark explored this vast new country (1804).

⁷R. A. BROCK.

⁸*Through Centuries Three*, pp. 364-378.

On the high seas a naval war with Tripoli ended (1805), but England insisted upon impressing American citizens into her navy (1806).

Robert Fulton sailed a steam boat on the Hudson (1807).

Aaron Burr was tried and acquitted at Richmond (1807).

The importation of slaves was prohibited (January 1, 1808). The nation groaned under the Embargo Act (1808-9).

James Madison and George Clinton became President and Vice-President (March 4, 1809) of the United States.

Over seas the world was on fire, a conflagration which threatened the very existence of civilization. Napoleon won the victory of Marengo (June 14, 1800), and became the idol of France. England declared war again upon the French Republic (1803) and Napoleon was crowned Emperor (December 2, 1804). The splendid triumph at Austerlitz carried him to the summit of glory (December 2, 1805). But England remained undisputed mistress of the seas. War between England and America was brewing.

The debating society of rustics discussed these matters and many besides. Jefferson, Madison, Burr, Chief Justice John Marshall were thoroughly discussed by candle-light in the log cabin at Bridgeport.

Joe was strong for Jefferson, and decidedly anti-Federalist. He was hostile to Great Britain, as he was the son of his father.

III

At last war was declared, and a rifle company of volunteers, promptly organized in the mountains of Harrison County, elected Joe Johnson captain (1812). The fighting shifted to Canada, but finally the British entered the Chesapeake⁹ and laid Maryland and Virginia waste.

When the dreadful news came over the mountains and up the valleys Captain Joseph Johnson made his company a stirring address. They responded enthusiastically, offering their services to President Madison and Governor Barbour.

The riflemen marched to Norfolk. They were not engaged, but this bloodless campaign made Captain Johnson a marked man.

His friends nominated him to the House of Delegates. He opposed a veteran politician, John Prunty, and won. He was re-elected¹⁰ from time to time until 1822.

Edward B. Jackson, of the distinguished local family, declined to serve in Congress another term, and Joe's friends persuaded him to make the race. Philip Doddridge, an influential Whig leader, a statesman of national reputation and a recognized orator, also offered to serve the district in Congress. Daniel Webster once said, "Philip Doddridge¹¹ is the only man I really fear in debate." Yet against such a rival the young Democrat won!

⁹Chapter IV, Part 3.

Also *Through Centuries Three*, pp. 385-8.

¹⁰Some authorities place his first election to the House of Delegates in 1818. It was probable that he was first elected in 1815.

¹¹Doddridge County, West Virginia, is a lasting memorial to the Whig statesman.

The nation was torn by bitter political and personal animosities. The Whigs became more and more the party of wealth, culture and refinement.¹² The Democrats appealed more and more to the masses. Joe Johnson was a Democrat by birth, training and conviction. He was wholly of the Andrew Jackson type.

The fledgling Congressman when he came to Washington found the great Whig, Henry Clay, Speaker of the House of Representatives, the House that elected a successor to the retiring President James Monroe. Joe Johnson was for General Andrew Jackson from first to last, but John Quincy Adams secured the coveted office.

At this interesting and exciting time (January 21, 1824), a little boy was born¹³ in Clarksburg to Jonathan Jackson, one of Joe Johnson's constituents. His parents named him Thomas, but the world has renamed him Stonewall Jackson.

Philip Doddridge again (1825) contested the seat in Congress, but Captain Joe was triumphantly returned. After four years (1827) he declared that his farm, family and enlarging interests demanded his attention and he declined the nomination.

When Philip Doddridge died (November 19, 1832) Joe was elected to fill the unexpired term. Again he declined to run (1833) and John J. Allen represented the district. But in 1835 his friends persuaded him to return again to the arena. He defeated

¹²H. H. SIMMS, *Rise of the Whigs in Va.*, pp. 160-4.

¹³Chapter XVII.

Allen, and sat in the House of Representatives for six years (1835-41).

Again he returned to private life, but went to Baltimore as a delegate to the famous Democratic Convention which nominated James K. Polk, the protege of aged Andrew Jackson and George Mifflin Dallas (May 27, 1844). The enthusiastic Democrats went home shouting for "Polk, Dallas and Texas." They swept the country, Polk receiving 170 votes to 105 for Henry Clay. Joe was again elected to Congress, defeating Colonel George D. Camden (1845).

When that Congress closed (1847) Captain Johnson issued an address to his friends thanking them for returning him to Washington seven times. Never again, he declared, did he wish to hold office.

His neighbors, however, declined this request and sent him to Richmond as a member of the House of Delegates (1847-8), in which body he had begun political service more than thirty years before.

IV

Although Virginia had become a republic under the British Crown in 1619, and although Virginia was the first state to adopt a democratic constitution (1776), and although Virginia and her mighty sons, Henry, Jefferson and Mason, had charted the channel of liberty for the continent, there had not been a Governor elected by the people, and a multitude of free, white citizens were not permitted to vote!

This pernicious reactionary tendency became intolerable. Many able Virginians felt that Virginia had lost her birthright under reactionary con-

servatism known as "Bourbonism." The demand for reform became so pronounced that the General Assembly sent down a referendum:

"Shall we have a new constitution?" The proposition swept the state from the Chesapeake to the Ohio (1850).

Our third Constitutional Convention¹⁴ gathered in Richmond (October 14, 1850) 133 strong, and under the guiding hand of John Young Mason¹⁵ remained in session ten months (August 1, 1851). At last the ancient commonwealth was liberalized and republicanized. Every office from Governor¹⁶ down was henceforth to be filled by direct vote (except the Treasurer and Auditor).

The most important, as well as the most difficult problem before the convention was the question of suffrage. Captain Joe Johnson was chairman of that committee. With the courage of long conviction he stood like a rock against every effort of the "Bourbons" and was determined to give every white man a vote . . . and he prevailed both in the committee and on the floor of the convention. The hand of Joe Johnson placed the ballot in the hand of every white adult male citizen in Virginia—for the first time.

When the Third Constitution¹⁷ was submitted to

¹⁴*Through Centuries Three*, p. 455.

¹⁵*Days of Yester-Year*, p. 185.

¹⁶The stock argument under the old constitution was that an election by the legislature was an election by the people . . . it was, and often it wasn't.

H. H. SIMMS, *The Rise of the Whigs in Va.*, pp. 11-14.

¹⁷Our present state constitution is the fifth, but all the good points of the third constitution have been retained to the present.

the people it was carried by an avalanche of votes (75,748 to 11,060).

While the convention was sitting the legislature, acting under the Second Constitution, elected Joe Johnson governor to succeed John Buchanan Floyd,¹⁸ whose term ended January 1, 1852.

Under the Third Constitution the Governor must be elected. The Democrats nominated Johnson and the Whigs put forth a worthy champion in George William Summers. Had the Whigs carried the state and elected Summers, an interesting question would no doubt have been carried to the courts as to who was the 107th executive of Virginia. But Joe Johnson was triumphantly chosen,¹⁹ by the people, in the first gubernatorial election.²⁰ He was the only Governor of Virginia from those counties now in West Virginia and the only Governor from the Revolution to the Civil War not native born.

V

When Joseph Johnson took the oath of office, he found his able hands full of perplexing problems. The debt of the state was constantly climbing from one million to another. It had reached the impressive total of \$11,971,838. For the most part the funds were wisely and economically spent. The first article of the Whig creed was "Development," but

¹⁸*Through Centuries Three*, pp. 450-6.

¹⁹By a majority of 9,000 votes.

²⁰WILLIAM ASBURY CHRISTIAN, *Hist. of Richmond*, pp. 174-5. Shelton F. Leake was elected Lieutenant-Governor, and Willis P. Boccock, Attorney-General.

the Democrats looked askance at internal improvements, debts and bankers.

Nevertheless this staunch Democrat, in his first message to the legislature, urged the extension of the Central Railway²¹ from its western terminus at Staunton to the Ohio. He also wished the James River and Kanawha Canal extended westward from Buchanan to Clifton Forge, there making a physical connection with the railway. Both recommendations were adopted. The railway was finally pushed through the great mountain mass and down the Kanawha, but the canal languished.

“In 1850-4 more turnpikes and railway companies were incorporated²² than in all the years preceding.”

Virginia is always interested in national politics, and Governor Johnson was deeply concerned when the National Democratic Convention met at Baltimore (June 1, 1852). Fortunately for the party and the nation they quietly settled the slavery dispute for four years by nominating Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire, who was “safe and acceptable” to the Southern Democrats.

When National Whiggery gathered in the same city (June 15) two weeks later they were hopelessly split²³ on the question of slavery. The great soldier, General Winfield Scott, was nominated, but he was old and unpopular. His laurels were faded. Like his party he belonged to another generation. The

²¹Now the Chesapeake & Ohio.

²²LYON G. TYLER, *Hist. of Va.*, Vol. II, p. 483.

²³And discouraged by the death of Henry Clay and Daniel Webster. Governor Johnson presided at the Clay memorial service in Richmond, July 26, 1852.

Democrats carried every state except Vermont, Massachusetts, Kentucky and Tennessee.

Franklin Pierce plead with the politicians (March 4, 1853) in his inaugural address not to tear the Union asunder in their frantic and selfish ambitions. Unfortunately for the people the politicians were deaf to his patriotic and impassioned appeal.

The state prospered under Joe Johnson. The Norfolk and Petersburg Railway was building between those two cities, and the chief engineer, William Mahone, declared that it would eventually touch the Mississippi at Memphis.²⁴ Trains began to move (April 19, 1853) from Portsmouth to Raleigh, North Carolina, over the new Seaboard Railway.²⁵

William Makepeace Thackeray visited Virginia and delivered six lectures in Richmond. The distinguished novelist received an ovation at every appearance.

Despite the efforts of the peace-makers the question of slavery would not down, but, like a restless ghost, haunted every political, ecclesiastical and many domestic gatherings.

Stephen Douglas' solution, known as "Squatter Sovereignty" brought miniature civil war to "Bleeding Kansas." The truth was bad enough, but when the terrors of that frontier were exaggerated for political and editorial purposes the whole country, north and south, went into a fever of excitement and apprehension. James Buchanan of Pennsylvania, as

²⁴H. W. BURTON, *Hist. of Norfolk, Va.*, also see Chapter XI.

²⁵MARGARET VOWELL SMITH, *Executives of Va.*, p. 366.
Through Centuries Three, p. 460.

a bid for Southern votes, advocated the acquisition of Cuba—more slave territory. James Murray Mason of Virginia was with him.

Long before the Governor's term expired the Democrats of Norfolk, wishing to be beforehand, placed Henry Alexander Wise, a favorite son and neighbor, in nomination to succeed Johnson (August 1, 1854). The expiring Whig party had enough vitality to make one last bitter fight.²⁶ They joined the American or "Know Nothing" party, which advocated a restriction of immigration, strict supervision of the public schools, absolute separation of church and state and which wished to keep America safe for Americans. Thomas S. Flournoy of Halifax was the Whig standard bearer.

In this second, exciting gubernatorial campaign Wise carried the state by practically the same vote which had elected Johnson: a plurality of 9,921.

Richmond was aroused early one winter night (December 7, 1854, 7 p. m.) by an alarm of fire from the state penitentiary. There was no water, and not sufficient apparatus to fight the rapidly mounting flames. In this critical emergency the Governor called out the militia, who responded promptly, and then released the prisoners that they might extinguish the flames. The wisdom and decision of the Governor averted a calamity, protected the city and held the prisoners in check.

The sensation of Governor Johnson's last year was the yellow fever epidemic in Norfolk. The U. S. S.

²⁶Alexander Hugh Holmes Stuart was the most influential Whig in Virginia.

“Benjamin Franklin” brought a cargo of virulent mosquitoes from Havana in her damp, dark hold. Yellow fever appeared in May, and despite the heroic efforts of citizens and physicians, none of whom knew that the vicious mosquitoes were the cause of the plague, the contagion raged until frost fell.

From a population of about 10,000, 2,000 were buried. When the catastrophe was over only 4,000 people remained, nearly every one of whom had been a victim. At this time a four-year-old lad, born in Gloucester County, was growing into manhood in a Methodist parsonage. The boy was Walter Reed.

When New Year’s Day came again (1856) Joseph Johnson resigned the chair to Henry Alexander Wise. It was said of the retiring Governor: “He was perhaps the only man in Virginia who had been before the people continuously for forty years and was never defeated in any of his aspirations.”

VI

Governor Johnson returned to his old home and neighbors on their peaceful farms in the hills of Harrison County. His public life was done. He viewed with ever increasing concern the rising antagonism between the two great sections of his country, in one of which he was born, and in the other of which he had made his home since boyhood’s early days and had been so honored and prospered.

At last the crisis arrived: Governor Johnson opposed secession as not justified by the election of Abraham Lincoln. He begged for moderation and

counselled patience and forbearance. As a strict constructionist and life-long Democrat, he believed that a state had the legal right to secede, but that it should be exercised only as a last resort. He urged his constituents and their leaders to fight their battles WITHIN the Union; not WITHOUT the Union.

When President Lincoln demanded that Virginia furnish troops to invade the cotton states and subjugate them he was called to address his old constituents and advise with them as to their duty in these embarrassing and critical conditions. Though seventy-six years of age, he spoke to them with the vigor of old. He urged them to protect Virginia, defend the rights guaranteed to them under the constitution and to resist war upon their fellow-Americans and the invasion of Virginia.

When the Civil War began northwestern Virginia was first invaded. Despite his age and distinguished service to state and nation Governor Johnson was forced to take refuge behind the Confederate lines.

When the cruel strife was over he returned and was unmolested, living in peace and dying at the patriarchal age of ninety-two years (February 27, 1877).²⁷

²⁷A public memorial service was held in his honor at Clarksburg the day after he died. His nephew, Senator Waldo Porter Johnson (September 16, 1817-August 14, 1885) was born in Bridgeport, served in the Mexican War, and was elected to the U. S. Senate from Missouri, July 4, 1860. As an ardent Confederate he offered a resolution for a peace convention to settle the differences between the North and South, to meet in Louisville, Ky. He was expelled from the U. S. Senate because he joined the Confederate army. He also served in the Confederate States Senate. In 1875 he was president of the Missouri State Constitutional Convention. He died at his home in St. Clair County, Mo.

The fame of Joseph Johnson has grown dim with the lapse of time and the distressing calamities through which Virginia has passed. He was one of Five Great Democratic Governors who ruled before the Civil War. McDowell, Smith, Floyd, Johnson and Wise—these are the five, and Joseph Johnson was one of the greatest of these, if greatness be measured by service for one's fellowmen.

CHAPTER XVI

STONEWALL JACKSON BORN

**As stalwart as the limestone hills, his frame,
Lit with a soul a-flame.**

I

A man of decision appeared in this strange and troubled world when John Jackson opened his infant eyes (1719). He was destined to make a mark, and no inconspicuous mark, upon Virginia's far frontiers. Those who delight in the intricacies of biology and the eccentricities of atavism will find fascinating study in the career, family and progeny of John Jackson.

He was the father of great "Stonewall." Nay, let us hurry to explain for the benefit of literalists, that two men stood in the direct male line between these giants.

John Jackson was born¹ in Coleraine, near Londonderry, of that stern Ulster stock which has wielded so marked an influence in all matters American. Some will even dare assert that the Scotch-Irish is the most aggressive of all elements which have made America mighty.

At the tender age of ten² the family moved to London (1729). When John was twenty-nine he pushed on to America; a Scotch-Irish habit, the fashion amongst Ulstermen of that day. In 1718, 4,200 came

¹JOHN ESTEN COOKE, *Life of Jackson*, p. 1, "An Englishman by birth."

²ROBERT L. DABNEY, "In his second year."

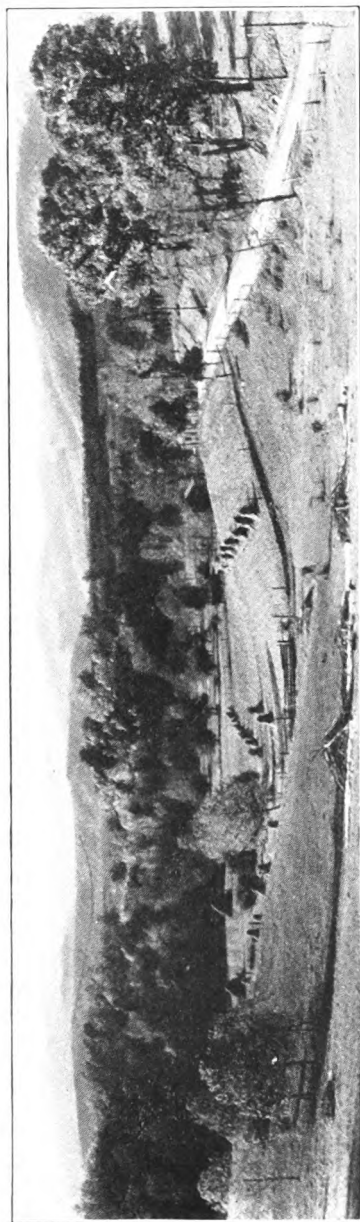


Photo by Harry Staley

"John and Elizabeth Jackson moved to the magnificent meadows of blue grass, rich as the Garden of the Lord, which lie along the Southern Branch of the Potomac in the very heart of the western hills."—Chapter XVI.

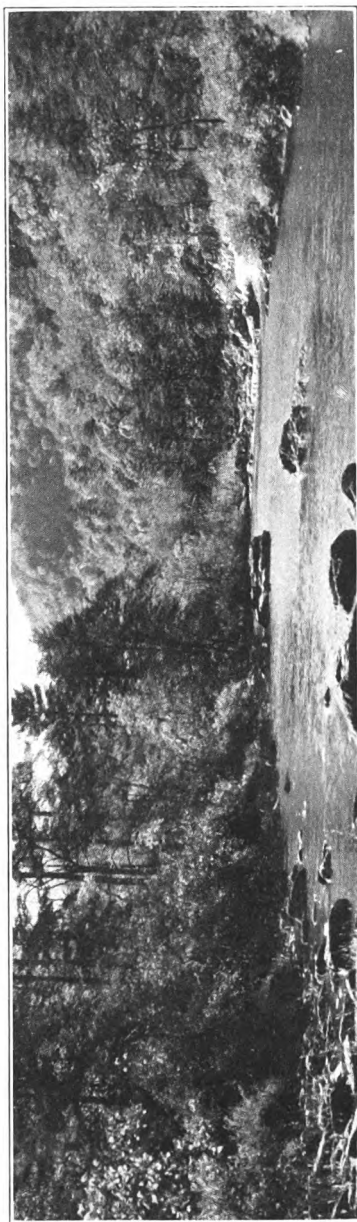


Photo by Harry Staley

"Northwestern Virginia resembles Pennsylvania, against the angle of which it so snugly lies. Rapid rivers, bold and cold, spring from tangled hills and leap down winding valleys to the Ohio."—Chapter XV.

"Nor do I fathom this long, unceasing monotone of the shallow, little river, which sings yonder over the rocks in its bosom as a mother croons over her children."—Lanier, page 120.

to our hospitable shores, the migration gradually increasing until in 1740 they were coming, an annual army, 12,000 strong.

John settled for a time in Maryland (1748). Seven years later he married Elizabeth Cummins of Calvert County (1755), a woman with a will. She bequeathed to her posterity many fine traits. "Her sterling integrity, vigorous intellect and directness of purpose gave the family its type."³

John and Elizabeth, married three years, moved to the magnificent meadows of blue grass, rich as the Garden of the Lord, untilled since creation's dawn, which lie along the southern branch of the Potomac in the very heart of the western hills. These empty, inviting lands, to be had for the asking, or for taking without asking, were within the liberal boundaries of the Fairfax⁴ grant, near the present village of Moorefield, West Virginia, at that time on our extreme northwestern frontiers.

Pioneer life was a hazard. Frightful Indian massacres occurred from time to time, and horrid tales of treachery and butchery came periodically from the hills; stories to make one's blood run cold.⁵

Edward,⁶ the second son of a family of eight, was born soon after they established themselves in western Virginia (March 1, 1759).

³ROBERT LEWIS DABNEY, *Life of Jackson*, p. 2.

⁴*The Days of Yester-Year*, pp. 128-9.

⁵See Washington's reference to frontiers, *Va. Mag. of Hist. and Biog.*, Oct., 1928, p. 323.

⁶T. J. ARNOLD, p. 41: "John Jackson and his two eldest sons, George and Edward, served in the War for Independence until it closed. George was a captain."

Peace followed the agony of the French and Indian War, and settlements thickened along the western frontiers. The Indian tribes withdrew, for the more part, west of the Ohio. John, Elizabeth and their growing family moved westward again (1768),⁷ to the Monongahela. He secured an immense boundary of fine land on Turkey Run, a strategic location long known as Jackson's Fort, now Buckhannon.⁸

Elizabeth Cummins Jackson purchased a fair estate of 3,000 acres with golden British guineas, coins as rare as they were beautiful!

In view of the long future it is interesting to note that Governor "Light Horse Harry" Lee,⁹ the father of General Robert E. Lee, appointed John Jackson to watch and ward these frontiers against Indian outrage. The aged captain ended his long, useful and varied career in Clarksburg (September 25, 1804).¹⁰ He lacked fifteen years of a century.

Elizabeth survived until 1825, dying at the ripe age of 101,¹¹ at the home of her eldest son, Colonel George Jackson. She saw the infant, destined to render the Jackson name forever famous, born to her grandson in Clarksburg.¹²

⁷GEO. W. JACKSON. They stopped for a short time in Pendleton County.

⁸R. L. DABNEY, "After the War of the Revolution."

⁹*Through Centuries Three*, pp. 354-8. *Days of Yester-Year*, p. 121.

¹⁰R. L. DABNEY, "1801."

¹¹GEO. W. JACKSON.

¹²R. L. DABNEY, *Life of Jackson*, p. 5.

JOHN LESSLIE HALL, *Half Hours in Southern Hist.*, p. 253, speaks of Jackson's "humble origin." The Jackson family was anything but humble.

II

Captain John Jackson's second son, Edward,¹³ moved from Harrison County to what is now Lewis County (1801). Before the county was divided he represented Harrison County in the House of Delegates (1803-4). When Lewis County was formed from Harrison (1816) he built the court house and laid out the town of Weston.¹⁴

Edward Jackson married Mary Hadden (October 17, 1783), the daughter of David Hadden of Tygart's Valley, and of six children¹⁵ Jonathan, born September 25, 1790, was the third. Edward Jackson¹⁶ died December 26, 1828, when his famous grandson was four years old.

Jonathan Jackson, son of Edward, was born in Randolph County, a section now in Upshur County. He attended Randolph Academy¹⁷ at Clarksburg, and received a good education for the time and place. He studied law under John G. Jackson,¹⁸ an uncle, and as a young man of twenty was admitted to the bar. Jonathan built a three-room cottage on the road that led through Clarksburg¹⁹ and to this modest residence

¹³These traits seem to substantiate the atavistic tendency in heredity. Stonewall Jackson resembled John Jackson, his great-grandfather, in the male line, and Elizabeth Cummins Jackson, his great-grandmother, more than he resembled his parents or grandparents who intervened.

¹⁴MORGAN POITIAUX ROBINSON, *Va. Counties*, p. 154.

JAS. MORTON CALLAHAN, *Hist. of W. Va.*

¹⁵Edward Jackson married a second time, and was the father of nine more children, fifteen in all.

¹⁶R. A. BROCK. He was the surveyor for Lewis County.

¹⁷THOMAS JACKSON ARNOLD, *Early Life of Jackson*, p. 26.

¹⁸Judge Jackson married a sister of Dolly Madison. The wedding was the first in the White House after it was rebuilt.

¹⁹For a picture of it, see MARY ANNE JACKSON, *Life of Stonewall Jackson*, p. 15.

brought his bride (1818), Julia Beckwith Neale, whom he met while at school in Parkersburg. She was described as a "brunette, with dark brown hair and dark gray eyes, medium height and with a handsome face. She, too, was well educated." And she, too, came of pioneer stock, for the Neales lived first in Westmoreland County, then moved to Loudoun, where Julia was born²⁰ at "Peach Orchard," near Aldie. The family established Parkersburg. Julia's father, Thomas, was "an intelligent merchant of Parkersburg."²¹ Julia's mother, Margaret (Wynne) Neale was of the first family, literally, which settled in that part of the Ohio Valley. Of eleven children Julia was third.

Four children came to the cottage home of Jonathan and Julia Jackson. A daughter, Elizabeth, received, we suppose, the name of her ancient great-grandmother, still living in Clarksburg. A son, Warren, followed Elizabeth, and the third child, born January 21, 1824, received the name of his maternal grandfather, Thomas.²² But his baptism of fire at First Manassas has for the world superceded the baptism of water given in infancy. History knows him as Stonewall Jackson. A baby sister, Laura Ann, completed the family circle.

The young lawyer, Jonathan Jackson, has been described as short of stature, ruddy of complexion, affectionate of disposition, urbane; intelligent though

²⁰February 29, 1798, on Leap Year Day.

²¹ROBERT L. DABNEY.

²²THOS. JACKSON ARNOLD, *Early Life of Jackson*, p. 25: "When nearly grown he added the name of his father, 'Jonathan,' as his middle name."

not eloquent. He was too friendly and too social and too fond of high play for his own good. That was his undoing.²³

The pleasant habit of endorsing notes for one's friends has brought many a man into financial distress. We do not know who the "friends" of Jonathan were. Well had it been if Jonathan had heeded the advice of Solomon²⁴ and Shakespeare.²⁵ Their small estate was lost to Jonathan and Julia when their "good friends" could not or would not meet the notes.

Unmerciful disasters fell thickly upon them. The eldest child, Elizabeth, died of typhoid fever, and within a month²⁶ Jonathan Jackson followed her to an untimely grave (March 26, 1826).²⁷

III

The widow was left without a roof over her head, and with three helpless little children to provide for.²⁸ Where were Jonathan Jackson's "friends" for whom he so obligingly signed notes?

The Masonic fraternity provided a neat cabin of one room for Mrs. Jackson. She, a woman of character, was not the woman to repine. Teaching by day and plying her needle by night, Julia kept the proverbial wolf from the cabin door. The neighbors

²³THOS. J. ARNOLD, *Early Life of Jackson*, p. 26. He was collector of the U. S. excise tax or internal revenue. In 1812 he was elected first lieutenant of a company of volunteers, but they did not get into the war.

²⁴Prov. 6:1-5.

²⁵Hamlet, Act I, Scene III.

²⁶T. J. ARNOLD, *Early Life of Jackson*, p. 25: "After three weeks."

²⁷R. A. BROCK, "1827."

²⁸Chapter XVI. Compare the similar, straightened circumstances of the widowed mother of Governor Joseph Johnson.

remembered her as a woman of commanding address, graceful and girlish, above average height, talented, handsome rather than pretty; not strong of body but exceedingly strong of soul. A Methodist, very pious and devoted, although some thought her mercurial.²⁹

After four years of widowhood Julia Jackson married Captain Blake B. Woodson, much older than she, a resident attorney in Clarksburg, a Virginia gentleman of the old school and, like many of them, not a successful business man. The Jacksons, after the manner of in-laws, frowned upon the marriage.³⁰

After the wedding the elderly bridegroom became clerk of Fayette County, and the family made their home at the court house town for a brief but trying year. When it became painfully evident that Julia's health was failing, Mrs. Edward Jackson sent her son Cummins Jackson for the three children. Uncle Cummins was not welcomed by the children when they were told that he had come to take them from their devoted mother. Tom, six years old (1830), hid himself in the woods and remained until night-fall. Only by bribes and threats could they be induced to accompany Uncle Cummins.

When it became evident that Julia was dying³¹ the children were brought to her by a trusted and trustworthy negro slave, "Uncle Robinson." They received her blessing and her prayers, which made a

²⁹Stonewall Jackson named his daughter Julia Neale.

³⁰T. J. ARNOLD, *Life of Jackson*, p. 27.

³¹R. A. BROCK, "Of pulmonary trouble."

MRS. MARY ANNE JACKSON, *Life of Stonewall Jackson*, p. 16: "At the birth of a son, Wirt Woodson."

profound impression upon Thomas. He felt, ever after, that he was panoplied in his mother's prayers; and who shall say that he was not? On the fields of battle, when deadly showers of lead rained upon him and men fell thick and fast, like the leaves in autumnal blasts, he was fearless and unmoved.

From the death of their mother (December 4, 1831) until the death of their step-grandmother, Mrs. Edward Jackson (August, 1835) the doubly orphaned children lived at the ancestral home four miles from Weston.

That home, too, was broken by death and the marriage and departure of the daughters. Thomas, a lad of eleven, went to live with his father's sister, Mrs. Isaac Brake,³² four miles from Clarksburg.

He was remembered by the older gossips of Clarksburg when he became famous: "A handsome, but serious lad—he never was a child," they said. "Headstrong to stubbornness," which sounds better when called "determination and strength of character."

IV

"He appeared one day at the home of Judge John G. Jackson,³³ in Clarksburg, and asked Mrs. Jackson, his grandaunt, if he might remain for dinner. She

³²MRS. MARY ANNE JACKSON, *Life of Stonewall Jackson*, p. 16.

³³A son of Capt. John Jackson; hence the brother of Tom's grandfather, and the brother-in-law of Dolly Madison.

JOHN SARGEANT WISE, *End of An Era*, p. 268, "Of old Presbyterian stock of the Valley, his people had not much social prominence." Jackson did not come of Valley stock, and his family was the most prominent in what is now West Virginia.

readily assented. As the twelve-year-old guest sat at the table, he remarked gravely:

“Uncle Brake and I don’t agree. I have quit him and will not go back any more.”

He visited another relative and remained for the night, making the same laconic statement.

Next day he tramped eighteen miles over the steep mountain roads to the home of his late grandmother, where he had lived after his mother’s death. The family consisted of Cummins E. Jackson, a bachelor, and two maiden sisters. Here Tom remained³⁴ until he entered West Point.

The bachelor uncle was a father to the orphaned lad; the only father he ever knew. He was a typical mountain man of Scotch-Irish type; tall, strong, rugged, energetic, with a will as unbending as the limestone rocks among which he plowed. A man of quick passion, intense prejudices and heady; a friend if a friend, unflinching; an enemy if an enemy, unrelenting.³⁵ He was a man of substance, shrewd at a bargain, a leader in his community, quoted by the rustics with approval.

V

Tom’s elder brother, Warren, visited Uncle Cummins and suggested that he and Tom visit their sister, Laura, living with an uncle, Alfred Neale, on the romantic and historic Blennerhasset Island in the Ohio.

³⁴COLONEL WILLIAM ALLEN, “His constitution was weak, but the rough life of a West Virginia farm strengthened it.”

³⁵R. A. BROCK, “A man of vigorous mind, resolute and of vehement passions, a farmer, lumberman, miller and slave-owner.”

After that visit the two lads traveled twenty miles down the river to Belleville, visiting other relatives and friends.

Warren then proposed that they should fare forth and "conquer the world." Tom readily agreed, though their friends tried to dissuade them. They boarded one of the innumerable barges that passed for years, before the building of railways, from Pittsburgh to New Orleans. They worked their way cutting wood for the steamboats. Ah, it was a hard task and lonely life. Evidently the world was not so easy to conquer as they had thought! Both the brothers fell ill, of malaria,³⁶ and Warren's system was so thoroughly poisoned that it finally proved fatal. He died when only nineteen years old.

A steamboat captain, putting his vessel upstream, had mercy upon these poor, lost, sick children of misfortune, and brought them back to Parkersburg. They returned home, soiled, emaciated, ragged, shaking with the ague and burned by intermittent fever, after six months of wandering and suffering.

Uncle Cummins received the penitent lads kindly, and Tom returned again to his reading, writing and arithmetic. He was not a star at school,³⁷ except in arithmetic, in which he was superior. But when Tom learned a lesson, he had it for all time.

The school term was short and the months of labor long in field and forest; a frequent task being the hauling of logs with oxen to the sawmill.

³⁶R. A. BROCK, "On a lonely island of the Mississippi, near the southwestern corner of Kentucky, they spent the summer alone in a cabin."

³⁷*Confed. Military Hist.*, Vol. I, p. 665, "A diligent, plodding scholar, having a strong mind though it was slow in development."

VI

Lewis County, Virginia, covered a vast area of mountain land and meadow a century since.³⁸ When Tom was sixteen he was appointed constable for the northern part of the county. It was his duty to summon witnesses, serve warrants and obey similar instructions from the worthy court. There was hard going a-plenty for the young officer, and small pay.³⁹

As the Jackson boys approached an early maturity, they were keenly sensitive to their misfortunes—the more so because they were poor and lonely, yet connected by blood with many wealthy and prominent families.⁴⁰

Tom early decided that life held something more for him, and he let no chance for advancement slip. He “thirsted for knowledge.” He was a big, awkward lad of eighteen, very fond of horses. “It was the gossip of the countryside that the winning qualities of a horse would come out in the race if Tom Jackson rode him.” He was a favorite at “house-raisings” and exceedingly fond of the typical country fair, in which we see a resemblance to his late father.

Though intensely religious and stern to a degree he was not a recluse nor morbid, only a trifle awkward and shy, characteristics he never overcame.

³⁸See map of Va., *Through Centuries Three*, p. 43. From Lewis, Braxton was formed in 1836, Gilmer in 1845, Calhoun in 1856 and part of Clay in 1858, MORGAN POITIAUX ROBINSON, *Va. Counties*.

³⁹R. A. BROCK, “He was a daring and skillful rider, though always ungraceful.”

⁴⁰No family in West Virginia is more prominent socially than the Jacksons.

VII

One day in early June (1842) Uncle Cummins returned⁴¹ from Clarksburg with a bit of news. As the village blacksmith repaired some machinery for him he retailed the gossip of Clarksburg in typical blacksmith fashion.

"Mr. Cummins," he said, "thar's a good chanct fur Tom to git that eddication he's been a-wanting."

It seems that the young man appointed to West Point from the congressional district had declined, as the blacksmith surmised, because of the rigors of West Point discipline and the rude horse-play of the older cadets.

Tom received the news with enthusiasm. It was indeed the chance for which he had so long hoped and prayed. With characteristic energy he secured the signatures of friends and acquaintances on a petition to their congressman, Honorable Samuel E. Hays.

When Tom applied to Judge John G. Jackson,⁴² probably his most influential kinsman, the judge hesitated.

"Do you think you have enough education to pass the entrance tests?"

Tom knew that was the weak⁴³ joint in his armor.

"I lack preparation, but I know how to study, and

⁴¹ELIHU S. RILEY, *Stonewall Jackson*, pp. 9-11.

⁴²T. J. ARNOLD, *Early Life of Jackson*, pp. 41-3, gives an extended account of the judge and his family.

⁴³COL. WM. ALLEN, "His preparation was poor, and he never reached a high grade at West Point."

I believe I can learn as well as those other boys. I am determined to try and I want you to help me."

He was successful. The judge wrote a letter for him. Mr. Hays was sympathetic and Tom started for Washington. He missed the stage at Clarksburg, but left his horse and travelled on foot, taking short cuts by by-paths over the hills until he overtook it.⁴⁴

Fortunately for our young hero the Congressman was an intimate friend of Cummins Jackson. He introduced Tom⁴⁵ to John C. Spicer,⁴⁶ the Secretary of War in John Tyler's cabinet. The Secretary was not favorably impressed with the tall, awkward mountain lad, clad in rustic, travel-stained clothes. But Tom's evident earnestness overcame his objection and he said:

"Sir, you have a good name, Jackson.⁴⁷ Go to West Point and the first man who insults you knock him down and charge it to my account."

Friends urged the youth to remain for a few days in Washington and see the sights, but he resolutely declined, as classes were being formed at West Point. He contented himself with a view of the city from the dome of the Capitol, and hastened to the Military Academy, which he reached July 1, 1842.

⁴⁴JOHN ESTEN COOKE, *Life of Jackson*, p. 15, "He set out on foot."

⁴⁵*The South in the Building of the Nation*, Vol. XI, p. 549, "He appeared in his homespun suit with his saddle-bags over his shoulders."

⁴⁶EVERIT BROWN, *American Politics*. Served from 1841 to '43.

⁴⁷Andrew Jackson, to whom the Secretary referred, came of the same stock and probably of the same family, but no connection has been proven, and at this late day, it will not likely be found. ROBT L. DABNEY, *Life of Jackson*, p. 1.

GEO. W. JACKSON states (1871) that both families comes from the same parish in Ireland and although they could not prove kinship they believe it existed.

The entrance examinations were not difficult, and Thomas Jonathan Jackson at once applied himself to the intricate and difficult science of war.⁴⁸

⁴⁸JOHN WARWICK DANIEL, *Stonewall Jackson*, p. 43. "In his first year he stood 51st in a class of seventy. In his second year 30th; in his third year 20th, and he graduated 17th (1846)."

Among his classmates were George B. McClellan, John Gray Foster, Jesse Lee Reno of Wheeling, (West) Virginia, George Stoneman, Darius Nash Couch, Ambrose Powell Hill, George Edward Pickett, Dabney Herndon Maury, David Rump Jones and Cadmus Marcellus Wilcox.

Generated at Library of Congress on 2023-12-21 01:36 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uiug_30112049796725 / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-us-google
Public Domain in the United States; Google-digitized

CHAPTER XVIII

HOW STONEWALL FELL

**It is not when we die that really counts,
Nor where; but how.**

I

The spring of 1863 touched the fields and forests of Virginia with rare beauty, flinging a mantle of healing over a land rent deep with bitter scars. The winter had been long, and hard¹ and gloomy,² and 1863 was born to a distracted land. The narrow Rappahannock had for months been the boundary between the armies.

President Lincoln appointed Joseph Hooker to command the Army of the Potomac, and hoped that he had found, at last, the man to crush the Confederacy.³ President and Mrs. Lincoln visited General Hooker for several days in April and urged him

¹The battles at Fredericksburg, Dec. 11, 1862.

²WILLIAM E. CAMERON, *Chancellorsville*, p. 46: "The winter of 1862-3 seemed to me the most comfortless of the war; the weather was severe, our camps badly situated and the supply of food was irregular and insufficient."

³EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN composed a poem, inspired by an editorial in the *New York Times*. President Lincoln was so impressed with it that he read it to his cabinet. The first stanza:

Back from the trebly crimsoned field
Terrible words are thunder-tost;
Full of the wrath that will not yield,
Full of revenge for battles lost:
Hark to their echo, as it crost
The Capital, making faces wan:
"End this murderous holocaust;
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN."

to action.⁴ Hooker decided upon a three-fold thrust, the wisdom of which let those expert in matters military decide.

General George Stoneman, with a superb force, 11,000 mounted men, struck Central Virginia, cut the railway⁵ and the canal,⁶ threatened Richmond and cut the railway beyond Fredericksburg upon which Lee depended.⁷

General John Sedgwick⁸ with one-third the Federal force crossed the Rappahannock three miles below Fredericksburg and threatened Lee's right wing.⁹

General Hooker led the Army of the Potomac¹⁰ across the Rappahannock above Fredericksburg, between Stoneman and Sedgwick, pushed to Chancellorsville and made the plantation a fortress. If the gods granted victory to him, or to Stoneman or Sedgwick, a crushing disaster must befall the Confederates.

The great western highway that leads out of Fredericksburg, then and now, passed the elegant mansion of the Chancellor family, in the ample rooms of which Hooker made his headquarters.¹¹ About the mansion a fertile farm had been cleared in a

⁴DARIUS N. COUCH, Chancellorsville Campaign, in *Philadelphia Times*.

⁵Now the Chesapeake & Ohio.

⁶James River Canal from Richmond to Lynchburg.

⁷His raid ended May 2.

⁸WM. E. CAMERON, "36,000 men at Fredericksburg," who were faced by Jubal A. Early with 9,000 men.

⁹Sedgwick moved at sunrise, Wednesday, April 29. JAMES POWER SMITH.

¹⁰WILLIAM E. CAMERON, "60,000 men soon increased to 80,000."

¹¹He moved before noon, Wednesday, April 29. The soldiers were said to be in high spirits as they reached Chancellorsville, chopping wood, building fires, throwing up breastworks and cracking broad jokes.

region of dense forests, known since colonial days as "The Wilderness." Six miles west of Chancellorsville "Wilderness Run" flows northward to the Rapidan, reflecting the forest in its peaceful bosom

General Hooker left his breastworks open to the north and west, but he masked the forest with sharpshooters. An assault by Lee would be very hazardous, for Hooker's lines held river, forest and road.

II

The posture of affairs was perilous in the extreme. Some Confederate officers advised a speedy retreat toward Richmond. At that word Stonewall Jackson made sharp reply:

"Who said that? No, sir, we shall not fall back. We shall attack them."

General Lee promptly examined Hooker's position and ordered Jackson¹² to hold him. Jackson marched at midnight, by brilliant moonlight. At sunrise (May 1) he was half-way to Chancellorsville,¹³ at eleven o'clock the last Confederate company swung into position across the turnpike and confronted Hooker's advanced guards.

Jackson's laconic order was, "Build no intrenchments," but "feel" Hooker's strength.¹⁴

The Confederate line moved forward against Hooker's skirmishers. Every foot was hotly con-

¹²COL. EVERARD M. FIELD, "Saw Jackson arrive about sunrise and looking down the turnpike a solid mass of men marched behind him from Fredericksburg."

¹³WILLIAM E. CAMERON, "He arrived at 8 a. m."

¹⁴EVERARD M. FIELD, "I heard General Lee tell General Mahone to feel the enemy; to feel them pretty heavily, pretty heavily."



Photo by H. P. Cook

WHERE STONEWALL DIED

"After a long day they reached the residence of Dr. Chandler, which was filled with wounded soldiers. Jackson was placed in the 'office,' a small but comfortable building on the crest of a gentle slope."—Chapter XVII.

tested. Jackson along the front line, urged on his men. Through the intricate forest they advanced, slowly but steadily, the unknown and often unseen foe reluctantly gave ground. Federal cannon balls and canister whistled overhead and crashed in the treetops. By nightfall Jackson knew he had "felt" Hooker's main line.¹⁵

Wearied to exhaustion after a night march and six hours of harassing battle, Jackson's men fell upon the moss and leaves and slept.

General Stuart¹⁶ reported to Lee that Hooker had his entire army up, except of course, Sedgwick and Stoneman. Fully 80,000 men slept in the umbrageous forests of Chancellorsville. The Confederate force numbered 35,000.¹⁷

III

While the men slept, the anxious leaders laid their plans.¹⁸ Experts have declared that in strategic astuteness and military precision, General Lee never

¹⁵R. H. ANDERSON'S report: "Fighting along the old turnpike to a point about a mile from Chancellorsville."

¹⁶GEN. ALFRED PLEASANTON, *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, Vol. III, p. 172, makes this astonishing statement: "Stoneman did great service by drawing off General Lee's cavalry under General Stuart, thus depriving Lee of his services." Utterly false!

¹⁷General Longstreet was in Nansemond County.

¹⁸DR. JAMES POWER SMITH, *Leaders and Battles of the Civil War*, Vol. III, p. 204: "At the fork of a road turning to the left toward the old Catherine Furnace, General Lee and General Jackson spent the night, resting on the pine straw, curtained only by the close shadow of the forest. I awakened in the chill of early morning and caught a glimpse of a scant fire of twigs, two men seated on old cracker boxes, warming their hands. I rubbed my eyes and recognized Robt. E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson."

surpassed the brief but decisive Chancellorsville campaign. It was superb.

Immediate action was necessary. Delay was to strengthen Sedgwick and Stoneman. Fitzhugh Lee reported that Hooker's intrenchments were open to the north and west. This gave Lee his clue. Jackson must turn Hooker's extreme right flank from the west, while Hooker defended himself from the east and south. Surprise would tell heavily against the invaders.

It was Jackson's idea, and he executed the movement with characteristic adroitness and celerity.

Early Saturday morning (May 2) the refreshed troops again took up their march. Fifteen miles must be covered, southward, then westward, then northward, to gain Hooker's western flank.

Despite every precaution Federal scouts in lofty trees saw Jackson's army march southward, and reported the movement. Hooker was elated, and declared that the "Rebels" were already whipped, and were now in full retreat upon Richmond.¹⁹ If that were true Hooker should have ordered every man and gun up and out upon their heels. Fortunately for Lee, he did nothing.²⁰

The Confederate troops did not know where they were going nor why, but implicit confidence in Lee and Jackson, who were directing the strategy in person, fired their zeal.

At three o'clock Jackson gained the turnpike, six

¹⁹*The Days of Yester-Year*, pp. 217-31.

²⁰Gen. Sickles seems to have suspected the Confederate movement. He asked authority to press with his whole corps upon them.

miles west of Chancellorsville.²¹ Lee was seven miles away. Hooker lay between them! Had Hooker fallen upon one or the other he might have won a decisive victory. But Stoneman was gone, his only knowledge was from scattered scouts.

J. E. B. Stuart's cavalry on the contrary reported every movement of Hooker.²²

Stonewall made his last report in these words:

"Near 3 p. m., May 2, 1863.

"General:

"The enemy has made a stand at Chancellor's, which is about two miles from Chancellorsville. I hope as soon as practicable to attack.

"I trust that an ever kind Providence will bless us with success.

"Respectfully,
 "(Signed) T. J. JACKSON,
 "Lieutenant-General.

"General Robert E. Lee.

"P. S. The leading division is up, and the next two appear to be well closed.

"T. J. J."²³

Jackson rested his men two hours (3 p. m. until 5 p. m.) while he reconnoitred the enemy's position with Fitzhugh Lee. Near "Wilderness Tavern" he turned his men eastward, facing Chancellorsville. General Robt. Emmett Rodes²⁴ led the van; R. E.

²¹DARIUS N. COUCH, *Battles and Leaders in Civil War*, Vol. III, p. 162.

²²MACAJAH D. MARTIN, Contemporary Letter, *Va. Mag. of Hist. and Biog.*, July, 1929, pp. 221-8.

²³This note is preserved in the State Library of Virginia, Richmond. A fac-simile copy is given in *Va. Mag. of Hist. and Biog.*, April, '22.

²⁴Born in Lynchburg, Va., March 29, 1829. The name is frequently misspelt Rhodes.

Colston followed hard upon Rodes and General Ambrose Powell Hill was held in reserve.

Two hours of daylight yet remained. Jackson gave the word; the coverts of the forest rang with a bugle call.²⁵ The signal was quickly answered to right and left, and the long gray lines swept forward in fine fettle, charging through the green twilight of the woodland. Rodes burst upon the foe with a volley and the wild "Confederate Yell." Colston's lines pressed forward so closely behind Rodes that the two lines became one.

Surprised and entirely unprepared, with their officers at dinner, their arms stacked; some asleep under the trees, others wandering about, the invaders broke into a panic and fled in wild disorder.²⁶ Some fell, many were captured, and a great number made good their escape into the thickets. "Eleven thousand German mercenaries under Howard fled almost without resistance, carrying with them the troops sent to their support. They did not pause in Hooker's intrenched camp, but, dashing through his whole army in frantic terror, without muskets,²⁷ without hats, they rushed for the fords of the Rappahannock."

²⁵When Mahone heard the first distant volley, he exclaimed, "Thank God, there are Jackson's guns."

When Lee heard the firing to the west, he attacked Hooker vigorously, putting in his army obliquely, so that the line as it moved would approach nearer Jackson and at the same time hold Hooker from concentrating upon Jackson.

²⁶It was Karl Schurz Division of Siegel's Corps.

²⁷WILLIAM E. CAMERON, "Gen. Mahone, always careful for his men, sent me after the battle to the scene of Siegel's rout and we secured the spoils abandoned by the 'Flying Dutchmen,' enough overcoats and blankets to supply a division."

Meantime Jackson kept a deadly fire in the rear. "Position after position was carried, guns were captured and every effort of the enemy to rally was defeated by the impetuous rush of our troops."²⁸

Night fall made pursuit difficult. Jackson was fighting against time. He determined to make the most of the surprise and panic. "Press forward," he cried to his troops time and time again as he put "Old Sorrel" down the line and through the woods. Never before was he so animated, so vigorous, a very colossus of the battlefield. A smile told the pride of the success he had won by such tremendous efforts and against such odds. Ever and anon he raised his right hand to God as in supplication and thanksgiving. "It was evident that he regarded this his greatest victory."

As the Confederate line approached Chancellorsville, Federal resistance became stouter. The hurly-burly of battle continued, shouts of triumph, wild curses of defiance and despair, the groans of the wounded, the shock of battle, bursting shells, tongues of flame leaping from muskets, a thick canopy of smoke hanging like a pall over the forest and making the twilight denser; the broken but victorious lines of gray charging through mist and smoke; the call of the bugle, gleaming bayonets, waving colors, blue masses standing bravely here and there; wild confusion and the pale faces of the tortured or dying, a scene to make angels weep. Three hours and the pursuit slackened. The wearied troops could no

²⁸ROBERT E. LEE, Official Report.

longer endure. Rodes' line paused within a mile of Chancellorsville for a bit of rest and refreshment. Since sunrise they had marched twenty miles; three miles in battle through these tangled woodlands.

Jackson ordered A. P. Hill to press the charge to the utmost with fresh troops. Had he lived and had A. P. Hill not been wounded, they would probably have seized the fords of the Rappahannock and isolated Hooker. Then Chancellorsville might have become a Waterloo.

IV

An officer²⁹ reported to Jackson that a strong salient just to the right and in front had been evacuated by the retreating Federals.

"Tell General Rodes to occupy that barricade at once with his men."

Jackson rode forward to verify the information and aid General Rodes. General Hooker also had men in motion to reoccupy that fortification. They met, and the Federals poured a volley into the Confederates at short range.

Jackson and A. P. Hill were near the fatal barricade when the Federal troops opened fire.

Jackson returned to the Confederate line and to escape the Federal fire he turned into the woods to the north side of the turnpike. A. P. Hill and his escort were behind him. Within less than one hundred feet of the Confederate line the Confederate troops, naturally thinking that these horsemen were

²⁹Major A. Cobb of the 44th Virginia.

GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE, *Address Army of Northern Va.*, pp. 293-331.

of the enemy, delivered a deadly volley. The horses not killed took fright and galloped, panic-stricken, straight toward the Federal line.

General Jackson received³⁰ three wounds simultaneously. A ball lodged in the palm of his right hand, another lodged in his left arm above the wrist and a third crushed the bones and cut an artery in his left arm just below the shoulder.

“Old Sorrel” dashed away toward the foe, and the General, cruelly cut and lashed by the boughs of the trees was all but unhorsed. Despite the painful wound in his right palm, he calmed “Old Sorrel” and brought him back. But as Captain Wilbourne³¹ reached him he sank, fainting, into his arms. They staunched the flow of blood from his shoulder and carried him, as best they could, through the brush.

General Hill rode away to assume command and was almost immediately wounded. A Federal cannon placed only three hundred feet beyond was about to open on the turnpike.

Jackson so far recovered that he attempted to walk, leaning heavily upon Lieutenant Smith³² and Major Watkins Leigh. A litter arrived and they had placed General Jackson on it, but the Federal battery poured a deadly fire down the road. One of the bearers fell and the litter was laid on the ground, Jackson’s feet to the enemy. A hurricane of shot and shell passed over them. It would seem that no

³⁰COL. WILLIAM ALLEN, “Between eight and nine o’clock, by a volley fired by Lane’s Company: Pender’s N. C. Brigade.”

³¹Capt. Wilbourne conducted the signal service for Jackson.

³²James Power Smith, the aide-de-camp and personal attendant.

living creature could have survived. Three of Jackson's devoted aides lay flat upon the road beside him, protecting him with their own bodies, Major Leigh on one side, Lieutenant Smith on the other. When he attempted to rise, Lieutenant Smith threw his arm over him. "Sir, you must lie still, they will kill you if you rise."

It is astonishing that not one of the four was injured.

The fire was deflected and they resumed their retreat along the edge of the road. Confederate troops pushed forward, General Pender of North Carolina leading them.

The General recognized Jackson and said:

"My men are in such confusion, I fear I must retreat."

Jackson gave his last command:

"General Pender, you *must* hold your ground."³³

Again they placed him on the litter. Again the Federal artillery swept the road; again they took refuge in the forest, and again the litter fell, this time because a bearer tripped. Unfortunately the General fell with his whole weight on the wounded arm. His suffering was acute. He uttered one piteous groan—his only complaint in the excruciating agony through which he passed.

At last they reached an ambulance and a field hospital near Wilderness Run. Dr. Hunter McGuire³⁴ joined the party, examined the wound and gave the General some stimulants. Several times,

³³THEODORE S. GARNETT, *Address*, p. 20, Jackson said, "Send for Stuart."

³⁴Dr. Hunter McGuire, Jackson's Medical Director.

Jackson said afterwards, he thought he was dying, and was content.

At midnight Dr. McGuire and three other surgeons aroused the General and told him it was necessary to amputate his left arm.

“Do as you think best. I am resigned if it is necessary.”

Lieutenant Smith held the candles as Dr. McGuire operated.

He spoke from time to time but did not seem to suffer. Coming from under the influence of the chloroform he drank some coffee. They made him comfortable and he slept soundly until Sunday morning at nine o'clock.

V

He awoke to the roar of distant battle, and he knew, none better, that ominous sound. He was not disturbed, but asked that Mrs. Jackson³⁵ be sent for. He talked calmly but at length with his physicians, nurses and his chaplain, Rev. B. T. Lacy, until warned that he had best remain quiet.

At eleven o'clock definite and detailed news of a compelling victory and the precipitate retreat of General Hooker was brought by Lieutenant Smith. He was especially pleased with the conspicuous bravery of the Stonewall Brigade. At the crisis of battle Stuart called, “Charge and remember Jackson.” They sprang to the task and drove three times

³⁵He was twice married; first, Eleanor Junkin, the sister of Mrs. Margaret Junkin Preston (see Chapter XIII); second, Mary Ann Morrison, the sister of his aide.

their number impetuously before them. He listened with tears in his eyes, and murmured again and again, "It was just like them!"

But when he heard that General E. F. Paxton,³⁶ their brave leader and his personal friend and companion, had fallen, the stricken General turned his face away and closed his eyes to hide his deep emotion.

He asked Lieutenant Smith to write a report to General Lee, which he concluded with his congratulations upon Lee's magnificent victory despite the overwhelming number of the invaders. A courier brought Lee's prompt reply:

"General: I have just received your note, informing me that you were wounded. I cannot express my regret at the occurrence. Could I have directed events, I should have chosen, for the good of the country, to have been disabled in your stead.

"I congratulate you upon the victory which is due to your skill and energy.

"Most truly yours,

"R. E. LEE,

"General."

General Jackson listened intently and after a little reflection said:

"General Lee is very kind, but he should give the glory to God."

As the Sabbath day was drawing in he said:

"Our movement yesterday was a great success; I think the most successful military movement of my

³⁶Chas. James Faulkner, Jackson's Adjutant and Chief of Staff, was ill and absent. The Assistant Adjutant Alex. S. Pendleton fell in the Valley Campaign (September, 1864).

life.³⁷ But I expect to receive far more credit for it than I deserve. Most men will think that I had planned it all from the first; but it was not so. I simply took advantage of circumstances as they were presented to me in the providence of God. I feel that His hand led me. Let us give Him all the glory.”

Both General Lee and Dr. McGuire thought it best to remove the invalid to Ashland, twelve miles north of Richmond, which could best be reached by road to Guinea Station and thence by rail.

Monday morning he appeared much improved. They made him comfortable on a mattress in an ambulance, Dr. McGuire and Lieutenant Smith riding beside him. Jed Hotchkiss³⁸ smoothed the road before them as best he could. It was a trying journey, twenty-five miles, by way of Spotsylvania Court House. After a long day they reached the residence of Dr. Chandler, which was filled with wounded soldiers. Jackson was placed in the “office,” a small but comfortable brick building near the house on the crest of a gentle rise from road and railway.

The patient was exhausted. He complained of sickness and pain in his wounded arms, but slept well.

Tuesday morning (May 5) he was so much improved that he asked his physician how long it would be before he could return to the front. He told Mr. Lacy he was prepared to die, but was convinced that

³⁷*Richmond Enquirer*, May 3, 1863, “General Jackson has outdone himself and exhibited the highest characteristics of a strategist and a skillful general, fully confirming all his past renown, and adding new laurels to the many already won in the service of his country.”

³⁸Jed Hotchkiss of Staunton, Va., Jackson’s topographical engineer.

God would spare him to serve his country. They told him that General Hooker had intrenched his army on the north bank of the Rappahannock. He replied:

“That is bad—very bad.”

Wednesday was cold with chilling winds and heavy rains. He was not so well, and that night pneumonia developed.

General Lee expressed the hope and belief that God would not take General Jackson away when his country so sorely needed him.

“Give him my affectionate regards. Tell him to make haste, get well and come back as soon as he can. He has lost his left arm; but I have lost my right arm.”

Stoneman’s raid made travel so dangerous that Mrs. Jackson was detained until Thursday, when she set forth with her infant child. The journey was difficult but she arrived safely. His face beamed with joy when she entered, but he read the tell-tale apprehension she could not control.

“Now, Anna, cheer up, and don’t wear a long face,” he said jestingly. And she obeyed, but she carried a heavy heart.

The pneumonia cleared, but “constitutional symptoms” grew steadily worse. Friday brought no improvement. Dr. Morrison told Mrs. Jackson plainly that he feared the General would not recover. Dr. McGuire saw little to hope, but General Jackson asserted positively:

“I do not believe I shall die at this time.”

Saturday brought acute suffering and burning

fever. He asked his wife to sing the fifty-first Psalm. Through the long hours of Saturday night his devoted nurses sponged his hot brow with cool water.

He had often said he would prefer to die on Sunday, and his wish was granted. He lived until the Crucifixion hour, three o'clock. Mrs. Jackson insisted that he should be told of his approaching death, so frequently had he expressed his idea that a dying person should not be left in ignorance of his approaching end.

"The physicians say you must soon be in Heaven. Are you resigned if He calls you to come today?"

He answered slowly but distinctly, "I prefer it."

"Before today closes you will be with the Savior in glory," she added.

"I will be infinitely the gainer."

He slept restlessly, speaking from time to time in delirium. He was again on the field of battle. He saw the hosts arrayed against him.³⁹

"Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action." Then, after a pause,

"Major Hawks,⁴⁰ advance the commissary train."

Again a long pause. He raised himself, a smile flitted over his wan face, and he murmured, "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."⁴¹

³⁹R. L. DABNEY, *Life of Jackson*, p. 719, intimates, but does not say positively, that these commands were given on Thursday in his delirium.

⁴⁰His Chief Commissary, Major William Hawks.

⁴¹The office at Guinea Station is carefully preserved as a Jackson memorial. The bed in which he died, the candle sticks and candle stand, the chairs and other furniture are kept just as they were at that time.

Generated at Library of Congress on 2023-12-21 01:36 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uiug.30112049790725 / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-us-google
Public Domain in the United States; Google-digitized

The fitful flame of life was snuffed out by the cold hand of death. His spirit returned to God who gave it.⁴²

VI

While great Stonewall lay dying at Guinea Station, a vast congregation of soldiers, General Lee, many other field officers, united in prayer for his recovery; many a hardened soldier wept as he prayed. General Lee said to the chaplain:

“Surely, General Jackson must recover. God will not take him from us, as we need him so much. Surely he will be spared in answer to so many prayers. When you return, I trust you will find him better. When a suitable occasion offers, give him my love, and tell him I wrestled in prayer for him last night as I never prayed, I believe, for myself.”

Rev. B. T. Lacy⁴³ returned to find him dead. General Lee and Governor Letcher were informed immediately, and soon the world knew.

The devoted members of his staff prepared his

⁴²ELIHU S. RILEY, *Stonewall Jackson*, pp. 199-207.

His dying words called from SIDNEY LANIER, Chapter XIV, his first real poem.

HARRY L. FLASH, a poem of five stanzas:

“O gracious God! not gainless is the loss:
A glorious sunbeam gilds thy sternest frown,
And while his country staggers with the cross,
He rises with the Crown.”

MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON, a poem of seven stanzas:

“Yea, it was noblest for him—it was best—
Questioning naught of Our Father’s decrees,
There to pass over the river and rest
Under the shade of the trees!”

⁴³Brother of Major J. H. Lacy. After the war, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Mexico, Missouri.

body for burial, and dressed him in his uniform and overcoat.

President Jefferson Davis sent the first new flag,⁴⁴ which had just been made for the capitol at Richmond, as his winding sheet. Governor Letcher sent a metallic coffin from Richmond. An escort of distinguished men arrived from Richmond to accompany him to the capitol.

A special train bore the remains, Mrs. Jackson, the staff and escort to Elba.⁴⁵ Mrs. Jackson was taken to the Executive Mansion. The train passed slowly along Broad Street, crowded by people sincerely bereaved. The coffin was carried to the Executive Mansion while distant minute guns fired a mournful salute.

“At the hour appointed (Tuesday, May 12) the coffin was borne to the hearse, a signal gun was fired from Capitol Square near the Washington monument, and the procession moved to the solemn strains of the ‘Dead March in Saul.’ Two regiments of General Pickett’s division led the way; with reversed arms, General Pickett and his staff followed, then the Fayette artillery, Wren’s cavalry, then ‘Old Sorrel,’ led by a groom, Jackson’s staff, members of the Stonewall Brigade who were wounded or invalids, the President of the Confederate States, the cabinet, a host of officers and a throng of civic dignitaries.

“Every place of business was closed, and every avenue thronged with solemn and tearful spectators, while a silence more impressive than that of the Sabbath brooded over Richmond.

“The hearse reached the steps of the Capitol, the

⁴⁴Chapter XIX.

⁴⁵A suburb of Richmond, on West Broad Street.

pallbearers led by General James Longstreet, bore the coffin, still draped with the new flag, into the hall of the lower house of Congress and placed it on a snow-white altar before the Speaker's chair.

"Fully twenty thousand people passed the bier, looking for a moment on the placid features of the beloved leader. Voluntary offerings of flowers were heaped about."⁴⁶

"No⁴⁷ ceremonial could be so honorable to him as the tears dropped by every eye, and the solemnity with which the vast crowds assembled and dispersed. No such homage was ever paid an American."

The last sad journey was begun at an early hour Wednesday (May 13) by rail to Gordonsville; thence to Lynchburg, where the profound emotions of the people were as fully expressed as in Richmond.⁴⁸ The General's remains were taken from the train to a canal boat, thence to Buchanan, and over the highway to his beloved village, Lexington. Thursday evening (May 14) the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute carried the casket to his lecture room and guarded it during the night.

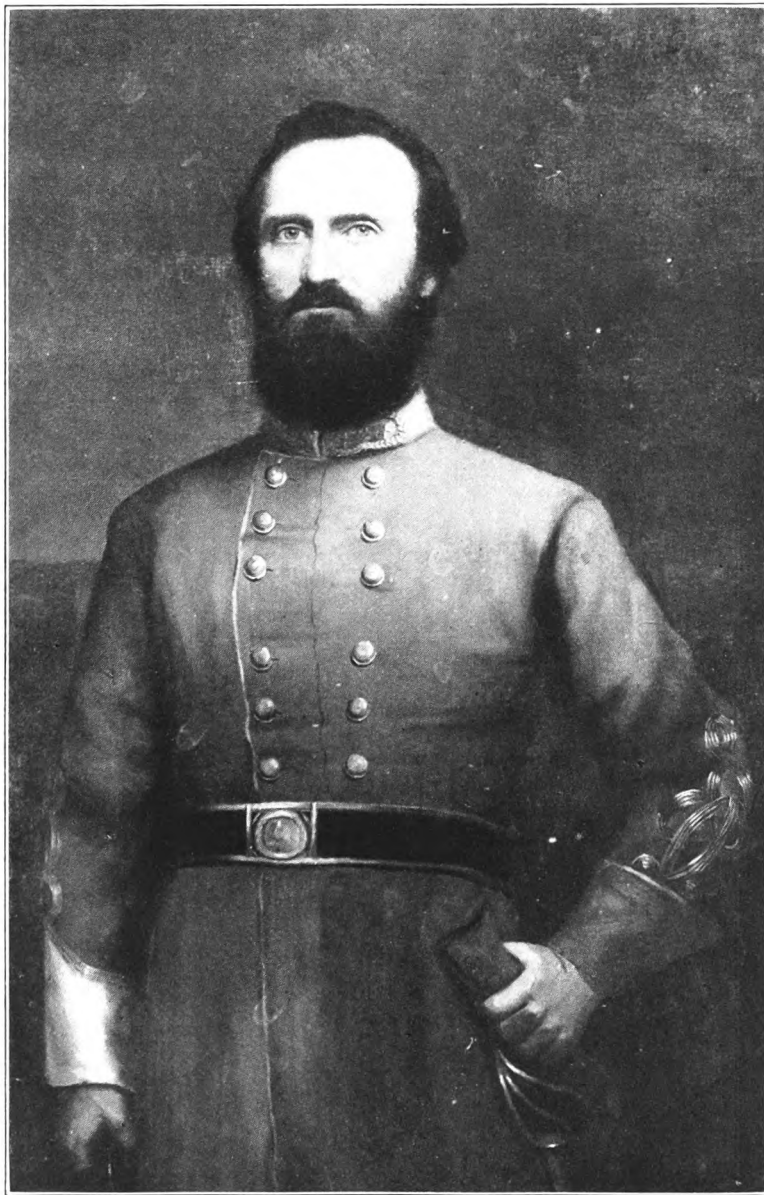
The funeral was held in the Presbyterian Church, of which he was a deacon, by the pastor, Rev. William Spotswood White, D.D. Loving hands bore him reverently to the quiet cemetery on an adjacent hill-top and laid him in the grave, since marked by a simple but dignified statue.⁴⁹ Only a few paces

⁴⁶Quoted from contemporary newspaper report.

⁴⁷R. L. DABNEY, *Life of Jackson*.

⁴⁸*The Lynchburg Virginian*, May 13, 1863.

⁴⁹The best picture of the grave and monument will be found in *The Days of Yester-Year*, p. 218.



*Photo by H. P. Cook
Portrait in Virginia State Library*

STONEWALL JACKSON

"It would be impossible to exaggerate the love and gratitude of the Southern people for him."—Chapter XVII.

distant his devoted friend General Elisha Franklin Paxton had recently been committed to the earth.

General Lee announced⁵⁰ the death of Jackson:

GENERAL ORDERS NO 61
HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA
May 11, 1863.

With deep grief the commanding General announces to the army the death of Lieutenant-General T. J. Jackson, who expired on the 10th inst., at a quarter past three, p. m. The daring, skill and energy of this great and good soldier, by the decree of an All-Wise Providence, are now lost to us. But while we mourn his death, we feel that his spirit still lives and will inspire the whole army with his indomitable courage, and unshaken confidence in God, as our hope and strength. Let his name be a watchword to his corps, who have followed him to victory on so many fields. Let his officers and soldiers emulate his invincible determination to do everything in the defence of our beloved country.⁵¹

R. E. LEE, General.

VII

The name of Stonewall Jackson is untarnished with the lapse of time. On the contrary his reputation as a strategist has grown since his untimely death. Perhaps the most marvelous feature of his fame is the brief time that was given him. One crowded year lies between his victory at McDowell⁵² (May 8, 1862) and his victory at Chancellorsville (May 2, 1863). Napoleon was his model. He studied the Corsican's campaigns with diligence and

⁵⁰*The Lynchburg Virginian*, May 13, 1863.

⁵¹*The Lynchburg Virginian*, May 13, 1863.

⁵²*The Days of Yester-Year*, pp. 217-230.

enthusiasm. Napoleon, he believed, was the first great commander to demonstrate the real capacity of a disciplined army. He marched twenty-five miles a day and won battles, too. If the French could do it, so could the Virginians.

But in personal traits it would be difficult to find two leaders more dissimilar than Napoleon and Jackson. The Emperor's well known dramatic arts⁵³ to arouse enthusiasm never appealed to Jackson, who, true to his Scotch-Irish blood and breeding, was reserved and taciturn almost to rudeness.

Like his devoted chieftain Robert E. Lee, his watchword was duty. "From the day he left home⁵⁴ until he was brought back to Lexington amidst the tears and benedictions of his people, he never had a furlough; was never off duty for a day, whether sick or well; never visited his family, and never slept one night outside the lines of his own command."

All human life is a contradiction. This colossus of bloody battlefields was so averse to the sight of blood, inconsistent as it seems, that wounds and hospitals were intolerable. He never visited a hospital if he could avoid it. Often he turned pale and trembled at the sound of the first gun, opening an engagement. But once in the thick of the fight he was the coolest commander on the field.

He fell at the zenith of his power. It would be impossible to exaggerate the love and gratitude of the

⁵³Perhaps no people in the world place higher value upon sincerity and simplicity than the Virginians, and of all Virginians those of Scotch-Irish extraction are most critical of ostentation.

⁵⁴ROBERT L. DABNEY, *Life of Jackson*, p. 734.

Southern people for him. In every Southern heart the memory of Jackson and Lee are inseparably entwined.

His short but brilliant career exerts marked influence upon the young manhood of Virginia. Poets and painters, sculptors and novelists have vied each with the other to commemorate his nobleness and worth.

Come, stack arms, men! Pile on the rails;
Stir up the camp-fire bright;
No growling if the canteen fails,
We'll make a roaring night.
Here Shenandoah brawls along,
There burly Blue Ridge echoes strong
To swell the Brigade's rousing song
Of "Sonewall Jackson's way."

We see him now—the queer slouched hat
Cocked o'er his eye askew;
The shrewd, dry smile; the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true.
The "Blue-light Elder" knows 'em well;
Says he, "That's Banks—he's fond of shell;
Lord save his soul! we'll give him—" well,
That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Silence! ground arms! kneel all! caps off!
Old Blue Light's goin' to pray.
Strangle the fool who dares to scoff!
Attention! it's his way.
Appealing from his native sod
In *forma pauperis* to God:
"Lay bare Thine arm; stretch forth Thy rod!
Amen!" That's Sonewall's way.

He's in the saddle now. Fall in!
 Steady! The whole Brigade!
 Hill's at the ford, cut off; we'll win
 His way out, ball and blade!
 What matter if our shoes are worn?
 What matter if our feet are torn?
 "Quick step! we're with him before morn!"
 That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
 Of morning, and, by George!
 Here's Longstreet struggling in the lists,
 Hemmed in an ugly gorge.
 Pope and his Dutchmen, whipped before;
 "Bay'nets and grape!" hear Stonewall roar;
 "Charge Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score!"
 In "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Ah! Maiden, wait and watch and yearn
 For news of Stonewall's band!
 Ah! Widow, read, with eyes that burn
 That ring upon thy hand.
 Ah, Wife, sew on, pray on, hope on;
 Thy life shall not be all forlorn;
 The foe had better ne'er been born
 That gets in "Stonewall's way."⁵⁵

⁵⁵GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON, *Amer. War Ballads*, Vol. II, p. 77. "William Gilmon Simms tells us that this poem stained with blood, was found on a dead soldier of the Stonewall Brigade after a battle in the Shenandoah Valley. Its authorship was long unknown." The editor is mistaken. This poem was written by the Reverend John Williamson Palmer, D.D., of Baltimore, Md., at Oakland, Md., 1862, to the distant roar of the cannon at the battle of Antietam. *Southern Hist. Soc. Papers*, Vol. II, pp. 136-7.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE HEROINES OF TAZEWELL

For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!
Thou hast made Thy children mighty,
By the touch of the mountain sod.
The rocks yield founts of courage,
Struck forth as by Thy rod;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God.
—*Felicia Hemans*.¹

Tazewell is a favored land of towering mountains, fertile valleys, cold rivulets, and a substantial people—lifted toward the arch of heaven; for the lowest depression in the deepest valley is fully 1,900 feet above the tides of ocean.² Here and there bold peaks rear lofty and impressive heads like Alpine heights to 4,700 feet. From these summits the valleys slip down in terraced slopes until lost in long perspective. Sometimes they rise again, sweeping to other and more distant peaks. Silver rivulets lapse away into the shadow of the forest, or twist hither and thither like serpents, or leap from ledge to ledge as wild, cool and pure as when Indians stopped here to slake their thirst.

Tazewell County was organized at the turn³ of the century (1800) from the huge boundaries of Wythe, to the east, and Russell to the south; and was given

¹MRS. HEMANS, *Poetical Works*, edition 1836, pp. 425-6.

²Virginia *Dept. of Agriculture*, pp. 245-6.

E. A. POLLARD, *Va. Tourist*, Chap. IX.

³"Act passed Dec. 19, 1799." BICKLEY, *History of Tazewell*.

the name of Senator Henry Tazewell,⁴ the distinguished father of Governor Littleton Waller Tazewell of Norfolk. Tazewell is the fine, old name of a fine, old family; and this county has adorned it. Strength of will and unyielding determination were Tazewell traits and won for them the county name. "Simon Cottrell, the representative from Russell (1799), was authorized to apply for the formation of a new county. He presented his bill on the 18th of December, but met with most violent opposition from Mr. Tazewell of Norfolk County, a relative of Littleton W. Tazewell, then in Congress. Cottrell begged the gentleman to withhold his remarks till his bill was matured, to which Mr. Tazewell assented. Cottrell erased the proposed name⁵ and inserted that of Tazewell, and the next day presented the bill as amended. Tazewell was silenced, and the bill passed receiving his vote. To this stratagem the county is indebted for its name."⁶

Those who inhabit here are homogeneous English and Scotch-Irish, thoroughly acclimated in Virginia before seeking their mountain homes.

I

OLIVIA WYNN

Among the hardy pioneers, with axes on shoulders and rifles in hand who cut their way into this moun-

⁴*Through Centuries Three*, p. 422.

⁵Posterity would now be deeply interested in the original name appended to the bill.

⁶G. W. L. BICKLEY, *Hist. of Tazewell Co.*

tain wilderness was Oliver Wynn.⁷ He is enrolled among the Revolutionary patriots (1776).

In the second generation John Wynn,⁸ whom we suppose was Oliver's son and heir, lived on a beautiful farm two miles east of the court house village, Jeffersonville.⁹

John Wynn's daughter, Olivia, named for her pioneer grandfather, grew into beautiful and winsome womanhood. Stout brick walls, built to defy the storms and tumults of a century¹⁰ sheltered the tall, dark and graceful girl from a wicked world.

When the country was young the arts were but rudely cultivated. Itinerant music teachers traveled through the South and West, holding music schools, teaching young men and maids who had a mind to sing ballads and hymns and play the organ or harpsichord.

One such drifted into Jeffersonville. And, as Olivia wished to sing and play, the young and handsome teacher was employed. He was talented, bold, sentimental and altogether debonair—a typical product of the “city,” very different from the honest, plain, practical young men whom Olivia knew.

There were lessons in music and dancing; there were delightful chats on the broad veranda after dinner; there were moonlight drives to the “institute”

⁷LEWIS PRESTON SUMMERS, *History of Southwest Va.*, p. 1481. William Wynne was one of the first colonists on Clinch River. *Va. Mag. of Hist. and Biog.*, April, 1922, p. 201.

⁸L. P. SUMMERS, *Hist. of S. W. Va.*, pp. 1047 and 1444.

⁹Now Tazewell.

¹⁰The house is still in excellent preservation; the home of the late Capt. William Edward Peery.

at Jeffersonville, where the lads and lassies sang in chorus and read "shapenotes." There were solos by the music master in church of a Sunday, and parties in many of the homesteads during the week. And there were long and happy hours under the sedate, old oaks and by the silver brooks, which sang their little melancholy songs as they slipped away over mossy stones into the green twilight of the forest.

We have no doubt that Olivia, having won the handsome young stranger, was the envy of all the girls, but as the youngest of them has passed into the Great Beyond, long, long since, our guess can never be verified.

They would soon be married, rumor said, and the fountain of life was filled to the brim with happiness. There was only one minor chord. The young teacher must conduct another institute over the mountains, to which he was committed, before he returned to claim Olivia as his bride.

Olivia spent the lonesome days preparing her trousseau: lace from Baltimore,¹¹ silks from Lynchburg and linen from Ireland, sent by ship to Alexandria.

The wedding day had not been set, but that was a mere detail.

Once gone the music master failed to write. But he was busy, of course, and every one knew that the posts were irregular. As the days crept into weeks an ill-defined dread gripped Olivia's young heart.

At last the message came! It was a cruel blow;

¹¹Baltimore for fifty years almost monopolized the retail trade of the mountains of Virginia.

the cold steel entered her soul. The music master would not return. The engagement must be broken. He had not intended to deceive Olivia, but an harmless and innocent flirtation grew too quickly into passion. Time and time again he had intended to tell Olivia the whole, plain truth, but each time it was too hard, for he loved and admired her. He thought it best and easiest for them both for him to disappear. No doubt she would soon forget, and, he hoped, forgive him. If he were not already married, how gladly would he claim her as his bride! He prayed that she would find another and a better man.

The lace from Baltimore was laid away in huge mahogany drawers, with bits of lavender flowers. The silk from Lynchburg and the Irish linen were never used.

Olivia became listless and weary. The color faded from her cheeks and the lightness from her step. She uttered not one word of complaint and no condemnation for the man she loved unwisely but too well. She never smiled again.

Two years and she faded as the flowers fade when the frost begins to fall, slowly, imperceptibly, but certainly, for her heart was dead.

When she breathed her last, they bedecked her in her wedding clothes and laid the bride who never reached the altar in the bit of a cemetery on the top of a hill¹² a few yards from the ancestral home.

The antiquarian who wishes may visit Olivia's grave. Under the thick foliage of giant trees, whose

¹²The custom through all the mountain section.

sturdy arms are raised as in protection, two miles east of Tazewell, above a busy highway, enclosed by an old-fashioned rail fence, and amidst the encroaching weeds and thick tangle of grass and flowers, the gray, granite slab has rested on her grave, lo these hundred years and more.

* * * *

In 1841 Dr. Thomas Dunn English of Philadelphia, who had just been admitted to the bar, visited Captain Peery in this, the old homesteads of the Wynns. He was a youth of twenty-two.¹³ Five years before, as a school boy, he began writing for the Philadelphia papers. He would be a physician, and received his M. D. from the University of Pennsylvania (1839). Then he decided upon law. The fates, however, had fame for him as neither physician nor barrister, but as a man of letters. He edited various publications and made his home in Virginia for five years (1852-7). Then he returned to Newark, New Jersey; practiced medicine and took a hand in politics; but always contributed to the press.

William and Mary gave him the degree of LL.D. (1876).

Dr. English closed his varied, eventful and useful life in recent years (1902). His literary efforts were voluminous, but he is remembered for a simple, sentimental song, "Ben Bolt." Its forty lines caught the imagination of the world.

"Ben Bolt" was published first in the New York "Mirror" (September 2, 1843), a year after Dr.

¹³Born June 29, 1819.

English visited the Peery home. It sprang into instant popularity, although we suspect the melody composed by Nelson Kneass had as much to do with winning favor as the poem.

The song never lost its popularity in Virginia,¹⁴ although in many places it was forgotten. It was the good fortune of Dr. English that "Trilby," the most sensational novel of a generation, made generous use of "Ben Bolt." Instantly the old song was revived and sung by uncounted millions in Europe and America.

From the day it appeared the people of Tazewell have stoutly maintained that "Sweet Alice," Ben Bolt's lover, was none other than Olivia Wynn. The time, place, name and circumstances lend strong probability to that contention.

It must be admitted that the identity of the faithless lover with Ben Bolt cannot be maintained. Every poet, of course, takes large liberty in his verses. Why should he not? Be that as it may, Virginia delights to claim¹⁵ Thomas Dunn English, if only for a fleeting five years—and, in common with the good folk of Tazewell, we will vote to give pathetic Olivia Wynn the immortality she deserves, whether she was the original "Sweet Alice" or not.

O don't you remember Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt;
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown?
She wept with delight when you gave her a smile
And trembled with fear at your frown.

¹⁴The author heard it sung constantly in Virginia before the appearance of "Trilby."

¹⁵From 1852 to 1856 he practiced both law and medicine at Logan, West Virginia, then known as Lawnsville, Va.

In the old church-yard in the valley, Ben Bolt;
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of granite so gray,
And Sweet Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noon-day shade
And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt;
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet which crawls 'round the walls as you gaze
Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the button-ball tree, with its motley limbs,
Which nigh to the door-step stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
The tree you would seek for in vain;
And where once the lords of the forest waved
Are grass and golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
And the master so cruel and grim;
And the shaded nook, in the running brook
Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt;
The spring of the brook is dry;
And of all the boys who were school-mates then
There are left only you and I.

There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt;
They've changed from the old to the new,
But I feel in the depths of my spirit the truth
There never was change in you.

Twelve months, twenty, have passed, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends, yet I hail
Your presence a blessing, your friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt of the salt sea gale.¹⁶

II

MOLLY TYNES

A daring raid across the sparsely populated mountains of southern West Virginia and a descent upon Wytheville to capture the town by surprise was made by Colonel John Toland of the 34th Ohio Infantry, mounted for the expedition, and Colonel William Henry Powell of the 2nd Virginia (Union) Cavalry. They planned, if successful, to make Wytheville a Federal fortress in the very heart of southwestern Virginia. The railway to eastern Tennessee would be cut, the lead mines on New River taken and the salt mines at Saltville also captured. This daring plan, well laid, was calculated to play havoc with Southern sources of supply.

The army gathered at Brownsville (now Huntington), West Virginia, July 13, 1863, and marched over the lower mountain ranges to Coal River, which they followed to its source in Raleigh County. Pushing a weary and increasingly toilsome way over the

¹⁶DR. ACHILLES L. TYNES, "My father, Captain A. J. Tynes, was a personal friend of Captain Peery from the late fifties until the Captain's death. He often visited there. I have heard him sing Ben Bolt frequently and on many occasions refer to the fact that Doctor English wrote the poem sitting under a great walnut tree in the front yard at Capt. Peery's home. No one ever seemed to doubt the story, as Dr. English frequently visited the Peery home."

towering summits of Cherry Pond Mountain¹⁷ into Wyoming and McDowell counties, they reached Jeffersonville and lighted their camp fires on the Peery plantation, July 17, unmindful of the peaceful grave of Olivia Wynn on the neighboring hilltop. The country through which they had passed was exceedingly wild, rough and naked, for the mountain folk disappeared from cabins and clearings as the blue coats advanced.

They grazed their horses as they rested for a day before resuming their drive—but that day saved Wytheville and the South!

News of the blue horsemen from the distant Ohio set the countryside ablaze with anxiety and terror. The people of Tazewell were absolutely devoted to the cause of Virginia, although there were few slaves in the county.¹⁸ Sturdy mountain folk are ever champions of local self-government. The citizens resented the invasion of the commonwealth as contrary to every principle of constitutional right. Practically all the young men of military age had shouldered arms and marched to the embattled front. The invaders received a sullen reception but no active hostility. The two colonels and their men made no secret of their mission. Wytheville was their objective and they would take up their march again at dawn.

Jeffersonville clustered about the court house on a hill, and from the village the road climbs to the

¹⁷The author has used a map of Virginia published in 1864 by J. H. Colton of New York, which is often far from accurate in its details, especially in county lines.

¹⁸There were 1,016 slaves in the county (1850), which then included all of McDowell and a large part of Buchanan and Bland Counties.

top of Rich Mountain and descends into Burk's Garden,¹⁹ a very paradise upon the broad flat summit of the mountain. Over Garden Mountain, as this part of Clinch Mountain is called, the highway descends through Bland and Wythe counties to Wytheville.

Samuel Tynes made his home at "Rocky Dell" three miles east of the court house as one travels toward Wytheville. As a young man Samuel came over the mountains from Botetourt and found his fortune on these ample acres of grass. That he had prospered his saw mill and grist mill and woolen mill amply attested. The farm of "Rocky Dell" swung from summit to summit, entirely across a valley which dipped like a saddle from Buck Horn to Rich Mountains. At the time of the raid his only son²⁰ was an officer in the Confederate Army.

An excited messenger dashed to the doors of "Rocky Dell" with the cry of alarm. "The Yankees are at Peery's farm. They march tomorrow to surprise Wytheville."

Samuel Tynes' eighteen-year-old daughter, Mollie, "fair of form and face," and as graceful as she was fair, as resolute as she was graceful, heard the alarming cry and realized, none better,²¹ its ominous import to Virginia and the Confederate cause. The messenger had not seen Mollie who sat at an opened window screened by a trellis of roses. Both lover²²

¹⁹Chapter XIV.

²⁰Capt. A. J. Tynes, long an influential citizen and churchman in the county.

²¹She was educated at Hollins College near Roanoke.

²²W. D. Davidson of Mercer County.

and brother were in the Confederate service. Her decision was made on the instant, her courage rose to the occasion. A mere girl, helpless and unarmed, she would by God's good grace defeat the dire purpose of the two Ohio colonels and their army of a thousand mounted men!

"From an old chest²³ she slipped some valuable papers, withdrew through a rear door, saddled her bay mare, the surest and fleetest horse in the barn; and, without the family's knowledge" turned her face toward Wytheville as the long shadows fell from the western mountain summits.

She well knew the rough and winding road, she well knew the perils of the way. Great stretches of forest as rugged, wild, dark, forbidding as when red men hunted through them lay before her. Bears, panthers, wolves and wildcats infested the heights, and stragglers, desperate men, perhaps deserters more dangerous by far than the wild animals might lie in wait along the way. Over the steepest summits the road was merely a bridle-path, and in many places the mountain torrents' rocky and treacherous beds must be followed. Her trusty mare leaped onward and upward as the setting sun weaved a mist of gold and gray over the dark green forests. Slowly the stars came forth and hung like tiny lanterns above the stern and sombre peaks. Mollie at nightfall swung over the shoulder of Rich Mountain.

As she passed each sequestered cabin she called to the astonished mountaineers, "The Yankees are coming at dawn," and dashed on her way.

²³Mrs. Lucy Dickerson, "Sunset News," Dec. 21, '29.



Photo by Harry Staley

"Silver rivulets lapse away into the shadow of the forest or twist hither and thither, like serpents; or leap from ledge to ledge as wild and as cold, and as pure as when Indians stooped here to slake their thirst."—Chapter XVIII.

Late at night she reached Burke's Garden. A lad unlatched the door. Mollie shouted her warning and was gone like an apparition into the black and silent night.²⁴

Beyond the Garden Mollie must pass the roughest, wildest, and most dangerous road in the blackest hours. The trees, thick and tangled, smote her, the bushes and the rank undergrowth tore her clothing and set her skin bleeding, the vines laid meshes for the mare's feet. Slippery rocks, treacherous holes, fallen timbers conspired against her. The descent of the steep flanks of Garden Mountain²⁵ was far more dangerous and precipitous than the ascent. For the road follows a gulch, long, deep, like a scar made on the bosom of the mountain at creation's dawn. Other ridges and lesser heights were passed and at last she climbed the thickly forested flanks of Walker's Mountain.²⁶

When dawn first touched the purple summits with the light of a new day (July 18) Mollie dashed across the cultivated countryside and into the streets of Wytheville.²⁷ She cried her warning at every door and waved her bonnet to an astonished people. Her face was lashed and bleeding, her arms and body bruised, her golden hair was tangled and her clothing hung in shreds.

Men and women aroused from slumber could

²⁴The boy became the late Dr. Caleb Thompson of Tazewell and often related the story of Mollie's call.

²⁵The altitude of Garden Mountain is 4,000 ft., that of Sharon Springs, Bland Co., 2,760 ft. Ceres is 2,600.

²⁶Altitude 3,500 feet.

²⁷Altitude 2,300 feet.

scarcely believe their eyes. This girl had ridden through the night over the wild heights from Tazewell twenty miles away. Impossible, but Mollie did it!

The worthy town folk caught the spirit of the heroine. They rushed, half-clad, into the streets. Many were panic-stricken. The blow long dreaded had fallen at last. But the foe came not up the valley, as anticipated, but across the inhospitable ranges.

The Home Guard sprang to arms, old men, young boys, the wounded; and many women worked with feverish haste to defend their homes and firesides.

Let Horace Greeley²⁸ tell the story in his terse sentences.

“They swooped down on Wytheville, a village of 1,800 inhabitants and a place of considerable importance. Hitherto they had passed over a rugged, wild and sterile region, having very few inhabitants and no elements of resistance; but, charging into Wytheville, they were fired on from the houses. Colonel Toland was soon killed, and Colonel Powell of the 34th Ohio mortally wounded²⁹ as were several of their leading subordinates. After firing some of the buildings whence they were thus assailed, our men, abandoning their dead and wounded, fell back two miles and encamped; starting for home under the 34th Ohio early next morning. Hungry, worn-out and dispirited, they lost nearly half their

²⁸HORACE GREELEY, *The American Conflict*, Vol. II, p. 403.

²⁹Mr. Greeley is mistaken. Col. Powell was captured, nursed back to health and confined for six months in Libby Prison. After he was exchanged he became Brigadier-General of Volunteers, 1864. After the war he lived in West Virginia and Illinois. He was born in Pontypool, England, May 10, 1825.

horses on their devious way homeward, wending from early dawn until midnight over the roughest mountains, and being four days without food, till they struck Tug Fork, the second night, where they found and killed some cattle. Misled by a treacherous guide, they wasted next day wandering through the mountains, finding rations and food at Fayetteville (July 23). They rode 400 miles, lost 83 men and at least 300 horses and endured as much misery as could well be crowded into a profitless raid of eight days."

Neither the famous editor and historian, Horace Greeley, nor Colonel Toland, nor one of the thousand who were defeated knew that they were foiled by a girl of eighteen.

The slow but cruel Reaper has gathered invaders and defenders to his cold embrace. This campaign was forgotten in the vastly greater issues at stake then and since. But one will turn the pages of history in vain to find a similar incident; a maiden, unarmed and alone, who saved her country from the menace of a thousand men.

Mollie Tynes,³⁰ slender, graceful, bruised and bleeding, will not be forgotten while Tazewell's mountains stand. Some day a bold and lofty peak, cutting a noble silhouette against the azure sky, will bear the name of Mollie Tynes and generations yet unborn will rise to do her honor.

³⁰Two months after this episode Mollie married her soldier lover, W. D. Davidson, who for many years represented Mercer County in the legislature of West Virginia. When she died they laid her, at her request, in the Tynes plot at Tazewell, as she wished to sleep under Virginia's sod.

NOTE.—This chapter has been read critically by her nephew, Dr. A. L. Tynes of Staunton, Va., who often heard her relate the story of her ride.

CHAPTER XIX

THE CONFEDERATE BATTLE FLAG

**"Hushed is the roll of the Southern drum,
The sabres are sheathed, and the cannon dumb;
And Fate, with a pitiless hand, has furled
The flag that once challenged the gaze of the world."**

—John Reuben Thompson.

The crimson banner with its azure cross floated in triumph over an hundred battle fields, as the ensign of a proud and valorous nation born to die. Under its folds brilliant leaders achieved exploits that will live on history's classic page, but the flag has been furled forever. To revere it is not inconsistent with devotion, patriotism and loyalty to the "Stars and Stripes." Every son of the South is proud of reunited America, its magnificent domain, its dominant people, its glorious history and manifest destiny. The South would leap to the defense of the flag if the nation were assailed by aliens without or traitors within. The South made the nation possible, and has saved it in days gone. There is a conviction, deep in Southern hearts, that the hour will come again when Southern patriotism, valor and devotion will save American institutions. But the sacred memory of the Lost Cause is a precious heritage none the less.

I

A nation must have a flag. Moses realized its value.¹ It is not a rag of cotton, wool, or silk, but a symbol. Its folds are redolent of achievement. The romance of the race, the heroes of generations gone and the hearts and homes of a people are suggested by the flag. Even a national anthem does not touch the emotions and set the heart strings vibrating as does the flag.

It would seem that in the choice of a flag a nation would select only the most beautiful, distinctive, appropriate and attractive designs. Such, however, is not always the case. Many banners are so queer as to be grotesque; and many are so like the flags of other nations that only an expert can tell them apart.²

The famous flag of Great Britain suggests the magnificent history of a thousand years and more. The triple cross: St. George for England, St. Andrew's for Scotland, and St. Patrick for Ireland have been laid upon the red banner of Normandy. But if the British flag were stripped of all historic and sentimental suggestions we dare say the Confederate banner would be at once simpler and more appealing. Indeed the Confederate banner with its blue St. Andrew's cross upon a red field might be considered a development of the British ensign, with the American stars added.

¹Numbers 2:2. "Every man of the Children of Israel shall pitch by his own standard, the ensign of their father's house."

²The three Scandinavian countries—Denmark, Norway and Sweden—have the same design; the colors alone distinguish them.

II

When the Confederacy was established at Montgomery, Alabama, love for the "Stars and Stripes" was pronounced. Many demanded that the old flag be retained as ours by right.³ They recalled how much the South had done and suffered for the undivided nation and the flag.⁴ It was the standard of Washington, Jefferson, Marshall, Madison, Jackson, Clay, Monroe, Scott, Taylor and a host of other heroes. But manifestly the two sections now at war could not use the same flag.

The gathering armies in the seceded states marched, at first, under their state flags.⁵

A committee of the Confederate Congress, Colonel William Porcher Miles, chairman, wrestled with the problem of a Confederate flag. One hundred and thirty designs, nearly all modifications of the "Stars and Stripes," were received, and at last they selected the banner known as the "Stars and Bars."

Major Orren Smith⁶ of Raleigh, North Carolina, was recognized by the United Daughters of the Confederacy, after an exhaustive investigation of the claims made, "as the designer of the original Con-

³MRS. ELLEN KEY BLUNT, "The Southern Cross"

"They are waving our flag above them
With a despot's tyrant will;
With our blood they have stained its colors,
And they call it holy still."

⁴NAPIER BARTLETT, *Soldier's Story*, p. 28.

⁵WM. M. OWEN, *Wash. Artillery*, p. 61. "Gov. Letcher of Virginia presented each Virginia regiment with a stand of state colors—blue ground with the coat of arms in the centre." (Oct. 20, 1861).

⁶MRS. J. DOLPH LONG, quoted in *Norfolk Va.-Pilot*, May 22, 1931.

federate flag." Nicola Marschall of Marion, Alabama, has also been recognized as the designer."⁷

The first official Confederate flag displayed three horizontal bars, red, white, and red upon the ground, with a blue canton on which seven white stars represented the seven states which had left the Union. South Carolina seceded December 20, 1860; Mississippi, January 9, 1861; Florida, January 10; Alabama, January 11; Georgia, January 19; Louisiana, January 26, and Texas, February 1.

The new flag⁸ never evoked any enthusiasm.⁹ After it had been used more than two years an editor (March, 1863) protested, "Our people are tired of looking at the poor imitation of the 'Stars and Stripes' which floats from our public buildings and military posts."

Others were less critical.

"Our flag,¹⁰ with its cluster of stars
Firm fixed in a field of pure blue
All shining through red and white bars
Now gallantly flutters in view."

And this,

"See how proudly¹¹ floats our flag
White! Our cause is pure and grand.
Red! A living flood shall flow
From every foe now in the land.

⁷By the General Assembly of Alabama.

⁸Picture of "Stars and Bars" made in Abingdon, Va., 1861.
W. C. PENDLETON, *Hist. of Appalachian Va.*, p. 27.

⁹HARRISON S. KERRICK, *Flag of U. S.*, p. 86.

¹⁰J. H. H., "Southern Song of Freedom."

¹¹JOHN W. OVERALL.

Blue! Aye, heaven's stars are there!
 Sparkling in their azure beauty!
 Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,
 Go the messengers of duty."

When the battle of First Manassas (Bull Run) was at a critical stage (July 21, 1861) General Beauregard (4 p. m.) observed reinforcements advancing from the west along the Warrenton Pike. They would certainly decide the day. Whence came they? To which side did they belong? It was impossible to tell by their dust-laden uniforms. Blue and grey marching for miles along the roads of Virginia would be indistinguishable. "At this moment, I confess my heart failed me."¹² I concluded that, after all our efforts, we should be compelled to leave to the enemy the hardfought and bloody field. I again took the glass, to examine the flag of the approaching column; but my anxious enquiry was useless—I could not tell to which army the waving banner belonged. The only person with me was Colonel Evans. I told him I feared the approaching force was Patterson's. If such was the case, I should be compelled to fall back."

A light breeze lifted the banner. It was the "Stars and Bars!" "Colonel Evans," was Beauregard's sharp command, "ride forward and order General Kirby Smith¹³ to hurry up his command and strike them on flank and rear."

Jubal A. Early flung his force upon the right flank of the Federal army. Beauregard led a frontal attack.

¹²EDWARD A. POLLARD, *The Lost Cause*, p. 148.

¹³The advancing troops were the 24th Va. Inf., 7th La., and 13th Miss., under Jubal A. Early.

CARLTON MC CARTHY, *Soldier Life*, pp. 219-224.

The Federal host gave way under a triple impact, and in less than an hour not a Federal soldier remained on the banks of Bull Run.¹⁴

Never after were the "Stars and Bars" used on the battle field.

III

The Battle Flag was the banner of the Confederate soldier and with it the world associates the brief, heroic story of the Confederate States.

General Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard, a devoted Confederate leader, designed it. A square blue flag, with a St. Andrew's cross of red, set with golden stars was his idea.

Colonel William P. Miles thought the colors garish, as indeed they were. It was decided to make the flag red instead of blue, and the cross blue instead of red, and the stars white instead of gold, with a white strip separating the red and blue. General Beauregard readily assented, and the battle flag came into the focal light of history. It was not official.

Three silk flags were made for General Beauregard,¹⁵ by the Misses Cary of Baltimore, one of whom (Miss Constance) became the wife of Burton Harrison,¹⁶ President Davis' secretary, and the mother of Fairfax Harrison, president of the Southern Railway, and of Frances Harrison, Governor-General of the Philippine Islands.¹⁷

¹⁴ROBERT R. HOWISON, *Southern Lit. Messenger*, April, 1863.

¹⁵JOHN DIMITRY, *Confed. Mil. Hist.*, Vol. X, p. 210.

WM. MILLER OWEN, *Wash. Artillery*, p. 60.

¹⁶CARLTON MC CARTHY, "Miss Constance Cary sent the flag she made to General Joseph E. Johnston.

¹⁷*Encycl. Amer. Genealogy*, Vol. I, p. 646.

General Beauregard sent one of the three to New Orleans. When Admiral Farragut captured that city, Mrs. Beauregard carried it to a Spanish man-of-war in port, and it was taken to Cuba. After the war it was returned to General Beauregard, and he presented it to the Washington Artillery of New Orleans, where it may be seen in the archives of that historic organization.¹⁸

After two years the Confederate Congress (May 1, 1863) adopted a new flag, "The field to be white, the length to be double the width of the flag, with the union (now used as the battle flag) to be a square of two-thirds the width of the flag, having the ground red; thereon a broad saltier of blue bordered with white and emblazoned with white mullets or five-pointed stars, corresponding in number to that of the Confederate States."

Stonewall Jackson was fatally wounded in the "Wilderness" the day after this act was passed,¹⁹ and died May 10. The first new flag, made for the Capitol, was used to drape the coffin of the beloved chieftain, whose untimely fall brought consternation to the Southland. Under it Jackson lay in the Capitol at Richmond. It journeyed with him to his grave in Lexington. It was called, in the South, "Jackson's Flag."

The pure white of "Jackson's Flag" resembled the old flag of France. It was altogether impractical for

¹⁸WILLIAM MILLER OWEN, *Wash. Artillery*, p. 429: "On May 28, 1863, the battle flag of Gen. Beauregard, one of the three original flags made in 1861 by the Misses Cary from their own dresses, was presented."

¹⁹Chapter XVIII.

use in camp, on the march, and in battle. Then, too, on a calm day it resembled a flag of truce.

To overcome the last objection Congress amended²⁰ the design, adding a band of red on the outer margin.²¹ This act, passed March 4, 1865, was a work of supererogation, for only feeble bands remained of the mighty armies that once faced the invaders.

IV

The most popular war song in the South, "Dixie" alone excepted, was the "Bonnie Blue Flag." There was really no bonnie blue flag. Virginia's flag was a bonnie blue flag with the seal in the midst. But as the seal could only be painted by great labor and expense the blue flag of Virginia with a star in the midst was used in the hurried days of early secession. The ardent secessionists flew these blue flags with great eclat, ceremony and rejoicing in many of the cities and towns of the state.²²

The song, composed by Annie Chambers Ketchum of Dunrobin Cottage, was first sung in Richmond in the fall of 1861 by Harry McCarthy and was received with enthusiasm. Its popularity was well deserved. The rhyme and metre are not above criticism, but the martial spirit and patriotic fervor cover a multitude of poetic sins:

²⁰The last official flag was designed by Major Arthur L. Rogers.

²¹W. J. GORDON, *Flags of the World*, p. 179.

²²ARTHUR K. DAVIS, "The only Secession pole ever erected in Petersburg bore the Secession flag, called the Bonnie Blue Flag, a blue flag with a single white star. That night 100 men destroyed the flag for Petersburg was a strong Union city."

We are a band of brothers, and natives to the soil,
 Fighting for the property we gained by honest toil.
 And when our rights were threatened, the cry rose near and far:
 Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star!

As long as the Union was faithful to her trust,
 Like friends and like brothers, kind were we and just;
 But now when Northern treachery attempts our rights to mar,
 We hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

First gallant South Carolina nobly made the stand;
 Then came Alabama, who took her by the hand;
 Next, quickly, Mississippi, Georgia and Florida—
 All raised the flag, the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears the single
 star.

Ye men of valor, gather round the banner of the right;
 Texas and fair Louisiana join us in the fight.
 Davis, our loved president, and Stephens statesmen are;
 Now rally round the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

And here's to brave Virginia! the Old Dominion state,
 With the young Confederacy at length has linked her fate.
 Impelled by her example now other states prepare
 To hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

Then cheer, boys, cheer, raise the joyous shout,
 For Arkansas and North Carolina now have both gone out;
 And let another rousing cheer for Tennessee be given,
 The single star of the Bonnie Blue Flag has grown to be eleven.

Hurrah, hurrah, for Southern rights, hurrah!
 Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

Another version of this popular song, evidently
 written before the lines quoted above, and appealing
 only to the far South is given:

“Come, brothers! rally for the right!
The bravest of the brave
Sends forth her ringing battle cry
Beside the Atlantic wave!
She leads the way in honor’s path;
Come brothers, near and far,
Come rally round the Bonnie Blue Flag
That bears a single star!

“We’ve borne the Yankee trickery,
The Yankee gibe and sneer,
Till Yankee insolence and pride,
Know neither shame nor fear;
But ready now with shot and shell
Their brazen front to mar,
We hoist aloft the Bonnie Blue Flag
That bears a single star.

“Now Georgia marches to the front,
And close beside her come
Her sisters by the Mexique Sea,
With pealing trump and drum;
Till answering back from hill and glen
The rallying cry afar,
A Nation hoists the Bonnie Blue Flag
That bears a single star.

“By every stone in Charleston Bay,
By each beleaguered town,
We swear to rest not, night nor day,
But the tyrants down!
Till bathed in valor’s holy blood
The gazing world afar
Shall greet with shouts the Bonnie Blue Flag
That bears the cross and star.”²³

²³GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON, *Amer. War Ballads*, pp. 189-190.

Manifestly poet and singer took as large license with history as they did with the canons of poetic composition. There were eleven seceding states (or thirteen, or fourteen, according to one's method of counting). The single star that grew to be eleven was South Carolina. But South Carolina's flag bears a palmetto tree, and not a star. The flag, like Virginia's, is blue, and displays a crescent.²⁴ This flag was a relic of the Revolution.

Texas does, to be sure, display a single star, but its flag is a tricolor, with a perpendicular stripe of blue and two horizontal stripes of white and red. As Texas was the seventh state to leave the Union, she could by no means be called the original secessionist.

Virginia's flag is a bonnie blue flag, but Virginia was the eighth state to secede. The Virginians were overwhelmingly opposed to secession long after the cotton states withdrew, and the state would not have seceded if President Lincoln had not forced them either to secede or furnish troops to invade and coerce the far South.

Just what the author intended when she or he composed the lines none knows now; but the song touches the hearts of the people and is still popular.

A claim that the song was composed and first sung in Mississippi is advanced by Dr. Franklin LaFayette

²⁴Colonel Moultrie took Ft. Johnson on James Island, S. Car., in 1775. He hoisted a blue flag with a white crescent in the upper corner to the left. His garrison used blue uniforms with silver crescents on their caps. In his memoirs Colonel Moultrie says "this was the first American flag displayed in the South."

Later the word "Liberty" was placed below in white letters. This was the flag William Jasper heroically rescued when it was shot down, June 28, 1776.

Riley.²⁵ But the words as quoted above render such a claim invalid. Of course the same air may have been used to different words at different times, which was no doubt the case. Indeed, during the Civil War it seems that many stanzas were composed and added from time to time as suited the humor of the singer.

“In less than an hour from the time of its introduction the ordinance (of secession) was adopted by a vote of eighty-four to fifteen. The profound silence which followed the announcement of the vote was broken by the earnest tones of a minister who invoked the Divine blessing on the step just taken.

“Immediately thereafter a gentleman entered bearing ‘a beautiful silk flag with a single white star in the centre’ which the president received remarking that it was the first flag to be unfurled ‘in the young republic.’ The hall rang with applause. This gave rise to the popular war song, ‘The Bonnie Blue Flag’ that bears a single star, written by one of the spectators who first sang it in the old theatre in Jackson on the night following.”

V

The sweetest tribute paid the battle flag of the South was penned long after the fighting ceased and the tumult and the shouting died, by the gifted pen of Father Ryan. It voices in sad, sweet numbers the hopelessness and disappointment of the Southern people in their darkest hours of humiliation, mental anguish and pignant distress.

The South is so prosperous, contented and happy today, so busily engaged with its many problems and

²⁵*The South in the Building of the Nation*, Vol. II, p. 409.

bearing its great and ever-growing part in the work of the world that the bitterness of that unhappy time is only a fading memory.

The unchanging love and devotion of all Southern hearts is expressed in Father Ryan's lines to the Conquered Banner:²⁶

“Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary;
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
Furl it, fold it—it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it;
And its foes now scorn and brave it;
Furl it, hide it—let it rest.

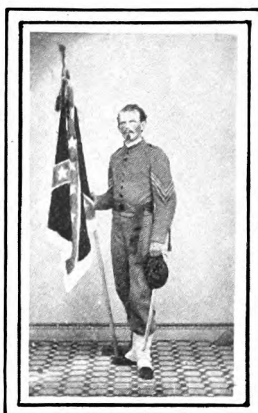
Take the Banner down! 'tis tattered;
Broken is its staff and shattered;
And the valiant hosts are scattered
Over whom it floated high.
Oh, 'tis hard for us to fold it,
Hard to think there's none to hold it;
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh!

Furl that Banner—furl it sadly!
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands wildly, madly,
Swore it should forever wave—
Swore that foeman's sword could never
Hearts like their's entwined dissever,
And that flag should float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave!

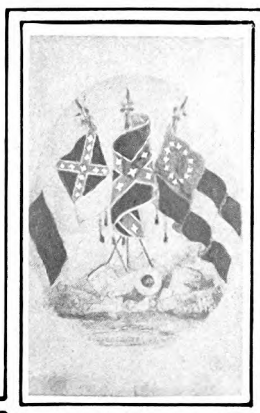
²⁶Published June 24, 1865, in *Freeman's Journal*.
Southern Poems (1867).



(Above) — Confederate Note, \$500.00, issued 1864. Notice the unusual arrangement of the stars. Stonewall Jackson's picture is in the lower right hand corner. The seal of the Confederate States, and motto is to the left.



(Above) — William Smith, Petersburg, Va., holding colors actually used during the defense of Petersburg. From a contemporary photograph.



(Above)—Confederate flags, from a contemporary painting.



(At Left)—The uniform of a Captain of Artillery, Louisiana, C. S. A., from a contemporary photograph.

Furl it—for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low;
And the Banner—it is trailing
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.
For, though conquered, they adore it—
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it,
Weep for those who fell before it,
Pardon those who trailed and tore it;
And, oh, wildly they deplore it,
Now to furl and fold it so!

Furl that Banner! True, 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story
Though its folds are in the dust!
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages—
Furl its folds though now we must!

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly;
Treat it gently—it is holy,
For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not—unfold it never;
Let it droop there, furled forever—
For its people's hopes are fled."

VI

The Confederate battle flag is now an official flag. The commonwealth of Mississippi incorporated the battle flag, with thirteen stars, as the canton of its state banner, the field of the flag being a tricolor, blue, white and red, in the order named.

The state banner of Alabama (adopted February 16, 1895) is evidently an adaptation of the famous flag. A crimson St. Andrew's cross on a white ground approximated General Beauregard's first design for the Confederate flag.

Florida, like Alabama, displays a red St. Andrew's cross on a white ground, but Florida's flag is longer than it is wide, and the seal of the state is fixed in the middle.

VII

Upon the blue cross a nation was crucified, and the red of the field is crimson with the blood of the world's bravest and best. A million men offered their lives and fortunes to bring to it victory. The flag was consecrated by the tears of a million women and sanctified by the incense of a nation on its knees.

The thirteen stars that gleam from the blue represent to Southern hearts the claim of the constitutional right of local self-government, without which any government becomes tyranny. Those rights were won by the fathers of the thirteen colonies. In that struggle the South suffered, fought and bled, as devotedly as the rest of the nascent nation. Under the Constitution, written by a Southern pen and made valid by Southern votes, the fathers of 1789 believed that their sacred rights of local self-government were absolutely guaranteed for all time. Had they not so believed, not one state, north or south, would ever have adopted the Federal Constitution.

He who believes the South fought to perpetuate a diabolical system of human slavery, thrust upon her

from the first, knows neither the South nor the nation.²⁷ Not one man in a hundred who died under the Southern Cross owned a slave, nor wished, expected or planned ever to own a slave. The men of the South believed then, and believe now, that the manhood of any sovereign state, under the constitution, should debate, decide and regulate forever, without exterior force or invasion, not only the question of slavery, but every problem and every question that touches the welfare of its people.

Surely it never occurred to the fathers who fought shoulder to shoulder throughout the Revolution that the union of these states entered into voluntarily, and in good faith, by all, north and south, would ever be violated by the sword. They would not have believed that in two generations a majority would force a minority against their will, their convictions and their constitutional guarantees.²⁸ Patrick Henry foretold that very emergency and urged Virginia to refrain from entering the Union, but he seemed to our fathers an extremist and his fears unfounded.²⁹

No people ever made a more complete sacrifice for

²⁷LONDON C. BELL, *Address at Johnson's Island*, May 26, '29.

ROBT. L. DABNEY, *Defense of Va.*, pp. 354-5.

JOHN GOODE, *Recollections of a Lifetime*, pp. 44-46.

MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY, *Vindication of Va.*, Life (Corbin), pp. 302-14.

"There were, of course, extreme pro-slavery advocates. Jefferson Davis may be cited as typical when he declared, 'African slavery as it exists in the United States is a moral, social and political blessing.'"

ELIZ. CUTTING, *Jeff. Davis*, p. 126. Such sentiments were never popular nor widely accepted in Virginia where slavery was always regarded as a curse.

²⁸ROGER A. PRYOR, *Essays*, pp. 75-7.

²⁹*Through Centuries Three*, p. 349.

their constitutional rights and the liberties of local self-government, bequeathed to them by their fathers than the people of the South. No land was ever more completely ruined. No people ever surrendered in better faith, after a nobler fight. And no people have ever endured, with patience and forbearance, more unjust, unreasonable and unnecessary political persecution.³⁰ None were ever more grossly and systematically maligned.

A new day has dawned. The old sores are healed and the ancient injuries forgiven. No land is more richly blessed by the prodigal hand of nature and no people are more contented than the sons to the third and fourth generation of those who leaped to death under the red folds of the Confederate Battle Flag.³¹

³⁰The South understood then as the world now knows that the assassination of President Lincoln made the punishment of the South more vindictive than it would otherwise have been.

WM. ALEX. MAC CORKLE, *Some Southern Questions*, pp. 248-317.

³¹JAS. A. MOSS, *Flag of U. S.*, pp. 70-71. The national flag must be displayed in every public school in Virginia and the national constitution must be taught.

Generated at Library of Congress on 2023-12-21 01:36 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uiug.30112049790725
Public Domain in the United States; Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-us-google

CHAPTER XX

THE BLUE BANNER OF VIRGINIA

Blow, winds, blow! Let the folds of our flag fly unfurled!
Blow, winds, blow! Over mountain and meadow and strand.
Blow, winds, blow! Bless the happiest homes in the world.
Blow, winds, blow! And caress our God-given land.

Blow, winds, blow! Peace is our prayer; may God send it.
Blow, winds, blow! Unleash the blue banner, amain.
Blow, winds, blow! A million will leap to defend it.
Blow, winds, blow! Should the tocsin of war sound again.

Blow, winds, blow! Strike our proud colors? No, never!
Blow, winds, blow! Like an emblem of righteousness, high.
Blow, winds, blow! They shall float stainless forever.
Blow, winds, blow! As pure as the blue of the sky.

I

The beautiful banner of Virginia is redolent of historic suggestion to those who know the land and the struggle of this people for liberty and righteousness. No Virginian gazes upon the flag without a swelling heart.

Our forty-eight states have each a flag.¹ Many are plain; some, original and unique; and others, grotesque. The banner of Virginia is one of the oldest,² and is, perhaps, the most historic of all.

The feature of the flag is the great seal of the commonwealth, adopted in Richmond (July 5, 1776) the day after the Declaration of Independence was signed in Philadelphia.

¹Kentucky and Kansas have no official flags.

Nat. Geographic Mag., Oct. 1917, p. 329.

²The Maryland flag is the oldest of all American banners.

Since that wild autumnal day when Harold fell upon the fatal field of Hastings (October 14, 1066) and the three lions of Normandy kept watch from their victorious banner, as red as the blood which drenched the fields of Surrey, crimson has been Great Britain's color. Our forefathers learned to dread and hate the "red coats"³ as the Saxons hated William the Conqueror and his minions. Naturally and inevitably Virginia, in the forefront of the Revolution, chose blue for her color, as deep in tone as the Norman red of the British banner.

Seven of the thirteen original states selected blue flags.⁴ Georgia and North Carolina display blue stripes. Massachusetts and Rhode Island have white flags, and New Jersey's flag is yellow. Maryland flies the queerest of all state flags, the Baltimore arms, beautiful and distinctive.

II

VIRGINIA'S FLAG

The official flag of Virginia is twenty feet in length, and sixteen in width. A white circle surrounds the seal. On it above the Virgin's head the name "Virginia" appears, and below the classic motto, "Sic semper tyrannis," is emblazoned.

When Queen Elizabeth⁵ granted Sir Humphrey Gilbert (June, 1578) and his brother, Sir Walter Raleigh (March, 1584) lands in the dim, unknown

³Chapter I.

⁴Delaware, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, New Hampshire, New York and Virginia.

⁵W. J. GORDON, *Flags of the World*, p. 183, "The national flag of England until the death of Elizabeth was a red cross on a white field," &c.

continent of America not claimed by any Christian prince, she was at characteristic tricks of diplomacy and indirection. There were, of course, no such lands. Spain claimed Florida, and it extended indefinitely northward from the palm embroidered shores of the Mexican Gulf. France claimed New France, and it extended indefinitely southward from the frigid St. Lawrence and the frozen plains of Quebec. Raleigh wisely selected a location midway. His captains, Philip Amadas and Arthur Barlow, explored the stormy shores of Hatteras and the tranquil sounds of North Carolina.⁶

England went wild with enthusiasm at their report. The Queen declared her reign signalized by the discovery of these enchanting regions, and as a memorial of her unmarried state called the new country Virginia.⁷ Except names of Indian origin, "Virginia" is the oldest English place-name in America.⁸

Despite the feminine name Virginia is a masculine state. There have ever been more men than women⁹ in the commonwealth.

III

SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS

On the exergue below the seal the motto, "Sic semper tyrannis," probably suggested by Chancellor

⁶*Through Centuries Three*, p. 24.

⁷JOHN OLDMIXON, *Brit. Emp. in Amer.*

JAMES GRAHAME, *Hist. of N. Amer.*, Vol. I, p. 38.

⁸GEORGE BANCROFT, *Hist. of U. S.*, Vol. I, p. 79.

⁹*World Almanac* (1925), p. 256, "Pop. of Va., 1920, males: 1,168,492; females: 1,140,695." In 1910 50.45 per cent of the population was male. For a few years preceding there were more women than men.

George Wythe,¹⁰ is enscribed. The seal was submitted to the Convention by a committee of whom Richard Henry Lee, George Mason, George Wythe, Robert Carter Nicholas and John Page were members.¹¹

It was exceedingly unfortunate that the beautiful and classic motto of Virginia was grossly profaned by John Wilkes Booth at the time of President Lincoln's assassination.

President and Mrs. Lincoln entered their box at Ford's Theatre in Washington (8 p. m., April 14, 1865) to witness a play, "The American Cousin." Two hours later (10:30 p. m.) the assassin, a degenerate son of a distinguished English family in no way connected with Virginia¹² or the South, perpetrated the most sensational crime in American annals.¹³ With a pistol in his right hand and a dagger in his left he stood, unobserved, in the shadows behind the President; then fired point blank. The ball lodged behind the President's right eye.

Major H. R. Rathbone, who sat beside the President when he was shot, clutched Booth, but he tore himself from the Major's grasp, dropped the pistol, wounded Major Rathbone in his left arm with the dagger, gesticulated wildly to the startled audience,¹⁴ who, of course, did not realize what had happened,

¹⁰The author has no support for this statement.

¹¹CHAS. W. HOUSTON, *Norf. Virginian-Pilot*, Dec. 15, 1929.

¹²He was born in Cecil County, Maryland.

¹³Chapter XIII.

¹⁴HORACE CREELEY, *The Amer. Conflict*, Vol. II, p. 748.

flourished his bloody dagger in histrionic style and cried, "Sic semper tyrannis."

As he leaped from the box to the stage, his spur caught in the folds of an American flag, and he fell, spraining an ankle. In the intense excitement of malicious and insane hysteria¹⁵ he recovered his feet, faced the terror-stricken audience again, flourished his dagger a second time and cried, "The South is avenged," and disappeared by a rear exit.

As a matter of fact the South was not avenged. The bullet which pierced the brain of Abraham Lincoln passed through the heart of the South.¹⁶

IV

THE VIRGIN

Within the white circle the Virgin of Virginia stands triumphantly above her prostrate foe. George Mason,¹⁷ whom we presume was chairman, reported "that the committee had accordingly prepared the following device thereof, which he read in his place, and afterwards delivered it at the clerk's table, where the same was again twice read and agreed to:

'To be engraved on the Great Seal:

'VIRTUS, the genius of the Commonwealth, dressed like an Amazon, resting on a spear, with one hand and holding a sword in the other and treading

¹⁵There can be no doubt that he was a madman.

¹⁶Chapter XIII, John Reuben Thompson.

Chapter XIX.

¹⁷CHAS. W. HOUSTON, *Virginian-Pilot*, Dec. 15, 1929.

on Tyranny, represented by a man prostrate, a crown fallen from his head, a broken chain in his left hand, and a scourge in his right.

‘In the exergon the word VIRGINIA over the head of VIRTUS; and underneath the words SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS.

‘Resolved that George Wythe and John Page, Esquires, be desired to superintend the engraving the said seal and to take care that the same be properly executed.’”

Fifteen days later (July 20, 1776) John Page wrote Thomas Jefferson, a member of the Continental Congress in Philadelphia :

“We are very much at a loss here for an engraver to make our seal. Mr. Wythe and myself have, therefore, thought it proper to apply to you to assist in this business. Can you get the work done in Philadelphia? If you can we must get the favor of you to have it done immediately. The enclosed will be all the directions you require. The engraver may want to know the size. This you may determine; unless Mr. Wythe should direct the dimensions. He may be at a loss for a Virtus and Libertas, but you may refer him to Spence’s Polymetic, which must be in some library in Philadelphia.

“Virtus is a Roman goddess, dressed either in flowing robes or like an Amazon, holding in the left hand a peculiar sword, called a parazonium, sheathed and inverted, or point upward and not pendant, worn as a badge of honor, and not as a weapon of attack or defense. The right hand resting on a spear, point downward and touching the earth; her head erect, and face upturned; her foot on the globe—

the world at her feet: picture indicating proud consciousness of victory, conquest completed. Such is the Roman Virtus, and such is the Virtus of the seal, substituting Tyranny for the Globe, and especially prescribing the dress of the Amazon for Virtus."

Wythe reported to the Convention, giving his explanation of the emblems suggested for the seal.

The ancient Greeks were reputed to have discovered at the eastern end of the Euxine, where the Caucasus Mountains sink into the waves, a nation whose men permitted the ladies to do their fighting.

"Now these Amazons¹⁸ were nothing more than the priestesses of the Asiatic goddess (Diana of the Ephesians)¹⁹ whose cult spread from Carshemish with the advance of the Hittites. She was served by a multitude of armed priestesses and eunuchs. Under her name Ma no less than six thousand waited on her at Komana in Cappadocia. Certain cities, Ephesus for instance, were dedicated to her service and a large part of the population accordingly became armed ministers of the mighty goddess. At Ephesus, at an early day, they obeyed an high-priestess who called herself the Queen-bee. When Ephesus passed to the Greeks, the goddess was identified with the Greek Artemis.

Achilles, in Homer's poem, slew Penthesilea, the Queen of the Amazons, when she came to the aid of beleagued Troy. The Amazons were supposed to have only one breast,²⁰ the other having been destroyed in infancy, that the future warrior might be as proficient with the bow as her male antagonists."

¹⁸SAYCE, *Hittites*, p. 78.

¹⁹Acts 19:35.

²⁰The word Amazon is supposed to be derived from the Greek A, privative, and mazos, breast; hence a woman without a breast.

Perhaps the best representation of an amazon is a statue in the Vatican gallery, which shows the warrior with her helmet on the ground beside her; her right breast covered with her short mantle and her left breast fully exposed.

IV THE KING

The Virgin of Virginia has her left foot in triumph upon the breast of a prostrate king. The tyrant was a king, deposed, for his crown has "fallen." In the king's right hand a scourge, and in his left a broken chain, evidence his power and cruelty.

One hundred and seventy years of history are invoked by the pathetic figure, now prostrate. That the king represents the titular head of the British state need hardly be argued.

The first seal, given the colony in the charter of 1606, is described:

"And shall have a several seal for all matters that shall pass . . . each of which shall have the King's arms engraved on the one side thereof and his portrait on the other."

At the time of the Revolution the last colonial seal displayed in obverse the King, crowned, holding the royal sceptre in his right hand, the royal jewels about his neck; clothed in a short skirt extending to his knees, a Roman toga falling gracefully behind him. He bends forward, with inclined head, to receive with his left hand the gifts, evidently of tobacco and corn,

Virginia has to offer as she kneels before him. The figure, Virginia, an Indian princess crowned with a chaplet of feathers, wears only a loin cloth.

The different positions²¹ assigned King and colony on the two seals are altogether striking, and suggest a psychological attitude as well as a political revolution. No doubt the committee had the King on the colonial seal in mind when they placed a prostrate tyrant under the Virgin's foot.

The scourge is metaphorical but realistic, an authentic representation of the struggle for economic justice, which began with the London Company. Driven by an obsequious Parliament who considered only the British merchants, England was committed to the unjust and dangerous doctrine that the colonists existed for exploitation. One would fain turn from this long and heart-breaking chapter. The Navigation Acts from Cromwell to George III were confiscatory. Despite heavy taxation Virginia had absentee governors, no harbors, forts, roads, schools, none of the amenities of civilization to which the colonist was accustomed in England.

The colonist received nothing for his taxes, except more taxes. To these grievances add the importation of slaves, against which the General Assembly protested innumerable times.²² The economic situation of Virginia was almost hopeless. When one governor had the temerity to suggest industrial development he was promptly silenced.²³ Generations of suffering,

²¹See illustration, PHILIP ALEX. BRUCE, *Hist. of Va.*, Vol. I, p. 354.

²²*Through Centuries Three*, p. 261. Lord Dunmore's last act was to veto a law making the slave trade economically impossible; Chapter I.

²³PHILIP ALEX. BRUCE, *Economic Hist. of Va.*, Vol. II, p. 396.

struggle, poverty and disappointment are represented by the scourge. And a scourge is a whip, scientifically devised to produce the utmost punishment with least effort!

The broken chain in the tyrant's left hand was a prophecy. The seal was adopted the day after the Declaration of Independence was signed, but it took two weeks for the news to reach Richmond, and it took more than five years to make the Declaration effective. Had the Revolution failed the chain would no doubt have been riveted tighter than ever despite the protest of British Whigs.

The Virgin of Virginia at the threshold of the Revolution stood panoplied and prepared for battle; but her arms were the arms of defense, not of conquest. She rested upon her spear, but the point was upon the bosom of the earth, her sword was sheathed and will not be used save in defense of her rights and her liberties. That has ever been the attitude of Virginia.²⁴

V

THE SEAL

Virginia for long years has been peculiarly unfortunate, or negligent, or both. The artist whom Thomas Jefferson found in Philadelphia either did not understand his commission, or was ignorant of

²⁴"Trusting in Almighty God, an approving conscience and the aid of my fellow citizens, I will devote myself to the service of my native state, in whose behalf alone will I ever draw my sword."—ROBERT E. LEE.

It should be remembered that General Lee's invasions of Maryland and Pennsylvania were strictly defensive, not offensive measures.

amazons, kings and the history of Virginia. He made the Virgin a warrior bold with drawn sword, instead of a type of victory and peace. The seal was delivered in 1778.

After a full generation John Carter, a Richmond engraver, made or remade the great seal. Carter fell into the mistakes of the original engraver, and failed to grasp the original idea.

Another generation passed, and Alexander Galt, a "distinguished sculptor, was retained to remake and improve the seal. He placed the Virgin's sword in the left hand, but did not sheath it. The sword remained, therefore, an instrument of war; not of victory and peace. He also made a blunder in showing the kingly crown toppling from the tyrant's head, when Wythe's idea was that the crown had fallen, definitely, once, and for all time"²⁵

By this time the troubled clouds of civil strife were ominously gathering.

VI

THE CIVIL WAR

The Convention which passed the fatal Ordinance of Secession, April 17, 1861, gave detailed and explicit directions for the state flag. An act was passed,²⁶ April 30, 1861, as follows:

"The flag of the Commonwealth shall hereafter be made of bunting, which shall be a deep blue field,

²⁵*The Great Seal of Virginia*, Report of a Commission, Feb. 20, 1930, House Document No. 7.

²⁶*National Geogr. Mag.*, Oct., 1917.

with a circle of white in the centre, upon which shall be painted or embroidered, to show on both sides alike, the coat-of-arms of the state as described by the Convention of 1776, for one side (obverse) of the seal of the state.”

In the fierce enthusiasm of the earlier Confederate days there was great demand for the state flag; demand that, with the complicated figures upon it, could not be supplied. The people were, however, equal to this emergency. A single white star was substituted for the intricate seal, and soon the “Bonnie Blue Flag” that bore a single star fluttered from windows, house-tops, masts and poles.²⁷

When the holocaust of civil strife was over and peace came again to our fire-swept and mutilated commonwealth, Governor Francis Harrison Pierpont added the well-worn words, “Liberty and Union,” to both faces of the seal, and, as we suppose, to the flag also (1865). Pierpont did not change the seal of Alexander Galt, except by the imposition of these catchwords. Reconstruction over, and the state re-admitted to the Union, the Assembly (1873) erased Pierpont’s phrase. The seal and flag resumed their ante-bellum appearance. The Assembly placed the sword again in the Virgin’s right hand and the spear in her left, the reaction of a war-worn generation, no doubt.

The Readjusters made many changes in Virginia, and Governor William E. Cameron appointed Colonel

²⁷The author has no authority for this statement, but he believes it is correct. Chapter XIX.

FRANKLIN LA FAYETTE RILEY, *South in Bldg. of Nation*, II, p. 409.

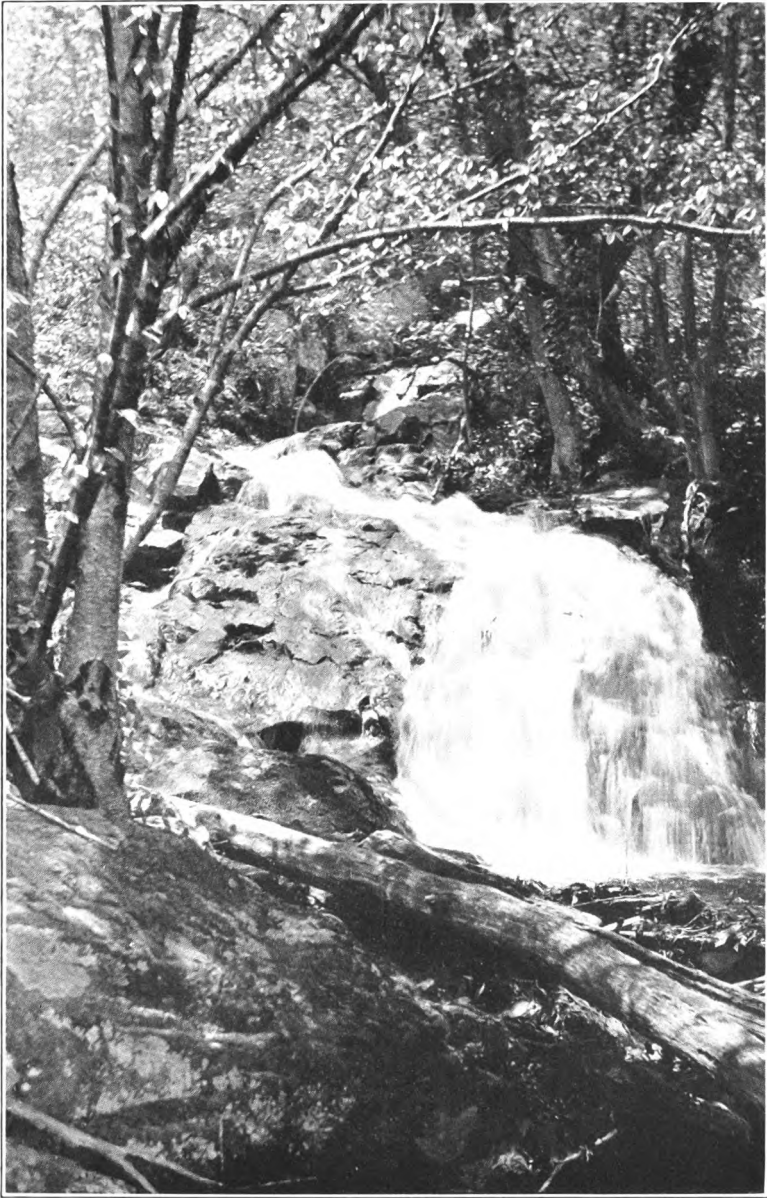


Photo by Harry Staley

"Every public school in Virginia is required by law to display the state banner; that our heroes may never be forgotten, that each generation may revere the heritage bought by the blood of their fathers, that the splendor of Virginia's story may re-echo from our mountain fastnesses and be heard in the murmur of every brook that lapses away to the Virginia Sea."—Chapter XX.

Sherwin McRae to make a new seal (1884). The Colonel's work was well done, and he attempted to bring the great seal back to the ideal of 1776. Manifestly the Virgin of McRae was not armed as the Virgin of 1873. So an effort was made in 1903 to acquire a correct standard.

“It is rather entertaining to learn that the Secretary of the Commonwealth decided that the figure of the Virgin engraved on the first seal under this law was too masculine in appearance, and he had the engraver put the breasts of a woman on it after the seal had been in use for some time. Whence comes the fact that, within a few months, the public acts of Virginia bear the stamp of a masculine and feminine figure.”

A few years later Governor William Hodges Mann “proclaimed²⁸ a very remarkable seal, a new and different design from all others. His was quite a belligerent Virtus, wholly different from the conception of 1776 and of 1779.”

The most interesting if not grotesque feature of this Virgin of 1912 is her headgear. It looks for all the world like an old-fashioned riding derby, such as English horsewomen wore years ago when they rode to hounds. The Virgin has her sword in the right hand (Governor Mann was a veteran of the Crater and of Mahone's Brigade), and her spear is pointing upward, also ready for action. The tyrant's broken chain resembles a horseshoe—an universal emblem of good luck! No wonder the Daughters of the Revolution protested!

²⁸*The Great Seal of Virginia*, Report, Feb. 20, 1930, p. 5.

And they did with spirited resolutions, demanding that the seal, and consequently the flag, of Virginia be rescued from the "ignorance that has made many grotesque caricatures of the authorized design."

When the women spoke the General Assembly harkened. A learned and efficient commission²⁰ was appointed (February 3, 1930) to advise the Assembly as to the "correct form and type of the State seal as adopted by the Constitutional Convention of 1776."

The commission did prompt and thorough work. They recommended that the seal and flag conform to a description submitted by Robt. A. McIntyre, in these words:

"The Great Seal of the Commonwealth of Virginia shall consist of two metallic discs, two inches and one-fourth in diameter, with an ornamental border one-fourth of an inch wide, with such words and figures engraved thereon as will, when used, produce impressions to be described as follows:

"On the obverse, *Virtus*, the genius of the Commonwealth, dressed as an Amazon, resting on a spear in her right hand, point downward, touching the earth; and holding in her left hand a sheathed sword, or parazonium, pointing upward; her head erect and face up-turned; her left foot on the form of Tyranny represented by the prostrate body of a man, with his head to her left, his fallen crown near by, a broken chain in his left hand, and a scourge in his right. Above the group and within the border

²⁰Henry Read McIlwaine, State Librarian, Chairman; E. G. Swem, Librarian of William and Mary College; H. J. Eckenrode, Historian of the State; Senator Lloyd E. Warren, Portsmouth; Robt. A. McIntyre, Warrenton.

conforming therewith shall be the word VIRGINIA, and in the space below, on a curved line, shall be the motto, SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS.³⁰

Every public school in the commonwealth is required by law to display the flag, that our heroes may never be forgotten—that each generation may revere their heritage bought by the blood of their fathers—that the splendor of Virginia's story may re-echo from our mountain fastnesses and be heard in the murmur of every brook that lapses away to the Virginia Sea.³¹

³⁰“On the reverse, shall be placed a group consisting of *Libertas*, holding a wand and pileus in her right hand; on her right, *Æternitas*, with a globe and phoenix in her right hand; on the left of *Libertas*, *Ceres*, with a cornucopia in her left hand, and an ear of wheat in her right; over this device, in a curved line, the word *Perseverando*.”

The original motto, “*Deus Nobis Haec Otia Fecit*”—God gave to us these retreats—a quotation from Vergil—was changed (1779) to the single word, “*Perseverando*”—By persevering.

³¹The oldest maps mark the Atlantic Ocean as the “Virginia Sea.”

WM. JOS. SHOWALTER, *Nat. Geogr. Mag.*, April, 1929.

Farewell!

This task is done.

The ancient Romans were fain to give their friends a double greeting,¹ Hail and Farewell. We follow here their classic precedent, and salute our readers who have followed with patience through these many pages.

In this closing word we lay an high and holy claim for this, our colony and commonwealth. Even the careless and the casual realize that our native land is peculiarly blessed. The most superficial reader of our records discovers that the benison of High Heaven has ever rested here. The student who follows from first to last is astonished at the marvelous, one might say miraculous, manner in which Virginia was planted, preserved, severely disciplined many is the time, yet always revived and brought to loftier heights of glory. Not once nor twice, not here and there, but constantly and continuously through our long and varied history. The more minutely the record is examined the more the marvel grows.

From a population extremely scattered and meagre, Virginia has produced such leadership and such an array of mighty men, men of decision, as has appeared in no other land at no other time, except in Judaea and Athens at their best.

It is the first dictum of reason that nothing happens without a cause. It is the first dictum of religion

¹Ave atque vale.

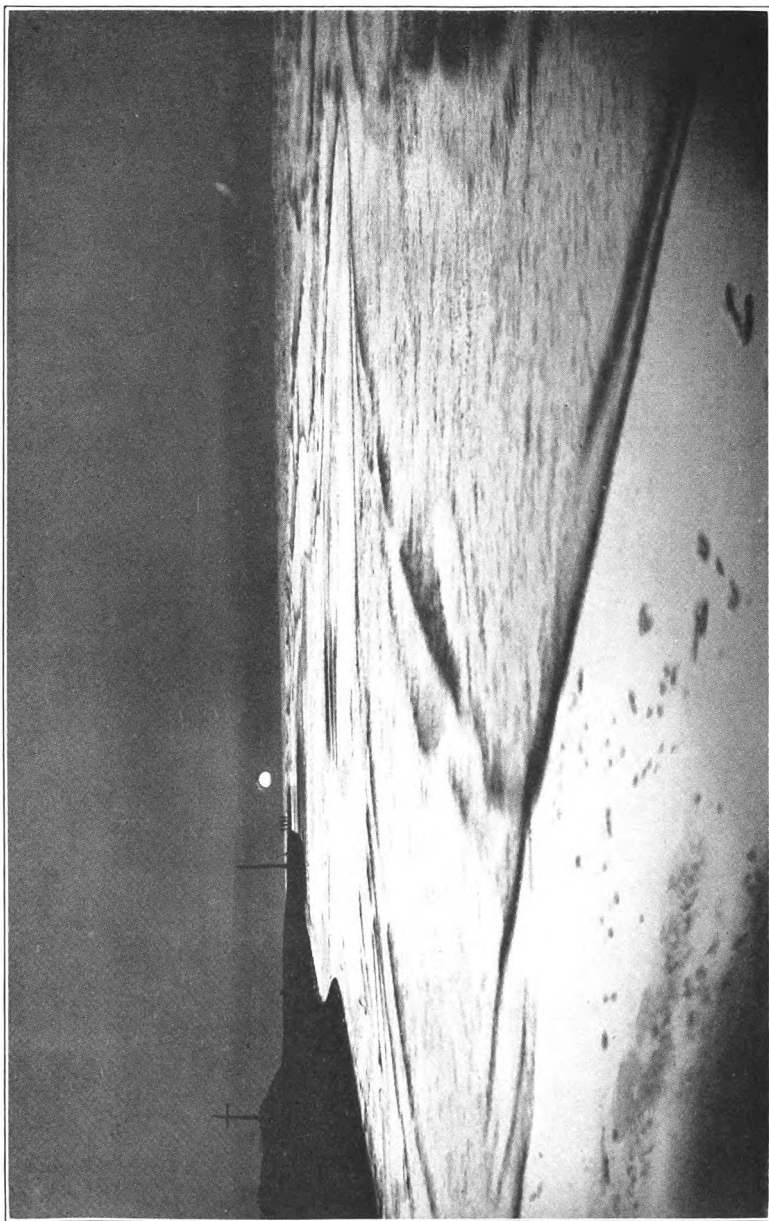


Photo by H. C. Mann

SUNSET IN VIRGINIA

"Robert Hunt lifted a cross upon the dunes, as an official clergyman of the English Church, the acknowledged representative of Jesus Christ, and took possession of Virginia in the name of the Lord. They left the cross standing, a silent and potent witness of the Covenant made for them and for their children."

that God Almighty makes contracts with men and nations.

It would, then, seem reasonable to inquire whether in the past any contract was made which would likely explain the benediction that rests upon this commonwealth and people.

Is there such a contract?

There is indeed!

We here submit ten cogent evidences of an original and official acknowledgment of the sovereignty of Jesus Christ as King in Virginia.² Many other instances might be adduced to prove the continuous, official recognition of the contract, but ten we deem sufficient.

Not ten contracts, one original contract constantly reiterated and acknowledged.

Some, of course, will smile at such a claim, and others will declare it crass superstition. We tolerate the derision and plead guilty to the "superstition;" but facts are stubborn, and no well authenticated fact may be too lightly thrust aside.

I QUEEN ELIZABETH

In the first charter granted Sir Walter Raleigh Queen Elizabeth used these significant words:

²A similar though less comprehensive claim is laid for Florence by GIOVANNI PAPINI, *Life of Christ*, p. 20.

"This book is written by a Florentine, a son of the only nation which ever chose Christ as King. Savonarola first had the idea in 1495. Over the door of the Palazzo Vecchio, a marble tablet carries these words, 'Jesus Christus Rex Florentini.' Though changed by Cosimo the inscription is still there, the decree has never been formally abrogated nor denied."

“So always as the said statutes, laws etc. may be agreeable to the form of the laws etc. or policy of England; and also so as they be not against the true Christian faith, now professed in the Church of England, nor in any wise to withdraw any of the subjects or people of these lands from their allegiance to us, our heirs and successors as their immediate sovereign under God.”³

II

LONDON COMPANY

The succeeding generation achieved Raleigh’s splendid vision.⁴ The London Company, having assumed the task, laid detailed instructions⁵ upon the colonists, the most emphatic of which reads:

“Lastly and chiefly⁶ the way to prosper and achieve good success is to make yourselves all of one mind for the good of your country and your own, and to serve and fear God, the Giver of all Goodness, for every plantation which our Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted out.”

“And we do especially ordain, charge and require the said president and councils . . . with all diligent

³C. WHITTLE SAMS, *Conquest of Va.*, Vol. II, p. 500.

F. L. HAWKS, *Prot. Epis. Church in Va.*, p. 19. In 1588 Raleigh made a donation of £100 “for the propagation of the Christian Religion in Virginia.”

JOHN BURK, *Hist. of Va.*, Vol. I, p. 66.

⁴*Through Centuries Three*, pp. 21-25.

⁵No one knows who wrote this paragraph, but this pen ventures that it was written by rare Richard Hakluyt, Prebendary of Westminster, to whose splendid patriotism fine, patient, broad foresight and unflinching enthusiasm this colony owes so much.

⁶ALEX. BROWN, *Genesis of the United States*, p. 85.

care to provide that the true word and service of God and the Christian faith be preached, planted and used not only within every of the said colonies and plantations but also as much as they may amongst the savage people—acc'd. to the doctrines, rights and religion⁷ now professed and established within our realm of England.”

“Furthermore, our will and pleasure is . . . our subjects shall well entreat those savages in those parts . . . And use all good means to draw the savages and heathen people to the true service and knowledge of God. And that all just, kind and charitable courses be holden with such of them as shall conform themselves . . . whereby they may be the sooner drawn to the true knowledge of God.”

These instructions⁸ passed under the royal seal of James I (November 20, 1606), were entrusted with the charter itself to Christopher Newport when he sailed from Blackwall (December 19, 1606). At Cape Henry the box was opened (April 26, 1607) and the instructions read on the deck of the “Sarah Constant” at sunset.⁹

These instructions are much more emphatic than the charter of Queen Elizabeth. Under the seal royal, a month before the first colonists sailed and five months before their feet touched the shores of Virginia the commonwealth contemplated, but not yet born, was emphatically dedicated and officially consecrated to Jesus Christ as Lord and King.

This dedication was not questioned at the time but

⁷JOHN BURK, *Hist. of Va.*, Vol. I, p. 37.

⁸ALEXANDER BROWN, *Genesis of U. S.*, p. 67.

⁹*Days of Yester-Year*, p. 14.

unanimously accepted as the law of Virginia. Nor has it in one single instance been questioned, nor abrogated from that day to this. The commonwealth exists by reason of the royal charters and the rules laid down by the London Company. Many of these rules and laws have been changed. The sovereignty of James I and of his successors was abrogated by the Virginia Convention, who acting for the people deliberately repudiated the sovereignty of George III. That "rebellion," as the Tories called it, was repeated at Philadelphia (July 4, 1776) and became effective by the treaty signed in Paris, 1783.

The sovereignty of Jesus Christ as King promulgated both by Elizabeth and James has never been repudiated. The Established Church in the English rite was disestablished. Freedom of conscience and separation of church and state¹⁰ were decreed under the enthusiastic leadership of Thomas Jefferson (October, 1785), but the Christian religion as the common law of the land has never been denied, questioned nor altered.

III

THE CROSS

Many laws are disobeyed. But this was strictly observed.

The charter became automatically operative at Cape Henry. There the nation was born. The three ships remained four days and on Wednesday, April

¹⁰LYON G. TYLER, *Hist. of Va.*, Vol. II, pp. 257-8.

29, a solemn service was held on the sand dunes. Captain Christopher Newport as head of the infant state¹¹ took possession of all lands within the Virginia watergate in the name of James I. Robert Hunt, the chaplain,¹² lifted a cross upon the dunes, and, as an official clergyman of the English Church, the acknowledged representative of Jesus Christ, took possession of Virginia in the name of the Lord.

The colonists left the cross standing, a silent and potent witness of the covenant made, then and there, for them and for their children. The cross is now standing on the same spot¹³ erected by pious and patriotic hands.¹⁴

IV ROBERT HUNT

Newport insisted upon Jamestown over the protest of wiser heads.¹⁵ They landed at sunrise May 14, eager for the day's work.¹⁶ But their first duty was to kneel in prayer with Chaplain Robert Hunt. The psalter for the fourteenth day reads, in part:

In thee, O Lord, have I put my trust; let me never be put to confusion.

¹¹Contrary to express instructions, a president was not elected until May 13. Newport was, therefore, still in authority.

Days of Yester-Year, pp. 14-15.

¹²A friend of Hakluyt and sent to Virginia by his influence.

¹³Chapter IV, also *Days of Yester-Year*, p. 10.

¹⁴Permanently by the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, and annually by patriotic citizens of Norfolk, April 26.

¹⁵Notably Bartholomew Gosnold, *Days of Yester-Year*, p. 15.

¹⁶F. L. HAWKS, *Prot. Epis. Church in Va.* The sacrament was first administered May 14.

Be thou my stronghold, whereunto I may always resort.

I will go forth in the strength of the Lord God.—
Psalm 71.

They shall fear thee as long as the sun and moon endureth, from one generation to another.

His dominion shall be also from the one sea to the other, and from the flood unto the world's end.

They that kneel in the wilderness shall kneel before him.

His name shall endure forever; his Name shall remain under the sun amongst the posterities, which shall be blessed through him; and all the heathen shall praise him.

And blessed be the Name of his Majesty forever; and all the earth shall be filled with his Majesty. Amen. Amen.—Psalm 72.

If the selections of the Psalter have not been changed since 1607, these verses read by Robert Hunt carry prophetic significance.

Only those who flaunt the power of prayer, who deny a personal God and make light of a covenant with the Almighty will discount the influence of such devotion, at such a place, at such a time, by such a company.

Many of those who knelt in the deep shade of the oaks and pines fringing the river's bank were hardened, sordid and even wicked men. All of them had their faults, but the last of them believed that the All-Seeing Eye was upon them. From that first day to this the Virginians have been an intensely religious though not a saintly people, nor a puritanic people.

V
DAILY PRAYER

Hunt's morning prayer was not an idle gesture. The forms of religion were ceremoniously and conscientiously observed. It was an age of earnest men. Their fathers and mothers saw Ridley and Latimer burned at the stake in Oxford; or beheld the martyrs burned in Smithfield during the frightful reign of Bloody Mary. At this time the Authorized Version of the Bible was being translated (1604-11) in the Jerusalem Chamber of Westminster Abbey.

Captain John Smith gives a detailed memorandum in his own quaint style:¹⁷

“When I went first to Virginia, I well remember we did hang an awning (which is an old sail) to three or four trees to shadow us from the sun. Our walls were rails of wood, our seats unhewn trees, till we cut planks. Our pulpit a bar of wood nailed to two neighboring trees. In foul weather we shifted into an old rotten tent, for we had few better, and this came by way of adventure for new. (i. e. was purchased new for the voyage to Virginia).

“This was our church until we built a homely thing like a barn, set up cratchets (i. e. open between floor and the ground) covered with rafts, sedge and earth, so was also the walls (i. e. daubed with mud).

“Yet we had daily Common Prayer, morning and evening, every Sunday two sermons and every three months Holy Communion until our minister died, but our prayers daily with an homily on Sundays we continue two or three years after till more Preachers came.”

¹⁷JOHN SMITH, *History of Va.*, Vol. II, p. 957.

These pioneers even forced the natives to attend worship.

“The rest we brought well guarded to morning and evening prayers.”

VI

RICHMOND'S CROSS

Newport had express orders to find a waterway to the Pacific Ocean. He sailed up the James, but the preverse river grew ever narrower and more shallow. Instead of opening into the Golden Gate the water came leaping the rocks at Richmond!

They landed, May 24, ten days after the first morning prayer at Jamestown, and climbed a steep hillside (“Gamble’s Hill”). Overlooking river and rocks, forests and plains, they repeated the ceremony at Cape Henry. Surrounded by Powhatan’s hostile warriors, Newport proclaimed the distant Scotchman king. Robert Hunt erected another cross and took possession of the western wilderness for Jesus Christ.

These early Virginians were determined that posterity should remember what posterity has well-nigh forgotten, that this plantation was God’s country.

The cross on the hilltop has also been restored.¹⁸ Even now the two crosses are erected high and lifted up; one on the sand dune by the rolling surf of the ocean, and the other on the hilltop beside the murmuring James. There, let us hope, they will remain until time shall be no more.

¹⁸MRS. MARY NEWTON STANARD, *Richmond*, p. xviii. The date on the monument at Richmond (June 10) does not agree with the date in George Percy’s Narrative (May 24).

VII

THE STARVING TIME

After three years of incredible suffering and disaster, the result of criminal mal-administration in England and Virginia, Sir Thomas Gates arrived from Bermuda with his shipwrecked refugees (May 23, 1610).

Landing at the pitiable wreck of a settlement known as Jamestown he led the company to their ruinous church. The bell was rung.

“Our Minister, Master Bucke, made a zealous and sorrowful prayer, finding all things so contrary to our expectations, so full of misery and misgovernment.”

VIII

DELAWARE'S THANKSGIVING

Lord Delaware arrived after Jamestown had been abandoned. The colony was saved as by a miracle.

Thomas, second Lord Delaware, the first captain-general of Virginia, and the first efficient governor Virginia had in Virginia arrived Sunday afternoon, June 10, 1610.

“Upon his Lordship's landing at the south gate of the palisade, which looks into the river, our Governor caused his company, in arms, to stand in order and make a guard. It pleased him that I (William Strachey, the Secretary) should bear his colours for that time.

“His Lordship, landing,¹⁹ fell upon his knees and

¹⁹ALEXANDER BROWN, *First Republic*, p. 128.

before us all made a long and silent prayer to himself; and, after, marched up into the town; where, at the gate, I bowed with the colours and let them fall at his Lordship's feet, who passed on into the Chapel, where he heard a sermon by Master Bucke our Governor's preacher and after that caused a gentleman, Anthony Scott, his ancient, to read his commission, which entitled him Lord Governor and Captain-general during his life, of the colony and plantation of Virginia."

IX

DALE'S STERN HAND

Delaware placed the colony on a sure foundation, although he was ill and did not tarry long.

Eleven months later his deputy, stern Thomas Dale, arrived. He followed Delaware's precedence (consciously or unwittingly) almost to the letter. Dale reported to the London Company:

"I came before Jamestown being Sunday in the afternoon where and first repairing to the church (the company thither assembled) Mr. Poole gave us a sermon and after that Mr. Strachey did openly read the commission which his Lordship had left for him with me."

The Lord High Marshal was a hard master, a strict Puritan, a soldier trained in the harsh but sternly effective school of the Low Countries. He did what Delaware, a mild and gentle man, could not have done. He brought order and security, a sem-

blance of prosperity and success to the struggling settlements along the James.

Again the London Company speaks and in no uncertain terms:

“This is the work we first intended and have published to the world to be chief in our thoughts—to bring these infidel people from the worship of devils to the service of God.

“And this is the knot that you must untie, or cut asunder, before you can conquer those sundry impediments which will surely hinder all other proceedings, if this be not first preferred.”²⁰

The London Company required that this prayer²¹ be recited in the daily worship in Virginia:

“And seeing, Lord, the highest end of our plantation here is to set up the standard and display the banner of Jesus Christ, even here where Satan’s throne is lord, let our labor be blessed in the conversion of the heathen.

“Sanctify our spirits, give us holy hearts so we may be instruments in this glorious work. Inspire our souls and kindle in us zeal for Thy glory.

“Furnish us with gifts and graces needful not only for our salvation but for the discharge of our duties.

“Adorn us with the garments of justice, mercy, love, pity, faithfulness, humility, and all virtues, and teach us to abhor all vice, that our lights may so

²⁰FORCE, *History Tracts*, Vol. I, p. 18.

ALEX. BROWN, *First Republic*, p. 31. “The conversion of the savages was their principal end and their first object was to preach the Gospel among them.”

²¹C. WHITTLE SAMS, *Conquest of Va.*, Vol. III, pp. 168-9.

shine before these heathen, that they may see our good works and so be brought to glorify thee, Our Heavenly Father.”

X

THE FIRST ASSEMBLY

The first representative assembly of freemen to convene in the western world gathered at Jamestown in 1619. From it the Congress of the United States has logically and chronologically developed.

No more striking proof is needed that this commonwealth is and has ever been God's country than that afforded by the minutes of the first meeting of this first General Assembly:

As though writing to settle the question once and for all the ancient secretary was concise, simple, yet very explicit:

“July 30, 1619.

“A reporte of the manner of proceeding in the General Assembly convented at James City in Virginia.

“The most convenient place we could finde to sitt in was the Quire of the Church. Where Sir George Yeardley the Governour being sett downe in his accustomed place, those of the Counsel of Estate sate nexte him on both hands.

“. . . But forasmuch as men's affaires doe little prosper where God's service is neglected, all the Burgeses tooke their places in the Quire till a prayer was said by Mr. Bucke, the Minister, that it would please

God to guide and sanctifie all our proceedings to his owne glory and the good of this plantation.”

* * * *

And what shall more be said? This narrative, with official citations might be brought down to our present worthy governor,²² who, like the great majority of those preceding him in his high office, is an humble Christian.

Virginia was planted in the fear of God and primarily for His glory. She has grown and prospered; she has endured her disasters and rejoiced in her blessings under the arms of the Cross.

There has never been a day, nor an hour, when Jesus Christ was not officially recognized as King of Virginia.

The rabble who demanded the crucifixion of the Prisoner in their midst cried in fury,

“We have no king but Caesar.”

After long ages the people of Virginia may re-echo that cry, hailing, not repudiating, the same Prisoner,

“We have no King but Jesus.”

J E S U S C H R I S T U S V I R G I N I A E R E X

²²JOHN GARLAND POLLARD.

*A*ND here we make an end. *THE LAND of DECISION* is the third of three books that tell the story of Virginia.

*T*HE first of the three, *THE DAYS of YESTER-YEAR*, was published October 28, 1928. The second, *THROUGH CENTURIES THREE*, was published December 6, 1929.

*T*HE third, written in Norfolk, Virginia, during 1930 and 1931 by William Henry Tappey Squires is published October 19, 1931, being the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the surrender of Charles, the Earl of Cornwallis.

*T*HESE books are published by the Printcraft Press, Inc., of Portsmouth, Virginia.

INDEX

- ABBEVILLE, S. CAR.**, 147
 Abingdon Parish, Va., 258
 Abingdon, Va., 343
 Achilles, 363
 Accomac Co., Va., 85, 186, 188
 Adam, 75
 Adams, Henry, 149
 Adams, Jno. Q., 149
 Adams, Samuel, 2
 Alabama, 212, 225, 343, 348, 353
 Albemarle Co., Va., 258
 Albemarle Sound, N. C., 75, 80, 249
 Alderman, Edwin A., 118
 Aldie, Va., 292
 Aldrich, Thos. B., 231
 Alexandria, Va., 8, 72, 328
 Alleghany Mountains, 252, 257, 261, 264, 266
 Alleghany River, 272
 Alleghany Springs, Va., 120
 Allen, Arthur I, 129, 130, 132
 Allen, Arthur II, 129, 130
 Allen, James, 131
 Allen, Katherine, 131
 Allen, Jno. J., 178-179
 Allen, Wm., 296, 299, 311
 Almy, Capt. H., 60
 Alps, 128
 Altamaha River, 15, 254
 Alvord and Bidgood, 145, 255
 Amadas, Philip, 359
 Ambler, C. H., 73
 Amelia C. H., Va., 19-22
 "Anchor and Hope," 259
 Anchor Creek, Va., 85
 Anderson, 22
 Anderson, Clifford, 106
 Anderson, Mary, 106
 Anderson, R. H., 305
 Andrews, E. Benj., 213
 Annapolis, Md., 48-49
 Anne, Queen, 89-90
 Antietam, Battle of, 324
 Appalachian Mts., 251, 272
 Appomattox C. H., Va., 17-36, 75, 145, 172, 176, 184, 221, 243
 Appomattox River, 19-24, 146, 150, 163-165, 176
 Arbuthnot, Marriott, 7, 73
 Arkansas, 348
 Arnold, Benedict, 7-8, 49, 73, 140, 150
 Arnold, Thos. J., 289, 291-294, 300
 Artemis, 363
 Arthur, Chester A., 194, 197
 Ashby, Turner, 208, 226, 238, 324
 Asheville, N. C., 127
 Ashland, Va., 106, 315
 Atlanta, Ga., 107, 122
 Atlantic Ocean, 243, 270, 349, 371
 Atlantic Coast Line Ry., 153, 222
 Atlantic, Miss. & O. Ry., 181-185
 Atlitico, Mexico, 207, 220
 Attila, King, 114
 Augusta, Ga., 238
 Austerlitz, Battle of, 276
 Austin, Stephen, 251
 Austin, Walter, 250
 Austria, 236
 Ayllon, Lucas V. de, 71
 Ayres, R. B., 206

BACON, NATHANIEL, 100, 105, 130, 148, 223
 Bacon's Castle, 129-138
 Bagby, Geo. W., 232, 238, 247
 Bagnall, H. B., 93
 Baldwin, Jos. G., 232
 Baltimore, Md., 74, 106, 121-122, 128, 179-180, 208, 233, 279, 324, 328-329, 358
 Baltimore and Ohio Ry., 201, 208
 Bancroft, Geo., 2, 3, 359
 Banks, Nath., 215, 323
 Banister, Jno., 149
 Baptist, Fanny R., 205, 220
 Barbour, Jas., 277
 Barbour, J. S., 196-198
 Barlow, Arthur, 359
 Barron, James, 73-74
 Bartlett, Napier, 342
 Bartlett, William F., 174
 Batte, Henry, 256
 Batte, Thos., 256
 Battle Flag, 340-356
 Bavaria, 15
 Beauregard, Gen., 344-346, 354
 "Beaufort," 49

- Beckley, W. Va., 261
 Bedford, Penn., 224
 Bell Co., Ky., 263
 Bell, Landon C., 355
 Belleville, Va. (W. Va.), 297
 Belgium, 236
 "Ben Bolt," 330-333
 "Benjamin Franklin," 285
 Bennett, F. M., 44-45
 Berkeley Co., Va. (W. Va.), 208
 Berkeley Hundred, Va., 176, 214
 Berkeley, Wm., 10, 83, 130, 148
 Berkley, Va., 45, 86
 Berlin, 21, 48
 Bermuda, 243, 381
 Beckley, G. W. L., 325-326
 Big Bethel, Battle of, 204
 Bingham, 74
 Blacksburg, Va., 147, 259
 Blackwell, London, 375
 Blaine, Jas. G., 197-198
 Blair, James, 61, 84
 Blair, John, 61-62
 Blake, Nelson M., 203
 Bland Co., Va., 251, 335
 Bland, Edward, 147
 Bland, Theodorick, 143
 Blandford, Petersburg, Va., 8, 136,
 143-159, 203
 Blennerhasset Island, 296
 Blue Ridge Mts., 10, 104, 122, 127,
 147-148, 251-255, 258, 262, 323
 Blunt, Mrs. Ellen K., 342
 Boccock, Willis, 281
 Boker, G. H., 52
 Bolling, Robt., 142, 149
 "Bollingbrooke," 150-159
 Bond, H. L., 183
 "Bonnie Blue Flag," 347-349, 368
 Boone, Daniel, 139
 Booneville, Mo., 204
 Booth, Jno. Wilkes, 243-244, 360
 Boston, Mass., 1-4, 43, 73, 137, 235
 Botetourt, Baron de, 267
 Botetourt Co., Va., 335
 "Bourbonism," 280
 Boush, Max., 90
 Boush, Samuel, 61, 88, 90
 Boush, Samuel, Jr., 61, 90-92
 Bowen, L. P., 89
 Bowers, Claude G., 157
 Bowling Green, Va., 8
 Boydton Plank Road, 223-224
 Braddock, Edward, 72
 Bradford, Gamaliel, 105
 Bradley, Mrs. Anne H., 131
 Brake, Isaac, 295-296
 Brander, T. A., 220
 "Brandon," Va., 8, 235
 Brandywine, Battle of, 5, 16
 Braxton Co., Va. (W. Va.), 298
 Breckenridge, J. C., 18-19
 Bridgeport, Va. (W. Va.), 273, 276,
 286
 Briggs, W. W., 170
 Bristol, Tenn., 171
 Bristow, Va., 220
 Broad Run, Va., 147
 Brock, H. I., 143
 Brock, Robt. A., 214-217, 271, 275,
 291, 293-299
 Brockenbrough, Mrs. Cath., 240
 Brooke, Mr., 62
 "Brooke Bank," 63
 Brooke, Jno. Mercer, 46-48
 Brown, Alex., 374, 376, 383
 Brown, Everit, 300
 Browning, Robt., 236
 Bruce, Philip Alex., 29, 42, 88, 151,
 179, 230, 257, 365, 368
 Bryan, Wm. J., 202
 Bryant, William Cullen, 105, 244,
 246
 Buchanan Co., Va., 251
 Buchanan, Franklin, 49-51
 Buchanan, James, 283
 Buchanan, Jno., 257, 261
 Buchanan, Mrs. Jno., 259
 Buchanan, McKean, 51
 Buchanan, Va., 259, 282, 320
 Buck, Dudley, 123
 Buck Horn Mt., 335
 Bucke, Rev. Richard, 381-384
 Buckhannon, Va. (W. Va.), 296
 Buddha, 127
 Buford's Gap, Va., 262
 Bull Run, Va., 216, 345
 Bulwer-Lytton, Sir, 236
 Burden, Benj., 257
 Burgess, Robt., 131
 Burk, James, 261
 Burk, John, 102, 374-375
 Burke's Garden, 335-337
 Burkeville, Va., 22
 Burnside, A. E., 173, 206, 217
 Borough Church, Norfolk, Va., 87
 Burr, Aaron, 275-276
 Burton, Harrison W., 23, 45-46, 90-92,
 108, 171-172, 179, 283
 Burwell's Bay, Va., 7, 111, 141
 Butler, Robert, 199
 Butler, Otelia, 199
 Byrd, Harry F., 179
 Byrd, Wm. II, 89, 90, 148

- CABELL, H. C., 246
 Cabell, W. H., 275
 Cabin Point, Va., 7
 Cabot, John, 70
 Cabot, Sebastian, 70
 Caedmon, 125
 Caesar, 195, 385
 Cahill, Bryant, 88
 Calhoun Co., Va. (W. Va.), 298
 Calhoun, Jno. C., 160
 California, 48
 Callahan, Jas. M., 291
 Calvert Co., Md., 289
 Calvin, Jno., 250
 Camden, Jno. D., 279
 Cameron, William E., 23, 158-159,
 176-178, 368, 302-308
 Campbell, Alex., 90
 Campbell, Arch., 94
 Campbell, Charles C., 3, 257
 Campbell, Wm., 5, 10
 Canada, 151, 266, 275, 277
 Cape Charles, Va., 66
 Cape Fear, N. Car., 112
 "Cape Fear," 243
 Cape Fear River, N. C., 146
 Cape Hatteras, N. C., 58, 75, 359
 Cape Henry, Va., 7, 12-13, 42, 60-80,
 375-376, 380
 Cape Horn, 43
 Carcassonne, 234-235
 Carlyle, Thos., 236
 Caroline Co., Va., 61
 Carrington, H. B., 12
 Carroll Co., Va., 251
 Carshemish, 363
 Carter, Edw., 85
 Carter, Jno., 367
 Carthage, N. C., 146
 Carthage, 92
 Cary, Constance, 345
 Cary, Miles W., 62
 Casanova, 234
 "Castle Hill," Va., 258-262
 Catawba, Va., 259
 Catawba River, N. C., 147
 Caucasus Mts., 363
 Cecil Co., Md., 360
 Cedar Mt., Battle of, 215
 Cedar Run, Va., 215
 Ceres, Va., 337
 Chalkley, Lyman, 268
 Chamberlayne, C. G., 143
 Chancellorsville, Battle of, 172, 218,
 303-321
 Chandler, Dr., 315
 Chantilly, Battle of, 216
 Charles II, 82-83
 Charles City Co., Va., 84, 256
 Charleston, S. C., 6, 16, 87, 349
 Charlottesville, Va., 9, 10
 Chastellux, Francois Jean, 13
 Chattanooga, Tenn., 119
 Cheat River, W. Va., 272
 Cherokee Indians, 254-256, 264-267
 Chesapeake Bay, 4, 8, 11, 13, 42, 66,
 71-74, 78-85, 92, 98, 112, 122, 129,
 140, 145, 249, 277, 280
 "Chesapeake," 73
 Chesapeake & Ohio Ry., 282, 303
 Cherry Pond Mt., W. Va., 334
 Chesney, C. C., 214
 Chester, S. C., 147
 Chester, Va., 13
 Chesterfield Co., Va., 206, 222-226
 Chickaony, Va., 85
 Chickahominy River, Va., 9, 211-212
 Chickamauga, Tenn., 204
 Childe, E. L., 20
 China, 48
 "Chipokes," Va., 129
 Chowan River, N. C., 169
 Christian, Wm. A., 19, 226, 232, 281
 Christiansburg, Va., 147
 Chuckatuck River, Va., 42
 Church of England, 374, 376-377
 Cincinnati, O., 170, 193-194, 203
 City Point, Va., 8
 Claiborne, J. H., 162, 172, 176
 Clark, Geo. Rogers, 5
 Clarke Co., Va., 50
 Clarksburg, Va. (W. Va.), 273, 278,
 286, 290-295, 299
 Clarksville, Va., 146, 255
 Clay Co., Va. (W. Va.), 298
 Clay, Henry, 279, 282, 278, 342
 Cleveland, Grover, 197-198, 202
 Clifton Forge, Va., 282
 Clinch Mt., Va., 252, 260, 263, 335
 Clinch River, Va., 239, 266, 256, 327
 Clingman's Dome, Tenn., 252
 Clinton, George, 276
 Clinton, Sir Henry, 11-16
 Clinton, S. C., 147
 Coal River, W. Va., 333
 Coalfield, Va., 222
 Cobb, David, 13
 Cobb, A., 310
 Cockburn, Sir Geo., 74
 Cocke, Allen, 131
 Cocke, Benj., 131
 Cocke, Benj. II., 131
 Cocke (family), 10
 Cole Harbor, Battle of, 212, 222

- Coleraine, Ireland, 288
 Collier, Sir Geo., 6, 73
 Colston, R. E., 308
 Colton, J. H., 334
 Columbus, Christopher, 70
 "Columbus," 45
 Concord, Mass., 1-2
 "Concorde," 11
 Confederate Flags, 184
 "Congress," 50-52, 57
 Connecticut, 13, 251, 358
 Connor, Lewis, 89
 Conway, Moncure, 231
 Coolidge, Harold J., 7
 Cooke (Jay) & Co., 181-183
 Cooke, Jno. Esten, 20, 24, 146, 150, 226, 230, 232, 288, 300
 Cooke, Philip P., 231, 247
 Cornwallis, Charles, 3-16, 49, 73, 140, 145, 150, 386
 "Corotoman," Va., 85
 Cosimo, Duke, 373
 Cottrell, Simon, 326
 Couch, D. N., 300, 303, 307
 Courtland, Va., 170, 203, 221
 Cowardin, Jas. A., 247
 Cowpens, Battle of, 5
 Craighead, I. G., 268
 Crane Island, Va., 58
 Cranton, Lewis C., 3
 Crater, Battle of, 158-159, 169, 172-176, 184, 203, 222, 369
 Crawford, Thos., 237
 "Crime of 1871," 190-191
 Cromwell, Oliver, 145, 365
 Crump, W. W., 247
 Cuba, 246, 284
 Cuckoo, Va., 9
 Culloden Moor, 93, 260
 Culpeper, Thomas, Lord, 83, 85
 Culpeper Co., Va., 4, 170, 205, 208, 215, 220
 "Cumberland," 46, 50-52, 57
 Cumberland Gap, Va., 188, 253, 260
 Cumberland, Md., 208
 Cumberland Mts., 251-256, 260-265
 Cumberland, Wm., Duke of, 93
 Cummins, Eliz., 289-290
 Cummings Battery, 164
 Currituck, 80
 Cutting, Eliz., 355
- DABNEY, R. L., 18, 208, 213, 288-292, 300, 317, 320-322, 355
 Dale, Sir Thos., 382
 Dallas, Geo. M., 279
- Dan River, Va., 255
 Daniel, Jno. W., 185-186, 195, 198, 301
 Daniel, Raleigh T., 247
 Dante, 127
 Danville, Va., 20-22, 243
 Darien, Isthmus of, 92
 "David Copperfield," 135
 Davidson, Hunter, 56
 Davidson, W. D., 335, 339
 Davis, A. K., 151, 157, 254, 347
 Davis, Jefferson, 19, 39, 75, 114, 119, 154, 161-162, 220, 244, 319, 345, 348, 355
 "Davis' Fancy," Va., 259
 Davis House, Battle of, 175
 Day, Chas., 117-118
 Dayton, O., 75
 Deatonville, Va., 22
 Deep River, N. C., 146
 Delaware (state), 53, 358
 Delaware, Thomas, Lord, 41-42, 381-382
 Denbigh, Va., 84
 Denmark, 341
 Denver, Colo., 246
 DePriest Circulars, 203
 Des Touches, Admiral, 7, 73
 Detroit, Mich., 206
 Deuxpont, Col. Wm., 15
 Dey, Mrs. Jno. B., 203, 207
 Dickens, Chas., 1, 236
 Dickenson Co., Va., 251
 Dickerson, Mrs. Lucy, 336
 Dimitry, John, 345
 Dinwiddie, Robt., 91-95
 "Discovery," 139
 Dismal Swamp, Va., 4, 42, 82, 88, 141, 178
 Disputanta, Va., 183
 Doddridge Co., Va. (W. Va.), 277
 Doddridge, Philip, 277-278
 Dodge, T. A., 210, 218
 Dodson, Edw. Griffith, 177
 Donoughman, Lord, 243
 Daughters of the Amer. Rev., 369
 Douglas, Stephen A., 283
 Douglass, Fred, 203
 Drakelowe, 138-142
 Draper's Meadows, Va., 259
 Drew, Martha, 170
 Drewry's Bluff, Battle of, 109, 221
 Drewry, Patrick H., 97, 139
 Duke University, N. C., 203
 Dundas, Francis, 16
 Dunmore, Earl of, 1-16, 74, 97-102, 365
 Dunmore, Lady Eliz., 4

- Durham, N. C., 146
 Dutch Gap, Va., 91
- EARLE, SWEPSON, 66
 Early, Jubal A., 221, 303, 344
 East Haven, Conn., 228
 Eckenrode, H. J., 183, 185, 370
 Eggleston, Geo. C., 324, 349
 "Eilbeck," 101
 Elk River, Md., 13, 140
 Elizabeth City Co., Va., 61-62, 82-84
 Elizabeth, Queen, 358-359, 373-376
 Elizabeth River, Va., 4, 42-45, 49-50,
 57, 80, 84, 89
 Ellegood, Jacob, 62
 Ely's Ford, Va., 9
 Emerson, Ralph W., 77, 105, 127
 Emperor, Francis, 88
 England, 129, 143-144, 167, 229, 236,
 243, 266-267, 269, 276, 341, 358-
 359, 364-365, 374-375
 English, Thos. D., 330-333
 Enoree River, S. C., 147
 Ephesus, 363
 Ericsson, J. C., 43, 53
 Estillville (Gate City), Va., 260
 Eutah Springs, S. C., 5
 Euxine, 363
 Evans, Colonel, 244
 Evans, R. D., 76
 Everett, John, 178-179
 Ewell, Richard S., 22, 216
 Eyre, Littleton, 61
- FAIRFAX, VA., 185, 208, 216
 Fairfax Grant, 289
 Fairfax, Thomas, Lord, 257
 Farmville, Va., 19, 24-26, 200
 Farragut, David Glasgow, 346
 Farrar, 147
 Faulkner, C. J., 314
 Fauquier Co., Va., 208
 Fayette Co., Va. (W. Va.), 294
 Fayetteville, W. Va., 339
 Fernow, B., 263
 Field, E. M., 176, 304
 Fink, Henry, 183
 Fiske, John, 6
 Flash, H. L., 316
 Florence, Italy, 373
 Florida, 71, 84, 114, 122-124, 207, 220,
 343, 348, 354, 359
 Flournoy, Thos. S., 284
 Floyd Co., Va., 251
 Floyd, John B., 281, 287
- Fluvanna Co., Va., 9
 Foote, Wm. H., 257
 Force, Peter, 383
 Fordyce, Capt., 100
 Forrest, Wm. S., 86, 93
 Fort Boykin, Va., 110-111, 116, 141-
 142
 Ft. Donelson, Tenn., 209
 Ft. Duquesne, Pa., 264
 Ft. Fisher, N. C., 109
 Ft. Gregg, Va., 162, 223-224
 Ft. Henry, Tenn., 209
 Ft. Henry, Va., 146-148
 Ft. Johnson, S. C., 350
 Ft. Monroe, Va., 39, 45, 53, 57, 64,
 109, 113
 Ft. Nelson, Va., 6
 Ft. Stanwix, N. Y., 267
 Ft. Stedman, Va., 158
 Ft. Sumter, S. C., 160
 Forsythe, Dr., 207
 Foster, Jno. Gray, 301
 Foster, Mary L., 3
 "Fowey," 3-4
 Fox, Jno., Jr., 253
 France, 76, 92, 95, 236, 275, 346, 359
 Franklin, Benjamin, 213, 274
 Frayser's Farm, Battle of, 213-214
 Frederick, Prince of Wales, 260
 Fredericksburg, 7-8, 14-15, 204, 217,
 258, 302-304
 French, S. G., 109
 French Camp, N. C., 109
 French and Indian (Seven Years)
 War, 144, 264-267, 290
 Fulton, Robt., 276
- GAGE, THOMAS, GEN., 1-2
 Gaines's Mill, Battle of, 206, 212, 215
 "Galena," 57
 Galt, Alex., 367-368
 Galveston, Tex., 120
 Garden Mt., Va., 335-337
 Garnett, Theo. S., 312
 Gate City, Va., 260
 Gates, Sir Thos., 381
 George II, 95
 George III, 260, 263, 265-266, 376
 Georgia, 106-108, 114, 117, 124, 254,
 343, 348-349, 358
 Germantown, Pa., 16
 Germany, 236
 Gethsemane, 127
 Gettysburg, Pa., 219, 222
 Gibson, Churchill, 167
 Gibraltar, 66, 70, 163

- Gilbert, Sir Humphrey, 358
 Gilder, Rd. W., 124, 246
 Giles Co., Va., 251
 Giles, Wm. B., 151
 Gilmer Co., Va. (W. Va.), 298
 Ginter, Lewis, 247
 Gist, Christopher, 139
 Gist River, Va., 264
 Gladstone, Wm. E., 168
 Glasgow, Scotland, 96
 Glendale, Va., 213
 Gloucester Co., Va., 5, 84, 185, 258, 285
 Gloucester Point, Va., 11, 85
 Glynn Co., Ga., 124-127
 "Godspeed," 139
 Gooch, Wm., 92, 257
 Goode, Jno., 181, 355
 Gordon, A. C., Jr., 151
 Gordon, Jno. B., 29, 32, 164-165, 347, 359
 Gordonsville, Va., 215, 320
 Gosnold, Barth, 377
 Gosport, Portsmouth, Va., 97
 Grace Church, Petersburg, 167
 Grahame, Jas., 359
 Grant, Ulysses S., 18-38, 145, 166, 221-222
 Grasse, Comte de, 11-13, 73
 Graves, Adm. Thos., 12-13, 73
 Grayson Co., Va., 251
 Great Bridge, Va., 4, 99-101
 "Green Spring," Va., 10, 83
 Greenbrier River, 263-264
 Greeley, Horace, 44-48, 208, 338-339, 360
 Gregory, E. S., 155
 Griffin, Chas., 206
 Guandape, San M. de, 71
 "Guerriere," 74
 Guilford C. H., N. C., 16
 Guinea, Va., 115, 315-318
 Gulf of Mexico, 359
 Gulf Stream, 270
 Gwynn's Island, Va., 5
- HADDON, DAVID, 291**
 Haddon, Mary, 291
 Hakluyt, Rd., 374, 377
 Hale, Peyton G., 196
 Haliburton, Thos. C., 70
 Halifax Co., Va., 191, 284
 Hall, Jno. Lesslie, 290
 Hamilton, Alex., 15
 Hampden-Sydney College, 160
 Hampshire Co., Va. (W. Va.), 208
- Hampton, Va., 6, 72, 84, 89, 98-100
 Hampton Roads, 41-42, 48-59, 71-76, 81, 98, 141, 171
 Hampton, Wade, 172, 175
 Hancock, John, 2
 Hancock, Winfield S., 193-194, 222
 Hanes, Leigh, 138
 Hanover C. H., Va., 9
 Hard Labor, S. C., 267
 "Harland Marion," 8
 Harold, of England, 358
 Harper's Ferry, Va. (W. Va.), 208, 217, 221
 Harriman, Mrs. Burton, 232, 345
 Harrison Co., Va. (W. Va.), 273, 277, 285, 291
 Harrison, Fairfax, 270, 345
 Harrison, Francis, 345
 Harrisonburg, Va., 239
 Harrison's Landing, Va., 214
 Harvey, Sir Jno., 81-82
 Hastings, Battle of, 358
 Hatcher's Run, Va., 175, 222
 Havana, Cuba, 285
 Hawks, F. L., 374, 377
 Hawks, William, 317
 Hayes, Joseph, 222
 Hayne, Paul H., 119, 126, 231
 Hays, S. E., 299-300
 Hearst, Wm. R., 96
 Heine, Heinrich, 113
 Heintzelman, Samuel P., 220
 Hening, Eliza, 151
 Hening, W. W., 83, 89, 152
 Henrico Co., Va., 84
 Henry VII, 70
 Henry, Patrick, 2, 5, 97, 279, 355
 Henry, W. W., 270
 Hemans, Mrs. F., 325
 Heth, Wm., 95, 175
 Heth, Henry, 206, 219
 Hill, Ambrose Powell, 30, 154, 162, 175, 204-228, 263, 301-310, 317, 324
 Hill, Benj. H., 203, 205
 Hill, Dan. H., 204, 210-213
 Hill, Fanny R., 207
 Hill, G. Powell, 222, 225
 Hill, Henry, Col., 205
 Hill, Lucy Lee, 207
 Hill, Major Thos., 205, 220
 Hinsdale, B. A., 263
 Hislett, Wm., 88
 Hittites, 363
 Hobbs' Hole, Va., 84
 Hobson, Peter, 88
 Hodges, Robt., 89
 Hoe, Rice, 250

Hog Island, Va., 8
 Hoge, Moses D., 232, 246
 Holcomb, R. C., 6, 61, 92
 Holland, 79
 Holliday, F. W. M., 185, 194
 Holliday, Carl, 247
 Hollins College, 330
 Holmes, 105
 Holston River, Va., 256-268
 Holt, John, 98-99
 Homer, 127, 363
 Hooker, Joe, 213, 216, 218, 302-313
 Hope, Jas. B., 185, 231, 237
 Hopkins, E. B., 125
 Hotchkiss, Jed., 315
 Houston, C. W., 360-361
 Howard, O. O., 308
 Howe, Robt., 100-101
 Howe, William, 99
 Howison, R. R., 72, 345
 Huamantla, Mexico, 207, 220
 Hudson River, 11
 Hughes, Robt. W., 96, 181
 Huguenots, 267
 Hull, 74
 Huns, 114
 Hunt, Robt., 377-380
 Hunter, Jno., 62
 Huntington, W. Va., 333
 Hutchings, Jno., 62, 90-92, 99
 Hutchings, Joseph, 92

ILLINOIS, 338
 Ill. Cent. Ry., 206
 Indiana, 273
 Ingles Ferry, Va., 259
 Ireland, 72, 95, 169, 202, 236, 273,
 300, 328, 341
 Iroquois, 250, 260-267
 Irwinsville, Ga., 114
 Isle of Wight Co., Va., 84, 169
 Ivey, Jno., 90
 Ivor, Va., 183

JACKSON, ANDREW, 74, 193, 194, 278-
 279, 300, 342
 Jackson, Cummins E., 294-300
 Jackson, Edward B., 277, 289, 291,
 294-295
 Jackson, Mrs. Eleanor Junkin, 313
 Jackson, Elizabeth, 292-293
 Jackson, Geo. W., 289-290, 300
 Jackson, Henry R., 204
 Jackson, John G., 288, 291, 295, 299-
 300

Jackson, Jonathan, 278, 291-293
 Jackson, Julia Neale II, 294
 Jackson, Laura A., 292, 296
 Jackson, Thomas Jonathan (Stone-
 wall), 75, 115-116, 172, 175, 204-
 219, 278, 288-324, 346
 Jackson, Mrs. Mary Anne Morrison,
 (Stonewall), 291, 294-295, 313, 316-
 319
 Jackson, William L., 204
 Jackson, Warren, 292-297
 Jackson (family), 273
 Jackson's Fort, Va. (W. Va.), 290
 James I, 41, 72, 375-377
 James II, 95
 James City Co., Va., 84
 James, G. P. R., 231
 James River, Va., 8, 10, 13, 19-20,
 41-42, 49-50, 71, 81, 91, 100, 116,
 119, 129, 130, 139-140, 176, 209-
 210, 213-214, 247, 254, 268, 282,
 303, 380, 383
 Jamestown, Va., 11-13, 42, 71, 80-85,
 129-130, 139, 146-147, 237, 253,
 377, 380-382, 384
 "Jamestown," 49
 Jamestown Island, Va., 3, 7, 10
 Japan, 49
 Jasper, William, 350
 Jefferson Co., Va. (W. Va.), 208
 Jefferson, Thos., 7, 150, 275-279, 342,
 362, 366, 376
 Jeffersonville, Va., 327-328, 334
 Jersey City, N. J., 5
 Jerusalem Road, Battle of, 172, 221-
 222
 Johns Hopkins University, 124-125
 Johnson, Abigail Wright, 271-273
 Johnson, Bushrod, 22
 Johnson, Joseph, 271-287, 293
 Johnson River, 217
 Johnson, Waldo P., 286
 Johnston, Albert S., 204
 Johnston, Joseph E., 23-25, 75, 109,
 204, 209-210, 345
 Jones, Abraham, 145
 Jones, Catesby ap. R., 47, 50-58
 Jones, D. R., 301
 Jones, J. William, 21, 23, 37, 114, 208,
 216, 223
 Jones, Peter I, 142-148
 Jones, Peter II, 148
 Jordan, Nancy, 169
 Joynes, Mrs., 157
 Jouett, Jack, 9
 Junkin, George, 248

- KANAWHA RIVER, W. VA., 149, 255-256, 259, 282
 Kansas, 283, 357
 Kearny, Philip, 213, 216
 Keats, John, 127
 Keeling, Adam, 88
 Kellam, Mrs. V. Hope, 62, 63, 144
 Kemper, C. E., 265
 Kemper, Jas. L., 182, 185
 Kempsville, Va., 90, 96-101
 Kentucky, 205, 249, 253, 260, 263, 283, 297, 357
 Kercheval, Sam'l, 257
 Kerrick, Harrison, 343
 Ketcham, Mrs. Annie C., 347
 Keys, Jane G., 205
 Kickatan, Va., 81-82
 King, Henry, 62
 King, Joseph L., 234
 King's Creek, 85
 King's Mountain, S. C., Battle of, 5, 6, 10
 "Kingfisher," 4, 97, 101
 Kingslake, Alex. Wm., 243
 Kitty Hawk, N. C., 75-76
 Kneass, Nelson, 331
 Knott, Wm., 88
 "Know Nothing Party," 284
 Knox Co., Ky., 263
 Knox, Henry, 13, 15, 250
 Knoxville, Tenn., 261
 Komana, Cappadocia, 363
- LABRADOR, 70
 Lacy, Rev. B. T., 313-318
 Lacy, Horace, 175
 Lacy, J. M., 318
 LaFayette, Marquis de, 7-13, 140, 150, 199
 Lamar, J. Q. C., 244
 Lamb, Col. John, 13
 Lamb, W. W., 96
 Lancaster, S. C., 146
 Lancaster Co., Va., 85
 Lane, Capt., 311
 Lane, Joseph, 220
 Lane, Sir Ralph, 71, 78, 80, 85
 Lanier, Charles D., 119
 Lanier, Clifford, 108, 111-112, 117
 Lanier, J. F. D., 116
 Lanier, Robt., 106
 Lanier, Sidney, 104-121, 141, 229, 231, 318
 Lanier, Mrs. Sidney, 110-128
 Lanier, Sampson, 105
 Lanier, Sterling, 118
- Latane, Wm., 239-240
 Latimer, Hugh, 379
 Laurel Co., Ky., 263
 Laurens, John, 15-16
 Lauzun, Armand Louis de G., 14
 Lawne's Creek, Va., 129
 Lawson, Anthony, 86
 Leake, Shelton F., 281
 Leaksville, N. C., 255
 Lee Co., Va., 253
 Lee, Fitzhugh, 19, 29-32, 172, 185, 196-198, 204, 306-310
 Lee, Henry, 5, 6, 16, 290
 Lee, Richard H., 360
 Lee, Robert E., 18-40, 75, 109, 119, 124, 153-154, 162-164, 172-179, 197, 204-224, 239, 251, 303-318, 321-323, 366
 Lee, Stephen D., 204
 Lee, Wm. H. F., 204
 Leigh, Watkins, 311-312
 "Leopard," 73
 Leslie, Alex., 6, 73
 Letcher, John, 50, 208, 318-319, 342
 Lewis, Andrew, 5, 268
 Lewis, Charles, 5
 Lewis Co., Va. (W. Va.), 291, 298
 Lewis, Virgil A., 250
 Lewis and Clark, 275
 Lexington, Mass., 2
 Lexington, Va., 39, 320, 346
 Liberty, Ind., 206
 Licking Co., O., 206
 Lincoln, Abraham, 18, 39, 75, 99, 202, 208, 221, 238, 243, 285-286, 302, 350, 356, 360-361
 Lincoln, Benjamin, 13, 16, 140
 Lingley, Chas. R., 5
 "Little Belt," 74
 "Liverpool," 101
 Lloyd, Cornelius, 88
 Lockabar, S. Car., 268
 Logan, Mrs. Jno. A., 157
 Logan Co., W. Va., 331
 Lomax, Lansford, 61
 London, England, 4, 95, 178, 185, 243, 247, 254, 288
 London Company, 365, 374, 376, 382-383
 Londonderry, Ireland, 288
 Long, A. L., 19, 22, 25, 227
 Long, Mrs. J. D., 342
 Longfellow, Henry W., 52, 105, 116, 235, 244
 Longstreet, James, 18, 29-32, 210-219, 222, 305, 324
 Loudoun Co., Va., 208, 292

- Louis XVI, 15
 Louisiana, 72, 275, 343, 348
 Louisville, Ky., 264, 280
 Low, Anthony, 62
 Low, Westwood, 62
 Lowell, Jas. W., 105
 Loyal Land Co., 261-263
 Loyal, Paul, 62
 "Lucy," 112
 Lundy Lane, Battle of, 151
 Lybrook, A. M., 196
 Lynchburg, Va., 20-31, 171, 177, 181,
 185, 196, 262, 303, 307, 320-329
 Lynn, N. C., 127
 Lynnhaven, Va., 12, 80-82
 Lynnhaven Roads, Va., 74
- MACAULAY, THOS. B., 236
 Machen, Jno., 89
 Mackie, Josias, 97
 Macon, Ga., 106-122
 Magruder, Jno. B., 210, 220
 Madison, James, 151, 276-277, 295,
 342
 Madison, Mrs. Jas. (Dolly), 291
 Mahone, Fielding J., 169
 Mahone, Wm. I., 169
 Mahone, Wm., 30, 153, 158-159, 168-
 203, 222, 228, 283, 304, 308, 369
 Makemie, Francis, 89, 97
 Malvern Hill, Battle of, 10, 109, 206,
 213
 Mamerik, Asgar, 106, 110
 Manassas, Battle of, 108, 206, 209,
 220, 292, 344
 Mann, Wm. Hodges, 159, 369
 Manry, Josiah, 170
 Manry, L. L., 170, 203
 Marengo, Battle of, 276
 "Margaret and John," 145, 147
 Marion, Ala., 343
 "Mars," 4
 Marshall, Nicola, 343
 Marshall, Charles, 33-36
 Marshall, John, 276, 342
 Martin, M. D., 307
 Martinsville, Va., 255
 Marvin, W. L., 76
 Mary, Queen, 1, 379
 Maryland, 5, 49, 61, 74, 176, 180, 204,
 273, 277, 289, 357-358, 366
 Mason, Emily V., 59
 Mason, George, 279, 360-361
 Mason, Jas. M., 284
 Mason, John Y., 169, 280
 Massachusetts, 251, 283, 358
- Massey, John E., 195-199
 Mathews, Edward, 6, 73
 Mathews, John, 84
 Mathews, Sam'l, 84, 145
 Matthews, Thomas, 6
 Mauk, Jno. W., 224
 Maury, D. A., 301
 Maurice, Sir Fred, 31
 Maury, Matt. F., 50, 231, 234, 355
 Max Meadows, Va., 259
 Maxwell, Wm., 230
 "Mayflower," 76
 McCabe, Jas. D., 32, 38
 McCabe, W. Gordon, 174, 226, 231,
 247
 McCall, Jno. B., 213
 McCarthy, Carlton, 344, 347
 McCauley, Chas. Stuart, 44-45
 McClellan, Geo. B., 49, 58, 109, 206,
 209-214, 217, 228, 239-240, 301
 McComb, Jno., 63
 MacCorkle, W. A., 356
 McCulloch, Hugh, 190-196, 201
 McDowell, James, 287, 321
 McDowell Co., Va. (W. Va.), 334
 McGill, James, 207
 McGuire, Dr. Hunter, 312-316
 McIlwaine, H. R., 370
 McIlwaine, Richard, 25
 McIntyre, R. A., 370
 McKinney, P. W., 200
 McLean, Wilbur, 33, 34, 38
 McRae, Sherwin, 369
 Meade, Geo. Gordon, 38-39, 213
 Meade, Bishop Wm., 136
 Meadow Bridge, Va., 211, 219
 Meagher Brigade, 212
 Mechanicsville, Va., 211, 215
 Mecklenburg Co., Va., 220
 Mechunk Creek, Va., 10
 Meherrin River, Va., 146
 Memphis, Tenn., 171, 283
 Mercer Co., W. Va., 335-339
 Mercer, Hugh, 5
 "Mercury," 4
 Meredith, Owen, 231
 "Merrimac-Virginia," 43-64, 78
 Methodists, 97
 Mexico, 151
 Mexico City, 220
 Mexico, Mo., 318
 Mexico, Gulf of, 275
 Middlesex Co., Va., 84
 Midway, Ga., 107
 Miles, A. H., 73
 Miles, Wm. P., 342, 345
 Military College of Ga., 204

- Military District No. 1, 154
 Mill Springs, Ky., 209
 Milledgeville, Ga., 107, 204
 Mulligan's Corps, C. S. A., 110
 Milton, 127
 Mims, Edwin, 106, 108-109, 112
 Minnegeerde, Chas., 19
 "Minnesota," 51-57
 Minor, B. B., 230, 233
 Mississippi State, 212, 343-344, 348, 350, 353
 Mississippi River, 71, 249, 251, 275, 283, 297
 Missouri, 280
 Mitchell, D., 9, 231
 Mobile Bay, 115
 "Monitor," 43-44, 53-55, 56-59
 Monongahela River, 267, 272-273, 290
 Monroe, Va., 169
 Monroe, Jas., 275, 278, 342
 Montgomery, Ala., 115-116, 342
 Montgomery Co., N. Y., 206, 257
 Monticello, Va., 9
 Moorefield, Va. (W. Va.), 289
 "Moore, Widow," 16
 Moore, T. P., 246
 Moreland, J. R., 60, 66-67
 Morgan, Calvin C., 207
 Morgan, Daniel, 5, 207, 274
 Morgan, Dolly, 207
 Morgan, Henrietta H., 207
 Morgan, John H., 207
 Morris, Geo. P., 231
 Morrison, D., 316
 Morton, R. L., 47, 182, 186, 195, 202
 Moseley, Wm., 88
 Moses, 341
 Moss, Jas. A., 306
 "Mother Howard," 137
 Monmouth, N. J., 16
 Moultrie, Col., 350
 Mt. Airy, Va., 259
 Mt. Mitchell, 252
 Mt. Rogers, 257
 Mt. Vernon, 13
 Murray, A. B., 8
- NADAUD, GUSTAVE, 234
 "Nagatuck," 59
 Nansemond Co., Va., 62, 82, 111, 141
 Nansemond River, 42, 142
 Napoleon, 210, 276, 321-322
 Narrows, Va., 147
 Nash, Thos., 88
 Nashville, Tenn., 209
 Nassau, 246
- Neale, Alfred, 296
 Neale, Julia B., 292-294
 Neale, Margaret Wynne, 292
 Neale, Thos., 292
 Nelson, Thos., Jr., 7
 Nelson, Thos., 11, 61, 140
 Neptune, 66
 Neuse River, 146
 "New Brittain," 147
 New Castle, Va., 9
 New England, 5, 7, 228
 New France, 72, 266, 359
 New Hampshire, 228, 282, 358
 New Jersey, 13, 271, 273, 358
 New Kent Co., 84, 191
 New Market, 221
 New Norfolk Co., 82
 New Orleans, 74, 120, 246, 252, 268, 297, 346
 New River, 149, 252, 255-256, 263, 266-268, 333
 New York, 4, 11-13, 95-96, 116-117, 119, 121, 182-183, 185, 228, 233, 245-247, 252, 334, 358
 Newark, N. J., 330
 Newberry, S. H., 196
 Newport, Chris., 80-81, 85, 375, 377, 380
 Newport, R. I., 7, 11
 Newport News, Va., 6, 50, 57-58
 Newson, J. T., 63
 Newton, Geo., 90-91
 Newton, Thos., 62, 91
 Newton, Jno., 61
 Newton, Col. Thos., 63
 Newton, Willoughby, 241
 Niagara Falls, 151
 Nicholas, Geo., 98
 Nicholas, R. C., 360
 "Nightingale," 72
 Noailles, Comte de, 16
 Nomie, 85
 Norfolk Co., 326
 Norfolk, England, 81
 Norfolk, Va., 4, 43-46, 57-59, 61-62, 64, 76, 78-80, 85, 87-97, 99-101, 108-109, 170-171, 176-178, 180, 182, 277, 284, 342
 Norfolk and Petersburg R. R., 170-171, 177, 180, 283
 Norfolk and Western R. R., 163, 170, 183
 Normandy, 341, 358
 North, Lord, 1
 North Anna River, 9
 Northampton Co., 62, 85
 Northrup, Milton H., 111

- Northumberland Co., 85
 North Carolina, 8, 22-23, 88, 110, 125,
 145, 153, 162, 177, 222-223, 249,
 255, 261, 312, 348, 358-359
 Norway, 341
 Nott, Edw., 89
 Nottoway River, 146
 Nurney, Daisy, 133, 135
 Nutting, Wallace, 263
- OAKLAND, MD., 324
 Occoneechee Tr., 147, 159, 223, 255
 Oglethorpe College, 107, 116
 Ohio, State, 273, 275
 Ohio Co., 263, 264
 Ohio River, 252, 264-265, 272-273,
 275, 280, 282, 290, 292, 296, 334,
 336, 338
 Okeham, Jno., 88
 Old Donation, 136
 Old Point Comfort, 11, 41-42, 49,
 57, 113, 206
 "Old Sorrel," 309-310, 319
 Oldmixon, Jno., 359
 Opechancanough, 129, 146
 Orange Co., Va., 208
 Orange Co., N. Y., 271
 Ord, E. O. C., 31, 34
 Osgood, Francis S., 231
 "Otter," H. M. B. S., 4, 97-98, 101
 Otter, Peaks of, 262
 Otter River, 262
 Overall, Jno. W., 343
 Owen, W. M., 342, 345-346
 Ox Hill, Battle of, 216
 Oxford, 379
 Oxford, N. C., 146
- PACIFIC OCEAN, 43, 48, 81, 147, 380
 Packard, Joseph, 19
 Paducah, Ky., 267
 Pagan River, Va., 84
 Page, John, 62, 360, 362
 Page, Thos. Nelson, 17, 21-22, 105, 231
 Page, Walter H., 17
 Painter, F. V. N., 237
 Palgrave, Francis T., 243
 Palmer, W. H., 217, 221, 225
 Palfrey, F. W., 210
 Pamunkey River, Va., 9
 Papini, G., 373
 Parker, Col., 36
 Parkersburg, Va. (W. Va.), 292, 297
 Paris, 21
 "Patrick Henry," 49
- Patterson, Robt., 344
 Patton, John S., 230, 248
 Patton, Joseph, 257-259, 261
 Patton, Margaret, 257
 Pattonsville, Va., 259
 Paulding, Hiram, 45
 "Pawnee," 45-46
 Paxton, E. F., 314, 321
 "Peach Orchard," 292
 Pearson, 195
 Peery, W. E., 327-335
 Pegram, Blair, 131
 Pegram, John, 175
 Pegram, W. J., 226
 Pender, Wm. D., 311-312
 Pendleton, Alex S., 314
 Pendleton Co., Va. (W. Va.), 290
 Pendleton, Edmund, 100
 Pendleton, W. C., 343
 Pendleton, Wm. N., 24, 29
 Penn, Wm., 87
 Pennsylvania, 72, 87, 180, 269, 272-
 273, 283, 358, 366
 "Pennsylvania," 45
 Pennsylvania R. R., 201
 Penobscot River, Me., 254
 Percy, Geo., 41, 380
 Perkins, Christ., 94, 183
 Perkins, J. H., 267
 Perry, Oliver H., 49
 Petersburg, Va., 7, 18-30, 39, 109,
 139, 150-167, 170-178, 184, 198-
 199, 203, 207, 221-226, 347
 Petersburg R. R., 223
 Peterson, C. J., 74
 Petrie, Geo. L., 116
 Philadelphia, Pa., 2, 13, 44, 72, 123,
 330, 357, 362, 366, 376
 Philippine Islands, 342
 Phillips, D. B., 51, 57-58
 Phillips, Lawrence, 89
 Phillips, Wm., 8, 150
 Phripp, M., 62
 Pickett, Geo. E., 22, 301, 319
 Pierce, Franklin, 282-283
 Pierpont, F. H., 178, 368
 Pineville, Ky., 263
 Pittsburgh, Pa., 261, 267, 272, 297
 Pleasants, Jas., 247
 Pleasanton, Alf., 305
 Plummer, Wm. S., 232
 Po River, Va., 9
 Pocahontas, 84, 149
 Poe, E. A., 105, 128, 231-233
 Pohick Church, Va., 136
 Point Clear, Ala., 115
 Point Lookout, Tenn., 112-113

- Point Pleasant, W. Va., 256
 Poland, 202, 245
 Polk, Jas. K., 279
 Pollard, E. A., 48, 108, 209, 325, 344
 Pollard, John G., 385
 Pollock, Edw., 144, 146, 150
 Pontypool, England, 338
 Poole, Rd., 382
 Poole, W. F., 266
 Pope, John, 315-316, 324
 "Porte Crayon," 233
 Porter, Fitz-John, 211-212
 Porter, Horace, 37-38
 Porter, Jno. L., 46
 Porter, J. W. H., 44-45
 Porteus, Wm., 89
 Portrail, Du, 13
 Portsmouth, Va., 6-7, 10-11, 42-45,
 150, 283, 370, 386
 Potomac River, 63, 112, 195, 216-217,
 266, 289
 Pound Gap, Va., 264
 Powell, Ambrose, 205, 262
 Powell, Anne, 205
 Powell, J. W., 267
 Powell, W. H., 333, 338
 Powell's Mt., Va., 205
 Powell's River, 205, 262
 Powell's Valley, 205, 262
 Powhatan, 81, 149, 380
 Prattville, Ala., 117
 Presbyterians, 97
 Preston, J. T. L., 248
 Preston, Margaret J., 232, 248, 318
 Preston, Thos. W., 261-262
 Prince Edward Co., Va., 15
 Prince George Co., Va., 105
 Prince William Co., Va., 221
 Princess Anne Co., Va., 62, 99, 132, 144
 Princeton, N. J., 5
 Pryor, Roger A., 160, 246, 355
 Pryor, Mrs. R. A., 157, 160-161, 223
 Pryor, Theodorick, 160-161
 Prunty, John, 277
 Puebla, Mexico, 220
 Pulaski Co., Ky., 263
 Pulaski Co., Va., 251
 Pulaski, Va., 207
 Puron, Juan G., 71
- QUEBEC, 72, 359
 Queen's Creek, Va., 3
- RACCOON FORD, VA., 9
 Radford, Va., 259
- "Reasonable," H. B. M. S., 6
 Raleigh, Walter, 60, 71, 76, 78, 85,
 358-359, 373-374
 "Raleigh," 49
 Raleigh Co., Va. (W. Va.), 333
 Raleigh, N. C., 243, 283, 342
 Ramsay, H. A., 46, 50-51
 Ramsay, David, 74
 Randolph Academy, 291
 Randolph, Beverley, 63
 Randolph Co., Va. (W. Va.), 291
 Randolph, Edmund, 91
 Randolph, Jno., 149
 Randolph, Sir Jno., 90, 91
 Randolph, Peyton, 91
 Randolph, Wm., 91
 Randolph-Macon College, 106
 Rappahannock Acad., 170
 Rappahannock River, 15, 18, 62, 84,
 241, 302-303, 308, 310, 316
 Rapidan River, 9, 304
 "Raritan," 45
 Rathbone, H. R., 360
 Readjusters, 189-193, 195-197
 Readjuster Party, 368
 Reams Station, Battle of, 222
 Reconstruction, 198
 Reed, Walter, 285
 Reid, Whitelaw, 246
 Reno, J. L., 301
 Reynolds, 219
 Rhode Island, 13, 358
 Rice, Jno. H., 230
 Rich Mt., 335-336
 Rich Valley, Va., 261
 Richmond, Va., 7, 8, 10, 19, 21, 26, 39,
 44, 49, 58, 109, 148, 154, 159, 161-
 162, 172-174, 180, 182, 191, 197,
 205, 209-211, 215, 221-222, 224-
 226, 228-229, 232-233, 238-239,
 242-243, 245-246, 279, 281, 283-
 284, 303-304, 306, 315, 319-320,
 346-347, 357, 366-367, 380
 Ridley, 379
 Riddick, Lemuel, 64
 Riddick, Willis, 62, 100
 Riddleberger, H. H., 191, 193, 195-
 196, 198-199
 Riley, E. S., 299, 318
 Riley, F. LaF., 351, 368
 Rio Grande, 75
 Ripplemead, Va., 147
 Ripley, Col., 170
 Ritchie, Thos., 73
 "Roanoke," 49
 Roanoke, Va., 147, 251, 262, 335
 Roanoke Island, 71, 80, 209

- Roanoke River, 146, 153, 255, 268
 Robinson, Conway, 71
 Robinson, Emmett, 134
 Robinson, Indian Allen, 131, 133-134
 Robinson, M. P., 291, 298
 Robinson, Wm., 86
 Rochambeau, 15
 Rockingham, N. C., 146
 Rockingham Springs, Va., 125
 "Rocky Dell," 335
 Rocky Mt., 252
 Rodes, R. E., 307-310
 Rodgers, Jno., 74
 Rogers, Archart, 347
 Rogers, Jno. B., 229
 Rolfe, Jane, 149
 Rolfe, John, 84
 Romney, Va., 208
 Rookings, Wm., 130-131
 Roosevelt, T., 76, 250, 266
 Rose, Alex., 94
 Ross, Alex., 16
 Ruffin, 199
 Rural Retreat, 252, 259
 Russell Co., Va., 251, 326
 Rutherford, Mildred L., 236
 Ryan, A. J., 351-353
- SAINT ANDREW, 341, 345, 354
 San Antonio, Tex., 120
 St. Augustine, Fla., 97
 St. Barnabas, 231
 St. Clair Co., Mo., 286
 San Domingo, 11, 71
 St. George, 341
 St. John, 17
 St. Luke's Church, 136
 St. Lawrence River, 15, 359
 "St. Lawrence," 51, 57
 St. Patrick, 341
 St. Paul's Church, Norfolk, Va., 90,
 103
 St. Paul's Church, Petersburg, Va.,
 177, 203
 St. Paul's Church, Richmond, 19, 247
 St. Simon, General, 12-13
 Sale, Edith T., 11, 62, 81, 129
 Salem, Va., 251, 262
 Saltville, Va., 333
 Saluda River, 147
 Sams, C. Whittle, 80, 86, 374, 383
 Sandy Point, Va., 100
 "Santiago de Cuba," 112
 Sapony Church, Battle of, 172
 Saratoga, N. Y., 5
 "Sarah Constant," 72, 74, 139, 375
 Savannah River, 73, 147
 Savonarola, 373
 Saylor's Creek, Battle of, 22-23
 Scammell, Alex., 13
 Schaf, Thos. J., 46-48, 217
 Schermerhorn, Mrs., 152
 Schoepf, 151
 Schurz, Karl, 308
 Schuricht, Herman, 199
 Scioto River, O., 266
 Scotland, 236, 269-271, 341
 Scott, Anthony, 382
 Scott, Col., 158
 Scott Co., Va., 251
 Scott, Richard, 94
 Scott, Sir Walter, 41, 282, 342
 Scott, Winfield, 33-34, 150-151, 196,
 238
 Scribner, Blair, 246
 "Sea Horse," 72
 Seaboard Ry., 283
 Seddon, Jas. A., 229, 247
 Sedgwick, Jno., 225, 303-306
 Seminole Indians, 206-207
 Seven Days Battle, 172, 204-211, 219,
 239
 Seven Pines, Battle of, 159, 211, 214
 Sevier, John, 5
 Sewell's Point, Va., 52, 57
 Shakespeare, Wm., 127, 293
 Sharon Springs, Va., 337
 Sharpsburg, Md., 217
 Shawnee Indians, 265
 Shenandoah Co., Va., 221
 Shenandoah River, 268
 Sherman, Wm. T., 114
 Sheridan, Philip H., 22, 36, 242
 Showalter, W. J., 371
 Sibsey, Jno., 88
 Sickles, D. E., 306
 Siegel's Corps, 308
 Signourney, Mrs., 231
 Simcoe, Jno. G., 9
 Simms, H. H., 63, 161, 278, 280
 Simms, Wm. G., 91, 231, 324
 Simpson, Francis, 88
 Skinner, Constance L., 264, 270
 Slaughter, Philip, 145, 205, 226
 Smith, James P., 303, 305, 311-315
 Smith, John, 81, 142, 379
 Smith, Josiah, 94
 Smith, Kirby, 344
 Smith, Margaret V., 283
 Smith, Orren, 342
 Smith, Peter, 88
 Smith, Samuel, 90
 Smith, Wm., 287

- Smith River, Va., 255
 Smith's Fort, Va., 84
 Smithfield, England, 379
 Smithfield, Va., 84, 100, 199
 Smythe Co., Va., 251
 Snow, W. P., 214, 225
 Solomon, 192, 293
 Solon, 192
 Sons of Liberty, 96
 South Carolina, 95, 107, 160, 204-206, 268, 343, 348, 350, 358
 Southampton Co., Va., 169-171
 Southampton, Earl of, 41
 Southern Lit. Mess., 230-241
 Southern Ry., 170
 Southside Ry., 180
 Spain, 92, 118, 275, 359
 Spencer, Cornelius P., 114
 Spicer, Jno. C., 300
 Spotswood C. H., Va., 221, 225, 315
 Spotswood Co., Va., 221
 Spratt, Henry, 88
 Squires, Matthew, 98, 100
 Stafford Co., Va., 84
 Stanard, Mary Newton, 231, 241, 380
 Stanley, Dean F., 243
 Staunton, Va., 76, 282, 315, 339
 Staunton River, Va., 24
 Stedman, Edmund C., 124, 244, 302
 Stephens, Alex. H., 101, 348
 Steuben, Baron von, 7-14, 150
 Stevens, Edward, 5
 Stevens, Isaac J., 216
 Stevenson, R. L., 139
 Stewart, Wm. H., 185
 Stith, William, 84
 Stockton, F. R., 232
 Stoddard, R. H., 231, 244, 246
 Stoke Pogis, England, 144
 Stone Mt., Ga., 260
 Stoneman, Geo., 301-307, 316
 Stonewall Brigade, 313, 319, 324
 Stowe, Harriet B., 236
 Strachey, Wm., 381-382
 Stratford, Va., 85
 Stuart, A. H. H., 284
 Stuart, Chas. Edw., 93
 Stuart, J. E. B., 175, 208, 239-247, 305-313, 324
 Stuart, Jno., 267-268
 Suffolk, Va., 4, 6, 11, 58, 100, 110, 170-171
 Summers, Geo. W., 281
 Summers, L. P., 250, 262-264, 327
 Sumner, Chas., 213
 Surrey, England, 358
 Surry Co., Va., 84, 105, 130-141
 Surry C. H., Va., 11, 84, 100
 Sussex Co., N. J., 272
 Swanson, Claude A., 65, 139
 Sweden, 341
 Swem, E. G., 370
 Switzerland, 125

 TAPPAHANNOCK, VA., 14, 85
 Tarleton, Banastre, 9
 Taylor, Pres. Zachary, 342
 Tazewell Co., Va., 261, 324-330
 Tazewell, Littleton W., 326
 Tennessee, 249, 253, 260-262, 268, 283, 333, 348
 Tennessee River, 259, 266-267
 Texas, 279, 343, 350
 Thackery, W. M., 283
 Thompson, Caleb, 337
 Thompson, Jno. R., 340-361
 Tidewater Virginia, 3
 Toland, Jno., 333-339
 "Traveller," 31, 38
 "Trilby," 331
 Tripoli, 276
 Troy, 363
 Trumbull, Jonathan, 13
 "Tuckahoe," Va., 7
 Tuckerman, B., 8
 Tug Fork, Big Sandy, 339
 Tygart's Valley, Va. (W. Va.), 291
 Tyler, John, Judge, 275
 Tyler, John, President, 300
 Tyler, Lyon G., 3, 4, 7, 8, 10, 257, 271, 282, 376
 Tynes, A. J., 333-335
 Tynes, A. L., 333, 339
 Tynes, Mollie, 333, 339
 Tynes, Sam'l, 335
 Twelve o'Clock Knob, Va., 262

 ULSTER, 269-273, 288
 Underwood, J. C., 244-245
 United Daughters of the Confed., 342
 United States, 35, 63, 149, 171, 187-198, 221, 275
 University of Arkansas, 204
 University of Pennsylvania, 330
 University of South Carolina, 107
 University of Virginia, 229
 Upshur Co., Va. (W. Va.), 291
 Urbanna, Va., 85

 VANDERMULL, LEWIS, 86
 Valley of Virginia, 120, 125, 212, 252, 266, 295, 324

- Vatican, The, 364
 Venable, Chas. S., 31, 224-225
 Vera Cruz, 49, 220
 Verina, Va., 84
 Vermont, 283
 Vernon, Edward, 92
 "Ville de Paris," 13
 Vincennes, Ind., 5
 Virginia, State of. (Refer to sub-
 titles, such as counties, cities, rivers,
 mountains, estates, etc.)
 "Virginia Gazette," 62
 "Virginia Hist. Reg.," 72
 Virginia Mil. Institute, 48, 170, 320
 Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 259
 Virginia and Kentucky Ry., 180
 Virginia and Tennessee Ry., 179-180
 Virginian Ry., 52
 Voinard, Jos., 199
 Voinard, Otelia, 199
- WADESBORO, N. C., 146**
 Wakefield, Va., 183
 Walke, Thomas, 88
 Walker, Jacob, 62
 Walker, Jas. A., 206, 225
 Walker, Gilbert C., 177-179
 Walker, Thomas, 258
 Walker, Dr. Thos., 205, 258-269
 Walker's Mt., Va., 252, 260, 337
 Ward, W. H., 105, 107, 113
 Wardrop, Capt., 45
 Warren, Chas. W., 131
 Warren, Gouveneur K., 220, 222
 Warren, L. E., 370
 Warren, W. A., 131
 Warrenton, Va., 344, 370
 Warwick Co., Va., 84
 Warwick, Earl of, 185
 Washington Artillery, 346
 Washington County, Va., 251
 Washington, D. C., 45, 74, 112, 194,
 203, 207, 237, 243, 278-279, 300,
 360
 Washington, Elizabeth, 105
 Washington, George, 5-16, 105, 264,
 289, 342
 Washington, Richard, 105
 Washington, W. D., 241
 Washington and Lee University, 248
 Watauga River, Tenn., 268
 Waterloo, Battle of, 310
 Waters, Wilburn, 286
 Watters, William, 97
 Waverly, Va., 183
 Wayne, Anthony, 9-10
 Waynesboro, Va., 257, 261
 Weber, W. L., 229, 247
 Webster, Dan'l, 232, 277, 282
 Weedon, Geo., 7, 14-15
 Wellford, R. B., 247
 Wells, H. H., 179
 Wertenbaker, T. J., 254
 West Indies, 5, 7, 74, 89
 West Point, N. Y., 205-206, 220, 296-
 300
 West Virginia, 85, 187-190, 249, 295-
 296, 333-339
 Westham, Va., 7
 Westminster, 374, 379
 Westmoreland Co., Va., 85, 292
 Weston, Va. (W. Va.), 291
 Westover, Va., 7, 89, 91
 Westwood, Wm., 61-62
 Wheeling, Va. (W. Va.), 301
 White, E. V., 49-55
 White, Fuller, 95
 White, Thomas W., 230
 White, Wm. S., 320
 White Oak Swamp, Va., 9, 213
 White Top Mt., Va., 251
 Whitley Co., Ky., 263
 Whitley, Rd., 88
 Whitman, Walt, 105
 Whittier, J. G., 105
 Widewater, Va., 85
 Wilbourne, Capt., 311
 Wilcox, C. M., 301
 Wilderness, Battle of the, 221-222,
 304
 Wilderness Run, 304, 312
 Wilderness Tavern, 307
 Willcox, O. B., 206
 William, The Conqueror, 48, 358
 "William," 4, 98, 101
 Williams, B. F., 196
 Williams, Robt., 97
 Williamsburg, Va., 1-14, 62, 89, 98,
 210, 264, 267
 Williamson, W. P., 47
 William and Mary College, Va., 61,
 258, 330
 Wilmington, N. C., 109, 112, 243
 Willoughby, Thos., 88
 Willoughby Spit, 41-42
 Wilson, Joseph R., 107, 114
 Wilson, Thos., 151
 Wilson, Woodrow, 76, 107, 196, 202
 Windsor, J., 264
 Winston's Ground, Va., 225
 Winton, W. S., 216
 Winthrop, R. C., 13
 Wise Co., Va., 251

- Wise, Henry A., 188-189, 197, 237,
 284-287
 Wise, John S., 176, 186-199, 223, 230,
 268, 295
 Wise, Nicholas, 84-86
 Withers, R. E., 182
 Wood, Abraham, 145-149, 254-256, 258
 Wood, Mary, 148
 Wood's Gap, Va., 255
 Wood's River, Va., 147, 255
 Wood's Town, Va., 149, 255
 Woodford, Wm., 4-5, 100
 Woodhouse, Francis, 88
 Woodrow, James, 107
 Woodson, Blake B., 294
 Woodson, Wirt, 294
 Worden, Jno. L., 54-56
 Wordsworth, Wm., 123-124
 Wormeley, Ralph, 84
 Wortley, Stuart, 243
 Wright, Ambrose R., 172-174
 Wright, Horatio G., 224
 Wright, Orville, 75
 Wright, Wilbur, 75
 Wynn, John, 327
 Wynn, Olivia, 326-334
 Wynn, Wm., 327
 Wyoming Co., W. Va., 334
 Wythe Co., Va., 251, 326, 335
 Wythe, George, 360-363
 Wytheville, Va., 185, 333-338

 YADKIN RIVER, 146
 Yeardley, Sir Geo., 84, 384
 Yellow Tavern, Va., 242
 York Co., Va., 84
 "York Hall," Va., 11
 York River, 3, 14-15, 81, 209
 Yorktown, Va., 1, 3, 11, 13-14, 61,
 73, 75, 84, 140, 150, 199

 ZUNI, VA., 183

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



3 0112 049790725

Generated at Library of Congress on 2023-12-21 01:36 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uiug#0112049790725
Public Domain in the United States; Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-us-google