



THE BULLETIN OF THE KING WILLIAM COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF VIRGINIA

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MEMORIES OF THE CIVIL WAR

After forty-four years, it seems almost a dream that I could have been through the Civil War and, before it is too late, I will write some of my memories of those stirring times.

My father was a very strong Southern sympathizer. We lived in Washington City near the Old Capitol Prison and we found many ways to give aid to the Confederate Cause. At that time, things were very much mixed, and many had not decided what to do — with friends and leanings toward both sides.

I must have been a very pert little girl, for I made friends with the officers and was allowed to run in and out of the Old Capitol Prison at my own pleasure, and unknown to myself, carried many messages, along with delicacies, to the prisoners. I have since heard that a new tin pie-plate made an excellent place for a note. The house next to ours was used by the Government as a barracks for a regiment of soldiers and day and night a guard paced back and forth, but lots of rebels came in and out of our house and aid and comfort of all kinds were sent South. We were never caught, but came perilously near to it some times.

Some times friends who were sympathizers would bring bundles of linen; then, after the servants were in bed, we would all turn in and scrape lint and cut and roll bandages. Later on they were smuggled to a country place on the Maryland side and from there two young and beautiful girls, with a faithful old negro servant, would cross the river on dark nights in an open rowboat to give them to a messenger from the Confederates. I have often heard them tell how frightened they were as they tried to row silently under the bows of the U. S. gun boats.

One night there were a number of visitors, one or two senators and a couple of army officers and others, playing cards in our parlor. We heard the front door shut quietly and the latch click. My father got up, looked, said it was nothing, shut the parlor door and went on playing. Late in the night he found, as he expected, a Confederate Captain who had escaped from the Old Capitol Prison and was hidden in the rafters of our carriage-house. They went at once down town to the house of another friend, where he was taken to a third story room. The next day a doctor was sent for who announced that one of the family had small-pox, and there he stayed safely until the excitement over the escape had subsided, after which he was smuggled South.

Very soon after this Washington got too hot for my father — he heard that he was to be arrested — so he and my brother, a boy of sixteen who was war crazy, skipped out of town at night and ran the blockade to Richmond. My brother at once enlisted in the Maryland Cavalry, "a high private in the rear rank".

Soon after that, the Government ordered South all women and children who were Southern sympathizers. They said it would be the last Flag-of-Truce Boat, so my Mother with six of us decided to go. I shall never forget that journey — it is a night-mare to me yet. As I had been ill with pneumonia, we had influential friends who got a permit for me to take a small box of medicine with me. It was not searched, but each of us was, and so was our baggage for fear of contraband articles; but oh! they ought to have searched that box I carried so carefully — it was full of much needed drugs for the Confederates and was turned over to them as soon as we landed.

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TAX BOOK OF COL. HARDIN LITTLEPAGE 1815

JOHN ALVEY	
Tax on 264 acres Land	3.37
4 negroes 12 ys. old	3.20
2 horses .42 - 10 Cattle .30	.72
Gigg .67 - 1 wooden clock no case .25	.92
1 Mahg. Tea Table	.25
1 Chest Drawers not mahg.	.12½
4 County & poor rates	2.48
	<u>11.06½</u>
fee bill	1.00
	<u>12.06½</u>

AMBROSE ACREE	
Tax on 1 horse	.21
1 County & poor rate	.62
	<u>.83</u>

JOSHUA ACREE	
Tax on 1 horse	.21
1 County & poor rate	.62
	<u>.83</u>

GEORGE ALLEN	
Tax on 2 negroes 12 ys. old	1.60
1 do 9 ys old	.50
1 horse .21 - 1 silver watch .50	.71
2 County & poor rates	1.24
	<u>4.05</u>
fee bill	8.75
	<u>12.80</u>

JAMES ALLEN	
Tax on 3 Cattle	.09
1 County & poor rate	.62
	<u>.71</u>

WILLIAM ALLEN	
Tax on 288 acres Land	3.00
3 Negroes 16 ys. old	2.40
3 horses .63 - 7 Cattle .21	.84
Gigg .67	.67
4 County & poor rates	2.48
	<u>9.39</u>
due for the year 1814	1.60
	<u>10.99</u>

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MEMORIES OF THE CIVIL WAR — Continued from page 1

The trip to City Point took nearly three days and we were packed like sardines in a box in a dirty, miserable little steamboat. Three times a day men went around with big trays of hunks of stale bread with a piece of ham between them and handed each of us one of them. Then other men came along with buckets of black coffee and give each of us a tin cup of this vile compound. This was the treatment of ladies and delicate children.

When we were getting ready to leave Washington, my mother had quite a sum of money in gold which they would not allow her to bring with her, but she was determined to bring it; so she had a dress made princess as we called them then, trimmed with buttons from shoulders to hem, on the sleeves and everywhere that a button could be stuck. And the buttons were five and ten dollar gold pieces, covered with black cloth by our girl friends, and sewed securely on. The dress was very heavy, but she wore it and brought the gold safely through. Ma wanted to bring some cloth, but that too, was contraband so she had one or two riding skirts made (they were long and full in those days) and in this way brought through enough cloth for two suits, I believe it was.

When we reached Richmond, we were on the way to my Father's boarding house, my Mother said, "Father, is there anything going on? I see so many little flags." "No", he said, "nothing at all". However, when we were all in the house he said, "Don't let any of the children go out of the house until I get Dr. Garnett". "Why not?" was asked. "Because there is an epidemic of small pox in the city and they must be vaccinated". For once my poor mother's nerve deserted her and she fainted away — the awful anxiety and fatigue of the journey, and the fact that she had brought six children to a crowded and beleaguered city where there was a small-pox epidemic was too much for her. We were all vaccinated and it must have been good vaccine for I have never been vaccinated since.

There were so many refugees in Richmond that it was almost impossible to find accommodations and food was scarce indeed. A high official in the Confederate Navy, with his wife and little daughter, had one large room in the old Carleton House ingeniously divided to appear as parlor, bedroom, etc. One afternoon, I had a message to come over at once, as Maj. W ___ had a treat for us two girls; he was sitting in front of the grate holding a little saucepan over the fire, for he had been fortunate to get a pound of white sugar and he was making candy; he broke it into small pieces and treated everyone with it — we all shared in those days.

Another time father found a man who had contrived to get a barrel of maple sugar from West Virginia and every afternoon he gave us \$2 to go down and get a lump of it about as big as my first, but it did not last long, I can tell you.

Toward the last of the War, my father made a business trip to Charleston, S.C. and brought home with him a large basket of fresh vegetables, some tomatoes among them. We children thought what a feast we were going to have, but there were so many sick and wounded who needed them that they disappeared like leaves before the wind until only two small tomatoes were left. Then one day a little girl came to dinner and beside her plate — a saucer of sliced tomatoes. Imagine our disappointment. When she had gone our mother told us that her mother had sent that delicate child to dine with us, hoping that there might be something to tempt her appetite as they had had nothing but corn meal and rice in their house for many weeks. I must have been greedy, for I never see her to this day without remembering those tomatoes.

Late in the winter of '64-65, old Governor F. of Mississippi, a life long friend of my fathers, came to see my mother and in a very formal manner presented her with one of the original Seals of the Confederate States. He said that there were only three, and told her who had the other two; he said that it was his belief that the Confederacy could hold out a very short while longer and that the Seal in years to come would be very valuable to her children. About that time, Mr. Davis made a thrilling call upon the people of the South to come forward with much money as they might have to help the Confederacy in its last effort, that they would receive English Bonds as security.

Everyone gave what he had; my father giving all his savings — ten thousand dollars in gold, and when the war was over the English Bonds were as worthless as the Confederate States money.

There was such a scarcity of cloth and woolen goods in the South that a great many people ripped their worsted dresses and made them into quilts for home use so as to give all the blankets to the soldiers. One winter was

very severe, and the Orphans of the Episcopal Church suffered greatly from cold hands. There was a meeting of the ladies of the Monumental Church at our house to make gloves for them out of such pieces of worsted material as we could collect. The Reverend George Woodbridge, then a very old man, was first to appear, and when asked how he proposed to help, he said that it was his intention to thread all the needles, and sure enough there he stayed until the last minute and threaded and distributed needles to everyone, and so all the orphans rejoiced in warm gloves.

There was never a more religious people than those of the South during that stirring time, but they were gay enough between times. There were lots of "Starvation Parties" and we all danced and sang and in good weather rode horse back and were merry enough. I remember going to a "grown up" party with my oldest sister one night. I asked the name of a very enthusiastic looking girl with a red ribbon around her waist and in a white frock, and was told that she was Marie La Caste, who wrote "Somebody's Darling".

I was at boarding school in Greensboro, N.C. when it took fire at night and burned down, leaving over a hundred girls on the lawn homeless for the night. There was not an able-bodied man in Greensboro to help put out the fire, the men there were too old to go to war, although none were too young. These and a few sick and wounded were the only ones there, but the people took us in and cared for us. I saw in a paper the other day some reasons for the deplorable condition of the Federal Soldiers at Andersonville. I had supposed that after this lapse of time most people had come to believe that our necessities were so great that we could not take proper care of our prisoners, and we were more than anxious to exchange them. Every particle of the beef that came into the City of Richmond was confiscated by the Confederate States Government for the United States prisoners in Libby Prison. My father secured half a beef after long search and sent it to Richmond in the middle of the night and brought it before day to our house. Before breakfast, my mother had a large roast cut off, put it in the oven and gave orders to keep the kitchen door shut; however, before we had finished breakfast, Captain Warner, the Commissary of Libby Prison, called to see my father, walked at once out of the back door, leant over the porch where the beef was being cut up and seized on it — in the name of the Confederate States of America. And those Yankee prisoners ate our beef.

My brother was a prisoner for nine months at Point Lookout, a Federal Prison, where he was starved to the last point of emaciation, although he was in good physical condition when captured. We had many relations in the North who sent him boxes of clothes, tobacco and other things, but they were always opened and most of their contents removed before he ever saw them. I have many times heard him tell how the guards would fire into the tents where they slept to make sure the Johnny Rebs were there. He came home on parole and I can see him now tramping up and down crazy to be in a skirmish near the City — we could plainly hear the firing. We had ample excuse for the poor food, etc. of our prisoners, but what excuse had the General Government for such outrages as these — with every port open and plenty of money?

The Cavalry of our Army was always being moved back and forth. When they camped over night at Camp Lee, my brother would ride into town and spend the night at home, bringing with him ten or twelve of his friends haversacks; then the cook would set to work beating biscuits, making bread, cooking ham and bacon, we had no other meat. Then late at night, we would all work at filling the haversacks and at daylight Willie would ride off with the whole lot tied across his saddle. The flower of the families of the South was in the army, but in the North the cities were full of men pursuing their several avocations, their army being largely made up of foreigners. I heard in Washington, before we left there, an entire regiment of Frenchmen, who could not "speak a word" of English, sing the Marseilles.

On Sunday, April 2nd, my second brother of about eighteen, one of the V.M.I. Cadets, and a courier for one of the Generals Lee (Rooney Lee and J.H.F. Lee) and had been riding hard for three days, came home on his way to join the other part of the army; he would not lie down to rest until my mother had promised to wake him at ten o'clock when the troops passed through, so that he could go too. One of his officers stopped on his way and told us that his command was disbanded and all boys under twenty-one had been sent home, so B-- was not waked.

When the Arsenal was blown up, in the night a long French window, back of the couch on which he was lying, was shattered — every pane was broken and he was covered with splinters of glass. We dusted him off

with a dust-pan and brush, but it did not wake him. And Oh! he was furious when we waked him the next day to find the army gone and the enemy in possession. The women of the City stood out on the pavement in front of their houses, weeping to see our troops go by. There was no great discipline and everyone stopped a moment to bid some friend good-bye. Most of them we never saw again.

About nine o'clock in the morning of the third of April, my father was standing on the front pavement watching the Federal soldiers in the Capitol Square, he saw a Confederate Officer on a very good horse riding slowly up Grace Street. He hailed him and said, "Hello, my friend, the soldiers are there in the Square and I'm afraid that they will catch you". "Well", he said, "I'd just like to take one more crack at them". — and just then the soldiers caught sight of him and gave chase, so he waved his hand, put spurs to his horse and galloped off — followed by a dozen or more cavalymen; but they soon came back alone.

In the burning of Richmond, my father lost every dollar that he had and a week later my brother was killed. After the Fall of Richmond, my husband, who was then a particularly small and delicate boy of seventeen, — but one of the Local Defense Troops — went to the Provost Marshall for a parole. When that Officer saw him, as he came in, he said, "Well, my boy, what can I do for you?" "I want a parole", said G—. "a parole, Good God, they robbed the cradle and the grave in this country".

Most of our servants left us as soon as the enemy came, but we had one faithful boy. Early on the morning of the third, my father gave him a roll of money and told him to follow the army and find his young "Marster", and, dead or alive, to bring him back. After three days, he came back without having spent a dollar of the money, broke down and wept like a child over the sight he had seen, but was not able to find his young "Marster", who served nearly four years in the Army of Northern Virginia, with nine months in prison. He was never wounded, but had two horses killed under him, but, at last, he was the last man killed at Appomattox.

When the federal troops entered Richmond, I have heard my mother say that while she was ashamed to say it, yet she had never tasted anything so delicious as the crackers and cheese the Commissary had. These first days after the evacuation were terrible indeed, — everything burned up, it seemed to us, the City in total darkness and no one allowed on the streets after dark, the awful suspense of what had become of our dear ones in the Army, the City full of strangers, carriages driving around, the ladies bare-headed in light dresses, looking at our beautiful city in ruins and most of the residents in mourning. It was a heartrending time.

Later on our boys began to straggle in, — ragged, footsore and hungry — to start life anew with absolutely nothing.

P.P.L.

TAX BOOK – Continued from page 1

EDWARD ACREE	
Tax on 2 horses .42 - 8 cattle .24	.66
2 County & poor rates	1.24
	<u>1.90</u>
ELIZABETH ALLEN	
Tax on 140½ acres Land	1.39
1 Negroe 12 ys old	.80
1 do 9 ys old	.50
3 horses .63 - 10 Cattle .30	.93
1 County & poor rate	.62
	<u>4.24</u>
ABRAHAM ARCHER	
Tax on 1 horse	.21
1 County & poor rate	.62
	<u>.83</u>
ANN AVERA	
Tax on 4 Negroes 16 ys. old	3.20
2 horses .42 - 11 Cattle .33	.75
4 County & poor rates	2.48
	<u>6.43</u>

LEW W. ALLEN	
1 County & poor rate	.62
ALEXANDER B. AGANEW	
1 County & poor rate	.62
LEVINA ALLEN	
Tax on 412 acres Land	4.60
3 Negroes 12 ys. old	2.40
1 horse .21 - 1 Cow 3	.24
1 Mahg. ding. Table	.25
1 County & poor rate	.62
	<u>8.11</u>
fee bill	13.24
	<u>21.35</u>
WILLIAM ARMSTEAD	
Tax on 550 acres Land	8.91
20 Negroes 12 ys. old	16.00
1 do 9 ys old	.50
6 horses 1.26 - 24 Cattle .72	1.98
Gigg .67 Coachee 5.33	6.00
1 Mahg. Book Case	.50
3 Ding & Tea Table Mahg.	1.00
1 Chest Drawers Mahg.	.25
1 Settee do	.75
3 Chests Drawers not Mahg.	.37½
1 Mahg. Chair .06½ 12 Mahg. .36	.42½
1 Carpet .25 1 Looking Glass under 3 feet 1.00	1.25
17 County & poor rates	10.54
	<u>48.48</u>
fee bill	2.01
	<u>50.49</u>
ELIZABETH ALVEY	
Tax 360 acres Land	4.63
12 Negroes 12 ys. old	9.60
5 do 9 ys old	2.50
6 horses 1.26 - 22 Cattle .66	1.92
Gigg .67 1 Mahg. Chest Drawer .25	.92
1 Book case not Mahg.	.25
2 Chests Drawers do	.25
10 County & poor rates	6.20
	<u>26.27</u>
fee bills	2.92
	<u>29.19</u>
ELIZABETH ANN & JANE ALVEY	
Tax on 275 acres Land	3.47
3 Negroes 12 ys. old	2.40
1 do 9 ys old	.50
1 horse .21 - 6 Cattle .18	.39
2 County & poor rates	1.24
	<u>8.00</u>
fee bill	2.44
fee bill	2.10
	<u>12.54</u>
WILLIAM ALVEY	
1 County & poor rate	.62
fee bills	7.58
	<u>8.20</u>
CARTER & CORBIN BRAXTON	
Tax on 17 Negroes 12 ys. old	13.60
1 do 9 ys.	.50
7 horses 1.47 - 7 Cattle .21	1.68
15 County & poor rates	9.30
	<u>25.08</u>

MARY M. BRAXTON	
Tax on 749 acres Land	15.93
22 Negroes 12 ys. old	17.60
1 do 9 ys old	.50
6 horses 1.26 - 21 Cattle .63	1.89
Coachee 5.33 - 1 Ice house 5.00	10.33
1 Mahg. Secretary	.50
1 Mahg. Tea Table .25 2 do beadsteads. 50	.75
1 Mahg. Chest Drawers	.25
20 County & poor rates	12.40
	<u>60.15</u>
Tax on 83 acres land charged to Georgina Braxton	1.76
25 ditto ch. to Jn. Emond	.20
	<u>62.11</u>

CARTER BRAXTON	
Tax on 1 horse	.21
1 County & poor rate	.62
283 acres land 14 marsh Land	6.05
Attorney tax in Sp. Ct. County	13.33
	<u>20.21</u>

EDWARD BUTLER	
Tax on 1 Negroe 12 ys. old	.80
1 horse .21 - Gigg. 67	.88
1 Silver Watch .50 - wooden clock in case .50	1.00
1 Chest Drawers Mahg.	.25
1 book case not Mahg.	.25
1 County & poor rate	.62
	<u>3.80</u>

WILLIAM BOWLES	
Tax on 42 acres Land	.38
2 Negroes 16 ys. old	1.60
1 horse .21 - 5 Cattle .15	.36
4 County & poor rates	2.48
	<u>4.82</u>

BEVERLEY BROOKS	
Tax on 4 Cattle .12 - 1 chest drawers not mahg. .12½	.24½
1 County & poor rate	.62
	<u>.86½</u>

We are indebted to Mr. Thomas T. H. Hill for the above.

(To Be Continued)

GENEALOGY CORNER

Listed below are inquiries that have been received at King William Court House. Each of these letters has been answered but, in many instances, the material found in the old charred and water soaked deed books has been very meager. Please help them if you can. Or, if you prefer, give me the material and I will forward it to them.

Ame Crute

"Please help us in our long, long search for the antecedents of our Robert, Alexander and William Southerland. Any Southerland information will be most appreciated".

The Clan Southerland Assoc., Rose Hill, N.C.

"Information on the Craftons in the 16th & 17th Century. I am aware that two Crafton widows, Elizabeth & Mary, were taxpayers in the county around 1780".

Norman L. Parks, 404 Minerva Dr., Murfreesboro, Tenn. 37130.

"Information on Ralph Richards 1730-1780. He married Elizabeth and had two sons by former marriage. William & Thomas Fortsen".

Mrs. James D. Quickel, 34 North Duke St., York, Penna. 17401

"Family names and wills of Aaron Quarles and Thomas Waller. The latter was son of John Waller of Enfield. Need some kind of proof of dates and wife and family (1732-1787)".

Mrs. Helen M. Johnson
1635 E. Harbor View Rd., Charlotte Harbor, Florida 33950

"Birth record of Joseph Rowe — b. 15 Jan. 1812. Birth record of his father, Robert Rowe, b. 1790. Birth record of his mother, Martha Abrahams Rowe (prob. daughter of Mordicai Abrams) b. 1790 or later."

Mrs. N. V. Harper, Jr., 45 East 82nd St., New York City, N.Y. 10028

"Information on the Ellett family, particularly John Ellett, b. 1800; Silas Ellett, b. 1805; Richard Ellett, b. 1807".

Dorothy Ellett Massey, 2750 San Francisco, Long Beach, Calif. 90806

"Am tracing the Palmer Family and would appreciate any aid you might give me. William Francis Palmer, b. ca 1752, m. Caroline Delaney, b. ca 1757. Do not know father's name."

Mr. J. H. Palmer, Box 9802 #537, Austin, Texas 78766

"Listing of marriage of a John Moran (Mooran, Morran) to a Sarah _____ before 1776. Think John Moran's marriage to Sarah was second marriage."

Sebert Moran, 1504 Carrollton Ave., Salem, Va. 24153

"Information on Michael Waldrup — purchased land in King William County 26 April 1712."

Mr. John Alan Hord, 1001 W. Kansas, Midland, Texas 79701

"Copy of survey on the Uriah Byrd Estate or any information on Uriah Byrd."

Mrs. W. Boyd Poindexter
1308 N. 60th St., Philadelphia, Penna. 19151

"Marriage record between Isaac Oakes and a woman named Susannah — between 1760-1770".

Mr. Truman Adkins, Rt. 3, Box 150, Bassett, Va. 24055

"Proof that Thomas Mackgehee signed his name 'Thomas Mackegehee, one time James MacGregory of the Old Countrie' ""*

Mrs. John Harkins, 4065 Boxwood Circle, Jackson, Mississippi 39211
*Editors note - have had many requests for the above information.

"Any information on John Yarborough or the Yarborough family in early 1700".

Mrs. Pauline Gray, P.O. Box 428, Kingston, Okla. 73439

"Copy of 1702 deed from John ffoard, Senr., and Margaret ffoard to their son William ffoard. Also any information you may have on "Blakesville" the early seat of the Lipscombs" Dr. Marcus M. Key, 614 Wellesley Dr., Houston, Texas 77024

**KING WILLIAM COUNTY
HISTORICAL SOCIETY**

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1980-1981**

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- Vice PresidentJohn M. Garrett
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KING WILLIAM COUNTY MEDAL

The face of this medal is a reproduction of the original seal of the Circuit Court of King William County, Virginia. In 1863 one Daniel Herskey of Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania, a soldier in the Union Army, while with a raiding detachment at King William, saw and pocketed the seal. In 1927 the seal was located and graciously returned to King William County by Mr. Herskey, who had retained it in his possession.