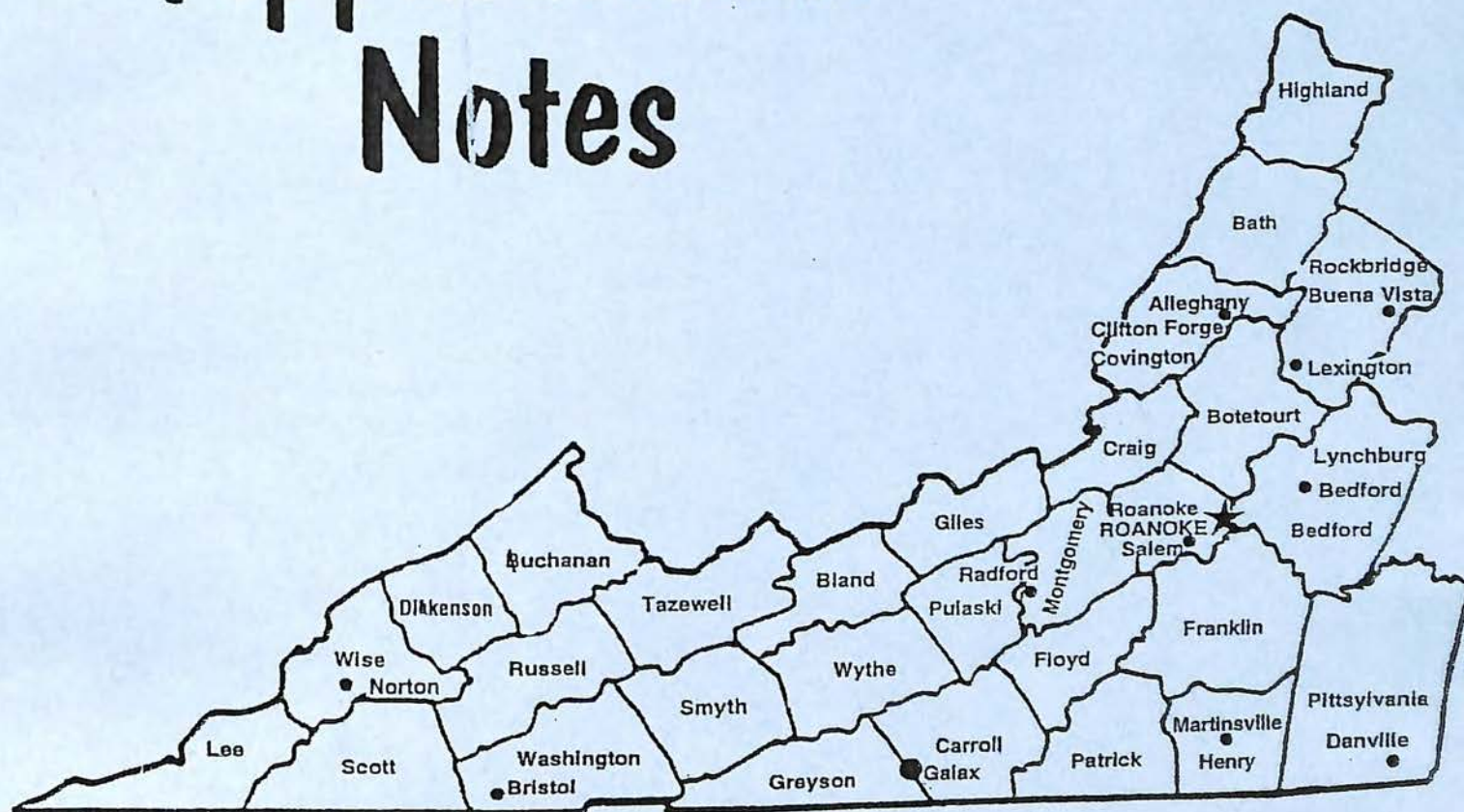


FALL 2008



Roanoke City Public Library
Virginia Room

Virginia Appalachian Notes



Southwestern Virginia Genealogical Society
Roanoke, Virginia

EXCHANGE QUARTERLIES
SOUTHWESTERN VIRGINIA GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

SOUTHWESTERN VIRGINIA GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY INC
Calendar Year 2008

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The **SOUTHWESTERN VIRGINIA GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY, INC.** is a tax-exempt corporation under section 501(c)(3) of the Federal Income Tax Code. Section 170 of the Tax Code provides for the treatment of contributions to the SVGS as a deductible contribution by the donor. Bequests, legacies, devises, transfers, or gifts to the SVGS may be deductible for Federal estate gift tax purposes, if they meet the applicable provisions of sections 2055, 23106, and 2522 of the Tax Code.

MEMBERSHIP: Each SVGS member will be mailed a copy of the "Society's" quarterly, the VIRGINIA APPALACHIAN NOTES (VAN). The VAN is usually published quarterly. The annual index will be included in the Fall issue of the VAN for that year. Society memberships are on a calendar year basis and those memberships, which are not renewed by January 30, will be deemed as inactive and removed from the VAN mailing list. Single or family memberships are \$20.00; Organization and Library memberships are \$15.00. Members with mailing addresses outside the United States shall add \$10.00 to the above fees and all monies are payable in U. S. currency. All payments should be made by check or money order, payable to: **Southwestern Virginia Genealogical Society, Inc. or to SVGS, Inc.** and mailed to: **SVGS, ATT: Membership, Post Office Box 12485, Roanoke, VA 24026-2485.**

BACK ISSUES of the VAN: 1995 and earlier, are available at a reimbursement cost of \$4.00 each, as long as the supply lasts. More recent issues are \$6.00 each. These prices include postage. Mailed to Virginia addresses please add 4.5% sales tax. A bulk mailing of old VANs to one address may be eligible for a discount. All payments should be made by check or money order, payable to **SVGS** and mailed to: **SVGS, ATT: Jim Nelson, Post Office Box 12485, Roanoke, VA 24026-2485.**

BOOKS for REVIEW: Books submitted to the Society will be reviewed and the review printed in a subsequent issue of the VAN. When submitting a book, please include the price of the book, copies of the available advertising material, and information as to where orders for additional copies may be placed. Following their review, all books will be placed in the Virginia Room of the Roanoke City Library, Roanoke, Virginia.

VIRGINIA APPLACHIAN NOTES

Published Quarterly

By

SOUTHWESTERN VIRGINIA GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY, INC.



Vol. 32 - No. 4 - Fall 2008
(October, November, December)

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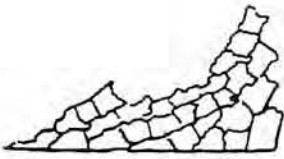
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Submissions for future issues are always welcome.
If you would like to contribute an article on-line please e-mail it to:
mblankens@yahoo.com.

The content of the VAN is supplied by its membership.



EXCHANGE QUARTERLIES
SOUTHWESTERN VIRGINIA GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY



Southwestern Virginia Genealogical Society, Inc.

P. O. Box 12485
Roanoke, Virginia 24026

Dear Fellow Members,

Seems like I just wrote a president's letter and here it is almost Christmas!! This is the time of year to see family and friends and it can also be great time to add to your family history. Why not ask older family members about their childhood holidays. What traditions did they have? Were special foods served? If you are part of "the older generation" consider writing these things down for your children and grandchildren.

If you do decide to do some writing you might be thinking about a new word processing program. Perhaps you're using an older version of Microsoft Office and don't want to spend the money to upgrade to a newer version. Open Office might be just what you are looking for. It's a free program that looks and acts very much like Microsoft so there's not much of a "learning curve". It reads Microsoft Word documents so anything you've saved in that format is still useable. The program can be downloaded at: www.openoffice.org

Another free program that might be helpful with those holiday photos is a program called Gimp. My husband tested this program and pronounced it as good as Photo Shop for editing photos. Maybe you'd like to correct or enhance some of those impossible to replace shots. It's available at: www.gimp.org/downloads On the homepage are links to tutorials and help files. A Google search will turn up more tutorials and online how-to videos. The program can be used to repair and enhance older scanned photos.

Happy Holidays and Happy Hunting,

Karen

Karen Kappesser, President
514 Scalybark Drive
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E-mail: gkkapp@infionline.net

New Books In The Virginia Room

All books listed are available for viewing during normal hours at the Virginia Room of the Roanoke Public Library.

923.173 M75 P926j James Monroe an Illustrated History by Daniel Preston
2008 Pictorial History Publishing

929.2758 Au84g The Georgia Frontier Volume I: Colonial Families to the
Revolutionary War,
Volume II: Revolutionary War Families to the Mid- 1800's
Volume III: Descendants of VA., NC & SC families

929.37572 C414f Families of old Pendleton District South Carolina Volumes 1
– 4 by Linda Cheek 2007 Southern Historical Press

973.34 G925f Forgotten Patriots African American & American Indian Patriots
in the Revolutionary War by Eric Grundset 2008 DAR

929.3755 Is4w B739c Colonial Families of Surry & Isle of Wight Counties, VA
Volume 8 Will & Deed Book 2 (1666 – 1719) Compiled by John Brayton 2004
Cain Lithographers

929.3755 Y82d York County, VA Deeds, Orders, Wills Etc., 1698 – 1702 2
volumes by Mary Marshall Brewer 2006 Colonial Roots

929.3755 Y82d York County, VA Deeds, Orders, Wills Etc., 1706 – 1714 4
volumes by Sherry Raleigh- Adams 2005 Colonial Roots

929.3755 Y82d York County, VA Deeds, Orders, Wills Etc., 1714 – 1725 4
volumes by Mary Marshall Brewer 2006 Colonial Roots

929.3755 Y82w York County, VA Wills, Inventories & Court Orders 1704 – 1706
2 volumes by Mary Marshall Brewer 2005 Colonial Roots

929.3755 Y82w York County, VA Wills, Inventories & Court Orders 1732 – 1759
5 volumes by Mary Marshall Brewer 2005 Colonial Roots

929.3755 Y82w York County, VA Wills, Inventories & Accounts 1760 – 1783 by
F. Edward Wright 2005 Colonial Roots

973.52469 K419r Soldiers of the War of 1812, Roster of the Volunteer
Officers & Soldiers from Kentucky first printed by the Authority of the
Legislature of Kentucky 1891, Reprint 1992

929.3758 L962t The Third or 1820 Land Lottery of Georgia Compiled by The Rev. Silas Emmett Lucas, Jr. 1986 Southern Historical Press

929.3758 L962t The Fourth or 1821 Land Lottery of Georgia Compiled by The Rev. Silas Emmett Lucas, Jr. 2008 Southern Historical Press

929.375802 H981g Genealogical Material from Legal Notices in Early Georgia Newspapers

Abstracted by Judge Folks Huxford 2007 Southern Historical Press

929.375802 H981m Marriages & Obituaries from Early Georgia Newspapers

Abstracted by Judge Folks Huxford 1989 Southern Historical Press

929.3757 L374d Abstracts of Laurens County, S. C. Deeds 1785 – 1800 2 Volumes Compiled by Larry Vehorn 2004 Southern Historical Press

929.34212 C673n North American Wills Registered in London 1611 – 1857 Compiled by Peter Wilson Coldham 2007 Genealogical Publishing

929.376902 K419L Kentucky Land warrants, for the French, Indian & Revolutionary Wars, Catalogue of Revolutionary War Soldiers & Sailors of the Commonwealth of VA to whom Land Bounty Warrants were granted for service Compiled by Samuel W. Wilson 1994

346.73048 C21c Guide to Copyright & Contracts, a Primer for Genealogists, Writers & Researchers by Sharon DeBartolo Carmack, CG 2005 Genealogical Publishing

929.3759 G767hi History & Genealogies of Old Granville County, NC 1746 – 1800

by Thomas McAdory Owen 1993 Southern Historical Press

929.375802 D297r A Researcher's Library of Georgia History, Genealogy, and Records Resources Volume 2 by Robert Scott Davis Jr. 2007 Southern Historical Press

929.375802 In2h Index to the Headright & Bounty Grants of Georgia 1756 -1909 revised Edition by Rev Silas Emmett Lucas, Jr. 2007

929.3757 Ed35w Edgefield County, S.C. Wills 1787 – 1836 by James E. & Vivian Wooley 2007 Southern Historical Press

929.3756 H336d Abstracts of Haywood County, N. C. Deeds Books A – C, 1808 – 1838 Abstracted by Bill Eddleman 2005 Southern Historical Press

929.375602 B739t Transcription of Provincial North Carolina Wills Volumes 1 & 2 by John Brayton 2003 Cain Lithographers, Inc

929.3755 Id4w B739c Colonial Families of Surry & Isle of Wight Counties, VA Will & Deed Book 1 (1662 – 1688), Abstracts of Deeds, 1715, pp. 1 – 32
Volume 6 by John Brayton
2001 Cain Lithographers

292.3755 W997re Records of the Freedmen's Bureau in Wythe County, VA compiled John M. Johnson 2007 Kegley Books

929.09415 M692b Basic Guide to Irish Records for Family History by Brian Mitchell 2008 Genealogical Publishing

929.09415 M692f Finding your Irish Ancestors Unique aspects of Irish Genealogy by Brian Mitchell 2001 Genealogical Publishing

923.573 K772 P967h Henry Knox, Visionary General of the American Revolution by Mark Puls 2008 Palsgrave MacMillan

973.3 N173f Friends of Liberty, Thomas Jefferson, Tadeusz Kosciuszko and Agrippa Hull by Gary Nash & Graham Hodges 2008 Basic Books Publishing

917.78 R919.m My Diary North & South by William H. Russell, Correspondent of the London Times who saw both sides of the war 1954 Fletcher Pratt Publisher

929.0943 T352g German – English Genealogical Dictionary by Ernest Thode 1992 Genealogical Publishing

929.2755 M519g Germanna Heritage Book, Germanna Record # 15 by The Memorial Foundation of the Germanna Colonies in VA 2000 Walsworth Publishing

975.658T759s Shuttle & Plow, A History of Alamance County, NC by Carole Watterson Troxler & William Murray Vincent 1999 Port City Press

929.3755 C152m Marriage of Campbell County, VA 1782 -1810 Compiled by Lucy H. Baber & Hazel L. Williamson 1971 Self Published

285.17558 H918L Lexington Presbyterian Church 1789 – 1989 by Robert F. Hunter 1991 Printed by News- Gazette

929.2755 M519g Ancestry & Descendants of the Nassau- Siegen Immigrants to Virginia 1714 – 1750 by B. C. Holtzclaw 1964 McClure Printing

- 929.4 Sa92if Female Index to Genealogical Dictionary of the First Settlers of New England by James Savage 2008 Genealogical Publishing
- 914.1003 B283 Bartholomew Gazette of Britain 1977 Printed & Published in Scotland by John Bartholomew
- 973.345515 N848r Revolutionary Soldiers & Sailors from Northampton County, VA compiled by Stratton Nottingham 1995 Hickory House
- 929.3755 Is4w B739c Colonial Families of Surry & Isle of Wight Counties VA Volume 5 by John Brayton 2001 Cain Lithographers
- 929.3755 N763r Transcription of Lower Norfolk County, VA records Volume 1 – Wills & Deeds 1656-1666 by John Brayton 2007 Cain Lithographers
- 373.75597 W67 The Colonel 1947, William Fleming Yearbook
- 378.755792 R531ra The Rawenoch 1949, Roanoke College Yearbook
- 373.755791 J356a The Acorn 1936, 1937, 1938 & 1940 Jefferson High Yearbooks
- 929.3756 D927r Duplin County, North Carolina Court of Pleas & Quarter Sessions 1784 -1787 Volume 1, 1788 – 1791 Volume 2, 1792 – 1795 Volume 3, 1795 – 1798 Volume 4
- 929.3756 Or1r Orange County, North Carolina abstracts of the Minutes of the Court of Pleas & Quarter Sessions of Sept. 1752 – Aug. 1766 by Ruth H. Shields 1965
- 929.3756 Or1r Orange County, North Carolina abstracts of the Minutes of the Inferior Court of Pleas & Quarter Sessions, 1777 - 1788 by Alma C Redden 2007
- 929.3756 B881d Buncombe County North Carolina Index to deeds 1783 – 1850 by James E. Wooley 2007 Southern Historical Press
- 929.3756 W659d Wilkes County NC Deed Books D – H 1795 -1815 compiled by W. O. Absher 2007 Southern Historical Press
- 929.3756 W659d Wilkes County NC Deed Books A –C 1778-1803 compiled by W. O. Absher 2007 Southern Historical Press
- 929.3756 G223d Deeds of Gates County NC Books A-5 1776-1803 Vol. # 1 Mona Armstrong Taylor 1987 Southern Historical Press

929.275682 Ab88s Some Pioneers from Wilkes County NC compiled By W.O. Absher 2007
Southern Historical Press

929.3768 C654d Land Deed Genealogy of Coffee County TN 1836-1842 Vol. #1
By Helen C.& Timothy R. Marsh 2006 Southern Historical Press

929.3768 C654d Land Deed Genealogy of Coffee County TN 1843-1850 Vol.#2 By
Helen C. & Timothy R. Marsh 2006 Southern Historical Press

973.52468 G192w War of 1812 Soldiers of Maury County TN Edited by Jill K. Garrett 2006
Southern Historical Press

929.3768 D639d Land Deed Genealogy of Dekalb County TN 1868-1885 Vol. #2
2006 Southern
Historical Press

929.3768 Sm51d Smith County TN DEEDS 1852-1860 Vol. #3 2006 Southern
Historical Press

NEWS FROM THE PAST

Pam B. Young

Roanoke Public Libraries

Virginia Room

706 S Jefferson St.

Roanoke, VA 24016

Petersburg Index Newspaper, Petersburg, Virginia

August 22, 1871

LETTER FROM THE MOUNTAINS

Fatal Accident near Christiansburg - Shooting Affair in Pulaski County.
(Special Correspondence of the Daily Index)

Montgm'y White Sulphur Springs, August 20, 1871

A fatal accident occurred near Christiansburg on Friday last. Mr. Byrd Anderson proprietor of a hotel in Blacksburg, and Mr. Wm. Hines, a carpenter residing near the Yellow Sulphur Springs, were riding in a two-horse buggy and while going down a hill, one of the pole-straps of the buggy broke, causing the horses to run off at full speed. Mr. Anderson jumped out and was badly bruised about the face. Hines was violently thrown out, his head striking the ground with great force, producing injuries from which he died, on the following morning, Saturday, at 3 o'clock.

Hines was a poor, but industrious man, about 40 years of age, and leaves a wife and six small children to mourn his untimely death. He and Andrews had been to the Indian Show, which gave a performance in Christiansburg that day, and it is said they were both intoxicated at the time of the accident. By the by, this so-called "Indian Show," now travelling through the country, is the greatest humbug of the age.

Since writing the above, I learned from persons on the train, that a man named Charlton had a personal difficulty, today (Sunday) with a man named Thomas, near Pepper's Ferry, in Pulaski county, (near Central Depot.) Thomas was shot twice by Charlton, and is supposed to be mortally wounded. I have no particulars at present.

Our crowd of visitors continues to increase, and this place has already regained its former splendid reputation. We are to have a tournament about the 1st of September-preparations are now being made.

Yours in haste, Harry Scratch

African American Ancestry

Remembering Dr. John Henry Pinkard

By E. Elizabeth Spoelma



I remember hearing my father saying, 'There goes Dr. Pinkard!' when our cars passed on the city streets. I knew he was a Black man because I could see him sitting on the front seat of his car beside the chauffeur. He sometimes sat on the back seat but I never saw him driving the car. I knew that he was called "the herb doctor" or "the yarb doctor" and that many people, both Black and White, took his homemade tonic, which he sold from his drug store on Salem Avenue. They said the tonic cured their ills and made them feel well and stronger.

My mother was taking a medicine that she said was Dr. Pinkard's tonic. I don't know when she started taking the tonic but I do know she was taking it while she was pregnant. The pregnancy seemed normal and everything was going well until time for delivery. She went to Roanoke City Hospital, now Carilion Hospital. Dr. Saunders, her doctor, was concerned about how much weight she had gained and how large she was.

When it was dark and past my bedtime, I was frightened because my Daddy hadn't come home. Our cousin, who was taking care of me, tried to reassure me. She kept telling me everything was all right and if I would just go to bed and go to sleep, my Daddy would soon be home. I think I cried myself to sleep. In the morning, I was told that Mother would have to stay in the hospital for a while and that my baby brother did not live. Frightening news for a four year old.

Mother was a very small woman. I was told when I was older that the baby weighed thirteen and one half pounds and was nineteen inches long. It is a miracle that Mother lived. Mother's friends and our relatives, especially the older ones, blamed Dr. Pinkard's tonic for the large baby, the baby's death and the difficult delivery.

The tonic, of course, did not cause any of these problems. In 1923, the doctors did not have the knowledge or the technology that is available today. Mother's friends and our relatives could have just as well said that perhaps Dr. Pinkard's tonic gave Mother the strength to survive the difficult time she had with the birth of the baby.

Yearbooks, A Rich Resource

By Pamela Young

The Yearbooks, I think, are one of the best resources we have in the Virginia Room. When we give tours we always ask if anyone's parents/grandparents grew up in Roanoke. It's wonderful when they find relatives. The yearbooks we have are all from donations. The Virginia Room is very lucky to have patrons who look out for yearbooks for us. The Virginia Room is a great reunion destination. Oh, the treasures you'll find! Below is a list of what we have. If you or someone you know has a Roanoke yearbook lying around we'd love to give it a good home. Every new resource enriches the collection making the Virginia Room even more valuable to genealogists, students, and historians. We welcome your donations!

Virginia Room School Yearbook Holdings

Elementary Schools

Back Creek "Bears" 1992
Crystal Spring Elementary "Ils Fons" 1976
Westside Elementary – 1977

Junior High/Intermediate Schools

Andrew Lewis Jr. High, "Pioneer", Salem 1981-1987, 1993, 1994, 1996 – 199
Breckinridge Junior High "Brigadier" 1963, 64, 1971, 72, 73, 1976, 77, 78
Harrison School (segregated) "Highlights" 1917 – 1957
Hidden Valley Intermediate, Roanoke County "Eyrrie" 1975, 1985, 1986
James Madison Jr. High "Matador" 1971, 1973, 1975, 1978 – 1986
Lee Jr. High "The General" 1947, 1949, 1953, 1956 -1959 & 1970
Lucy Addison Jr. High "Bulldog" 1979
Monroe Jr. High "The Cardinal" 1950 – 1971 Missing 1954 & 1959
Salem Intermediate – Trail Blazer 1971
Stonewall Jackson Jr. High – "The Stonewall" 1953, 1969 – 1977 & 1995
William Ruffner Jr. High – Ruffner Rock 1971 – 1980
Woodrow Wilson Jr. High – The Wilsonian 1954

High Schools

Andrew Lewis High School, Salem "The Pioneer" 1939, 1941, 1942, 1948, 1949
Cave Spring High, Roanoke County, "Accolade" 1957, 58, 1960 -1980, 1985, 86, 87, 88
with supplement
Glade Hill High 1951
Jefferson High "Acorn" 1910-1973 -missing 1948
Lucy Addison High "The Addisonian" 1946, 1948 (segregated), 1972, 1973

Northside High –Roanoke County, “**The North Star**” 1963, 1969
Our Lady of Nazareth High Roanoke 1937
Patrick Henry High – “**The Patriot**” 1963 – 1968, 1970, 1972, 1973
Radford High – “**Oak Leaf**” 1931 &1934
Roanoke Catholic – “**The Key**” 1962 & 1963 & 1975
Roanoke High –“**Acorns of Roanoke**” 1910-1920 * See Jefferson High
Salem High – “**The Aeroplane**” 1910 “**The Oracle**” 1915 & 1923 “**The Wolverine**”
1931
Vinton High – “**Roacovin**” 1930
William Fleming High – **The Colonel** – 1942, 43, 46, 47 49-68, 1971-1974, 1977-1982

Post High School Yearbooks

Community Hospital of Roanoke Valley “**Coharova**” 1966-1968, 1971
Hollins College “**Spinster**” 1927, 1930, 1931, 1962, 1964
National Business College “**Talon**” 1960, 1966, 1972, 1974
Roanoke College- **Roentgen Rays** (before 192) 1906,1922-1925 “**Rawenoch**” 1929-
1930, 1937, 1947-1950,1953, 1954, 1955, 1984, 86, 88, 90,92 & 94
Roanoke Memorial Hospital “**Nightingale**” 1959 **Medi-Cen** 1962, 1963
Viaud School- 1976
Virginia College –“**In Ole Virginia**” 1899, 1901, 1903, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1928,
1929
Virginia State Police 1932 - 2002

NEWS FROM THE PAST

From the Petersburg Index Newspaper, Petersburg, Virginia
February 9, 1867

Sad accident in Salem - The Roanoke Times of Tuesday chronicles the following sad, but singular, (indeed to those who do not understand the “pavements” of Salem and their “bottoms” most mysterious) tragedy:

“Last Saturday afternoon, Miss Letitia Smithley, daughter of our esteemed fellow-citizen, Jonathan Smithley, attempted to visit a school acquaintance upon “High Street” - owing to the late thaw, the sidewalk had lost its bottom - and as she attempted to pass from the jail corner to Mr. Palmer’s gate, the pavement gave way, and with piercing screams she rapidly sank from view. Some of our citizens made almost superhuman efforts to rescue her from her terrible fate but in vain. The condition of the sidewalks were such that despite every effort, life was entirely extinct before she could be brought to the surface of the earth. We understand that some of Mr. Smithley’s friends intend having a judicial investigation, and if so, we fear that some criminality may in this matter be brought home to our corporation authorities. We earnestly hope that by prompt action they will prevent a recurrence of so terrible a tragedy.”

REMINISCENCES OF A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER

Of Co. C. 2nd Va. Cavalry

By R. H. Peck,
Fincastle, Va.

CHAPTER I.

In the year 1859 at Fincastle, Va., I enlisted with a company called "The Botetourt Dragoons." This company was composed of 106 men, ready and willing to defend their country when called upon. Our officers were as follows: Andrew L. Pitzer, Capt.; Wm. A. Glasgow, 1st Lieut.; Wm. Price, 2nd Lieut.; and Jas. R. Thompson, Orderly Serg. Our first Serg. was Edward Brugh, second Serg. Wm. Garret and third Serg. Thomas McClure. Our first Corporal was William A. McCue, 2nd Corporal Robert Rieley and 3rd Corporal Geo. Peck.

We were called out by our captain for drills and parades usually on Sat. Our uniforms were navy blue with yellow trimmings. We had general musters once each year. We were invited to Buchanan, Salem and other points.

On our march to Salem we lined up in front of Hollins Institute and called on Prof. Cocke for an address, which he gave in his usual pleasant manner and finished it by inviting us to dine with him on our return. Capt. Hupp's Battery of Salem, and Capt. Dierly's Infantry of Roanoke, met us there. Col. Robert Preston, of Blacksburg, addressed the companies, also Capts Hupp, Pitzer and Dierly. All this was enjoyed, but not so much as the time spent with Prof. Cocke on our return three days later. We received genuine Virginia hospitality, such as we longed for many times in the four years which followed.

As the John Brown raid had already occurred we soon found that our service must be for defence and not only for practice. South Carolina, Mississippi and several other states had already seceded from the Union and when Abraham Lincoln called out 70,000 men to coerce the states, the majority of our men wanted to go to Manassas Junction to protect our captiol, Richmond. We were called first to Lynchburg for drilling and future orders.

FIRST YEAR OF THE WAR.

We left Fincastle on the morning of May 17, 1861, amid

Company F	from Bedford,	County,	Capt. Wilson.
" G	" "	"	" Winston Radford.
" H	" Appomattox	"	" Joel Flood.
" I	" Campbell	"	" Jack Alexander.
" K	" Albemarle	"	" Davis.

We remained at Lynchburg one month guarding the two magazines and drilling on foot and on horse-back. On June 10th Capt. Terry with Co's A and B went on to Manasses Junction, while we of Co. C with Co. D were ordered out June 17th.

Our first stop was at Rockfish Station where we camped out for the night, and our second night was spent at new Glasgow. We reached Charlottesville by noon the next day and spent the night near Orange C. H. The next day found us at Culpepper C. H. by noon and night overtook at Warrenton Springs. We reached Manasses Junction by night fall of the next day. We moved on to Fairfax C. H. the following day and found Gen. Bornem commanding the first South Carolina Brigade, stationed there. Here we pitched our tents on Sat. eve and on Sunday a. m. a part of our Co. was sent out on a scout and two of our men, Calvin Garret and Joseph Robinson, were captured by the New York Zouaves. We remained at Fairfax C. H. until the 17th of July, and I was sent with fourteen other men, commanded by Serg. Garret, three miles below Fairfax C. H. on the Falls Church road to stand picket, and at 9 o'clock a. m. we found that McDowell was moving on Manasses Junction by three roads, via.: Falls Church road, Little River turnpike, and Flint Hill road. Serg. Garret returned to notify the General of McDowell's movement, but the Gen. had already learned from other pickets, of his advance, so he ordered the army to retreat immediately. As Serg. Garret did not return to us, Corporal McCue sent me back 3 miles to Fairfax C. H., and when I arrived our Adj. told me of the retreat and from there I could see Col. Kershaw's regiment already engaged with the enemy, so I had to return to notify the other pickets to join the command, which we could only do by a flank movement and came very near being cut off entirely by the enemy. When I returned I found that two of our pickets on the Flint Hill Road, John Mays and William Maller had been captured. We continued our retreat to Centerville and remained there until night. Gen. Beauregard's plan was to throw sky rockets to let us know when to retreat further towards Manasses Junction, and when we called in the last pickets, we were fired upon by the enemy and two of our horses were killed from under their riders, Edward Hayth and William Walton.

During the night, we marched across the Bull Run at Mitchel's Ford and laid down for the remainder of the night in front of the guns at Manasses Junction. We were awakened next morning by the firing of one of the enemy's guns called "Long Tom." As this

was the first big gun I had seen fired, I remember well the appearance of that shell to me. It looked more like a gate-post flying through the air than any thing else I could compare it to. After hissing through the air about a mile it exploded and I told the boys I knew it had blown Manassas to "kingdom come" and she would need no more protection. It wasn't many days after this though, until we became more accustomed to the big guns, so we didn't jump at such hasty conclusions and the firing wasn't so exciting or terrifying. I hadn't seen much of the infantry until that day and when they began doubling and crossing Bull's Run at Mitchell's Ford in order to meet the enemy, I imagined we had men enough to whip the North right there.

At 9 o'clock on the 18th, the two armies met and for two hours a raging battle followed and when the Southerners made a charge all along the line, they drove the enemy back with considerable slaughter, into the timber back of the lowlands, where the battle was fought, and they remained there until Sunday, with "Long Tom" occasionally saluting us. Our line of battle extended from Blackburn's Ford up nearly to Stone Bridge, a distance of 10 miles.

Sunday morning at about 8 o'clock Long Tom began firing and we all thought the enemy meant to renew the attack, but about 9 o'clock, we heard firing at Stone Bridge about six miles above Manassas Junction.

The cavalry was immediately ordered to make a force march to Stone Bridge and when we got there we found that the 8th Georgia Regiment, commanded by Col. Huntington, in trying to hold the ford had lost nearly all their men and their commander. The 2nd Va. Regiment arrived to go to their rescue, but failed on account of the thick pines. About this time Jackson came in and with Gen. Bee and others, turned defeat into victory. Gen. Bee rushed to Jackson and said "General they are beating us back." and Jackson said "we will give them the bayonet." Gen. Bee encouraged by Jackson's response shouted to his men: Look ! there is Jackson and his men standing like a stone wall." He was ever afterward called "Stonewall Jackson".

Gen. Bee was killed in a few minutes after making the remark to his men. The enemy, under McDowell's command, was driven back with dreadful slaughter to Washington.

As we of the 2nd Va. regiment were unable to get to Stone Bridge to aid in the battle there and were in a dangerous position, being between the fires of both armies, Gen. Beauregard ordered us to the rear. Just at that time Gen. Jos. E. Johnson, coming in from the valley, rode up to Beauregard's headquarters and took command, he being a senior officer. He immediately sent a courier to Col. Radford

to halt the 2nd Va. Cavalry. Col. Radford told the courier to go to the D-- that he was acting under Beauregard's orders. We were not aware of Johnston being near, but as soon as Johnston saw we didn't halt, he galloped down and shouted "In the name of Jos. F. Johnston I command you to halt." Of course, it wasn't any trouble for Col. Radford or his men to halt, then.

He commanded us to cross Bull Run and go toward Cub Run Bridge to intersect the enemy's line as it passed on retreat, and to shoot all the horses drawing the artillery and wagons. There being 1,000 of us, we held the road for nearly a mile, coming on their right flank and being so near before they knew it that we succeeded in capturing 24 pieces of artillery and the men commanding same. The road was lined with dead horses for nearly a mile, a sight no one would want to witness again, but we were only carrying out orders.

Our captain ordered the fences to be pulled down and 3 other men and I dismounted and tore them down on both sides. When we mounted we happened to look to our left and saw a house with a crowd of men standing around a well. I proposed to these three comrades that we could go up and fill our canteens as it was a hot day. When we arrived, there were 60 or 70 of the finest looking men I ever saw, about middle-aged and finely dressed. More gold-headed canes, gold glasses and gold teeth than I had ever seen before on that number of men. We asked them to fill our canteens, which they did and just as they filled the last canteen, one of the men said to us that our command was retreating and I rode around the house to where I could see our line and it had passed nearly out of sight. Just then two guns that we hadn't captured with the other 24 pieces of artillery, and a regiment of infantry also, opened fire on our regiment, and Capt. Radford of 2nd Va. regiment and Serg. Ervin were killed and several others wounded.

Just as we four men arrived to recross the road, a cannister of grape shot passed down the road striking two of our horses. We rode on about a half mile under heavy fire, but they were over shooting us, just stripping the leaves from the trees, when one of the horses fell dead from his wound and the other one was still running on three legs. I took the saddle from the dead horse and carried it on my horse that was called the "Flying Artillery" and wouldn't carry two men, and another comrade took the rider of the horse that was killed.

We overtook our regiment just as they were ready to recross Bull Run, and were held in readiness the remainder of the day, but no order for action was given and near night fall marched back to our camp ground of the proceeding night.

Just after dark a heavy rain began and continued all night and about half the next day, so we were thoroughly drenched by this time. Shortly after day break we started toward Centerville and our skirmish line captured several prisoners on the way. We moved very cautiously through the woods in the downpour of rain, thinking the enemy was at Centerville. But instead of the enemy being at Centerville, we found the homes deserted. Tables were set with the most delicious victuals, fine drinks, etc, having been prepared for a general jubilee after the supposed victory. Some of the houses were locked, but the majority were so that we could easily enter and some of the owners soon returned, so we enjoyed a bountiful repast that was intended for the northern soldiers. After the victory at Stone Bridge and the capture of the artillery at Cub Run Bridge, as they were retreating, the enemy rushed on to Washington panic-stricken. Had we realized the condition of the enemy then, as we afterward knew it to be, we could have pursued them and easily captured them, but we didn't know the conditions.

We remained at Centerville until about 4 o'clock, when we began our march to Fairfax C. H., arriving there about night. The next morning we sent out scouting parties and videttes on all the roads and marched on to Falls Church and put out our pickets, some of them nearly in sight of Washington. We remained there several weeks and enjoyed the fruit of a 300 acre peach orchard. Finally a division of infantry was sent to Mason Heights, which they captured without any great loss and a few days later Munston's Heights were taken in the same way. From the Heights the city of Washington could be seen, but the distance was too great for any bombardment. We moved camp about this time and when we got to our new camp a terrible rain and wind storm came up. It was a regular equinoxial storm. We hurriedly put up our tents and our Orderly Serg. cautioned us to tie our horses well as it was so stormy. He cautioned Marcus Ammen especially as he had an old horse called "Roachback" that was in the habit of breaking loose and rooting around the tents to hunt for corn. William Harvey, Henry Payne and McCaga Pitzer couldn't sleep, as the wind was blowing so dreadfully, so they got out and built a fire and cursed everything and everybody from Jeff. Davis down to Buckie Brugh, one of our company. Kent Stoner was sleeping with me and I told him I'd give him my room and go out and help the boys celebrate around the fire. I reminded Kent of Basil Underwood's sentence to death at the "Ring of the Curfew," and how his sweetheart said the "Cerfew shall not ring tonight," and that my motto for the present was that "Roachback must get loose tonight." I went and untied Roachback and led him up to Albert Pitzers tent. The horse soon began rooting for the corn and the orderly went out and soon recognized the horse as Mr. Ammen's. He led the horse down and hallowed: "Marcus ! Marcus ! Mr. Ammen!" And Marcus yelled back "hello!" Then he said "here is your horse that has gotten loose. You

must not tie him well. Come and I'll show you how." He did, and they both went back to bed.

In a short time I led him up again and he began his search for the corn. Pitzer rushed out and called Marcus again and Marcus said "well d-- that horse."

He tied him again and I went then and talked to that cursing crowd at the fire and when Marcus and Pitzer got quiet, I led Roach-back up for the third time. Pitzer came out yelling to Marcus that he must keep that horse tied. Then Marcus said curse words thick and fast. I thought I'd had enough fun out of the boys for that night do didn't untie the horse any more.

Pitzer was always telling us to fall into line quickly, so the boys nicknamed him 'Quickly.' Marcus was very quiet for awhile and presently he broke the silence by saying: "D-- old Quickly! If he fools with me any more, I'll thrash him." I was afraid to go back into the tents for fear the boys would suspect me of the mischief, so I slept in Capt. Pitzer's headquarter wagon. It was midnight by the time Roach-back got settled and the boys never knew until I told them, about six-months later, that I had caused the fun and trouble that stormy night.

The enemy then began fortifying Arlington Height's and bringing in troops to hold their position, our men began falling back toward Centerville, but keeping our pickets out about twenty miles toward Washington.

About October 1st the northerners began driving in our pickets, and Col. Kershaw, thinking it was a regular advance of the enemy sent me with a dispatch to Gen. Bornem at Fairfax C. H. and he brought four regiments and the Washington artillery to reinforce us. The only man I've ever had the pleasure of meeting since the war that was with this Washington artillery, from La., was B. T. Walshe, Sr. who still lives in La., but spends a part of his time in Va. with his son.

The enemy did not advance further so the troops just remained together over night. The next morning Gen. Bornem sent an infantry skirmish line out to go to the Heights, near Lunenburg, and try and ascertain the position of the enemy. As I had been a courier for Gen. Bornem several times I got permission to go with the skirmishers and left my horse at his headquarters. The men how had been killed the evening before, when the enemy was driving our pickets, had all been taken away during the night, as we found none of them, but several overcoats were found. Kershaw's men had seen the dead men the evening before, lying on the fields, but none of our men were killed, as they were considerably above us and were overshooting

us all the time. We went as far as Lunenburg Heights and saw no troops ahead of us, so we returned to Bornem's headquarters and Bornem ordered his brigade back to Fairfax C. H., and left Col. Bacon's regiment, as picket. In three days I returned to Fairfax and joined my regiment.

All was quiet for a few days, when a similar raid was made and we were called out at 7 o'clock p. m. and we tore down our tents and loaded the wagons and sent them back to Centerville. We were ordered to march about six miles to a little place called Langley. Here we drew up in line of battle, every man holding his horse, expecting an attack any moment and remained there until day break. After day break scouting parties were sent out in every direction, but no sign of the enemy could be seen.

Bornem returned to Fairfax camp ground again. Co. C was sent to the Difficult Run Turnpike and we began leaving sentiment's on every road leading into this Turnpike, from the north. I was left 20 miles out from Langley, just after dark. One other man from our Co. was left at the next road above me, and from there pickets from another regiment guarded the roads nearly to Leesburg.

In a short time after we were stationed a terrible thunderstorm came up and my horse became so unruly that I could hardly control him at all. I soon saw by the lightning that there was a man sitting at the foot of the tree under which my horse was standing. I looked closely when the next flash of lightning came and recognized him, as a man by the name of Underwood who had been our pilot on one of our scouting expeditions. I spoke to him and told him who I was and when and where I had seen him, so he had to search him to see that he had no arms, thinking he said, that I might think him a fake and shoot him.

We enjoyed each others company all night, and next morning he went to a house nearby and got breakfast for me, also dinner and supper for me and my horse. He certainly proved a friend in need. I was relieved at about 5 o'clock that eve to return to camp 20 miles distant. I soon reached camp, as the horse was tired standing so long, and I got a good rest that night. This I enjoyed you know as I had marched all night and all day and then been put on picket duty for 24 hours, where no one dared to sleep.

I was quiet and had an easy time, for a soldier, until my next turn for picket duty, which was about a week. Ten or twelve of us, commanded by Serg. Brugh, were sent out to a place called Hunter's Mill and stationed on different roads, but only had to serve four hours until relieved.

At one o'clock the next day one of our men went out in search of food for his horse and he had just bought a new hat the day before and when he passed my post, I told him it was dangerous to go out beyond the picket post. But he said he was going, so I told him I hoped the Yankees would get him and his new hat too. He hadn't been gone long until I heard the firing of 30 or 40 guns. I, of course, looked immediately in the direction of the firing and here came the trooper, like a winged animal, without a bridle for his horse or that new hat. I could see that the Penn. Bucktails were pursuing him, so I notified Serg. Brugh and he sent me to meet Capt. Whitehead to prepare him for a line of battle, but by the time Capt. got to Serg. Brugh, we could see the line of the enemy extended out of sight to right and left. So we were ordered by Capt. Whitehead to retreat, which we did hastily but not until one of Capt. Whitehead's men had been killed.

The line of the enemy, we afterward found, extended up to where our next picket stood. William Marks of our Co. was wounded.

This occurred in Fairfax County, and as winter was coming on and we had a great many horses, Gen. J. E. B. Stewart made a raid into Loudon County to find provender for the horses. He took four or five hundred wagons, two brigades of infantry, one of cavalry and a battery of artillery, commanded by Capt. Cults of La. When we made our way as far as Drinsville, we encountered Gen. McCall, of the northern army with a wagon train and about as many soldiers as Stewart had with him making his way into the same county and for the same purpose, we were.

The enemy opened on us with five pieces of artillery and damaged our artillery so much, as we were so hampered only one gun could be used at a time, that Capt. Cults was forced to retreat from his position very soon.

Then the 11th Va. infantry was ordered to the front to drive the enemy's artillery back, but were unable to do it. The 11th Va. lost several men, one of whom, I remember was Melvin Gibbs. Both armies remained in position until night fall and were more than glad to get back to quarters with our provender. Neither claimed to have conquered or to have been conquered.

The next day I got permission to ride over the battlefield from "Dan to Beersheba" and was returning, I saw a lady beckoning to me from her home. I went to her yard fence and she told me there was a soldier there who was intoxicated. I dismounted and went in and to my great surprise, found it to be a man of our regiment, from Co. I, of Campbell County, by the name of Johnnie Wooten, (the man who sat back in his whiskers, the boys called him). I insisted on his going to

the camp with me, which he finally agreed to do. The Capt. sent him to the guard house and the officer of the guard made him walk for two hours with the sentinel, as his punishment.

I had received a box from home that day, which was enjoyed heartily by all the soldiers you know. After partaking of its contents I was in the best of spirits. Any child could have played with me then. I thought of poor Johnnie Wooten on his two hours tramp and went out to share some of my provision with him. I found him still paying his penalty and gave him a ration. I agreed to walk in his place while he would go a few steps inside the encampment to eat his supper. At this interval, the guard sent the chaplain out to reprimand and advise Johnnie how to conduct himself in the future. When he came up the sentinel halted him. The chaplain remarked that he wanted to talk to Johnnie and as I was acting for Johnnie at that moment, I got the whole reproof and lecture.

After we three walked together about ten minutes, the chaplain asked me if I wouldn't promise to do better in the future. And with my handkerchief over my face all the time, to keep him from recognizing me I promised faithfully to try. The chaplain went back very much gratified to know that Johnnie had repented so earnestly.

As Johnnie, in reality, failed to get this reprimand, as soon as he was released, went in search of his horse which had strayed over to Co. C's picket rope. He was so provoked, he cut the picket rope, which was against the rules, of course, and was immediately sent back to the guard house.

We were next ordered to prepare winter quarters near Stone Bridge. About this time I was sick and was sent to the hospital near Centerville. After recovering I came back to the camp, having been absent about a month.

As it was near Xmas, now, W. S. Hines, one of our Co., had engaged eggs and cream for making "egg-nogg". My horse, the "Flying Artillery," was very restless, pawing continually, and I remarked that I wished I had a long ride to take on him and could give him the exercise he needed.

Hines told me I could ride for the cream and eggs. He went to his tent and brought canteens enough to hold about a gallon and a half. I started off and when I got to the house, the lady remarked, as I gave her the canteens, that "the man must expect to fatten his sick man." I told her I expected he had several sick men he wanted to give cream to, never hinting at "egg-nogg", you may know. I soon got back to camp as the ground was covered with snow, my horse

slipped right in a hole made by the picket rope post and turned a complete somersault, falling right on top of me. I whistled to the horse and he sprang up at once. I thought I was smashed up right this time and would certainly get a furlough to go home. My brother-in-law and a neighbor, A. A. Woodson, had come down to take me home from the hospital, but before they arrived I was back on duty. They were still in camp with us when this occurred and my first thought was whether I'd be able to get home. I first tried to move my right arm and it worked alright, then my left and it responded also. Then I tried both legs, thinking some of the limbs were sure to fail to work, but to my utter astonishment, I wasn't hurt at all, only stunned. My first remark was that any big headed soldier that wouldn't get hurt by such a fall as that ought never to get a furlough.

When I got into camp and told the joke on myself the boys enjoyed it hugely.

The winter quarters were completed by this time, so we broke camp and occupied them. While we were expecting to enjoy the winter quarters, unlike Geo. Washington's men at Valley Forge, as there was plenty of every thing to live upon and we were all well clothed, we received orders for half of the regiment and Col. Radford to move on to Leesburg.

Five of the higglers from our mess were ordered out, so it only left John K. Young, Lewis Young and myself. The regimental quarter master, wagon master and several other men offered to furnish the rations and pay the three left in our mess to cook for them. My job was to notify them when meals were ready and as these men had control of the rations they also had control of the whiskey.

When I went for them the first time they drew the bottle for a social drink, all around. Pharoah's dream occurred to me that moment, how seven years of plenty must provide for seven years of famine. So while I had that bottle at hand I thought I'd just keep it for a time of need. I accordingly slipped it into my coat pocket, unnoticed by the other men. Every time I went for the men, I played the same prank on their whiskey, as I knew the whiskey was to be blockaded soon and we would need it for the boys when they were sick. After three or four days some of them said to me that somebody was taking their whiskey while they were gone to their meals and I told them I was next to a detective to find such fellows and I'd soon locate him for them.

Co. Munford's tent was next to these fellows and he had a cook, hostler and man servant. This servant was a boy of about sixteen, by the name of Billy. They all called him Col's cup-bearer. Well if ever there was a black boy he was

the one; so black until he was blue, and charcoal was ashamed of itself by the side of him.

It just occurred to me how funny it would be to put the blame of whiskey stealing on Billy, as I knew the Col. would take care of him. On my next arrival they told me I was right, they could tell that very nigger had gotten their whiskey. I continued like Joseph to lay up for the whiskey famine until the blockade occurred. After I'd gotten all they had and they couldn't treat me any more I began treating them. There was a moonshiner a couple of miles from camp and a man was going there to get whiskey so I gave him \$5.00 to get a canteen filled for the quarter masters, fearing theirs would run out before the blockade was raised, and the man came back saying he couldn't get it for less than \$10.00 a canteen. I told him he was crazy, that I'd bet I could get a canteen full for nothing and one full of butter milk besides. He said I was a fool and he'd bet me \$100. I couldn't do it. I took the bet and we staked the money.

I had two Yankee canteens exactly alike and I filled one with water and put a little whiskey on top, as you know they won't unite. We both then went to the moonshiner and I gave him the counter-sign. He knew by this that I wasn't going to betray him. I gave him the empty canteen and he went into the cellar and filled it. When he came out and gave it to me, I put it in my saddle pockets and gave him \$5.00. He held up his ten fingers, signifying that I must give him more. I told him I was buying it for a Co. and they wouldn't hear to such figures as that, and I'd just have to give him his whiskey back until I could see the men, but gave him my canteen of water with a little bit of whiskey on top instead of the canteen of whiskey. He gave me my \$5.00 and took the canteen and emptied it into his barrel. I asked him to tell his wife to please fill the canteen with butter milk, if she could spare it, which she did, so I got my whiskey and butter milk, for which he'd accept no pay, and I won my \$100. Of course the moonshiner lost nothing, but some fellow bought water in his whiskey after that. I wouldn't take the \$100. I had won, but we all enjoyed the joke.

Soldiers have to resort to many jokes and pranks, to keep up spirits, that they would never think of in private life.

We each took our trun picketing around Drainsville, a small town on the Loudon and Leesburg Turnpike. We made many friends in this section finding relatives of some of our county people. A whole company was sent out on picket for a three days period and we were given money to buy our ration while out, so we rather enjoyed the outing.

It was a hard winter, but the 8th of March soon rolled around and we were ordered to vacate winter quarters and go to Richmond. The whole army did not go as Ewell was ordered to Washington Junction and half of the 2nd Va. Cavalry was sent to keep up a vidette line from Manssas Junction to Strasburg.

Company C. was among the ones sent and our first order was to burn all the commissaries at Manssas Junction. Then the next was at Haymarket. The next burned suplies at Throughfare Gap. At this point a great many hogs were driven every year and butchered and there was a large mill, which had cost \$2000 and was being used as a packing house. The citizens told us that 600,000 pounds of beacon was stored in the building. We were ordered to burn this also, which we did and when the lard ran out into the creek it chilled and formed a dam across Broad Run. There was an acre lot about covered with barrels of flour at the point we had been getting our supplies from, and as it was feared the Yankees would get that also, we were ordered to knock the barrels to pieces and ride over the flour to destroy it. I was bitterly opposed to all this destruction but we had to carry out orders. We also had orders to blow up the big stone around which the first battle of Manssas was fought. It took 40 kegs of powder to destroy It was destroyed in order to prevent the enemy from following us, as it was the main thoroughfare from Washington to the foot of the Blue Ridge.

We burned the depot also, destroying numbers of boxes sent to the soldiers, from home. We opened the boxes and got out any money that was in them, ate what we could of the provision; and took such clothing as we needed. We advanced the money on to the boys. We had to burn Loudon Station also, just on top of the Blue Ridge, and the last was at Front Royal. The boxes at both of these stations were ordered opened and, of course, we received some benifit from them but not near so much as if the soldiers in camp could have received them.



REMINISCENCES OF A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER

CHAPTER II.

SECOND YEAR OF THE WAR.

Ewell then fell back to Orange C.H. and we joined him there for future orders. Capt. Duchene and Capt. White, of Ewell's division, married two young ladies in Fairfax Co. and brought them in a fine carriage driven by a white man, on up to Orange C.H. They were there at a private residence boarding and would often drive out to the camp and when we were tearing down tents and getting ready to go to the Valley, these ladies asked me if I'd seen the Captains but I hadn't and we began inquiring and no one had seen them for a few hours, and we learned afterward that they had resigned their positions put on citizens clothing and had gone to parts unknown. The ladies, of course had nothing to do but to return to their homes.

We crossed the Blue Ridge at Sneeger's Gap in a down pour of rain and pitched our tents at Elk Run Church. The rain ceased that night, so we were ordered to clean up the encampment next day which was Sat. Sun. dawned clear and calm and we all had the privilege of attending the church services. The afternoon was spent in sleep, or rather a part of it. We were aroused by screams from the east end of the encampment and we looked and saw men shooting out from under their tents and capsizing some of them in their mad rush. We inquired for the trouble and some said a snake had crawled over their faces, and others that the devil was in the tent. After a number of tents were overthrown and all the men awakened, nearly, we found that the trouble was a large black snake running over the men while asleep. He ran in a muskrat hole, so no one had the pleasure of killing him for breaking our rest.

We remained here a few days and scouting parties were sent out every day across the mountain, and as far down as Linden Station to see if the enemy was approaching.

The cavalry that was engaged in this vidette line, picketed on the Shenandoah River and were often routed by the enemy. Some of the men didn't stop until they got clear out of the country.

About this time we had a re-election of officers and Col. Munford was put in command of our whole regiment, where as he

had only commanded half, and Col. Watts was elected Lieut. Col.

On the 3rd of May, when the regiment was near Linden Station, 13 of us were left at Flint Hill, several miles distant, to have our horses shod, and as we were going on to overtake the command, we met a man galloping up the road. Serg. Lemon, who had charge of us, met the man first and let him pass, but when he reached me I ordered him to halt, as I saw he was a northerner. But he fell flat on his horse and swiftly made a turn in the road, so we didn't pursue him. He dropped a nice gum coat in his wild rush, which we didn't fail to get.

We were in Rappahanneck Co. and there were a great many stone fences and I told Serg. Lemon we had better get out into the open on a high point and see if we could locate any forces of the enemy. We hadn't gone any distance until we saw Gen. Gary with a division of Inft. and a regiment of cavalry, making his way from Front Royal to Richmond. We soon overtook Col. Munford and notified him of Gen. Gary's movement and he waited until night fall and passed through Flint Hill, and took another road leading to Madison C.H. We camped and kept watch.

The next day some of Gary's men came out in sight and Munford sent a couple of companies to cut these men off from the command and capture them, and when we got to a rock fence where we thought we could cut them off, we found the fifth Mich. Inft lying just behind the fence. They raised up right at us and our horses were stopped so suddenly that six of the men were thrown off and captured.

When Major Cary Breckinridge, who was in command of us saw the trap we were in, he ordered us to "left about wheel," and just in the act of turning, a bullet that was aimed at me struck C.C. Cahoon, the man next to me in the arm.

We had to retreat about 400 yards in full view of this whole regiment and they were firing at us all the time. But they were excited and overshot us and only the one man was wounded. My horse was struck on the foot and had to make three-fourths of the distance on three feet. The roll was called after we got back, but only the six men of Franklin Co. had been captured.

After awhile three independent scouts came up, Williams, Lamar Fountain, and Farley - S. Carolina and Mississippians. They wanted a dozen sharpshooters to go to where some Yankees were doing a lot of depredating, killing cattle, etc. I was

sent among the others to within about 500 yards of where they were and we could see the hill beyond blue with Yankees.

We fired four or five shots each before they had time to protect themselves and killed and wounded a dozen or more, but then had to retreat for our own safety.

The next morning I was sent with C.C. Cahoon, William Henderson and George Zimmerman, who had been wounded by their horses falling with them, except Cahoon, who was shot, to Madison C.H. I led their horses and took \$100 to pay their expenses on the road, but we were so kindly treated by everyone that I didn't have to pay a penny. Mrs. Gen. Kemper had charge of the hospital and took care of the men.

I took my horse, which had been wounded to the horse pasture and got another and returned with the ambulance, in several days.

The command was moving, but Gary reached Richmond and was killed in the first battle around Richmond.

We next went back and joined Ewell in Luray county, and went on toward Front Royal, where there was a U.S. Garrison. We joined Jackson at Front Royal, and Col. Ashby, with the first Va. Regiment, attacked the enemy here and drove them back with heavy loss. The 2nd Va. regiment was to the right and didn't receive as heavy firing as the 1st Va.

There were two Maryland companies in the 1st Va. cavalry and they were eager to bring on the attack, as the Maryland infantry held the position.

The cavalry made a charge through a wheat field and the regiment of infantry was lying down in the wheat, and when the cavalry came near the infantry arose and slew a number of our men. Col. Ashby then ordered our men to charge with drawn sabers, which they did, with considerable slaughter. This was our first charge with drawn sabers. The enemy retreated to Winchester, about four miles distant. The remainder of the day was quiet except picket firing.

The next day, which was Sunday, Gen. Ewell advanced from Front Royal with his division of Infantry and Gen. Jackson advanced from Strasburg with a division of Infantry, also. The country was generally fenced with stone fences and both armies made use of the fences as fortifications.

There was a rock fence running parallel with the fences occupied by both armies, and each army was ordered to advance to this middle fence. The Confederates beat the enemy to the fence and opened a deadly fire on them. The enemy was so near

the fence that they lost heavily before they could retreat and re-cross the fence used as their fortification.

The Confederates followed them on into the town, and just as we entered the village a lady began ringing a church bell, giving us new zeal, and the cavairy was ordered to charge after they had gotten through the town. This they did with heavy loss to the enemy and considerable loss to us. We could have captured a great many more men, but they lined up a lot of wagons and set fire to them, completely blockading the road. We could not pass the fire, of course, and could not tear down or cross the rock fences rapidly enough to pursue to any advantage. However, we drove the enemy to Harper's Ferry.

We remained at Harper's Ferry several days and while we were there Gen. Banks was removed and Gen. Shields appointed in his stead. Gen. Banks had command of the northern forces at Winchester and the command was given to Shields Just after the battle.

While we were at Harper's Ferry, Gen. Jackson received word that Gen. Fremont was advancing on Harrisonburg from the direction of Parkersburg, aiming to pen him. So Jackson made a force march, marching day and night in order to get to Harrisonburg before Fremont.

Shields rapidly followed us, but our men kept holding him in check. We were sent on at the head of the army, as the cavalry could make much better time. We arrived one day ahead of the Infantry and rode two miles beyond Harrisonburg in the direction of Parkersburg, and fortified.

Gen. Ashby maneuvered so wisely, that John C. Fremont, (the old wolly horse), thought he had to fight Jackson's whole army and was preparing for same. While he was preparing for a general attack, Jackson passed through Harrisonburg and went in the direction of Port Republic.

When Fremont made the attack, we retreated hurriedly through Harrisonburg, and Fremont censured his English General, Percy Windam, for allowing Ashby to deceive him that way.

Windam pursued us and made his brags that he would capture Ashby before the sun went down. He attempted it and Ashby made the same attempt at him. Windam ordered a charge, but his men woundn't follow him and he ran into our lines and we captured him. Just as we captured him, Gen. Ashby was killed. A Confederate brigade was ordered back to help us and quite a number of our men were killed, but not so many as of the enemy. This is known as the battle of Harrisonburg. Night came and put a stop to hostilities for a time.

The cavalry pickets were stationed all around, but the next morning just after sun rise, the enemy began to advance again. Gen. Ewell's division took a stand near a little village called Cross Keys. Gen. Fremont marched against him with a force more than double the number of his. At about 10 o'clock the battle began and raged until about four. Fremont was completely whipped and never made another attack.

Jackson, now thinking his way was clear, continued his march to Port Republic. But when he arrived, to his great surprise, Gen. Shields had come in on the east side and stationed a battery to guard the bridge to prevent Jackson from crossing. Jackson rode up to the men commanding the battery and told them to move the guns back to another position, which would be better, and these men didn't know who Jackson was and obeyed the order, and Jackson went back and marched his men over the bridge. He went on down the river with his and Ewell's divisions to meet Shield's main army. We, of the 2nd Va. cavalry was left in the rear to hold Fremont in check, and as soon as Ewell's and Jackson's men crossed the bridge they burned it. Of course our cavalry could cross without the bridge but they fired it to stop Fremont's infantry and artillery. The waters of the Shenandoah were especially deep at this time, but we crossed unharmed.

When Jackson reached the Lewis House he found that Shields had taken the very position he was aiming to get. He had stationed 18 pieces of artillery in an apple orchard around the Lewis House. It was on a hill and commanded three ways.

Gen. Branch with his brigade was ordered down the Shenandoah, at the waters edge. Gen. Trimble was ordered up at the foot of the mountain, his men being concealed by the timber. Jackson's brigade came down the river about a half mile from Branches men, on a road running parallel with the river. Since Gen. Ashby's death, Gen. Stewart from Maryland, was commanding Ashby's men. Stewart's men were ordered up to the right of Jackson's men and in full view of the Lewis House and Shields whole army. Shields had taken his position and of course Jackson had to make the attempt to move him from it.

Jackson had sent a regiment up a ravine about 400 yards from the house and right in front of the battery. They were entirely concealed in a rye field. About 200 yards beyond this regiment was another regiment also concealed in the rye. Neither of these regiments knew the other one was in the field, and when the signal guns were fired for all to advance, and the men nearest the battery raised up, the regiment in the rear of the rye field fired on them, not knowing they were our men, and killed about 300 before they found their mistake. Both regiments quit firing and concealed themselves again.

Trimble, Branch and Jackson, advanced a part of the way, but when this confusion occurred between the two regiments in the rye field, Jackson's whole army seemed demoralized. They thought, probably all those men in the rye field were men supporting and protecting the battery.

The attack ceased for an hour or so, until Jackson could notify his men of the plan, and when the second signal guns were fired, they advanced from the three sides.

Brigadier Dick Taylor had been ordered up nearer the batteries than any one else, and when the signal guns were fired, Taylor's men marched right up and took the guns. Shields sent reinforcements and took them back from Taylor, and Jackson reinforced Taylor and he took them the second time.

Shields reinforced again and took them back from Taylor the second time, and Jackson ordered reinforcements and Taylor took them the third time and held them.

Trimble's whole force had come down from the mountain and Branch from the Shenandoah, with Jackson right in front of the battery. The cavalry had been ordered to charge, by this time, and we drove them, with heavy slaughter, ten miles down the river.

By this time Fremont, who was on the west side of the Shenandoah, and the bridge burned, you remember, had gotten a position and fired a few guns, but we had driven Shields so far down the river that he could be of no help to him then.

As we were coming back from driving Shields, Jackson sent out a skirmish line and re-captured all of our men, about 100 in number, who had been taken prisoners, and their guards. Thus ended the battle of Port Republic.

As my horse was wounded at Gain's Cross Roads, and I wasn't well myself, I was sent home the 17th of June, after being out 18 months. I was not able to enter the service again until Oct.

The people of the community got me to go as a guide with about ten wagons, to the Salt Works at Kanawa, W. Va., while I was at home. I went ahead of the wagons with several other men from our county, who were going on the same errand.

When we got to the top of SeWell Mountain, we spent the night at a hotel called Locust Lane. When we awoke the next morning we found a six-inch snow on the ground. We regretted the snowfall so much, but to our glad surprise, when we went about six miles beyond and at the foot of the mountain, we

found no snow at all.

The next night we stopped at Tyree's Hotel. The lady of the house was a sister of Mrs. Dr. Williams, of Fincastle, so we felt perfectly at home. Wyatt's Hotel, near Mauldon, was our next stopping place.

There were thousands of barrels of salt and a number of government wagons, and a large number of oxen for sale. So we planned to buy some of the salt and haul it back to Botetourt and turn the wagons over to government use there. But to our surprise, at mid-night, before we could carry out our plans, we heard wagons rumbling and were told that Gen. Floyd, who had driven the Yankees from the Salt Works to Charlestown, was falling back. While we were still talking Gen. Floyd and his staff came to the Hotel and ordered breakfast.

Gen Floyd wanted a courier to go to the Hawk's Nest, a place about 30 miles distant, and hurry all the wagons on to the Salt Works; but after arriving at the Hawk's Nest, to turn all the wagons back.

I volunteered to act as courier. At first he was afraid to trust me, but after questioning me until he thought he knew me sufficiently, he had a dispatch written and gave me to notify the wagon drivers to hurry on and load the wagons, and they would be put across the Kanawa on the ferry and sent by way of Cotton Hill. The mountain road was so narrow that these teams were sent this way to avoid meeting the other wagons.

I was ordered to shoot any man who wouldn't obey orders. Floyd knew that he could get the wagons within the 30 miles loaded and across the river before the Yankees could overtake them, but it would take too long for the wagons to come from beyond the Hawk's Nest.

I met my teams right at the Hawks Nest and ordered them back. The dispatch also stated that all loaded wagons beyond the Hawk's Nest, were to sell half their load to empty ones. This they all did. Some were heavily loaded and were just creeping along.

After dividing up loads, we continued to carry out orders, which was to travel all night and not stop to feed our teams until we passed two roads, known as the Sat. and Sun. roads, where the Yankess were supposed to pass. We kept turning empty wagons back and overtaking loaded ones and dividing up, until we reached Lewisburg, in Greenbrier Co. We were about two weeks making the trip. This was the only time I had any experience with, or was in the western army.

Every letter that went to the boys in the eastern army, I think, told of my trip to the Salt works, and the boys began to think I ought to be back fighting instead of guiding wagon trains.

The boys showed the letters to Capt. Breckinridge and he ordered me to be brought back by an officer. Sheriff Linkenhoker, when he got the letter from Capt. B-, came to me and told me his orders.

I told him that Xerxes 6,000,000 men couldn't take me back under arrest. I told him I was going back soon, that I wasn't yet able to ride on horse back, so far and constantly.

The next day I went to the army surgeon, Dr. Mayo, of Buchanan, and showed him the order and he remarked that "they are a set of fools, you are here under a legal certificate." I had three certificates from the family physician of my inability for service, but in Aug., Gen. Lee had passed an order, that no certificate could be recognized except from an army surgeon, so I had been to him in Aug. and twice since that time, so held three of his certificates in Dec.

Dr. Mayo gave me a recommendation to either be discharged or detailed for light duty. I'd been suffering from congestion of the liver and was broken down in general. Dr. Mayo told Capt. Allen, who was at the head of affairs in Buchanan to give me transportation on the train as I wasn't able to make the trip on horse back. On the 20 of Dec. I started back to Fredericksburg, where my company was stationed. I was detained at Lynchburg several days so didn't get to Guinea Station, near Fredericksburg, until New Years day '63. I went directly to the Capt's tent and the first thing he said when he saw how bad I looked was, "what in the world have you come back for"? I showed him the letter he had written to the sheriff, Lewis Linkenhoker. He said I was unfit for service, but as they were in winter quarters and no fighting much, I'd have an easy time.

I then went to Col. Munford's tent and he greeted me with the same question. I replied by showing him the Captain's order to be sent back. The Col. said I had been reported to him as absent without leave. I then showed him my certificates from both Drs. Col. Munford remarked: "Well, I'll stop this proceeding right here, you shall not go before a court-martial without a cause."

I told him that I preferred going before the court-martial that I wouldn't gratify these parties, who had circulated the false reports about me, enough to show them the certificates

but I wanted a lot of gentlemen to see why I'd been absent.

The early part of the New Year was taken up very largely to straighten up the work of the old year.

In a few days about 75 of us went to Massiponix Church, in Spottsylvania County, where the court-martial was in session.

Capt. William Graves, of Bedford Co., was there with his company, guarding the prisoners. He had been commander of the sharpshooters the first year of the war and I had been one of them. He assigned the prisoners to different tents and told me to remain with him.

It was a month before our turn came to appear before the court, so he gave me leave to visit my friends all over the army of Northern Virginia.

When our turn came, I went before the court and Captain Breckinridge presented the papers to the court. They asked me if I had an attorney and I told them I hadn't but handed them first my detail and sick furoolugh, then my certificates from Dr. Mayo, the army surgeon. I then showed them Gen. Lee's order for all soldiers to be examined by an army surgeon, they could see by the dates that I'd seen Dr. Mayo on the day following, and when Dr. Carper's certificate had only half expired. I then showed them the order to the sheriff to bring me back under arrest.

They asked me if I had any witnesses I told them I had one, Capt. B. whom I'd asked to please remain until I called for him.

After reading the papers I asked Capt. to please state to the court just when I'd enlisted and what kind of a soldier I'd been while in service, etc. He stated that I'd volunteered at 19 when a school boy, and that he had joined the Co. the 20 of May 1861. He said during the 13 months I'd been with us he wouldn't ask for a better soldier than I'd been.

I was dismissed, but didn't hear my sentence until a month later. When the last man of our regiment was examined, we returned to camp.

As I couldn't carry arms until my sentence was heard, I wasn't liable to duty. But I volunteered to go into Stafford Co., with a detachment, to try to capture some of Gen. Averill's pickets. We captured about 25 of them and as we were returning, the enemy began charging the rear of our command, and the

sharpshooters of the 1, 2, 3 and 4 regiments, were sent to the rear to check the advance.

Our skirmish line went back and aimed to get to a little town of vacated winter quarters, and I saw a soldier riding a beautiful dappled gray horse, so I made in that direction and was ordered to dismount and advance on foot. Not thinking that the man had gotten so near, just as I started around one of the cabins, the man called to me to halt and surrender. I threw up my hands, of course, as he had his gun right in my face, but even after doing this he snapped his gun at me. It was snowing very hard and the gun failed to fire, and fearing that my gun would be like his on account of the dampness, I drew my pistol on him, so he surrendered to me.

As I took him back, I had to pass through the sharpshooters of the 3rd regiment, and three of them had seen the man try to shoot me after throwing up my hands. They wanted to shoot him right there for the cowardly act, but I told them two wrongs never made a right, and wouldn't allow them to harm him. I took him on back to Col. Ryles, who had charge of the prisoners.

When we crossed the Rappahannock on our return, we were ordered to lie down for the night. This we did; we put our gum cloths down on the snow, then a blanket, and had a blanket for a cover. My prisoner and I shared the same bed that night, but before we went to sleep, the three men who wanted to kill the prisoner, came and apologized to me and the man, for wanting to deal death to him for the error he had made. We accepted the apology and they went back to their men with much relief.

The next day, the 17th of Feb. '63, we went to Stewart's headquarters and turned the prisoners over to him and they were sent on to Richmond immediately. Gen. Stewart made me a present of the beautiful horse I'd captured and she was my faithful companion for the remainder of the war. I bought her home with me after the war closed.

We all returned to the camp ground and remained about ten days, when we were called out for a dress parade.

After all the orders were read out for the next day's proceeding, the results of the court-martial were read next. One man who was found asleep on picket duty, was sentenced to be shot. As he was so young and a good soldier Col. Munford reprieved him and gave him a good, fatherly lecture, and the man was a faithful soldier for the remainder of the war.

Finally they came to my sentence. I was charged with being absent without leave, but was found innocent of the charge and honorably acquitted. As is usually the case, the first men to come and congratulate me on my honorable acquittal, were the very ones who had caused the false reports to be started, I thanked all alike, but knew all the time who caused the disturbance.

As the weather was bad and no drilling or fighting going on much, the main thing to break the monotony of camp life, was picketing on the grand old river, Rappahannock.

On the night of the 16th of March, I had a dream of being in a battle and of having to retreat, and while doing so, mired in the mud and was captured. I told the dream at breakfast the next morning and they all laughed at such a dream.

While we were still at breakfast, the orderly sergeant came around and notified us to get ready immediately to go down to Kelly's Ford on picket.

We expected a good time for three days out on the outpost, but was kept at the village of Kellyville, all that day. There were about 40 of us scattered around, but in hearing distance of each other. Some of us were in hay mows, some in outbuildings and some in a mill, to spend the night.

A load of guns and 40 rounds of ammunition was sent us, about the time we were fixing for sleep. Those who had no guns got one from the lot and we were ordered to clean up the others, ready for use.

After we had them all cleaned the Capt. inspected them and if any of our guns were not good, they were sent back and a good one taken from the new lot. We were eager to get to sleep, but instead of that at 4 o'clock we were ordered to go down to the ford of the river.

We rolled our blankets up and tied them on the horses and were ordered to mount and fall into columns of four. No. 3 - Nos. 1, 2 and 4 were ordered to dismount. This being done, we formed into columns of four again, and were ordered to march on to the river bank, about four hundred yards.

There had been a heavy rain just before this which finished up with a snow about five inches deep. This was still on the ground, but the river was swollen from the rain until it was deep fording on horse back.

The wind was blowing from the north and the thermometer

suddenly fell to about zero. When we reached the breast works at the river, some of the rifle pits were filled with snow and ice, and those that were not, were soon filled with men, but some of the men had to just stand and get the best position they could.

At about an hour before daybreak we saw a light that we first thought was the morning star rising, but the light increased and we almost instantly found it was the camp fire of the enemy, being kindled, making ready for an early breakfast to come and attack us.

At daybreak they were coming in sight of the ford. Gen. Averill with a division of cavalry and 15 pieces of artillery soon stationed themselves on the heights commanding the ford and commenced a heavy fire on us.

In about ten minutes Averill ordered his men to advance. They came right to the ford, not knowing that we were there, and we opened fire on them from behind the breast works and drove them back with considerable slaughter.

Then Averill charged with another regiment, but we drove them back also. He then charged a third time, just about sun-rise, and by that time three companies of the 3rd regiment, commanded by Capt. Moss, had reinforced us, and Capt. Breckinridge, thinking we had enough men to hold them back, ordered us not to fire until they got into the middle of the river.

Gen. Duffe, commanding a French brigade, had the majority of his men in and near the river before we opened fire. Several men were shot from their horses and the horses rushed right out of the river and over our breast works. Some of them killed themselves on the stockades. When Gen. Duffe got within about ten feet of the bank, his horse was shot and the Gen. came very near being drowned. When his men rescued him he was unconscious.

By this time so many of his men had crossed the river that Capt. Breckinridge saw they would over-power us, so ordered us to fall back. Some of our men didn't hear the order and remained in the breast works and were captured.

We fell straight back from the river under a heavy fire all the time and the men with the horses couldn't well get to us on account of a fence and the heavy firing. Those on the extreme left had so much farther to go than the others, that they couldn't get the horses to them at all. I was with the dozen or so, that was on the extreme left, and just as I saw the man with my horse coming toward me, I noticed a little piece of ground fenced off right between us, which to go around would take some little time longer to get to my horse, so I just kicked off a pole and jumped over, to save

distance, you understand, and to my utter amazement, I found I had jumped into a bed of quicksand.

Four Yanks were pursuing us as rapidly as they could and when they saw I had been caught in the sand, they rushed right on around the fence and drew their pistols on me. I had managed to get out of the sand by the time they got to me, but in doing so, had nearly dislocated one of my hips, so couldn't run. The man with my horse saw that if he stopped to help me, he and the horses too would be captured, so had gone on knowing I'd be captured - the realization of my dream - only caught in quicksand instead of mud. I immediately surrendered, of course, but found that three of the men to whom I had surrendered, were beastly drunk.

By that time our line of battle was coming in sight and the three drunken men rushed on for fear of being captured by our men. I held to the mane of the horse that my captor was riding and as we went back several Yanks shot at me. The man told me to get on the opposite side so they could not see me so well. One man shot at my hand as I held the horses mane and missed my hand and shot the horse in the neck. They were drunk and enraged because we had shot their General's horse and he came so near being drowned. They were saying d-- you, you killed our General! Some of them thought he was killed.

When we got right to the river, I saw a lot of men standing around a Gen. who was lying on the ground, and I told the man who had captured me that if he would take me over there, they certainly wouldn't fire among them. It proved to be Gen. Duffe who had been resuscitated and was just able to stand up as we got to him.

The man told the Gen. that there was a man he had captured and asked him what he must do with me, and the Gen. just reached out and hit me over the head with the gauntlet of his glove.

He asked me why we dared to fire on his command with our picket? I told him we were ordered to hold the ford and would have fired on Hooker's whole army if it had advanced. Then he hit me again.

I told him I hadn't any idea of receiving such treatment from a U. S. Gen. Just then one of his aids said to me to come with him and he took me down the river a little ways, where about 20 more of our men were who had been captured this same day, March 17.

As we went down the river the aid apologized for the General's conduct; said he was drunk and would never have acted that way when sober. The aid was an American, while

Duffe and the majority of his men were French.

The man who captured me was from the 1st R. I. regiment, and I told him about the man and fine horse from that regiment that I'd captured just a month before, and he said the man was from his Company.

Just then I was ordered to fall into line with the other prisoners, but I took time to thank the two men for their kindness to me before falling in.

There was a company of cavalry on either side of us when we started across the river, marching in columns of four.

We halted a little when we got to the water's edge, but were soon ordered to "forward march," and we knew that meant we must go through that water if it was full of mush-ice and deep fording. As I was a small man I was ordered to get between two large men, and we held to each other and marched through. A Mr. Powell and Mr. Shepperson, from near Charlotte C. H. marched on either side of me.

Matt. Linkenhoker and I had made such an effort to escape being captured and to get to our horses that we were about as hot as a "ginger mill in August". But strange to say, wading that river didn't make us sick in the least. The water was just over our shoulders. I remember how the mushice and water ran down my coat collar. You can imagine how pleasant that would be, in March and zero weather.

It looked hard but some of our men had made the Yankees wade the river about a month before; but it wasn't more than knee-deep where they waded. I guess they thought it no more than right to retaliate. All is said to be fair in love and war.

As soon as we crossed, one company went back to join the command and the other company took us about four miles to a hotel where Gen. Ryles had been ordered to hold the Yankee prisoners about a month before. We remained here a few hours awaiting future orders. Our clothing had dried while we were marching. We stopped and poured the water from our boots soon after crossing the river, so we were very comfortable by this time.

The lady of the house and her three pretty daughters came out to look at the prisoners, as they had a month before, and one of them recognized me. She came to me and asked me if the Yankees got my pretty gray horse, too. I told her she had escaped and how I came to be captured.

We soon heard the firing of the artillery back at Kelly's Ford. Gen. Lee had taken a position on the heights above the ford and Averill made an attack on him. Gen. Stewart had been ordered from Fredericksburg up to Culpepper C. H., to attend a court-martial, and went with Lee as a spectator and not as a commander. He and Major John Pellum rode in front of Lee's lines and the Yankees seeing him thought his whole corps was there and began to fall back at once, under fire from our forces, and lost a great many men in the retreat, and a few were captured. Some of our men were captured also, and among them the gallant Major Cary Breckinridge.

The couriers ordered the guards to hurry us on to Fairmouth, then Hooker's headquarters. We arrived about an hour before sun-set, and about 9 o'clock the whole army returned.

We remained here three days and on March 21, '63, were paroled and sent on the Fredericksburg & Aquia Creek Road, to a station called Aquia Creek. There was a boat landing here and we took a boat called "The State of Maine," for Washington. Here we were put in the city prison on the second floor in the basement.

There were 75 of us and all put in one room. There were bunks on the walls and benches for seats, but still our quarters were not comfortable, as the men above us had bored holes in the water pipes and didn't have them sufficiently stopped, and water was running down the walls and over all the floor except a little place in the centre large enough to spread a blanket.

We were kept here until the next day when they sent us to the Old Captiol Prison. We were all put in the same room again, but the quarters were comfortable and alright. We had pork and beans, coffee and baker's bread, good enough for anyone.

As I was disabled by being caught in the quicksand, and was still very lame, the guard allowed me to go all over the barracks. I had to see the Dr. often, so I had a very pleasant time going around. Dr. had given me a pass, also, to go any where inside the barracks. The barracks was a Park of 3 or 4 acres and was said to contain 10,000 men, Rebels and Yankees together.

We had a full view of the street and often saw the Congressmen and President Lincoln pass by. The sentinel would often tell us when different important persons passed, which was a pleasure to us, to help pass time. We were given quite a lot of good literature to read, and altogether, we had a much better time than when in service. It paid to be a prisoner

that time, certainly.

While we were there a lot of Yankees were raiding in the Valley of Va. and a lot of Confederates were raiding also, and the two forces met and a good number of the Yankees were killed. There was quite a lot of talk about it, and it seems that the Yankees thought the citizens had gotten the soldiers to attack them in some unfair way. So a lot of citizens from the valley, were summoned to come to Washington, as witnesses in the case. They were brought to the barracks and put in with us. The Johnnie Rebs were all glad to see them. We called them fresh fish, and had to initiate them, of course.

One of us would go to a citizen and get him to talking and telling us about the affair, and the other boys would begin crowding around close by to hear, and we'd say, "boys dont push," which meant to push and crowd more, until we got our fresh fish in such close quarters that some of them would get fighting mad. When we would laugh and enjoy it with the rest, that was a signal to give way.

Dr. Lucas, from Frederick Co., was a large fellow; weighed more than two hundred, and he got the maddest of all until he understood the joke, and then he was the best fellow we had to help initiate.

We all enjoyed playing pranks on each other. I named myself the "limpy lame dog" and they all treated me about as considerately.

Some of the boys sighed and worried over having to stay in prison, but situated as I was, I enjoyed it. We only remained 16 days. There was a boat load of soldiers from Johnson's Island to be exchanged and as it wasn't a full load, they telegraphed to the Old Captiol that they could take about 75 more men while making the trip. Straws were drawn to see which room would be sent to exchange, and our room got the "lucky straw."

The boat that carried us was called the "Prarie Flower." A beautiful boat it was, too. We had fine sailing until we got within about six hours ride of Fortress Monroe. Here a heavy snow storm overtook us and the boat was compelled to anchor.

After the storm ceased and we could see the light-house, we made the rest of our journey in safety. We couldn't see at night, of course, but when morning came we found ourselves in sight of the guns of Fortress Monroe. We remained here three days and nights, as the wind was still blowing such a gale

that the ship had to remain anchored.

When we arrived at City Point, our exchange point, as we marched out, another boat load of Yanks were marched in to be taken home, and we were sent on to Petersburg by rail.

Here we were put in a big tobacco ware house, which was hardly suitable for mules or billy goats, but there wasn't any other convenient place near by. There were several very large barrels in the building and I told the boys that mother said I was always her best child to find out what was in anything sitting around. So I took my pocket knife and began dissecting. To my great pleasure I found they contained sugar and we soon ate all of the sugar that tasted good in the barrel.

I talked to a citizen through the cracks of the building and told him that he'd better help to hunt a place for me for some fo the boys had cut a hole in a barrel in there and had eaten lots of his sugar. The man left and soon came back with the information that there was a barracks about a half mile distant that we could occupy that night, so we went over, and such a place as it was. We had to stay all night as it was so late when we got there, but it was only a good place for bats and hoot owls. He consoled us by telling us that supplies would be sent in from Richmond and they were, early in the night.

When we got our supplies it proved about like the surroundings. Well, we didn't know what to call it even. Couldn't think of a name in the English language to call it. It had been bread and meat once, but had been sent from "God knows where," as the old woman said about the rail road, and was just poured into a corner of a box car and was of course, about like hog feed.

We had been locked in the barracks and we just said if we were not taken out we'd break the old shack down and go on to Richmond, so we were soon notified that a train was ready and we gladly got on board for Richmond.

The cars that took us were cattle cars and the engine must certainly have had a genuine case of tuberculosis, because it tried faithfully to whistle, but couldn't make a sound. We would gladly have gone on, or in anything, to get back, through.

Well, we arrived in Richmond in grand style, of course, and the next morning took a train for Culpepper C. H. When we got to Culpepper C. H., Col. Munford had orders to make a raid toward Manassas Junction, but we couldn't go on the raid as our exchange papers hadn't arrived and therefore Col. Munford had no control of us. He told us to go home for our horses and he would send our furloughs as soon as he could.

We took the train next morning for Lynchburg and when we were found to have no furloughs, we were stopped there for further orders. We wrote Col. Munford that we were under arrest, and to send the furloughs on. I happened to have a cousin by the name of Linkus keeping the Washington Hotel, and he went my security, and in that way I, with two other boys, got to spend our time with him.

Before I heard from Col. Munford, Gen. Devon sent for us to come back to the soldiers home, that he wanted to send us as guards for some deserters and Yankees that had been captured in the Western Army.

He gave each of us a pistol and when we arrived at Richmond, the man who had charge of us handed the papers to Gen. Winder, and we took the Yankees to the Libby Prison and put them in charge of the officials there. When we went back to Gen. Winder's headquarters, with our deserters, he told the Serg. to take us all to Castle Thunder. As the deserters had the same uniforms we had, he naturally supposed we were all Deserters, but four of us were the guards for the others. As I was the oldest of the guards, I, of course, had to try to explain the case. But when I tried to do so, he told me to hush, that he wouldn't talk to a deserter, and ordered the Sergeant to take us on.

This the Sergeant refused to do and a general racket followed. General Winder told another sergeant to take all of us, even our sergeant, because he wouldn't obey him, to Castle Thunder. But he went to a Lieut, who was there on detached service, and who knew some of us, and had him to come and explain the whole affair to Gen. Winder.

He accepted the Lieutenant's account, of course, and gave us four guards, transportation back to Culpepper C. H. He told the sergeant to take the real deserters on to prison, Castle Thunder, and in the stampede he had caused by trying to send us all, the deserters had every one gotten away.

When we got back to camp at Culpepper C.H. and our exchange papers had arrived and Col. Munford gave us furloughs, so we made a second attempt to get home for the horses.

When we got to Lynchburg we learned that Gen. Devon had been removed from office and Gen. Colston put in his stead.

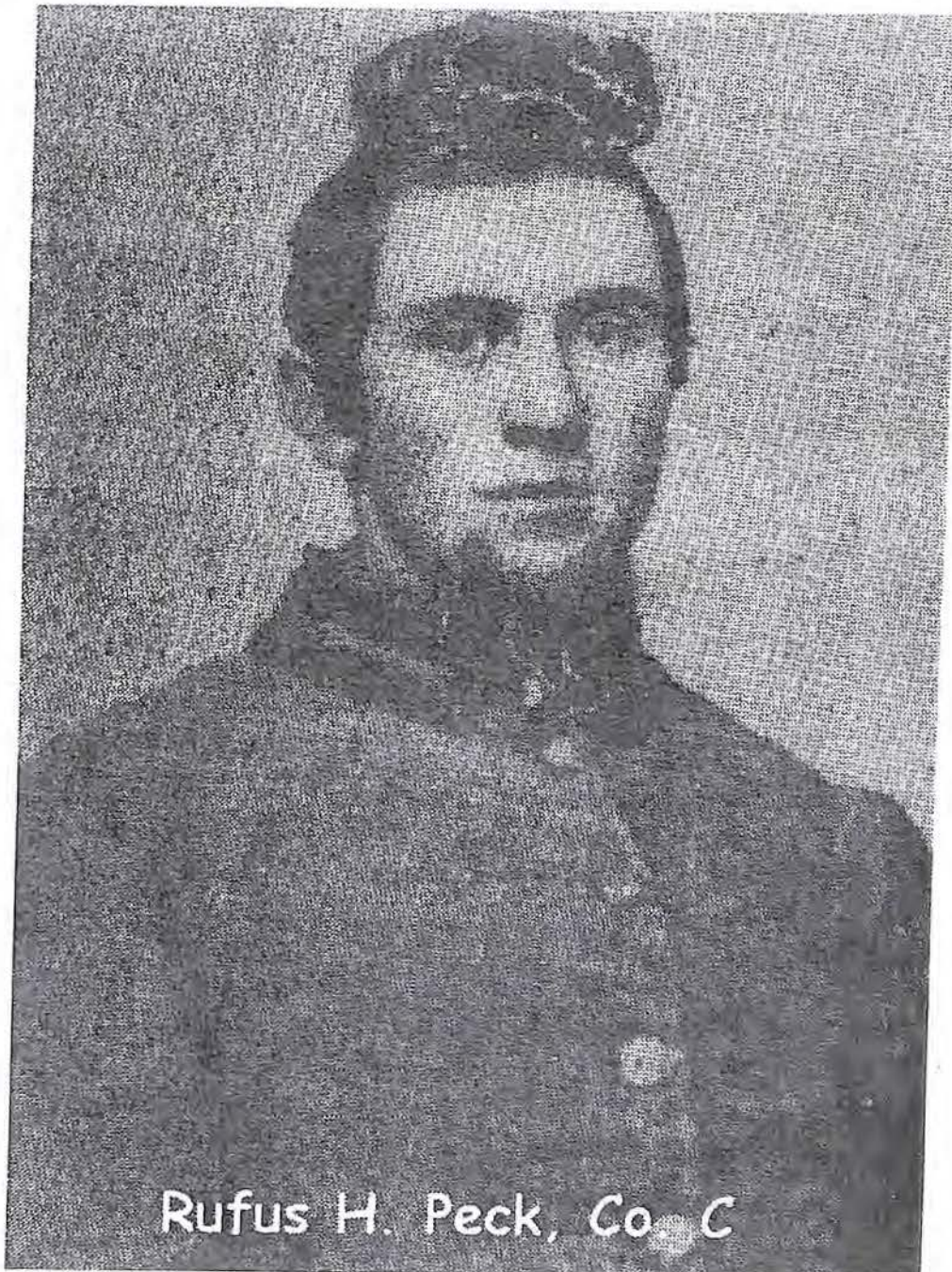
We went on to Bonsacks the next day and left the train and took dinner with Geo. Riley, who had three sons in our command. Mr. Riley was not at home, but Mrs. Riley sent us to Fincastle on horses.

When our furloughs expired, I took my valuable gray horse back, that I had captured, about 2 months before I had been captured. Alonza Rinehart, John Young and William Henderson, were my companions back to camp.

Written by Rufus H. Peck, 1913, Fincastle, Virginia

Submitted by: Babe Fowler

TO BE CONTINUED



Botetourt County Death Records by Charles T. Burton, Continued

LINKENHOKER, James Watson - b 10 Oct 1917 Bot Co - d 11 Oct 1917 - f I[saac]
W LINKENHOKER (b Va) - m Mary C (REDMAN) (b Va) - buried Lyle Cem - cd (no
physician)

LINKENHOKER, Joe L - b 30 Dec 1848 Bot - d 29 Sep 1916 Bot - f Joe LINKENHOK-
ER (b Va) - m Lucy (McCORMICK) (b Va) - buried Springwood Cem - cd myocardial
insufficiency

LINKENAUGER, J[ohn] Anderson - b 4 Feb 1839 - d 11 Jan 1894 - f [John LINKEN-
HOKER] - m [Lucy GAUNT] - h/o M E LINKENHAUGER - grave Haymakertown Cem

LINKENHOKER, Joseph - b ca 1805 Bot Co - d 3 Mar 1868 - age 63y - f Elias
LINKENHOKER - m Catherine - rep by son ____ LINKENHOKER - h/o Sarah LINKENHOKER

LINKENHOKER, Lucy E - d 1870 - adm bond 8 Aug 1870 John LINKENHOKER

LINKENHOKER, M P - b 25 Mar 1836 - d 15 Dec 1897 - h/o Mollie E LINKENHOKER
(d 1891) - grave Amsterdam Cem

LINKENHOKER, Margaret (widow) - b ca 1795 Bot Co - d 20 June 1865 - age 70y
- f Henry MOORE - m Elizabeth - cd flux - rep by son Lewis LINKENHOKER

LINKENHOKER, Martin K - b 1836 - d 7 Dec 1877 - f [Samuel LINKENHOKER] - m
[Catherine THRASHER] - cd hung himself - ref Inquest papers - grave family
cem (near Wheatland) - h/o Eveline C Nace LINKINHOKER

LINKENHOKER, Mary - b 1848 Bot Co - d 14 Sep 1914 - f William HUTCHESON (b
Bot Co) - m Martha (KEELING) (b Bot Co) - buried Haymakertown Cem - cd TB

LINKENHOKER, Mary Susan - b ca 1850 - d 17 Mar 1853 - f Joseph LINKENHOKER -
m Lucy A - cd Scarlet fever - rep by father

LINKENHOKER, Mollie E - b Mar 1838 - d 23 Feb 1891 - age 52y 11m 5d - f Will-
iam DAVIS - m Lucinda - w/o Matthew P LINKENHOKER (d 1897) - grave Amsterdam
Cem - ref Cronise scrapbook 46

LINKENAUGER, Palmer Steele - b 16 Apr 1880 - d 7 Aug 1896 - f J[ohn] A[nder-
son] LINKENAUGER - m M[ary] E HUTCHESON - grave Haymakertown Cem

LINKENHOKER, Rebecca - b 21 Jan 1846 Bot Co - d 16 Feb 1917 - f John BOOZE
(b Bot Co) - m Rebecca [circled, & Harriet M written in] (BOOZE) (b Va) -
buried Springwood Va Cem - cd LaGrippe

LINKENHOKER, Rebecca A - b ca Sep 1867 Bot Co - d 7 Dec 1867 - age 2m 23d -
f A[braham] T LINKENHOKER - m Harriet - cd sore throat - rep by father

LINKENHOKER, Roberta - b ca 1865 Bot Co - d 10 Dec 1867 - age 2y - f A T
LINKENHOKER - m Harriet - cd sore throat - rep by father

LINKINHOKER, Saliva I - b 23 Oct 1841 - d 31 Oct 1877 - age 36y 0m 8d - f [Sam-
uel LINKINHOKER] - m [Catherine THRASHER] - grave Family cem (near Wheatland)

LINKINHOKER, Samuel - b ca 5 Dec 1801 - d 10 Sep 1874 - age 72y 9m 5d - f
[Joseph LINKENHOKER] - m [Frances RIDDLEBARGER] - h/o Catherine [THRASHER]
LINKENHOKER (d 1882) - grave family cem (near Wheatland)

LINKENHOKER, Sarah M - b ca 1836 Bot Co - d 17 Aug 1855 - f **Samuel YOUNG** - m **Rebeck** - cd fever - rep by hus **John LINKENHOKER**

LINKINHOGER, Simon - b ca 1841 Bot Co - d 15 Aug 1862 Richmond, Va - age 2ly - f **J[oseph] LINKINHOGER** - m **E[lizabeth LOOP]** - cd camp fever - rep by father

LINKENHOKER, W[illiam] B P - b 4 July 1849 Bot Co - d 22 Mar 1915 - f **John LINKENHOKER** - m **[Lucy (GAUNT)]** - buried Amsterdam Cem - cd Brights disease

LINKHORN see **Eve JOHNSTON**

LINSEY see **LINDSEY**

LINSEY, Thelma - b 1 June 1913 WV - d 2 Jan 1914 - f **B F LINSEY** (b Bristol, Va) - m **Georgia (ELAM)** (b Bed Co) - buried Buchanan Cem - cd meningitis

LINTON, Mary Ann Hogan - b 3 Feb 1854 - d 9 Jan 1941 - grave Hogan-Old cem (Little Catawba)

LINTON, Mary Ann - b 1853 - d 1941 - grave Hogan-Old cem (Little Catawba)

LINTON, John H - b 18 Aug 1844 - d 7 Feb 1920 - grave Hogan-Old Cem (Little Catawba)

LINY, male - b 19 Aug 1855 Bot Co - d 19 Aug 1855 - f **Henry LINY** - m **Mary** - cd not known - rep by father

LIPES see **LEIB, LIEB, Virginia Alma PULLEN, Maggie Lipos SIMMONS**

LIPES, Harvey D - b 20 May 1838 Va - d 27 Feb 1916 - f **Samuel LIPES** (b Va) - m **Ester (DILL)** (b Va) - buried Mill Creek Cem - cd mitral insufficiency

LIPES, Maggie S - b 24 Sep 1864 Va - d 10 Dec 1916 - f **Jacob MILLER** (b Va) - m **Mary (BLOUNT)** (b Va) - buried family cem - cd cerebral hemorrhage

LIPES (or LEIB), Moses - b ca 1775 Pa (census #1433) - d by 11 June 1860 - h/o **Rebecca LIEB (1777-1857)** - Ex **Samuel & David LIPES**

LIPES, S F - b 5 June 1851 - d 4 June 1899 - buried Copps cem - Ref Fincastle Herald for 15 June 1899 (Bot Centennial Bk 90)

LIPES, W L - b ca 1843 Bot Co - d 29 Nov 1914 - f **Morris LIPES** (b Va) - m **Martha (LINKENHOKER)** (b Va) - buried Springwood Cem - cd nephritis

LITTLE, Clement - b ca 1850 Mont Co - d 10 Nov 1853 La - f **Charles C LITTLE** - m **Lucy S** - cd yellow fever - rep by father

LITTLE, David - d by Dec 1813 - Ref WB B p368, will dated 25 Nov 1813 - Ch: **John, Robert, William, James, David, Sarah, Rebeccah** - Ex^{TS} **William ANDERSON, Christian SHANK, James SMILEY**

LITTLE, John - d by July 1793 - Ref WB A p361, WB B p183, will dated 21 June 1788 - wife **Elizabeth**; Ch **David, John, William, Mary, Fannet, Sarah, James** - [Note: The widow d ca Dec 1807]

LITTLE, John - d by July 1820 (order) - Ref WB C p276, 589, app & settlement
- admr Rebecca LITTLE

LITTLE, William - d by 11 Oct 1803 (daus called orphans) - daus Rachel,
Sarah, Hannah

LITTLE, William - d by 25 Sep 1819 - Ref WB C p227, will dated 1819, record-
ed in Bot Co 16 Jan 1830, appraisal - [Note: his will was 1st recorded in
Indiana. In his will he said he was from Bot Co, Va & had property in Bot
Co & in Indiana

LITTLEPAGE see Thomas PRICE

LITTRELL see Hester CAMPER, James H CAMPER, Sarah Elizabeth DILLON, Catherine
C RADER

LLOYD see Thomas REYNOLDS, LOYD

LOCKETT, Albert S - d by 13 Jan 1868 Bot Co - admr 13 Jan 1868 the sheriff

LOCKETT, Ambroze - d by 8 Aug 1864 - adm John AMMEN

LOCKETT, Ann F - d 1869 - adm bond 8 Feb 1869 Sheriff LINKENHOKER

LOGAN see Ralph Harvey CANEVA, Martha EAGER, James McCONNELL

LOGAN, Hugh - d by 9 Apr 1776 - ref admr bond - admr David LOGAN

LOGAN, John - d by 9 Oct 1770 - Ref WB A p28, app & admr bond - admr James
DAVIS

LOGAN, Margaret - b ca 1781 - d 10 May 1830 - age 49y - w/o Robert LOGAN (d
1828) - Ref Fincastle Presby gravestone

LOGAN, Robert, Rev - b ca 1769 - d 9 Oct 1828 - age 59y - h/o Margaret LOGAN
(d 1830) - Ref Fincastle Presby gravestone

LOGUE, William - d by 11 Sep 1792 - Ref WB A p356, app & admr bond - admr
John McCALISTER

LOHRE see John WRIGHTSMAN

LONG see Nicholas FIRESTONE

LONG, Bessie PEERY - b 7 Oct 1872 - d 14 Feb 1850 - f [Abraham W PEERY] - m
[Sarah Louise BAKER] -w/o LONG - grave Baker-Peery Cem (#779)

LONG, Elizabeth - d by Jan 1824 - Ref WB C p481, will dated 1823 - hus Chris-
tian LONG dec'd; friend Peter BUSH

LOONEY see Henry HOLSTON Sr, Mary R GIBBS, Charles Rollin WOOD

LOONEY, Absalom - d by June 1796 - Ref WB A p426, wil dated 28 Sep 1791 - Ch
Michael, Elizabeth POTTS, Peter, Mary SWANSON, Margaret CALDWELL, Jonathan,
Absalom, Ruth, Ann HARBERSON, Catherine, Priscilla CALDWELL, Benjamin - dau
Margaret md 5 Jan 1778 (Bot Co) Alexander CALDWELL; dau Priscilla md 24 Mar
1789 (Bot Co) William CALDWELL

LOONEY, Esther - b ca 1740 - d 26 Feb 1821 Sinking Creek - age 82y - rep in "Herald of the Valley" 2 July 1821 - widow of John LOONEY - [She was said to be Esther RENFRO the 1st white child born west of James River

LOONEY, John Jr - d by May 1814 - wife Elizabeth (md #2 (1817) W^m E REYNOLD(S) - Ch Joseph (over 14 by 9 Oct 1820); on 14 Nov 1820 all under 14 John, William Sarah, Jonathan - Ref WB B p422, WB C p299, 457 app & division - admx Elizabeth LOONEY

LOONEY, John W (single) - b Va - d Nov 1849 - age 16y - cd dropsy - Ref 1850 Bot Co Mort Schedule

LOONEY, Peter - d by 8 Dec 1772 (son called orphan) - son Peter (under 14 on 8 Dec 1772 & over 14 by 15 Nov 1775)

LOONEY, Robert - d by 13 Nov 1770 - ref WB A p3, will dated 14 Sep 1769, admr bond - wife Elizabeth; Ch Joseph & others not named & gs John LOONEY - admr Joseph LOONEY

LOOP see George William DILLON, Simon LINKENHOKER

LOOP, George W - b ca 1841 Bot Co - d 19 May 1862 Washington (?DC or Co?) - age 20y 6m 6d - f Philip LOOP - m Elizabeth - cd gunshot at Williamsburg - rep by father

LOOP, Philip - d by Oct 1824 - Ref WB C p569, will dated 24 July 1824 - wife Catherine; Ch Sarah (md _____ ?MENGA); Simon, Christian, Catherine, John, Jacob, Rebecca, Barbara, Philip, Elizabeth, Susanna

LOTTS see Elizabeth LAMB

LOUDERMILK, Audrey Wilson - b 10 Jan 1914 Bot Co - d 19 July 1914 - f V W LAUDERMILK (b WV) - m Addie (STATON) (Rb Co) - buried Oriskany Cem - cd entero colitis

LOUDERMILK, Hilda Mary Jennings - b ca 1899 Va - d 1 Aug 1913 - f Valentine LOUDERMILK (b WV) - m Addie (STATON) (b Va) - buried Oriskany Cem - cd Rickets

LOUTHER, John - d by 15 Nov 1775 (son called an orphan - son James

LOVE, Joseph - d by 16 June 1770 (son called an orphan) - son Joseph

LOVE, Philip - d by 8 Dec (marked out, replaced with 13 Nov 1789 (suit abates) - Ref WB A p278, admr bond, appraisal & settlement; order book - admr Andrew LEWIS

LOVING see Martha CUPP

LOVING, male - b 2 Feb 1917 Bot Co - d 24 Feb 1917 Bot Co - f L W LOVING (b Va) - m Lou (CRAWFORD) (b Va) - buried Buchanan cem - cd broncho pneumonia

LOVING, Benny Alexander - b ca Dec 1857 Bot - d 18 July 1858 Bot Co - f Joseph LOVING - m [Rachel BRICKEY] [md Rke Co 8 Dec 1852] - cd flux - rep by father

LOVING, Joel - b ca 1855 Bot Co - d 1 Dec 1855 Bot Co - f Nicholson LOVING - m Jane - cd not nown - rep by father

LOVING, Seaton Alexander - b 6 Jan 1915 Bot Co - d 18 Jan 1915 Bot Co - f L W LOVING (b Va) - m M L (CRAWFORD) (b Va) - buried Buchanan Cem - cd convulsions

LOWMAN, Benjamin F - b 1 Nov 1855 Bot Co - d 1 Dec 1917 - f Abraham LOWMAN (b Va) - m Lydia (HOUFF) (b Va) - buried Springwood Cem - cd Lobar pneumonia

LOWRY, John - d by 8 Feb 1774 - Ref Admr bond - admr James Buchanan

LOYD see LLOYD, Thomas REYNOLDS

LOYD, Cecil S - b 26 Apr 1913 Bot Co - d 16 July 1914 - f Walter S LOYD (b Bot Co) - m Bettie (MARTIN) (b Bot Co) - buried Amsterdam cem - cd Ilio colitis & whooping cough

LOYD, Daniel P - b 1 Apr 1839 - d 3 Dec 1896 - h/o Mary F LOYD (d 1911) - grave Amsterdam Cem

LLOYD, Dorinda - b ca 1763 Ireland (census #1292) - d by 8 Dec 1851 - ex Timothy FLETCHER

LOYD, Mary F - b 22 June 1843 - d 3 Dec 1911 - w/o Daniel P LOYD - grave Amsterdam Cem

LUBOARD see Hezekiah BELDEN

LUCADO, male - b 23 Apr 1915 Bot Co - d 8 May 1915 - f Edgar R LUCADO (b Fluvanna Co, Va - m Blanch (HUDDLESTON) (b Buck Co) - buried Forest Grove Cem - cd pneumonia

LUCAS see Mary Ada ROWSEY

LUCAS, Mildred Louise - b 15 Mar 1913 Bot Co - d 15 Mar 1913 - f N C LUCAS (b Bot Co) - m Rosa (JAMES) (b Bot Co) - buried Troutville Cem - cd perma-ture birth

LUCAS, Ramsome G - b Jan 1850 Craig Co - d 16 Oct 1917 - f John LUCAS (b Craig Co) - m (b Craig Co) - buried Trinity Cem - cd broncho pneumonia

LUCAS, Raymond - b 3 Apr 1913 Bot Co - d 11 May 1913 - f W T LUCAS (b Bot Co) - m Mollie (EAVER) (b Bot Co) - buried Troutville cem - cd pneumonia

LUCAS, Rosa - b 19 Apr 1886 Bot Co - d 12 July 1914 - f Lee JONES (b Bot Co) - m Mary (FIRESTONE) (b Bot Co) - buried Troutville cem - [w/o Noah C LUCAS]

LUCAS, Walter Cable - b 1 Aug 1810 Bot Co - d 5 Oct 1912 - f Woodson H LUCAS (b Bot Co) - m Mollie (EVANS) (b Bot Co) - buried Troutville Cem - cd acute tho-colitis

LUCK, John B - d by 10 Mar 1823 (ch called orphans) - Ch Nathan P (14); these ch are under 14 Matilda, Mildred, Lucy Ann, George P

LUCK, Nathan P - b 1802 Caroline Co, Va (census #418) - d July 1861 - age 59y - f [John B LUCK] - cd dropsy - rep by wife Hardenia D [written above is Corrinda A] LUCK - Ex Henry LOVING (9 Sep 1861)

LUCK, William H - d by 29 Dec 1879 - Ref WB C p256 app - On 9 Aug 1824 his orphan William H was under 14

LUDER see Nicholas HAYNES

LUGAR, George W - b 22 Oct 1836 - d 30 Apr 1910 Bot Co (App) - f Jacob LUGAR - m Mary - 1st wife Nancy MANN, 2nd Harritt CROWDER - grave Mt Mariah Lutheran Cem

LUGAR, Giles M - d ca 1916 Bot Co (will WB 5 p379) - wife Elizabeth; son W W LUGAR (his wife Addie R)

LUGAR, Lillie B - d ca 1936 Bot Co Heir List (WB 6 p92) - hus Charles W LUGAR (b ca 1868); Ch Gertrude FINK (b ca 1895); Elmer C (b ca 1896); Carl M (b ca 1898); V (b ca 1899); Dana CLAYTON (b ca 1901); May I ALLS (b ca 1903); Abella E GIBSON (b ca 1905); Mary (b ca 1906); Ava A (b ca 1908); Charles A (b ca 1912)

LUGAR, Mary A - b 1 Apr 1864 Bot Co - d 1 Apr 1917 Bot Co Cert - f John W REDMAN (b Bot Co) - m Elizabeth (TUCKER) (b Craig Co) - buried Bot Co - cd TB of lungs & intestines

LUGAR, Sarah E - b 24 Mar 1850 - d 9 Mar 1909 - w/o W E LUGAR - grave Mt Mariah Lutheran Cem

LUKINS see LIKENS

LUNEY see LOONEY

LUNSFORD see Paulina F CALHOON, John HEWITT

LUNSFORD, Clementine - b 24 June 1849 - d 8 Aug 1897 - 1st w/o Marshall T LUNSFORD (1852-1935) - Ref Lemontown gravestone

LUNSFORD, Lula C - b 24 Aug 1868 - d 2 Feb 1927 - 2nd w/o Marshall T LUNSFORD (1852-1935) - ref Lemontown gravestone

LUNSFORD, Marshall T - b 23 Feb 1852 - d 1 June 1935 - h/o Clementine LUNSFORD (d 1897) & Lula C LUNSFORD (d 1927) - ref Lemontown gravestone

LUNSFORD, Merryman - b 7 June 1787 Northumberland Co, Va (census #381) - d 17 June 1862 - age 75y - cd old age - rep by son Robert R LUNSFORD - h/o Susan R LUNSFORD - grave Old Glade Creek cem - ex Robert R LUNSFORD

LUNSFORD, Susan R - b ca 1797 (or 1795) Bed Co (census #381) - d 1 Feb 1855 - age 58y - cd pneumonia - rep by hus Merryman LUNSFORD - grave Old Glade Creek cem

LUNSFORD, Wilbert M - b 21 Nov 1913 Rb Co - d 13 Aug 1914 - f H E LUNSFORD (b Madison Co, WV) - m Mary E (TAYLOR) (b Aug Co) - buried Stuarts Draft Cem - cd bronchitis

LUSTER see Charles E CURD, James Albert CURD, John T CURD

LUSTER, Celia - b ca 1766, Chesterfield Co, Va - d 4 Jan 1856 - age 90y - cd old age - rep by son James LUSTER

LUSTER, Emeline - b ca 1830 ?Rke Co - d 22 Nov 1868 - age 38y - f Samuel STONER - m Catherine - cd consumption - rep by hus Edwin B LUSTER

LUSTER, James - b 1804 - d 1875 - h/o Mary L LUSTER (1802-1870) - ref Godwin gravestone

LUSTER, James W (or H) - b ca 1832 Fincastle (census #1322) - d 6 Dec 1855 Fincastle - f James LUSTER - m Rev Mary M - cd typhoid fever - rep by father - adm James LUSTER

LUSTER, John B - d in 1890's - age 66y - f John LUSTER - wife Bettie HOUSTON (md 1866); sis ___ (md ___ DOUGLAS) - obituary in Cronise scrapbook 22 (not dated)

LUSTER, Luther J - b ca Jan 1839 - d 31 May 1862 Henrico Co, Va - age 23y 4m 24d - f James LUSTER - m Mary - cd gunshot - rep by father

LUSTER, Martha S - b ca Mar 1843 Bot Co - d 30 Sep 1862 - age 19y 6m 1d - f James LUSTER - m Mary - cd scrofulo - rep by father

LUSTER, Mary L - b 1802 - d 1870 - w/o James LUSTER (1804-1875) - ref Godwin gravestone

LYLE, male - b 16 Jan 1914 [Eagle Rock] - d 28 July 1914 - f Jefferson D LYLE (b Bath Co) - m Laura (BURGER) (b Bot Co) - buried Eagle Rock Cem - cd acute milk infection

LYLE, Harlie - d by 12 Oct 1922 - cd fell from truck - ref Inquest papers

LYNCH, John - b ca 1852 Ireland - d 19 Jan 1913 - f Pat LYNCH (b Ireland) - m ___ (McMANN) (b Ireland) - buried Low Moor Cem - cd apoplexy

LYNSEY see LINDSEY, Thomas REED

LYON, Mary - d by Dec 1807 - Ref WB B p153, will dated 30 Oct 1807 - dau Peggy LYON

LYONS, ___ - d by 11 July 1797 (sons called orphans) - sons Paul, Peter

LYTH, John -- d by Dec 1781 (entering the Army) - Ref WB A p 139, will dated 2 Apr 177 - relatives, others: Mrs Betsy BREKENRIDGE

McALLISTER see McCALLISTER, etc; Frank HAZELWOOD

McBOURN see Mrs Mary PAGE

McCABE, Edward - b ca 1821 Ireland - d 1856 - cd consumption - rep by Steward of the poor

McCALLISTER see **McKALLISTER**

McCALISTER, Cynthia - b ca 1810 Bot Co - d 28 Apr 1859 - age 48y - f **Robert RICHEY** - cd pneumonia - rep by hus **William McCALISTER**

McCALLISTER, William - b ca 1851 - d 6 Feb 1853 - f **William McCALLISTER** - m **Lyvitha** - cd drowned - rep by father

McCARROL see **Jane GLYNN**

McCARROLL, Sarah (unmd) - b ca 1797 - d ca 1820 - age 23y - rep in "Herald of the Valley" 8 July 1820

McCARTHY, Daniel - b ca 1814 - d 21 Nov 1858 - age 44y - h/o **Matilda McCARTHY** - Ref Locust Bottom gravestone

McCARTNEY see **William DAVIDSON Sr, Martha BIGGS, Mary A BIGGS, Janette Howard TREEVEY, Evans DEISHER Jr**

McCARTNEY, Andrew - b ca 1784 Pa (census #995) - d by 8 Feb 1858 - h/o **Susan**

McCARTNEY, John - d by 14 Nov 1815 (ch called orphans) - ch (all under 14) **William, Mary, James, Charlotte, Martha, Andrew, Baker & John**

McCARTY, Dennis - d by 13 Oct 1801 (his orphans to be bound) - orphans **John, Polly, Nancy** (over 14 by 15 Nov 1810)

McCARTY, Nancy - d by Nov 1823 - f **CAMPBELL** - Ref WB C p407, will dated 12 Oct 1823 - sis **Elizabeth** (md ___ **KIDD** [of K & Q Co], her daus **Elizabeth & Jane**); bros **John CAMPBELL, Luray CAMPBELL**; niece **Susan** (d/o bro **John CAMPBELL**); others **Emily LEE, Matilda CAMPBELL**

McCAULEY, Susan - b ca 1812 - d 13 Dec 1891 Salem, Va (obituary) - age 79y - f **DINGLEDINE** - widow of Hon **John McCAULEY** - ch **William, Mary** (md ___ **SNEAD**); ___ (md **James P HOUTZ**); ___ (md Rev **J W BULTER**)

McCHESNEY, George - d by 10 Feb 1868 Bot Co - admr 10 Feb 1868 W^m **A GLASGOW**

McCLANAHAN see **George GREEN, James MOORE, Joseph SNODGRASS, William SNODGRASS Sr, Daniel CAMPBELL, Minna BRADFORD, Col GEORGE Walker Sr**

McCLENAHAN, Green - b [3 Oct 1782] - d by 8 Mar 1820??1830 (ch called orphans) f [**William McCLANAHAN** (d 1819-1920 sic, 1820 see next name)] - m [**Sarah NEELLY**] - wife [**Elizabeth GRIFFIN**]; ch **Washington, Sarah, John, Elijah**

McCLENACHAN, John - d by Jan 1815 (order) (obituary in Lynchburg Press says d 9 Sep 1814 leaving widow & 4 ch) - f [**William McCHANAHAN** (d 1819-1820)] - m [**Sarah NEELLY**] - ref WB C pl23, 124, dower assigned, app - wife **Lucy**; Ch **William, Charles, Mary, Sarah, Jane, Lucy**

McCLANACHAN, Robert - d by 9 May 1775, marked out & written above 7 Mar 1774 Point Pleasant (reported Bot Co) - f [**Robert McCLANAHAN**] - m [**Sarah BRECKENRIDGE**] - Ref WB A p41, app & admr bond - wife [**Catharine MADISON**]; ch **John & Robert**] - admr **Samuel McCLENACHAN**

McCLENACHAN, Washington [unmd] - d by Sep 1819, marked out, written above Oct 1816 order - f [William **McCLANAHAN**] - m [Sarah **NEELLY**] - ref WB C p108, 216 app & settelment - admr **James McCANACHAN**

McCLANAHAN, William - d by Mar 1818, app ordered - f [David **McCLANAHAN**] - m [Isabella **SNODGRASS**] - Ref WB C p132 - [Note: his wife was Margaret (**SNODGRASS**); ch Margaret, William, Hannah, David

McCLANAHAN, William (see also Chalkley's Records of Aug Co, Va, Vol 2 p271) - d by Dec 1820, will recorded [1819, Barnes Bk] - f [Robert **McCLENAHAN**] - m [Sarah **BRECKENRIDGE**] - Ref WB C p233, will dated 23 Sep 1813, codicil 9 Nov 1819 - wife Sarah; ch Elijah, James, Green [dec'd] (md Elizabeth & had Washington & John); John dec'd (md Lucy & had William & Charles, [Mary, Sarah, Jane, Lucy]); Washington dec'd, & Gs^s W^m **McCLANAHAN, William McClanahan Jr, William LEWIS, William COOK, William LEWIS Jr, William MARKLE**

McCLAUGHERTY, Ballard S - d by 11 Nov 1867 Bot Co - admr 11 Nov 1867 Virginia **McCLAUGHERTY**

McCLELLON see Edward **SHARP**

McCLENDISH see Archibald **SLOAN**

McCLINTIC, Charlotte Ann - b Bot Co - d 20 Apr 1914 - f Anderson **THOMPSON** (b Bot Co) - m Charlotte (**ROWLAND**) (b Bot Co) - buried Fincastle cem

McCLINTOCK, William - d by 14 Mar 1787 - Ref admr bond - admr Else **McCLINTOCK**

McCLUNG see Jane McC **WILLIAMS**

McCLUNG, John (of Rke in Bot Co) - d by 14 May 1779 - Ref WB A p107, will dated 15 June 1778 Admr bond - bro James; sis Agnes (md ___ Gray) - admr James **McCLUNG**

McCLUNG, Joseph (widower) - b ca 1775 [?] [Rb Co - d 8 mar1866 - age 91y - f John **McCLUNG** - m Ella - cd old age - rep by son Joseph **McCLUNG**

McCLUNG, Mary Ann - d 10 Feb 1823 - rep in "Herald of the Valley" 22 Feb 1823 - w/o Archibald **McCLUNG**

McCLURE see James **TRIMBLE, James WADDLE, Mary J ANDERSON, Charles E ANDERSON, John Thomas BAKER, Benjamin BRUGH, Esterline BRUGH, Frances O BRUGH, Ollin U BRUGH, Martha C Anderson FIREBAUGH, Mary GISH, Mamie Love Brugh HONTS, Maude HONTS, Lucy Jane PAINTER, Hettie WEBB, Nora Brugh WOODYARD**

McCLURE, Andrew - b ca 1801 [or 1805] Va [census #993] - d 9 Nov 1857 [Bot Co Death Bk] - age 56y - f [John **McCLURE**] - m [Isabelle **HALL**] - rep by son Thomas **McCLURE** - h/o [Charlotte **CROSS**] - Adm Thomas & Marcus **McCLURE** (13 Dec 1858)

McCLUER, Charlotte - b ca 1796 Bot Co - d 7 Feb Amsterdam Twsp [Death Bk] - age 74y - f [John **CROSS**] - m [Mary **MAYS**] - cd old age - rep by son Thomas **McCLUER** - w/o Andrew **McCLUER**

McCLURE, Clifton H - b ca 1878 Rb Co - d 1946 Bot Co Heir List (WB 10 p69) - f **William T McClure** - m **Sarah J** - wife **Martha S Ford**; Ch **Gladys Irene** (b ca 1902); **Sybil O Kessler** (b ca 1904); **Mazie Nichols** (b ca 1905); **Oscar Fred** (b ca 1906); **Lucy** (b ca 1909); **Lloyd** (b ca 1912); **Evelyn Bemoke** (b ca 1916); **Margaret** (b ca 1919); Gch: **Edward F Falls** (b ca 1921); **Helen Erker** (b ca 1923); **Clarence R Falls** (b ca 1925); **Ervin McC Falls** (b ca 1929); **Norma Jean Falls** (b ca 1934)

McCLURE, Elizabeth - b ca 1794 Rb Co (1850 census Bot Co #789) - d 16 Jan 1856 Bot Co Death Bk - f **Robert Stewart** - m **E[izabeth McClung]** - cd consumption - rep by son **Robert McClure** - w/o **John McClure**

McCLURE, Harriet C - b 9 Aug 1848 - d 29 Aug 1910 Bot Co - f **David Whitmer** - m **Nancy** - w/o **John Thomas McClure** (1841-1903) - Ref Saltpeter Cave gravestone

McCLURE, Harry D[elmer] - b 1881 - d 1954 - f **[John T McClure]** - m **[Harritt C Whitmer]** - Ref Locust Bottoms gravestone

McCLURE, James - b [1831 Rke Co census 1850 #284] - d by 13 Feb 1854 - f [maybe **James McClure**] - m **[Martha Mays]** - adm **Francis T Anderson** 13 Feb 1854 (Adm 14 Aug 1868 sheriff, has been marked out)

McCLURE, James - b 1809 (1850 Bot Co census #989) - d 1864 Bot Co Death Bk - f **[John McClure]** - m **[Isabella Hall]** - wife **Martha (Mays)** - adm bond 14 Aug 1868 Sheriff **Linkenhoker**

McCLURE, John - b ca 1725 Ireland - d by 11 Feb 1778 (Bot Co Will, WB A p83) - f **Halbert McClure** - m **Mary** [written above **Agnes**] - Ref WB A p83, will dated 22 May 1777, admr bond - relatives wife **[Mary]**; **Samuel, Alexander, Mary, Agnes, Jennet, Malcolm, Hannah, Rebekah, John, Halbert, Moses, Nathaniel** - Admr **George Skillern, Caleb Worley**

McCLUER, John - b 1765 ?Bot Co (census #750) - d 5 June 1854 Bot Co, will & death bk (WB I pl87) - age 89y - f **Samuel McCluer** - m **Hannah** - cd old age - rep by son **Joseph McCluer** - Ch: **Samuel, Andrew, James, John A, William, Catherine Flaherty, Mary Kish, Joseph, Margaret**; Gch: **Martha Malissa, Margaret Missouri McClure** - Ex **Joseph McCluer** (12 June 1854)

McCLURE, John A - b 21 Jan 1808 - d 15 Mar 1887 Bot Co, app, WB P p289 - f **John McClure** - m **[Isabella Hall]** - h/o 1st wife **Mary C[olvin] McClure** (d 1858), 2nd wife **Damaris** - Ref Beaverdam gravestone

McCLURE, John Thomas - b 7 Oct 1841 - d 7 Mar 1903 Bot Co - f **Joseph McClure** - m **Susannah T Mays** - h/o **Harriet C** (1848-1910) - Ref Saltpeter Cave gravestone

McCLURE, Joseph - b ca 1812 - d 1895 Bot Co (will WB Q pl59) - f **John McClure** - **[Isabella Hall]** - wife **Susannah T Mays**; Ch: **John T, Estiline H Flaherty, Maria J, Martha M**

McCLURE, Joseph Thomas (single) - b ca 1848 Bot Co - d 26 Apr 1854 Bot Co Death bk - f **William McClure** - m **Evaline [Cross]** - cd scarlet fever - rep by father

McCLURE, Joseph W - b 15 Aug 1875 Bot Co - d 16 Mar 1931 Bot Co Heir List (WB 4 p 300) - f John T McCLURE - m Harriett C WHITMER - wife Irene ANDERSON (b ca 1898); Ch: Katherine (b ca 1921); Joseph W (b ca 1924: Ref Locust Bottom gravestone

McCLURE, "Lizzie" Annie E, Mrs - b ? ca 1835 - d ? ca 1907 - age 72y 5m 4d - f John LAYMAN - m Hester A BAKER - w/o Thomas M McCLURE - grave Haymakertown cem

McCLURE, Lucinda (unmd) - b ca 1813 Bot Co - d 9 June 1858 Bot Co Death Bk - f Michael McClure - m Nancy DAVIDSON - cd diarrhea - rep by friend James G RIPLEY

McCLURE, Malcolm - b ca 1765 - d 2 May 1791 Bot Co will (WB A p300) - f John McCLURE - m Mary ALLEN - ref WB A p300, will dated 9 Apr 1791, admr bond - wife Elizabeth; Ch: John, Mary; bro Samuel Sr; nephew Samuel McCLURE Jr - admr Elizabeth McCLURE, Samuel McCLURE Sr, Samuel McCLURE Jr

McCLURE, Margaret Virginia (single) - b ca Dec 1843 Bot Co - d 5 Apr 1861 Bot Co Death bk - age 17y 4m 10d - f William McCLURE - m Evelyn [CROSS] - cd diptheria - rep by father

McCLURE, Martha (single) - b ca 1843 - d 1922 Sussex Co (rep in Bot Co) (Will WB 3 p112) - f Joseph McCLURE - m Susannah MAYS - nieces Dewey SMITH (md PETTICREW); Elsie SMITH (md O S WILLIAMS Jr)

McCLURE, Mary Colvin - b ca 1808 - d 30 Nov 1858 (or 1857) - f Thomas WILSON - Mary EDMUNDSON - w/o John A McCLURE [1808-1887] - Ref Beaverdam Cem

McCLURE, May R (single) - b ca 1852 - d 31 ___ 1880 Bot Co - f Joseph McCLURE m Susannah REID - bro John T

McCLURE, Moses - b [ca 1710] - d by 1 Dec 1778 (dau called an orphan) (Rb Co, app) - f Halbert McCLURE - m Agnes - dau Isabella (over 14)

McCLURE, Samuel - b Ireland - d 13 Mar 1779 (son called an orphan in Bot) (Rb Co) - f Halbert McCLURE - m Agnes - son Alexander (over 14)

McCLURE, Samuel - d by 1838 (dau called an orphan) Bot Co app WB F p12 - f John McCLURE - m Isabella HALL - dau Elizabeth (over 14)

McCLURE, Samuel W - b ca 1835 Rb Co - d 14 Sep 1862 Bot Co (death bk) - age 27y - f J[ohn R] McCLURE - m E[lizabeth STEWART] - cd killed crossing the Potomac - rep by bro Robert McCLURE - Adm 8 Apr 1867 Sheriff Lewis LINKENHOGER

McCLURE, Susannah T - b ca 1812 - d July 1880 Bot Co - f Matthew MAYS - m Esther REID - hus Joseph McCLURE; ch Mays R

McCLURE, Thomas Wilson - b 22 Aug 1840 Bot Co - d 18 Nov 1858 Bot Co Death Bk - f John A McCLURE - m Mary C[olvin WILSON] - cd typhoid pneumonia - rep by father - Ref Death bk; Beaverdam gravestone

McCLURE, Virginia R (single) - b ca 1860 [or 1856] - d 15 Nov 1887 Bot Co - f Joseph McCLURE - m Susannah REID

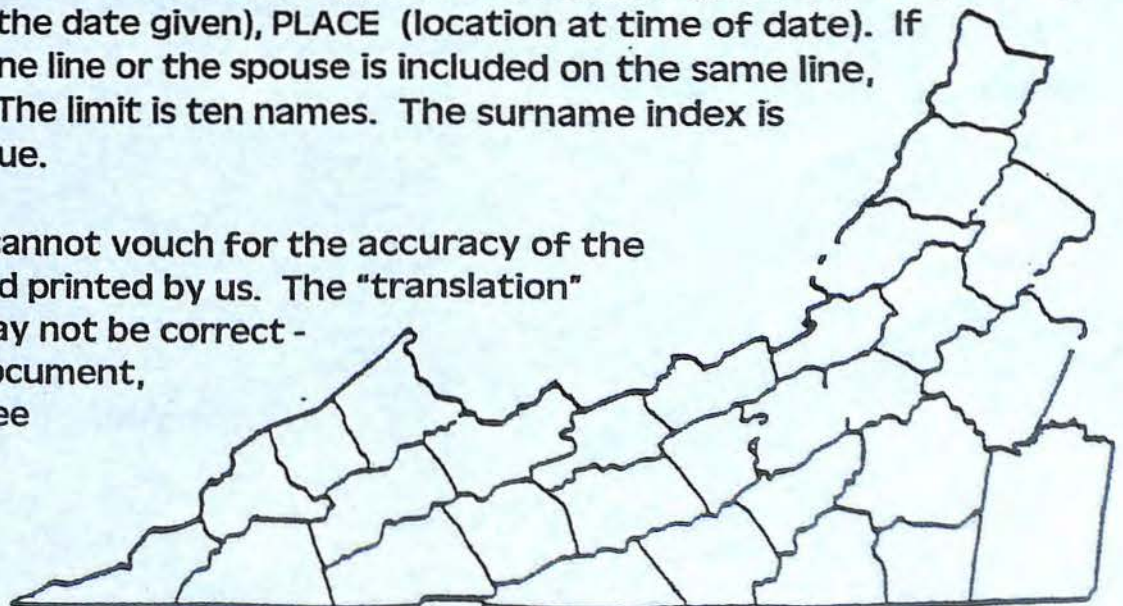
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