

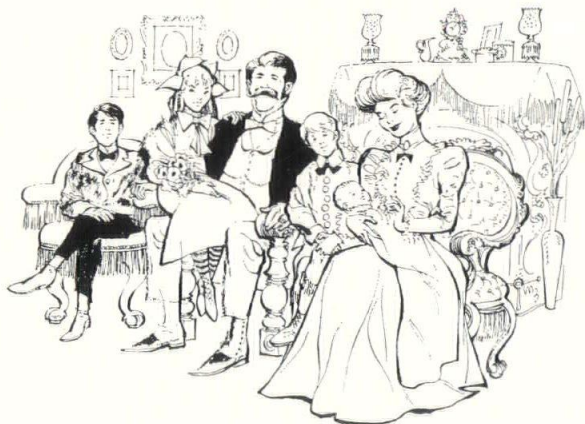
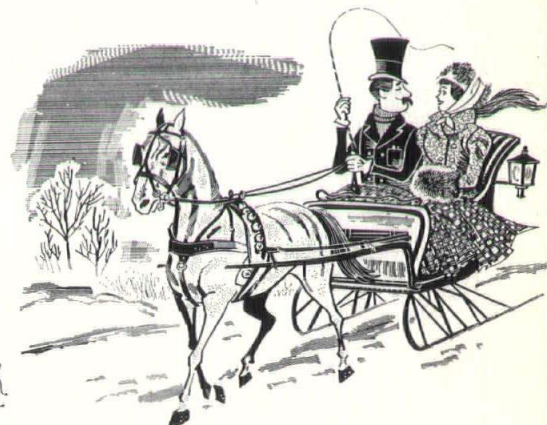
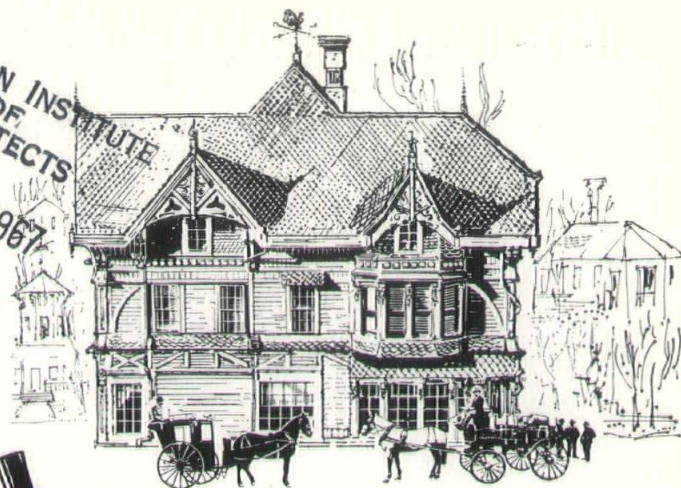
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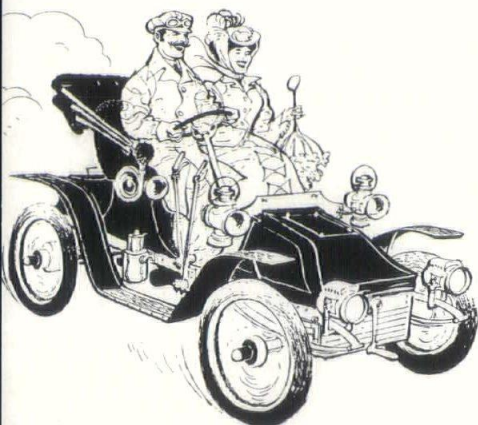
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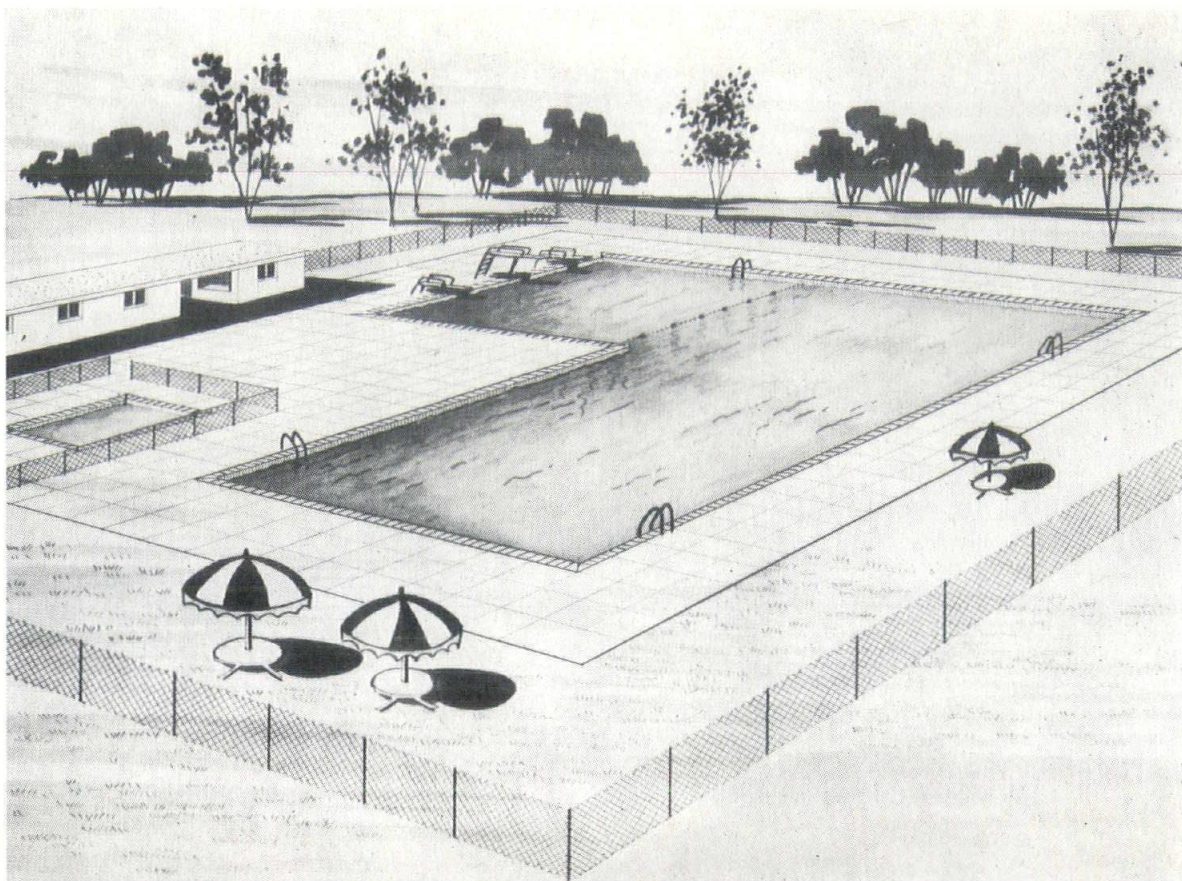


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When Children Were Children

DURING ONE OF THE LAST OF THE SNOWS, our children were driving with us on an early afternoon when they were enjoying the freedom of having their school closed. In the expansiveness of their gratuitous holiday, they asked us if we had enjoyed the freedom of schools closing because of snow. Thinking it over, I could not remember old John Marshall ever having closed for snow or any other reason—except during the terrible flu epidemic—and my wife recounted a dreadful experience caused by the zealous conscientiousness of her father.

On a bitterly cold day, with fresh snow high on the ground, her father insisted that she take the walk out Monument Avenue to Thomas Jefferson. It must have been something like Arctic conditions, for when she completed her painful journey only about twenty other students and a handful of teachers had made the adventure. The school was not opened, and when she had completed her freezing trip home, her mother found that her legs were frost-bitten. Our children asked did she get mad with her father. She said, "No, it never occurred to me to get mad with him. He was doing what he thought was right."

Later in the season, when we were again driving, we passed an ancient spring at the foot of a hill rising to an old park, and I told the children that every year in the summer when I was a child I used to fill a gallon jug of that spring water and bring it home. There it went in the ice-box and served as the family's drinking-water—which, I mentioned in a passing aside, was our substitute for the limes with which they jam the ice-box. I described to them how the small rung at the top of the jug would ache the forefinger wrapped around it, and I would lift from hand to hand, arriving home with the forefingers on both hands aching.

Our children then asked me if I felt resentment at being caused this pain. The answer must have passed almost immediately, for I only remember it during the journey and at the wonderful moment of finally releasing the jug. Like my wife, I told them that it never occurred to me there was anything, or any one, to resent. The trip to the spring was my small chore, one made by other little boys in the neighborhood, and to us it was in the natural order of things.

How about my allowance?—the children then asked. I laughed. It was not a word familiar in my vocabulary as a child. At intervals, I—and the other boys—could be given the coupons that came out of cigarette boxes and could be traded at the confectionery store for the value of half-a-cent. As lime balls sold at four for a penny, we could get two lime balls. I vividly recalled a day, when we must have been about eleven or twelve, that a companion of mine told me in all earnest seriousness that he felt he had reached an age when it was undignified to trade in coupons at the store.

Then, my children asked, were we never given cash? As I recalled, we were given small amounts—like pennies or a nickel—for specific purposes, like buying candy or an ice cream cone, or the thrill of a soft drink at a ball game, and dimes on Sundays for Sunday School and Church envelopes. But I could not remember at any of us were given allotted weekly amounts. Later, when I "grew up" to enter high school, and wanted cash for movies and (Continued on page 18)

FORTHCOMING . . .

● The 25th Annual Lily Show of The Garden Club of Virginia will be presented in Alexandria on Wednesday, June 21st, from 3:00 to 9:00 P.M., and Thursday, June 22nd, from 10:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M.

This Silver Anniversary of the largest Lily Show and only non-professional one in the United States will be held in the Bishop Ireton High School in Alexandria, and is sponsored by The Hunting Creek Garden Club. The Hostess club will be assisted by the North American Lily Society and the American Horticultural Society. There will be exhibits by well-known commercial growers, entries from test gardens of member clubs in Virginia and exhibits and arrangements by individuals. ●

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BAINE
VS
BOONE-COWAN

the archives of the Virginia State Library, i.e., the date of the attachment should be April 10, 1775 instead of April 19, 1775 as in the news article.

In addition, the courthouse projects were under WPA not PWA. Mrs. Ella A. Crush was in charge of the project at Christiansburg.

In an effort to fathom the ramifications of this *Baine vs Boone-Cowan* controversy, we must establish first and foremost that Fincastle County as it existed from 1772 through 1776 embraced the territory that is now the states of Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois and West Virginia. Therefore, during the existence of Fincastle County this territory was in the bailiwick of the Sheriff of that county.

The alpha of this controversy is Exhibit 1—Bond of Daniel Boone and William Cowan. The reader-jury is asked to examine this and all other exhibits reproduced with this article. This bond executed March 12, 1774 held Boone and Cowan liable for the payment of forty-five pounds, eighteen shillings and ten pence to Alexander Baine, but it was also stipulated that twenty-two pounds, nineteen shillings, five pence be paid Baine on or before the first of October next ensuing—"Then the obligation be void or else remain in full Force and Virtue." In short practically half of the debt had to be paid on or before October 1, 1774 or else. It should be noted that Baine was a merchant and it is presumed the debt was for supplies furnished by Baine. Where Baine was domiciled in the county or did he maintain a store, if any, is not of record, and to make the situation more complex at this juncture there is in the Virginia State Library's archives a bond dated the same day, March 12, 1774, made by Cowan to Baine for the payment of 13 pounds, five shillings, two pence of which Cowan had to pay on demand six pounds, 12 shillings 7 pence.

Exhibit 2—This is the first warrant on which George the Third, etc., commands the Sheriff of Fincastle County to take Daniel Boone and William Cowan, "if they be found within your bailiwick and them safely keep, so that you have your bodys before the justices of our said county court, at the courthouse of our said county on the first Tuesday in next month to answer—" It will be noted that it was witnessed by John Byrd, the court's clerk on May 5, 1774, but it is apparent that this was not the original date of this warrant as it was March 14, 1774. The clerk having changed March to May and the 14th to the 5th which is probably why there is inserted in long hand in the salutation to the sheriff "often heretofore your service commanded." Why the change? Was it indifference, or too much trouble to locate Boone in his bailiwick in "The Dark and Bloody Ground"—still in Fincastle County, don't forget that reader-jury. The notation signed by J. O. Thompson, Sheriff, on the back of the warrant reads "Gone to Kentucky," which is *scratched out*. The second Tuesday in the next month on which Boone and Cowan were to appear in court under the date of the warrant before it was changed would have been April 14, 1774; after it was altered June 14, 1774. In addition to the original total debt of forty-five pounds, eighteen shillings, ten pence, there had been added "damage of fifty shillings."

What is more puzzling lies in the fact that on the bond dated March 12, 1774, Boone and Cowan were given until October 1, 1774 to pay the twenty-two pounds, 19 shillings, five pence, yet a warrant was issued on March 14, 1774 (changed to May 5, 1774) to bring them into court on the first Tuesday in next month or April 14, 1774 or June 14, 1774 (the latter date) under the altered warrant; and the entire debt of forty-five pounds, eighteen shillings and ten pence with damages of fifty shillings had to be paid. Did Baine get wind of the fact that Boone, with probably Cowan, was off for Kentucky?

Exhibit 3—Warrant for attachment of the estates of Boone and Cowan. Herewith is the text of that document dated April 10, 1775 for the benefit of the reader-jury. (See original on page 6)

Fincastle:

"Whereas Alexander Bain hath this day complained before me one of his Majesty's Justices for said county that Daniel Boone and William Cowan are justly indebted to him the sum of twenty-two pounds, nineteen shillings and five pence Virginia currency, and that the said Boone and Cowan has hath moved themselves out of this county or so absconded that the ordinary process of law cannot be served upon them. These are therefore in his Majesty's name to require you to attach the Estates of Said Boone and Said Cowan or so much thereof that of value sufficient to pay said debt and such Estate as attached in your hands to secure so that the same may be liable to further proceedings thereon to be had at the next court to be held for this county and that you then and there make return how you have executed this warrant. Given under my hand the 10th day of April 1775.

To the Sheriff to Execute and return."

Wm. Campbell

On the back of this attachment was noted by Deputy Sheriff J. O. Thompson "No Goods." No record of how he ascertained this fact nor is there any supporting evidence in the Fincastle Court Records, pro or con on this score.

Exhibit 4 or the second warrant, dated August 4, 1775, witnessed by the Court's Clerk, John Byrd, and note that between the printed words *We command you* has been inserted in long hand "As often heretofore your services commanded." Was this another "Jackup" for the Sheriff to "get on the ball" in the parlance of 1957?

Boone and Cowan were to be brought before the justices of the County "on the first Tuesday in next month," which would have been September 4, 1775. But no evidence appears in the Fincastle County Records in the State Library that the defendants appeared in court on that date nor did the Deputy Sheriff or Sheriff record any reason for not "handing them in" except the notation on the back "Gone to Kentucky"—still in his bailiwick, mind you.

In Rebuttal

In rebuttal to the above documents which constitute plaintiff Baine's case, we again remind the reader-jury of the vast territory, mentioned before, which constituted Fincastle County. Judge C. W. Crush in his brochure *The Montgomery County Story 1776-1957* records that "The first court of Fincastle County convened at the "Lead Mines, now Austinville

* * *

"At a glance of old records" writes Judge Crush, "it can be seen that people residing hundreds of miles west of the Botetourt line transacted business with the County Seat at the Lead Mines, now Austinville in Wythe County." (Fincastle was carved out of Botetourt County) The Montgomery County historian also writes, "that the second term of court convened by the justices is alleged to have been held at Fort Pitt now Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania"—so much for the extent of the bailiwick of the Fincastle County Sheriff.

Where was Daniel Boone when the Sheriff of Fincastle was ordered in 1774 and 1775 to apprehend the hero of the "dark and bloody ground?"

In examining the voluminous material on the Great Pioneer's life, one encounters the movements of a restless soul, wandering here and there, but there is no doubt that his heart was always set on exploring the wilds of what is now the State of Kentucky. Historians tell us that in 1767 he led a party which tried to reach Kentucky by way of the Yadkins, Holston, Clinch and Big Sandy Rivers. They were snowed in. In 1773 Boone and family with a group of prospective settlers set forth again, although too strong for an Indian raiding party to attack, the Indians were along the trail. One of Boone's sons was killed by the Indians, which halted the expedition and the family spent a sad winter in a cabin on the Clinch River.

One historian records that Boone in 1774 made a solitary trip to Powell Valley (time of the year not stated). November 20, 1774 Boone was discharged from the militia, and so on.

From another source as to the pioneer's whereabouts this time, the year 1775, we learn that on March 10, 1775 Boone and his men started the wilderness road; a trail for immigrants to reach Kentucky. They passed through Powell Gap, through Cumberland Gap. On March 24, 1775 Boone camped, for the night in the rolling forest country just outside the modern town of Richmond in Madison County, Kentucky, near Booneborough, which famous pioneer settlement he founded. In the fall of 1775 he brought his family to this frontier settlement which was for many years in constant danger from the Indians.

Baine
vs
Boone &
Capt.
James M. Thompson
Not Re.
J. Thompson

GEORGE the Third, by the Grace of GOD, of GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE, and IRELAND, King, Defender of the Faith, &c. To the Sheriff of Fincastle County, greeting: We command you that you take, Daniel Boone & William Cowan

if they be found within your Bailiwick, and then safely keep, so that you have their Bodies before the Justices of our said County Court, at the Courthouse of the said County, on the first Tuesday in next month, to answer & satisfy a Plea of a Debt for Forty five Pounds Eighteen Shillings and Ten Pence Damage, five Shillings

and have then there this Writ. Witness John Byrd, Clerk of our said Court, at the Courthouse aforesaid, the 15th Day of May 1775 in the 15th Year of our Reign.

John Byrd

EXHIBIT 2

Warrant for arrest of Daniel Boone and William Cowan dated first March 10, 1774 but altered so as to be dated May 5, 1774.

EXHIBIT 3

Warrant for the attachment of the estates of Daniel Boone and William Cowan dated April 10, 1775 in which Baine charged they absconded.

Baine
vs
Boone & Cowan
Att.
No J. Byrd
J. Thompson

Whereas the Honorable Alexander Baine hath this Day complained before me one of his Majesty's Justices for Fincastle County that Daniel Boone William Cowan are jointly indebted to him the said Alexander Baine in Forty five Pounds Eighteen Shillings and Ten Pence Damage which the said Boone & Cowan have absconded with and out of the County so that the said Baine is obliged to sue for the same in the County Court at the next Court to be held at the said Courthouse of the said County on the first Tuesday in next month to answer & satisfy a Plea of a Debt for Forty five Pounds Eighteen Shillings and Ten Pence Damage five Shillings

and have then there this Writ. Witness John Byrd, Clerk of our said Court, at the Courthouse aforesaid, the 15th Day of May 1775 in the 15th Year of our Reign.

John Byrd

Baine
vs
Boone &
Not Re.
J. Thompson

GEORGE III. by the Grace of God of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, &c. to the Sheriff of Fincastle County, greeting: We command you that you take Daniel Boone & William Cowan

if they be found within your Bailiwick, and then safely keep, so that you have their Bodies before our Justices of our Court of our said County, at the Courthouse, on the first Tuesday in next month, to answer & satisfy a Plea of a Debt for Forty five Pounds Eighteen Shillings and Ten Pence Damage, five Shillings

and have then there this Writ. Witness John Byrd, Clerk of our said Court, at the Courthouse, the 15th Day of August 1775 in the 15th Year of our Reign.

John Byrd

EXHIBIT 4

Warrant for arrest of Daniel Boone and William Cowan dated August 4, 1775.

EXHIBIT 5

Copy of two notes issued by Congress of the United Colonies for thirty dollars each, found in Fincastle County papers in the same attic of Montgomery County Courthouse where the other Boone papers were discovered in 1935. Each note was the equivalent of twelve pounds, seven shillings, six pence.



And now, this wilderness road, where did it enter the ancient County of Fincastle, Virginia. At Duffield in Scott County U. S. Route 58, is located a stone marking the Boone Trail. U. S. 58 on the east enters Virginia near Bristol, and on the west of Duffield, passes through Powell Gap and joins U. S. Route 25 at Cumberland Gap. It is patent that Boone and his men in all probability entered the ancient county of Fincastle near the present City of Bristol. Boone was within the bailiwick of the Sheriff of Fincastle and not so far from Austinville the County Seat.

All of which adds up to the fact that the intrepid Boone was somewhere in the ancient county 95% of the time the warrants were issued.

On March 12, 1774 Baine accepted the Boone and Cowan bond. In 1774 Boone made a solitary trip to Powell Valley, as are told by one historian. Its possible that he borrowed the money for that trip and Baine must have had the bond recorded at the Courthouse at that time. Boone's trip to Powell Valley still put him within the sheriff's reach when that official had the March 14, 1774 warrant in his possession; likewise Boone wasn't very far away when the clerk altered the warrant to May 5, 1774.

From speculation and conflicting dates by various students of Boone's life, the air is cleared as to the 1774 picture in relation to Boone's movements by this note by Judge Crush in his brochure *The Montgomery County Story 1776-1957*. He writes:

"Daniel Boone had collected a company of immigrants from North Carolina and eastern Fincastle County and started to the Kentucky county, then part of Fincastle, to establish a settlement and colonize them on parts of the Patton Grant. His son, James Boone, Henry Russell, son of Captain William Russell, and Drake, son of Captain Drake had left the party to go hunting on their own, and had collected a large number of valuable pelts which they had intended to take to market. On October 10, 1773, the young men were surprised and killed by a mixed band of Cherokee and Shawnee Indians. It was thought that a white desperado and outlaw named Isaac Crabtree had provoked the attack upon the young men and they were killed in a robbery as their pelts and other valuable belongings were stolen. Boone abandoned the trip at that time and returned to the Fincastle settlements, and it was for refitting his group of settlers and renewing his trip with them to Kentucky that he became involved in debt and gave the bond for which the Fincastle warrants were issued for his arrest. The warrants for his arrest and the endorsement by Sheriff Thompson, 'Not executed'—'Gone to Kentucky'—'O. Thompson' are still among the Fincastle records of Montgomery County."

"Not executed!"; why, may we ask? Now as to the August 4, 1775 warrant, Boone was a very busy pioneer with trail building and building Boonesborough and later defending it. But he was never without the jurisdiction of the Fincastle County Sheriff.

As to Cowan, it has been assumed that he was a member of Boone's party as, irrespective of the bond, warrants and attachment, his name doesn't appear in any of the data consulted.

In the general discussion of the Boone-Cowan debt, their creditor Alexander Baine it will be recalled had charged in the attachment that both debtors had absconded. Let us see what constitutes an absconder by turning to *Black's Law Dictionary, Third Edition*, for the definition, to-wit:

"Absconding Debtor—one who absconds from the creditors. An absconding debtor is one who lives without the state, or who has intentionally concealed himself from his creditor, or withdrawn himself from the reach of suits, with intent to frustrate their demand. Thus, if a person departs from his usual residence, or remains absent herefrom, or conceals himself in his house, so that he cannot be served with process, with intent unlawfully to delay or defraud his creditors he is an absconding debtor; but if he departs from the State or from his usual abode, with intention of again returning, and without any fraudulent design, he has not absconded, nor absented himself within the intendment of the law." (*Italics supplied*)

Is there any proof of a fraudulent design on the part of Daniel Boone? Baine's charge doesn't hold water in the light of the data before us.

Still we are faced with the question—Did Daniel Boone discharge his debt to Baine? We have one more possibility to explore in answer to that question. For that, we turn to the musty attic of Montgomery Courthouse out of which came this story as published in the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* of February 13, 1936. We quote in part:

"A package of old Spanish dollars which Daniel Boone is believed to have deposited with the Treasurer of Old Fincastle County to discharge a debt in the eighteenth century was found among old papers recently brought to light at Montgomery Courthouse.

"C. W. Crush, former Montgomery Commonwealth's Attorney, brought the documents to Richmond yesterday to find out if they could be photostated at the State Library. Mr. Crush said the money, tied up in a piece of cloth was found with various Boone papers all thrown together with other papers in a bin in the courthouse attic."

Then for further circumstantial evidence in favor of Boone we received from Judge C. W. Crush on November 2, 1957 Exhibit 5, on this exhibit, a copy of two notes issued by the Congress of the United Colonies for thirty dollars, he comments: "There is no evidence that this was a payment on the Boone debt except that it was found in the same attic among the Fincastle papers." On the face of one note we read: "This bill entitles the bearer to receive thirty Spanish milled dollars or the value thereof in gold or silver, according to a resolution of Congress passed at Baltimore February 26, 1777."

Ladies and Gentlemen of the reader-jury, the defense rests. What is your verdict?

GRAVITY PLUS MULES EQUAL "STEAM"

Strange as it may seem, Virginia's first railroad was operated one way by gravity. It was the Chesterfield Railroad or The Chesterfield Coal Field Railroad. Some authorities differ as to its official name. Early in the last century, Nicholas Mills and associates had constructed it from Mills' coal mines at Midlothian to Manchester, now South Richmond.

Below is a humorous account of a trip on the new road by an invited group of Mr. Mills' friends as found in a feature news article in the files of the Valentine Museum in Richmond. (For an apparent error in the year the trip was made see explanation appended below—GWJJr.)

In 1827 Nicholas Mills, a venerable and esteemed citizen who owned coal mines in Chesterfield County, about twelve miles west of Manchester, and had constructed a railroad to convey the product of his mines to deep water in Manchester, invited a number of his friends to take a trip on the new road.

Among those invited was a gentleman who had served with, and been a tenant of Mr. Mills, through the Sanguine Campaign around Bottoms Bridge in the War of 1812.

"Comrade," said Mr. Mills, "I want you to go with us tomorrow on the new railroad, and if you will bring your boy along, I will take my son Nick." The invitation was accepted forthwith.

(The gentleman who furnished the data of this story is the son of the comrade of Mr. Mills.—GWJJr.)

The morning broke gloriously and the party, in which were twenty or thirty gentlemen, boarded the car in Manchester with many laughs and comments on the novelty of the occasion. The car was much after the order of a modern boxcar, but less "sumptuous." Seats were provided by placing rough pine planks crosswise. Two mules, harnessed tandem fashion, furnished the motive power.

Away went the train, the mules with little difficulty taking the merry party along at a fairly good speed.

No shriek of locomotive whistle or hiss of escaping steam broke the stillness of nature and no telegraph or typewriter key clicked monotonously in the ears of busy commercial gentlemen. The telephone and modern printing-press were both unknown, and visions of wireless telegraphy, the present day palace car and the all-important trolley were far from the minds of the gentlemen seated on the rough pine planks, behind the lusty mules.

Arrived at the mines, the party was conducted to a nearby house, where the flowing bowl awaited them and was the forerunner of a barbecue, which had been arranged for the occasion. Orations were made and the whole party grew merrier as the day waned.

The road was considered a creditable engineering feat, being built at a slight upgrade from Manchester to the mines. This allowed the loaded cars to be run from the mines to the city by gravitation. Rude brakes controlled the train, and in the rear car the mules were carried on the trips from the mines.

On the return trip, Mr. Mills' comrade took his son to the front of the car and, calling attention to the rapid movement without any visible propelling power, said: "My son, I do not expect to live so long, but you may live to see the day when there will be other roads like this in Virginia."

Five or six years afterward the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad was opened, Mr. Mills' road is said to have been a paying investment for its stockholder and without machinery coal was mined, transported, and sold in Richmond for less than it has ever since sold for. The building of Danville Road, however, put an end to its success.

After an examination of the authoritative volume "Chesterfield—an Old Virginia County" by the late Earle Lutz, a former Richmond newspaper man, it is patent that C. W. B.....,

author of the above feature, was in error as to the date of the trip or was a misprint. At all events these are excerpts from Mr. Lutz's history of the Chesterfield Railroad:

"A charter for the railroad was finally granted in 1828, but the backers for some reason, failed to follow through. A second group headed by Nicholas Mills and Beverly Randolph persevered in their endeavors and at the next session (General Assembly—our insertion—GWJJr.) had the gratification of seeing their application for a charter acted upon favorably. The railroad was to extend from Midlothian to Manchester, a distance of thirteen miles. Moncure Robinson later to be recognized as the nation's outstanding railroad builder of his time was retained as the engineer for the project and proceeded to patent 'method for transporting carriages on an inclined plane,' the principle he applied to the railroad he proceeded to build. The railroad, which was Virginia's first, was chartered on February 28, 1829, but actually did not get in operation until two years later.

"The railroad project doubtless was the dream of Mills."

"Impetus to the industrial development of the county unquestionably resulted from the construction of the Chesterfield Railroad, which proved that industry was not dependent for success on the proximity to a navigable stream. *Although it utilized draft animals and gravity for power*, the road operated successfully until 1851 when it gave way to the steam propelled Richmond and Danville Railroad (Chartered in 1847—open to Danville in May 1856—our insertion—GWJJr.)

"The right of way authorized in the charter was parallel to the old Buckingham Road from the coal pits of Mills and Randolph at Midlothian across the coal yard of Mills on the South side of the James River opposite Rochetts.

"The Chesterfield Railroad had been in successful operation for seven years before the advent of the steam railroad in Chesterfield. The first such road was the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad, which in later years was to become the parent of the Great Atlantic Coast Line System."

Note—The Richmond and Petersburg Railroad was chartered March 14, 1836. It was in operation in 1831. If then, the Chesterfield Railroad was operating seven years before, it would fix the date of the Mills invitation-trip as some time close to 1831—GWJJr.

THE FIGHTING SMITHS OF PETERSBURG

DURING A VACATION several years ago the writer's host brought from his treasure closet" an 1864 Federal Army model, Springfield muzzle-loading musket. At first inspection it appeared to be just another Civil War relic; perhaps once found on a battlefield, with no particular history connected with it. But he was wrong. It had figured in a dramatic if obscure incident, during General Grant's all-out assault to capture Petersburg.

It was to be associated with the lives of four certain fighting Smiths. One of them was the heroic colorbearer (or Acting-Ensign) when Mahone's Brigade charged and recaptured The Crater, and the central figure in Elder's famous Confederate battle canvas, now hung in the Commonwealth Club in Richmond.

The first Smith to own the Yankee firearm was Captain John Smith. He had commanded a troop from Dinwiddie County in the War of 1812, and when the battle raged for Petersburg as in his seventies, and lived on a small farm south of the city.

The old soldier had been the victim of marauding Yankee soldiers. They had pilfered every scrap of food in his home, except a crock of preserves which the veteran thought he had successfully concealed in a springhouse. The delicacies were to be his birthday

meal, but the thieves in Blue finally stole them.

Meanwhile, as the battle for Petersburg was reaching a crescendo, a Yankee officer appeared one night at Smith's home. He had heard of the crimes his men had perpetrated against a lone, defenseless noncombatant. The officers's visit was to apologize and, if possible, make amends. This took the form of presenting the old man with the musket mentioned above, in the hope that he could shoot some squirrels for his birthday meal.

Now, let us for the moment set the old musket in a corner and examine briefly the genealogy of the second fighting Smith, per se: — Captain Smith's son Fletcher had married Anne Ritchie Smith (no relation) and her brother was William C. Smith, the famous colorbearer (or Acting-Ensign) of Mahone's Brigade.

Because of the foresight of George C. Bernard, a prominent Petersburg attorney and Confederate veteran, we have a history of that bullet-ridden battleflag and its staff as written by the man who carried it in the hell of the Crater charge. It is contained in the volume—"War Talks of Confederate Veterans." Mr. Bernard had solicited war experiences from his Petersburg comrades to form a series of addresses delivered before the A. P. Hill

Camp Confederate Veterans of the Cockade City, and later to be published in 1892.

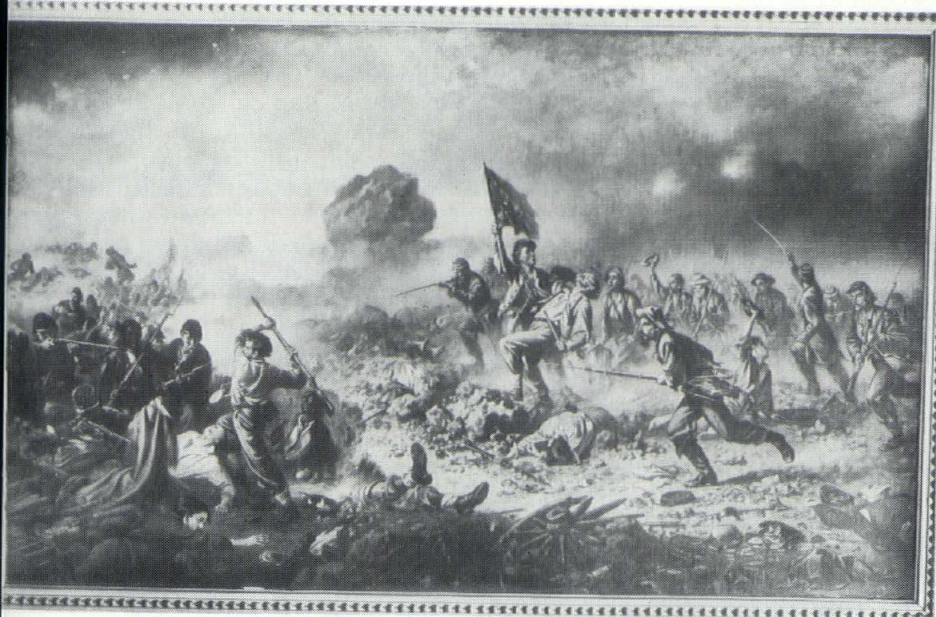
This is the modest Acting-Ensign's account of the role he played on that fateful day of July 30, 1864:

"The battle flag of the Twelfth Regiment of that occasion, which was comparatively new and which had been little used (the old battle flag having been so badly torn and put away for safe-keeping), had never been touched by a bullet of the enemy up to the morning of July 30, 1864, though it had been carried in several engagements previous to the battle of The Crater. On the morning in question, however, it had been riddled by bullets. The Staff also was badly shattered. Immediately after getting possession of the works, the Acting-Ensign (Smith—our insertion GWJJr.) examined the flag, as well as the staff, and found that in the charge five shots had passed through the bunting and three shots had struck the staff. It was then planted on the works, but ere a lapse of a minute it was knocked down by a shot from the enemy. It was replaced in the works, but was soon knocked down by another shot. Again it was planted in the works, and a third time was knocked down by a shot from the enemy, and this time the staff was so badly shattered as to render it necessary to reinforce it by splicing with a ramrod, in order to hold the pieces of the staff together, which being accomplished, it was again planted in the works.

"At the close of the fight on the 30th an examination was made of the flag and the staff, and by actual count it was found that seventy-five shots had passed through the flag and nine shots had struck the staff. On the return of the brigade to its former position near Wilcox's farm, the Acting-Ensign of the 12th was sent for and ordered to report to Gen. Mahone's headquarters. On reaching Mahone's headquarters the general presented him with one of the staffs of the U. S. flags captured by the brigade at the Crater. This staff was reduced in size somewhat and the battle-flag of the 12th Regiment transferred to it. This was the staff surrendered at Appomattox Court House. The remnant of the flag staff carried

(Continued on page 17)

Shown below is Elder's famous Confederate battle canvas, depicting the charge of Mahone's Brigade to recapture the Crater. Acting-Ensign Smith is the central figure in the canvas.



INCENDIARY CONFLAGRATION AT NORFOLK

THE DAY I SHALL NEVER
FORGET

Forty years is a long time for a day in one's life to remain as vivid in memory as if it had been lived yesterday.

That day was January 1, 1918, to relate what happened on that historic New Year's, four decades ago, I trust that the use of the personal pronoun will be excused.

I was among a group of civilian engineers who were building the Naval Operating Base on the ruins of what was the Jamestown 1907 Exposition. The Nation's participation in World War I if it was to be the determining factor in crushing the Kaiser's hordes demanded speed in constructing adequate training centers for the thousands of untrained men who had answered the call of Country. The NOB was one of them, and civilian engineers as well as enlisted engineering personnel had to build that naval training center at all costs, despite shortage of material and one of the bitterest winters on record.

I remember the cold was so intense that the bay was frozen over for a considerable length off what was once "John Smith's Landing." Lying off this point were wooden ships without certain fuel, so we had to build bob-sleds to transport it over the frozen water to keep the crews warm.

Spinal Meningitis and "Flu" were taking their toll of the enlisted as well as civilian personnel. There was one day when no coal was available to dump in the hoppers of the heating plant, incidentally, I had designed the trestle leading up to the hoppers to sustain the weight of loaded seventy-ton steel coal cars.

I say there was no coal available. There were tons of it dumped in a "catch" in a field not far from the Base, yet the Navy's red tape precluded anyone in authority to commandeer it.

Only the Almighty knows what

would have happened to those thousands of "gobs", except for "Pat" Barret, the Civilian Public Works Officer to whom I reported as assistant to the P.W.O. "Pat" acted. He ordered me to call the officer of the Seaman Guard, and tell him to send him a squad fully equipped with the "shooting irons." Once the squad showed up, the men were loaded on the "U-Ten," as the dinky engine was known around the lot; they proceeded to the Virginian Railroad's tracks where a loaded coal car was kicked off a train. Heat was in every "bay" shortly thereafter. And no "Brass" had anything to say about it.

But this is only a preamble to *The Day I Shall Never Forget, January 1, 1918*; the only day we were given a holiday at the Base (Christmas excepted). My wife and I were boarding with her sister and husband, William J. Hudgins, in their home located in the suburb known then as "Colonial Heights." We had decided to celebrate The New Year by taking dinner in Norfolk. New Year's Day dawned and we were greeted with news that the Monticello Hotel was burning. The low temperature was "brutal" on that morning, but dual curiosity, plus Mr. Hudgins' having to report for work at D. Carpenter and Company, leading furniture dealer of Norfolk for which Hudgins was the buyer, resulted in both of us going in town immediately. The ladies were to join us later—later than any of us imagined—but I am ahead of my story.

Once in Norfolk, I went directly to the scene of the Monticello fire, there to see a solid sheet of ice reaching from the pavement to the fourth story. It was like a pyramid. A pitiful stream of water was being directed toward the upper windows, but was not strong enough to break the glass. This was being effected by local police officers

shooting their revolvers at the pane

I stood at the site as long as I could without the danger of freezing, and then decided to thaw out at D. Carpenter and Company, then located at Tazewell and Granby Streets. This accomplished to some degree of comfort I again walked out to Granby Street in front of the store to decide what I should do to kill time. Then, literally "Hell broke loose."

In one part of the building next to and south of Carpenter's Store was located on the ground floor the jewelry store of D. Buchanan and Company Incorporated. Without any warning there was a terrific explosion and the entire front of the Buchanan Store was blown out into Granby Street.

The concussion blew me into the middle of the street and off my feet, and, as I recall, in front of a street car. As quickly as possible, I got to my feet and made for the entrance of Carpenter's Store.

Once inside, I remember being told that the Chief of the Fire Department had just warned Mr. Carpenter that his building was on fire and possibly doomed, and that if he had any furniture not insured, he had better move it out of the building. It developed there was one suite of mahogany furniture, either a dining room or bedroom suite, I do not recall which, that had been received some two or three days before, and not insured. I distinctly remember that I assisted in removing the suite across narrow Tazewell Street to the side entrance of the Lorraine Hotel. The idea was that it would be temporarily safe in the hotel. But we were warned that the Lorraine was threatened or on fire—no one could verify at the time which. Rumors piled up upon rumors. They came thick and fast that many buildings in various sections of the city were on fire!!

One lost record of time, panic was rife and pandemonium broke loose in

the streets surrounding the fire-threatened area. "Norfolk had been set on fire by the Germans." This and other rumors one heard on all sides.

Meanwhile some resemblance of order was restored as "gobs" on leave and walking the streets were rounded up into squads by the first CPO who happened along, or automatically formed rescue details among themselves, and this was true of the marines on leave. It was one of those self-organized squads (sailors or marines?) that rendered assistance in moving the furniture from the entrance of the Lorraine out of the fire zone and west along Tazewell Street to the edge of the Elizabeth River where I last remember seeing it.

Were we, Hudgins and I, later joined by our wives? Did we have New Year's dinner in downtown Norfolk? Unfortunately, I cannot recall with any certainty of facts a brief period of the day, despite the events which followed which I so vividly remember and have recorded above. My wife and I discussed that period of the day recently, and she had a hazy recollection of coming to town and being stopped by the marines or sailors who surrounded the critical area. They were roping off street intersections. No one could enter or leave without identification. Unfortunately, Mr. Hudgins and his wife have passed on, so only hazy memory is at my disposal or that of my wife at this point.

I do, however, very clearly remember that Hudgins and I were hungry and that we finally got something to eat. I seem to recall his making some phone calls, but whether or not one of two were to his home to stop the ladies is conjectural; however, in the light of after events I believe this is plausible.

Several things are certain. One, we were for a time figuring how we could pass through the guard to get home. I had my Naval Base identification, and he was well known in the city, so we did, at long last, arrive finally at his suburban home.

But, I was not to remain there long, one of the most dramatic incidents of the day was in store for Mrs. James and me, which at this juncture must be recorded before and after the fact, so to speak.

Mrs. James was conducting a violin class in a building in or near the fire area. She shared her studio on the second floor with a voice teacher who had a small grand piano. My wife owned a very rare Gagliano violin. She suddenly recalled, late in the evening

of that day, she had left it in the studio. Something she rarely did. Had it been destroyed? Had looters gotten it?

I must go at once to the police headquarters in Norfolk and describe the treasured instrument. This I did, and learned a lesson I'll never forget. To begin with, and aside, I place a bet here with any individual who thinks he or she can accurately describe the features of a loved one or friend or a lost article. Its odds-in-a-pinch no one can.

Such was the case with me when I finally reached police headquarters and began to describe the instrument, which, incidentally, I had often played. At all events the newspapers carried a story the next day that missing articles had been collected at a certain location and the owners were requested to identify their lost possessions.

Mrs. James lost no time in going to Norfolk and to the collecting center, the location she doesn't recall, but very definitely she discovered that her precious instrument had been found in a gutter, case and all, wrapped in a portiere. Also she was told that the voice teacher's piano, had been pushed out of the second story window. One can imagine its condition. Called upon to describe her instrument and to demonstrate if she could play it, my wife met both tests, and when she opened the case found the violin was still in tune!!! Panic does beget strange and illogical actions on the part of human beings, yes?

Now, in spite of the many dramatic incidents of that day, I recall there was one rather humorous one. It concerned a civilian employee at the Naval Operating Base, whose wife had presented him with an offspring. His "better half" had directed him to proceed to Norfolk and purchase a pair of baby shoes and some sugar. "Hubby" had carried out her orders and the shoes and sugar were carried in a valise. So far, so good, until the obedient husband made tracks for home. It was from all accounts a multiplied-frustration experience; for everywhere he tried to get through the cordon of steel surrounding the disaster area, he was halted and required to open the valise for inspection. The situation as it was, anything concealed either on the person or in a container was potentially dangerous. As to when the faithful "hubby," plus baby shoes, plus the sugar, arrived home, I have no knowledge.

So, as I wrote at the outset of this article, forty years is a long time for one day to remain vivid in one's mem-

ory. Was my memory of some of the disaster incidents of that day accurate? The only way to prove it was to consult newspaper files, and so forty years later, almost to the day, this I did. In the main my vivid, recollections were true to facts. Not since January 1, 1918 had I dreamed of it, nor did I refresh my memory by reading any newspaper files—so much for a vivid memory, plus or minus.

WHAT THE NEWSPAPER FILES REVEALED AFTER 40 YEARS

Its forty years later, January, 1958, and before me are several news accounts from the files of "*The Richmond News Leader*" and "*Richmond Times Dispatch*," dated January 1, 2 and 3, 1918 (I couldn't secure the Norfolk newspaper files).

All through the examination of these files I refused to add any item to my recollections above of what happened on that eventful January 1, 1918. And now for my satisfaction, and for history, I will analyze and fill in the gaps as to time, other dramatic items, names of the buildings destroyed and the total property losses, etc.

In *The Richmond News Leader*, of January 1, 1918 (a double-column spread) I found that the Monticello fire was discovered at about 7 o'clock A.M., in the roof of the kitchen on the sixth floor and was the result of another fire that started at 4 A.M. which had destroyed three stores in Granby Street about a half block from the hotel. All apparatus in the city was called out. Fire plugs had to be thawed out. The water power was weak and the flames gained headway before a stream could reach the top floor. (I was right as to the difficulties of the firemen.) Then came a bulletin: "At 1:15 the fire is growing worse," (printed in the *News Leader* above.) "It has become evident that the several fires of today were of incendiary origin, that Major Kizer has reached the conclusion that efforts are being made to divert attention to the waterfront and from property that is of value to the Government and it is to protect these properties that the unusual precautions are being taken." (Note: referring to the calling out of various military units and Home Guard.)

"All of the apparatus that could be spared from the navy yard has been sent over, as has some of the apparatus from the Portsmouth fire department.

"To protect the waterfront and other property Mayor Mayo this afternoon called out the Home Guard of

(Please turn the page)

Norfolk. There are approximately 600 members of the two battalions, and they will respond in uniform and with arms. * * * *

"More than 200 marines have been sent from the navy yard, at the request of Major Kizer of the police department, and will assist the local policemen in patrolling the streets and waterfront.

"The firemen fought the flames" (at the Monticello—our insertion—Ed.) while the water from the hose froze on their faces and hands, and it was necessary to chop away the ice from their clothing when they attempted to take off their uniforms at the several stations. It is estimated that the damage to the building and its contents will reach \$750,000, and it is believed to be fully covered by insurance.

"Fire has crossed the street from the Monticello hotel and has already destroyed two big stores. The entire block opposite the hotel appears to be doomed."

Still from *The News Leader* of January 1, 1918:

"Norfolk, Va., Jan. 1.—(3 P.M.)—Mayor Mayo at 2:30 o'clock this afternoon issued a proclamation declaring the city under martial law.

"A regiment of naval reserves has been called out to guard property in Norfolk, and arrived in the city this afternoon.

"All hotels, banks and public buildings are guarded and nobody is allowed to leave or enter any of them unless vouched for by a responsible person.

"One arrest of a suspect was made this afternoon. He was found examining several prominent buildings in Norfolk, and when questioned said he was a Department of Justice man. This was denied by the local agents of the Department of Justice.

"At 3 o'clock fire was raging in the seven-story Dickson building, on Granby street. The entire block opposite the hotel appeared to be doomed.

"BUCHANAN'S JEWELRY STORE BURNS."

"David Buchanan, jeweler, at Third and Broad streets, Richmond, who has a Norfolk store on Granby Street, in the fire area, left for Norfolk at 3 o'clock this afternoon. After he left, a telegram came saying the Norfolk store was on fire. It is conducted under the name of D. Buchanan & Son, Inc. Buchanan opened the Norfolk store about ten years ago." (More about this later.)

Now, turning to *The Richmond Times Dispatch*, first of January 2, 1918 with date line, Norfolk, January

1, here are a few news items:

"The police, fearing that the fires were of incendiary origin, early this afternoon asked that the city's business section be placed under control of the military authorities. This was quickly and thoroughly accomplished by the local militia, aided by hundreds of sailors, marines and enlisted men, rushed to the city by Admiral McLean from the navy yard, marine barracks and naval base on Hampton Roads.

"SUSPECTS HELD FOR FURTHER INVESTIGATION"

"During the afternoon the police rounded up over a score of men and women as suspects, but all but ten or twelve of these, including two women, were almost immediately released. The others were held for further investigation.

"The militia threw guards entirely around the fire area and forced all but uniformed men, firemen and others with police permits, to remain outside. Houses and stores were invaded and emptied of all except owners, employees and parties absolutely vouched for by reputable citizens. With the Granby Street area in darkness, this was felt to be the only safe rule. This work was accomplished by experienced naval and marine officers.

"While neither Major C. G. Kizer, Chief of Police, nor Chief McLoughlin, of the Fire Department, would tonight make a direct charge that the fires were of incendiary origin, both declared that appearances pointed to something other than coincidence; and the prevailing opinion in naval, military and business circles was that there had been an effort, probably organized, to destroy the business section of the city. The only tangible evidence was about two or three explosions which occurred at about the time the fires were discovered."

* * * * *

"Wild reports of incendiaries caught red-handed with oil cans proved false, and tonight the police admit that they have no single individual under arrest who can directly or indirectly be connected with origin of the fires.

"Naval patrols rounded up suspicious persons throughout the afternoon, while five men were arrested as sus-

pects. Two of these, Hugo Schmidt and H. K. Lessing, said to be German, were turned over to Department of Justice agents. Tonight there were reports that two Germans had been shot by sailors during the day, but neither the police nor naval authorities would confirm them.

* * * * *

"THREE EXPLOSIONS ARE DISTINCTLY HEARD! — SAYS CHIEF

"Reports as to the number of explosions vary. It was first said that the fire in the Granby Theater had followed an explosion, but Fire Chief McLoughlin and naval investigators announced tonight that this was not the case. They said, however, there had been three distinct explosions. The first was in a cloak and hat shop near The Monticello. The second was on the sixth floor of that hotel after the first fire was practically under control, and the third in the Lenox Building, which later was destroyed.

"Guests from The Monticello, who were forced to flee in the biting cold of the dawn after they watched the theater burn, were taken care of in near-by homes and hotels. As building after building went down, with the apartment house, scores were made homeless, and the National Guard Armory on City Hall Avenue was thrown open to them."

(Note: As it will be noted later, the D. Buchanan & Son, Inc., store was in the Lenox Building)

The Richmond News Leader of January 2, 1918.

"TWO NEARBY FIRES TODAY

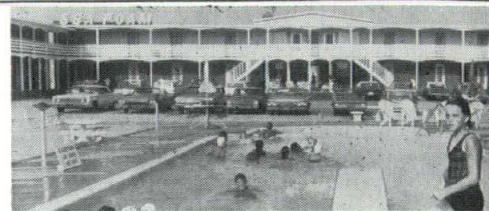
"Two fires early today, one across the Elizabeth River, at Portsmouth and the other across the bay near Camp Stuart, broke out while the ruins of the two blocks destroyed here were still smoking, but neither resulted in extensive damage. A few small houses were destroyed in each case, and the fires were thought to have been accidental.

"From the time the first fire broke out at daybreak yesterday in the Granby theatre, until flames appeared

(Continued on page 17)

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THE CUBAN SENORITA

THE ESCAPE STORY OF A BEAUTY WHO BEWITCHED
RICHMOND AND A TEN YEAR OLD BOY



IT ONLY TAKES a spark to light the beacon of memory. For me that "spark" was lit several years ago by the clowning and raving of one Fidel Castro at the United Nations; his defiance of the United States, and his almost daily brutality and enslavement of the Cuban people.

Memory's beacon in my case pierced thirty-three of the yesteryears and came to rest on the entrancing beauty of the Senorita Evangelina Cosio'y Cisneros as she left St. Paul's Church in Richmond on April 17, 1898, escorted by General Fitzhugh Lee.

It was a historic and tense day in the life of the nation and state, as well as for the "Lost Cause." General Lee had been previously recalled to Washington as Consul-General to Cuba to make his report on the explosive situation in the struggle to free the Cubans from Spanish rule. He had passed through the city on April 12th enroute, and was accorded a tumultuous reception.

The Maine had been blown up in Havana Harbor. General Wheeler the "Spanish Butcher," as he was called, had been reported as being almost barbarous in his treatment of the people of the island. (*His counterpart today is Fidel Castro and history is repeating itself after 63 years in a parallel pattern which is astounding. GWJJr.*)

One of Wheeler's near victims had been the Cuban Senorita who on that memorable day had sat with General and Mrs. Lee in his pew in St. Paul's to witness the unveiling of the memorial window to President Jefferson Davis.

It was at the conclusion of the services that I first saw the Senorita as she descended from the portico of the church, to the street, on the arm of General Lee. I was only ten years old, and far from girl-conscious, but the first glimpse of her classic face, jet black eyes and lustrous waving hair, silhouetted by a large picture hat adorned with ostrich plumes—bewitched me. The spell has remained vivid for over three-score years.

She cast the same spell on the hundreds of Richmonders who saw her when she joined the traditional Sunday parade from St. Paul's and St. Peter's Cathedral to Fifth and Grace Streets,

there to be augmented by the congregations of old Centenary Methodist, St. James, and picking up volume when it reached Fifth and Franklin Streets, from the worshipers of Second Presbyterian Church, thence proceeding westward.

Not only did Evangelina Cisneros' beauty bring Richmond to her feet, but also the dramatic and romantic story of her rescue and escape from a Spanish prison. It was like an Arabian fairy tale—told and retold in many homes in the city.

The passing of time had dimmed my memory of the details of her rescue so I examined the newspaper and periodical files of the day. I was doubly rewarded as I found a copy of *The American Monthly Review of Reviews*, in which was reproduced a picture of the fair Senorita and some of the circumstances incident to her break for freedom.

According to the above magazine it was inferred from her name she was "a near relative of a distinguished Cuban," who had been chosen two years previous as President of the young Republic, and, "The circumstances of her imprisonment seemed beyond all reasonable doubt to reflect severely upon the manhood and decency of the Spanish authorities in Cuba."

From the same source it was learned that a great number of prominent women in the United States had appealed to the Queen Regent of Spain for the release of the Cuban prisoner. Their requests had been ignored. She had been incarcerated for months in association with prisoners of degraded and criminal character.

Then, as it were, a "Prince Charming" appeared in the person of Carl Decker, a *New York Journal* reporter. His paper had been active in agitating her release, but to no avail.

So, on the night of October 6th (1897) with the full moon shining on the well-guarded prison, Decker with handpicked accomplices, effected her rescue and subsequent escape to the United States. Continuing the account of the rescue the *Reviews'* writer, while noting it was not the place to record the story in detail, added: "It is enough to say that it was a deed of great daring and true chivalry, and

those who like to believe in heroism will make no mistake in placing the name of Carl Decker on their roll of heroes."

Nevertheless, while all the details of Miss Cisneros' escape were not revealed in the *Reviews'* article, they were after she arrived in Richmond to be the guest of General and Mrs. Lee and their daughter, Anne, at the Lee residence, 900 Park Avenue.

On April 19, 1898, Richmonders who opened their copy of *The (Richmond) Times* doubtless read this romantic headline to a feature story . . .

"A HERO MEETS HIS HEROINE"

The leading paragraph was: "Richmond is not only entertaining a Cuban heroine but also a Cuban hero, who is at the Jefferson."

"He is C. P. Carbonell, a young banker of Havana. He arrived in Richmond Sunday morning, and it was not long before he sent a communication to Miss Cisneros at General Lee's residence." Mr. Carbonell had informed the Senorita of his arrival.

Further on, *The Times'* article revealed that Carbonell was contacted by Decker who chose him as one of his accomplices in the daring *coup d'etat*. Carbonell provided a carriage and had it waiting at a convenient spot to the prison. After Miss Cisneros got out of the prison she entered the carriage and was rapidly driven by the Havana banker to a house where quarters had been provided for her concealment. After remaining there two days she finally made her dash to a steamer bound for New York.

"She was dressed in male attire" *The Times* recorded, "and easily passed for the son of a well-to-do Cuban planter. Miss Cisneros had a cigar in her mouth and as she handed her forged Spanish passport to the

(Continued on page 17)

I Recall . . .

THE SIGNAL FOR A DARING NAVAL EXPEDITION

IT WAS MORE than forty years ago when I first read this sentence:

That the carriage would be at the door on or about the tenth.

These thirteen words had appeared in the "Personal" columns of the *New York Herald* in the fall of 1863 and were to be the signal for executing one of the most daring naval expeditions in the history of The Confederacy.

By chance I stumbled on the details of the expedition when preparing a biography of Virginia's Poet-Priest, John Bannister Tabb. On account of a serious eye condition, Tabb was prevented from fighting in the Confederate Army, but served as a Captain's Clerk on the famous *Robert E. Lee*—a Blockade Runner, commanded by Captain John Wilkinson, C.S.N.

It was in Captain Wilkinson's little-known-today volume *The Narrative of a Blockade Runner*. I discovered the whole story of a plot to liberate hundreds of Confederate prisoners by a *coup d'état* as daring and piratical as has come down to us from legends of the Spanish Main.

AFTER ONE of the *Lee's* blockade runs from Nassau, Captain Wilkinson was summoned to Richmond. He was informed that an attempt was to be made to release the prisoners at Johnson's Island in the harbor of Sandusky on Lake Erie. He was selected to command the expedition composed of twenty-six officers. John B. Tabb was, incidentally, one of the party. The *Robert E. Lee*, with a cargo of cotton, was to convey the party to Halifax, N. S. The cargo was consigned to a firm there which was "... to purchase, with a part of the proceeds, blankets, shoes, etc., for the Army, the balance to be retained for the prisoners, if released," according to Captain Wilkinson. On October 10, 1863 the party sailed for Halifax and arrived there on October 16th. Captain Wilkinson noted that: "The arrival of so large a party of Confederates in Halifax attracted attention and it was essential to the execution of the project that all suspicion be allayed." The party was broken up into groups of three or four men who were to report in person at Montreal.

The men were cautioned to use secrecy and discretion. In spite of the fact that only Captain Wilkinson and

Lieutenants R. Minor and Ben Royall knew the precise object of the expedition, others in the group sensed "... that it was hostile to the United States Government."

CAPTAIN WILKINSON records that "They were a set of gallant young fellows, with one exception. Who he was and where he came from none of us knew; but he had been ordered by the Secretary of War to report to me for duty. We believed him to be a traitor and spy and succeeded in ridding ourselves of him after our arrival at Halifax by advancing him a month's wages. No member of the expedition ever saw him after again."

Before leaving Richmond, Captain Wilkinson had been furnished letters to persons in Canada who it was believed could give valuable aid to the expedition. Their aid was forthcoming, the details of which are too numerous to relate here.

Meanwhile, it took seven days for members of the party to reach Montreal, where a faithful agent met Captain Wilkinson by appointment and conducted him to the residence of Captain M....., a valuable ally.

Wilkinson had reliable information that the garrison at Johnson's Island was small and the U. S. Sloop of War *Michigan* was anchored off the Island as an additional guard.

"If the Sloop of War could be carried by boarding and her guns turned upon the garrison, the rest would be easy of accomplishment," so thought the parties' leader.

ALSO, ACCORDING to Captain Wilkinson, "There appeared to be no obstacle in the seizure of as many vessels in Sandusky harbor as might be required for purpose of transportation. They were to be towed over to the Canada shore about twenty-five miles distant."

So far, so good, but the chief difficulty in finally accomplishing the above lay in how were the prisoners to be notified of the attempt?

"This was accomplished after several visits to Baltimore and Washington by a brave and devoted Mrs. M. and her daughter, and finally the wife of General obtained permission from Washington to visit her husband, then a prisoner on Johnson's Island," so Captain Wilkinson records.

The interview was brief between husband and wife but she managed to slip him a piece of paper which informed him "that progress would appear in the *New York Herald's* 'Personals' over certain initials and so disguised as to be intelligible only to those who were initiated."

MAJOR PROBLEM No. 2 was to find out the exact condition of affairs in Sandusky up to the time of the departure of the expedition from Canada.

This was solved through the assistance of a retired British Army officer who visited Sandusky upon the pretext of duck shooting, and who, Captain Wilkinson related "by a pre-arranged vocabulary conveyed daily intelligence to us up to the time of our departure from Montreal."

"Everything progressed favorably until we began to make final preparations for departure. Colonel K., who knew personally the manager of an English line of steamers upon the lake and confided in the integrity of the man recommended him as most competent to give valuable information and to him under the seal of confidence I applied."

The interview, in the presence of Colonel K., was brief. "The object of the expedition was not divulged to him nor was it intimated that any hostile act was contemplated, but he probably drew the inference," according to Wilkinson. Replies to the Naval officer's questions were so satisfactory that Wilkinson never saw the gentleman again; besides, Wilkinson had other available sources of information.

AND NOW for the dramatic climax as recorded by the intrepid Confederate Naval Officer:

"It was arranged that our party should take passage on board one of the American lake steamers at a little port on the Welland Canal. We were disguised as immigrants to the west, our arms being shipped as mining tools. When clear of the Canal, we were to rise upon the crew and make our way to Sandusky. As the *Michigan* was anchored close to the main channel of the harbor, and we had provided ourselves with grapnels, it was believed that she could be carried by surprise. We had sent off our last 'Personal' to the *New York Herald* informing our

friends at Johnson's Island 'that the marriage would be at the door on or about the tenth.' Our party had collected at the little port on the Canal waiting for the steamer, then nearly there, when a proclamation was issued by the Governor General which fell among us like a thunderbolt. It was announced in this proclamation that we had come to the knowledge of the Government that a hostile expedition was about to embark from the Canada shores, and the infliction of divers pains and penalties was threatened against all concerned in the violation of the neutrality laws. What was even more fatal to our hopes, we learned that His Excellency had notified the United States Government of our contemplated expedition."

EPILOGUE

THE EXPEDITION'S "duck hunting" (?) ally abandoned posthaste his seat at Sandusky and brought news at the garrison at Johnson's Island that had been increased, and of other protective measures which spelt doom. A council of senior officers was called and the attempt abandoned.

How was the plot betrayed? Captain Wilkinson wrote: "We learned, from what was believed a reliable source, that the informant against us was the manager . . . (the English lake line official) . . . who betrayed us at the last moment."

Thus ended one of the most thrilling naval episodes, unparalleled for its daring. By devious routes over snow-covered wilds the party made its way finally to Halifax and later to Bermuda again carry on as blockade runners.

The Fighting Smith's . . .

(Continued from page 9)

in the battle of the Crater with its original fracture and several bullet-marks still visible upon it, is in the possession of the Acting-Ensign of the 12th Virginia regiment on that occasion; by whom it was held as a precious relic of one of the most brilliant achievements of the war."

So much for the heroism of Acting-Ensign Wm. C. Smith, CSA, Mahone's Brigade on July 30, 1864.

Following the War, Smith settled in Nashville, Tennessee, to pursue his profession as an architect. In this field he was to win an unusual distinction. He was sent to Athens and made a scale drawings of the Parthenon, which was first reproduced in plaster and staff as a feature of the Centennial Exposition at Nashville in 1897. (Years later the ancient Athenian temple was constructed with permanent materials and is today one of the sights of "The Athens of the South." GWJJr.)

At this juncture, the old musket again has a part in the story of the Fighting Smiths.

It was the plaything of William A. Smith, grandson of Captain John Smith, and son of Fletcher and Annie R. Smith. He would shoot the musket using its ramrod in place of a bullet.

This was the William A. Smith who served with distinction as a Captain in the 80th Division, 305th Engineers AEF and later the WPA Administrator of Virginia.

It was the writer's good fortune to serve as Director of Information under Mr. Smith, and I vividly recall his account of the days in 1918 when they had the Germans in full retreat. It was bitterly cold and the men of his company had either worn out or, many times, burned out most of the leather from their shoes at small camp fires. Then came orders to return to a rest area. Many of the men were practically shoeless and badly crippled as a result. Officers of the company who had an extra pair of shoes were told to pass them on to the worst cases, but this was not a drop in the bucket. In the meantime Captain Smith's orderly discovered a discarded motorcycle, much of a wreck, but he managed to fix it. With his Captain's blessing he disappeared on an "unofficial foray"—result some shoes, that "might have been" from a supply warehouse, arrived later. Then part of the outfit, newly-shod, kept marching to the rear. Those who were badly crippled bivouacked until a lorry was secured and

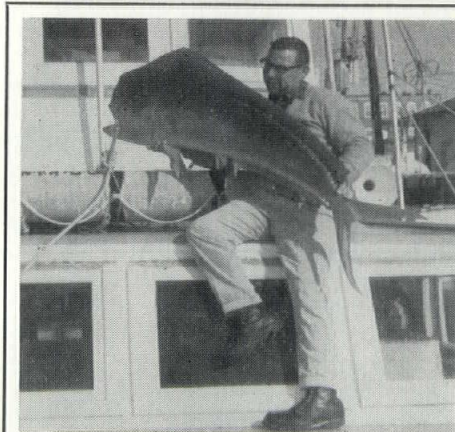
they could be sent back in relays to the Rest Area.

And now a word about the great grandson of the 1812 soldier who first owned the musket. He is Wm. A. Smith, Jr. who served as a Corporal in the Air Force in World War II, and is now a chemist with the State Department of Health doing work connected with shellfish sanitation. As a boy, like his father, he played with the old musket except he employed marbles in lieu of a ramrod for "ammunition."

No wonder my host of a recent vacation treasures this historic firearm which has been in perfect firing condition since 1864, its butt carved with the initial "W."

Who knows, the little "tow-head son" of my host may some day shoulder the musket, but what ammunition he will use is anybody's bet.

(Note: Following the death of Wm. C. Smith, the shattered flagstaff passed on to his sister. Later she instructed Wm. A. Smith who had stopped in Nashville enroute from an engineering post in South America, to present it to the Confederate Museum in Petersburg.)



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"I Was A Stranger And Ye Took Me In"

I CAN FIND NO MORE FITTING TITLE for this weird incident that happened in Virginia nearly two hundred years ago than the words of Our Saviour as recorded by St. Matthew.

It was January 16, 1803 and a stranger asked for food and wife, we were his guests at a well-known country club in central Virginia. After noting that a section of the Club's present main building had been designed by Thomas Jefferson, our host asked if we had noticed the gravestone on the edge of the golf course. He then unfolded this story of why it was there:

It was January 16, 1803 and a stranger asked for food and lodging from George Divers, owner of the nearly 1000-acre plantation known as "Farmington" just west of Charlottesville. As late as 1800 there were very few Ordinaries in that part of the country, and if a traveler was caught west of Charlottesville, and appeared respectable, he simply rode up to the best-looking house he could find and asked to be allowed to spend the night.

The stranger in this case was respectable in appearance, so the Divers family took him in without making inquiries as to who he was or where he came from. He was given his evening meal and provided with a large room in which there was a comfortable bed. In the morning when the servant came up with his breakfast, the stranger was found dead. He had about him no record of his name, his home, or his destination. A few days later he was interred under an oak tree beneath which his body still rests.

Several years later two gentlemen appeared at "Farmington" asking if a man of the description they gave was known to have passed through that section. When they were given an affirmative answer, they asked if any luggage or clothing belonging to the stranger had been kept.

They were told that all his clothing, except his vest, had been distributed among the slaves who had cared for his burial. The vest had been preserved in a closet upstairs, as there was a law against the wearing of vests by slaves. When the vest had been turned over to the two gentlemen, they cut out the lining and found in its wadding bonds and other valuables which the stranger (whom they identified as Judge John P. Bryan) had collected as donations for the College of New Jersey.

Little did the Divers know that they had extended hospitality to one of the founders of what is now Princeton University.

The College of New Jersey, we learned recently, was chartered in 1746, and its first classes held in Elizabethtown, New Jersey until 1747; moved to Newark before the end of that year and to Princeton in 1756; but not until 1896 was the name Princeton University adopted.

Under the deep shade of a venerable oak on the golf course of the Farmington Country Club is a flat tombstone considerably damaged through long years of weathering. It

is four feet wide by six and one-half feet long and to protect the slab from the further ravages of time it has been embedded in a frame of concrete.

If one pauses beside the slab, they may read this epitaph:

"Sacred"

"To the memory of John P. Bryan, Esquire,
"One of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas in the County of Somerset and State of New Jersey
"He was born on the 14th November MDCCXLVI and departed this Life on the 16th January MDCCCIII,
While engaged in collecting donations for the New Jersey College.

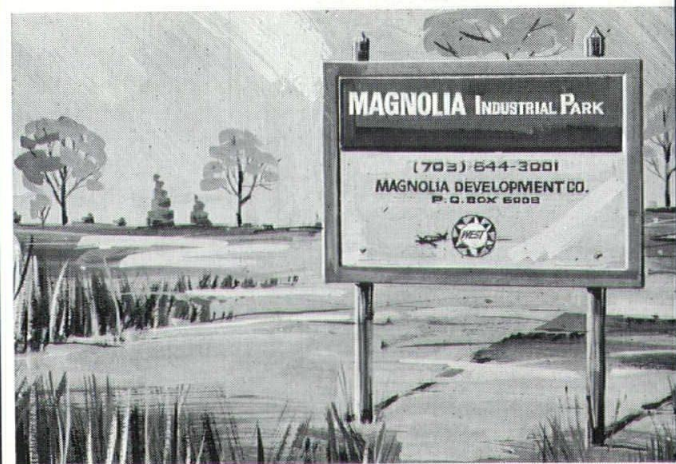
"In him truth honor conscious worth combine to stamp a virtuous good and perfect mind,
We view his life, see every act imply,
Who fears to live not will not fear to die
One well spent moment ends the unequal strife
and wafts our spirit to immortal life
Tho he is gone the silent falling tear persuasive speaks—he still inhabits here."

* "Peter Fritz in Philadelphia Fecit"

Hardby, where Judge Bryan lies in eternal sleep is a brick enclosure in which rest members of the Divers family. Who will gainsay that the spirit of Judge Bryan looking down from its celestial habitation upon those who rest beside him does not oft repeat—"For I was hungered and ye gave me meat, I was thirsty and ye gave me drink, I was a stranger and ye took me in."?

*The stone mason who cut the Epitaph

Note: For a history of "Farmington" the author gratefully acknowledges data supplied by Mr. Raymond D. Loving, Secretary of the Farmington Corporation.—GWJJr.



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The Day I Shall Never Forget

(Continued from page 12)

The Monticello Hotel, and later in the Lenox building, firemen were hampered by the bitter cold, which made it necessary to build fires around hydrants, and almost paralyzed the men themselves. Sailors and marines were quickly called out and joined in the work of rescue and fire fighting.

"UGLY REPORTS? MANY ARRESTS

"Reports began coming in that bombs were causing the fire spread and that persons had been seen setting buildings afire. While no confirmation of these reports developed, they led to extra precautions being taken, and a large part of the business district was surrounded by a cordon of marines and sailors, who would allow no one to enter.

"More than a score of persons were arrested as suspects during the day and night, but all except a dozen were freed later. Two men thought to be Germans were among those held for further investigation. They gave their names as Hugo Schmidt and H. K. Lessing.

"The arrests of suspects was followed by the closing last night of theatres, poolrooms and all downtown places where persons might gather. It also was said that all members of the naval forces here who had been away on furloughs had been ordered to return immediately to aid in maintaining guard over the fireswept zone.

"INVESTIGATING SUSPECTS

"The department of justice is today conducting an examination of twenty-two suspects arrested since yesterday

morning. Some of the men were taken into custody this morning. About twenty were turned over to the department by Police Justice Pitt without hearing. District Attorney Mann is assisting Ralph Doughton, representative of the Department of Justice, in the examinations.

"Through the activities of the agents of the Department of Justice, the police and the navy, twenty suspects were rounded up yesterday and last night. Hugo Schmidt and H. K. Lessing were among the first to be caught in the dragnet. Others that are in the hands of the Department are W. J. A. Brosvoordt, arrested late last night. Two women were detained in the matron's department at police headquarters.

"Brosvoordt was a guest at the Lorraine hotel, and, it is said, made some disloyal remark yesterday morning while the Monticello was burning. When his room, No. 430 at the Lorraine, was searched it was found to contain German papers, letters, maps of Norfolk, a book of the memoirs of Germany, with a picture of the Kaiser as the frontispiece. A locked box and other matter was taken from this room and turned over to the authorities.

"While nothing has been given out officially as to the nature of the charges against the men that are being held, or whether the evidence against them indicates that they have had anything to do with fires occurring here, or other enemy acts, it is understood that some very valuable information regarding other Germans has been ascertained through some of them.

"The police and the agents of the Department of Justice are still at work on every clue and other arrests are expected to follow."

To further check memory against

facts, I consulted the Norfolk directory of 1917 with these results: The D. Carpenter, Inc., building was at 241 Granby on the corner of Tazewell Street, on the west side of Granby. Across Tazewell Street at 247-249 was the Lorraine. Then proceeding south on the same block with the Carpenter Building, and next door at 239 Granby, D. Buchanan and Sons, Incorporated; at 237, the Galeski Optical Company; 227, Men's Quality Shop; 226, Norfolk Stationery Company and at 225, the Tazewell Building, etc.

Now, I consulted one of the illustrations quoted in this article—"Norfolk Fire Losses Total \$1,634,500" from *The Richmond News Leader*, bearing in mind that there could have been changes in the occupants between the taking of the 1917 directory census and date of the fire.

Several things stand out in the comparison of my memory versus news facts; (1) The Buchanan Store was next door to the Carpenter building and there was an explosion in it; (2) The fact that we were warned not to take the furniture in the Lorraine Hotel might have been because Brosvoordt was a guest in the Hotel and what the Department of Justice agents found in his room, etc.; (3) The guards thrown around the burning area and their orders; (4) The general excitement and rumors with sailors and marines forming self-organized rescue squads. These might have been organized, but I still remember sailors and marines being assembled as I stated in my recollections; (5) The fact that D. Carpenter's building was doomed—hence the fire chief's warning and (6) the chaos of that day.

At all events, January 1, 1918 was a day I'll never forget. Can you blame me? ▲

Cuban Senorita

(Continued from page 13)

Spanish officers, she puffed smoke right and left into their faces. This was the critical moment. The escaped prisoner was allowed to pass and there was great joy in the heart of the young man (Carbonell) when he saw Miss Cisneros sail safely away to the land of freedom."

The Senorita's arrival in Richmond created a sensation, particularly as she had become the *protegé* of General Fitzhugh Lee and Mrs. Lee. The General had become the idol of the nation for his diplomatic services in Havana and his challenge to Spanish oppression. He had, in company with Mrs. Lee, become acquainted with the Cu-

ban girl and visited her in prison. Besides, Miss Lee had corresponded with the imprisoned Senorita.

General Lee and his stunning protégé came down from Washington on a train reaching the city shortly after 7 P.M., on April 16th. Enroute there had been an enthusiastic welcoming ceremony staged at Ashland. A dispatch from the Hanover County town to *The Times* from the scene, recorded that "General Lee said 'I will not make a speech, but in lieu of an oratorical effort I will present to you Miss Evangelina Cossio'y Cisneros!' Soon thereafter the young lady, famous for having been rescued from Spanish duress in Havana came to the platform, modest and blushing. 'My friends,'

said General Lee, 'allow me to introduce Miss Cisneros, the girl who escaped from prison in Havana. *She* got out of Cuba by escaping from prison, and *I* escaped from prison, or worse, by getting out of Cuba!'"

This is the story of the dark-eyed Cuban Senorita, who so bewitched a ten-year old boy some sixty-three years ago. Had at that time the boy been exposed to the poetry of Lord Byron, he might at first glimpse of Senorita Cisneros have mumbled:

*She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes.*



When Children Were Children . . .

(Continued from page 3)

dates and dances, I worked on Saturdays, as did most of my friends. We constituted a mobile work-force for stores all over midtown Richmond. Of boys I remember from that work-force, as I told my children, two are now judges, one a naval architect in Washington, one an army general in Pakistan, one a retired admiral, one an artist in New York and one a Washington correspondent of the Sunday, New York Times.

Later, when I was talking to a contemporary of mine about those conversations, he mentioned that in those days we did not have the "disturbed" children and young people who appear continually in the newspapers, killing parents or strangers, nor the unattractive behavior of children who are products of "permissive" parents. We admitted that many aspects of the past appear in nostalgia as freer of blemish than they actually were. However, even allowing for "the pathos of distance," the children with whom we had grown up seemed more at peace with themselves, more at home in their environments, when under the control of parents who expected to be obeyed. In those early decades of this century, children, in relation to their parents, had not changed fundamentally from the era when one of General Lee's children, in reminiscence as an adult, said, "It never occurred to me to disobey my father."

The refrain here obviously is that it "never occurred" to any of us that disobedience was possible, nor to question the natural order of things. This carried over into a respect for all persons representing authority. I remember a wonderful mounted policeman named McDonough, who halted at his box at the corner where we played, and he was such a favorite with us that all the children gathered around him. He told us stories with an original, inventive turn of mind and an engaging sense of humor, and without effort I can call up the twinkling in his eyes while, dead-pan, he spun his fantastic and spellbinding tales. Ever since the happy-hearted McDonough, policemen in all cities have been seen by me as figures of protection and assistance, and by expecting friendliness from them I have enjoyed some finely rewarding personal exchanges with them.

We knew nothing even of the tag, "authority figures," applied today to adults who occupy such roles as parents, teachers, bureaucrats—and policemen.

Adults in such positions did not constitute for us a world of "authority figures" whose purpose in life was dedicated to misunderstanding us and thwarting our inclinations. Nor did we exist to thwart and defy them. As we grew into our middle-teens, late high school years, we began to question the wisdom and/or fairness of one or both of our parents on specific issues (though, personally, I never questioned my mother), and in some teachers and principals we encountered areas which we could not respect. But the fallibility of a parent and the limitations of individuals in the teaching profession did not inspire us to regard the world of constituted authority as consisting totally of the assertively benighted whom it was our obligation to circumvent and denigrate.

The fact of the matter is that we were comfortable in an ordered society in which we felt *safe*. The words, "law and order," had a real meaning to us. It has often been pointed out that respect for law broke down during Prohibition. I know my first act of willful law-breaking occurred when, more in a spirit of audacious adventure than a desire to drink whiskey, I put in a dollar for a share of a half-gallon jug of raw corn. Now, highly respectable citizens function unselfconsciously as chronic law-breakers by buying alcoholic beverages from the city's bootleggers after the idiotic closing hours of the ABC stores and when unexpected guests appear on Sunday.

Less mentioned is the casual habit of citizens breaking the speed-laws and, in the young, the deliberate violation not only of all known traffic laws but the laws of human decency and common intelligence. It could be said that the powerful machines (the future's mechanized dinosaurs of our transient age) provide outlets for the "aggressions" of highly energized young physical specimens below the age of responsibility. But providing outlets of such potential

destructiveness to persons too young for judgment is an extension of the "permissiveness" into an area where disrespect for the law is taken for granted.

Through these, and similar, areas we live amongst *habits* where "law and order" have lost their meaning of providing security. Where law and order—an ordered society—have come to stand for senseless, intolerable restraint which *must* be broken, it seems unlikely that the trend can be reversed by any currently known social engineering. In California, the nation's leader in novogues, the obligations felt by a segment of students to oppose everything represented by any authority seem to indicate the trends of the future. Against this present background and somewhat alarming future, the trend can be reversed only in that almost forgotten place—the home. A psychologist friend of mine, who teaches in one of the state colleges, summed it up for me when he said: "Let's agree that the poor parent doing his miserable best is bound to make mistakes, but this does not relieve the child of all responsibilities."

However "the pathos of distance" might color our memories, we were responsible units in our small microcosm and from that responsibility at home we approached our ordered world with a sense of responsibility to it, and not contemptuous defiance of it. While this is not meant as praise of "the good old days," I do believe that in this, as in so many other areas of our society, we have changed too fast, too totally, and lost some of the sustaining continuity that gave stability to other eras.

Clifford Dawley

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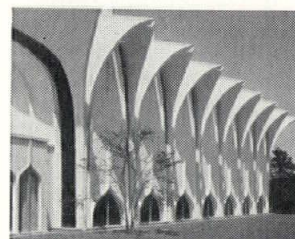
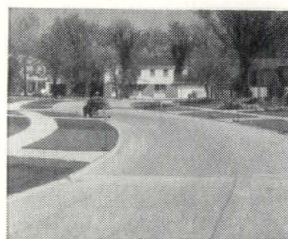
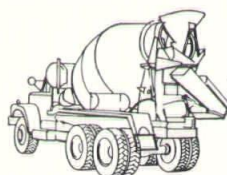
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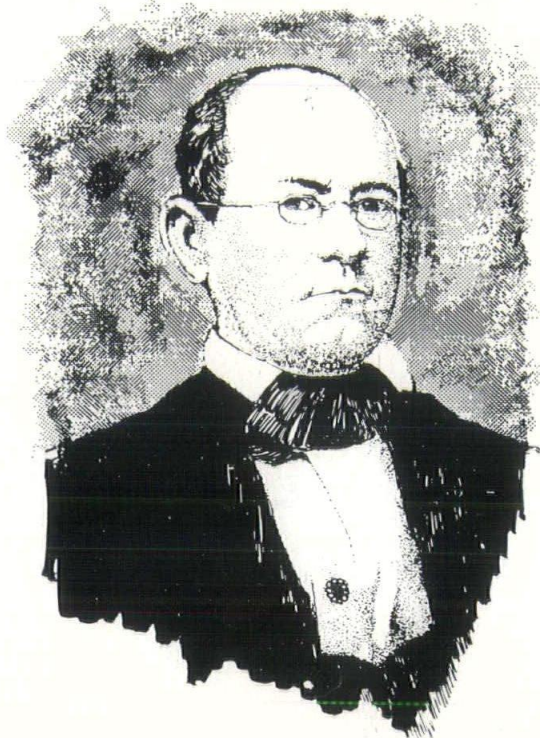
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The author, born in Richmond, taught at the University of Virginia and elsewhere before joining the Department of History of Washington State University.

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