Contributions to this column are requested from Confederate veterans and other persons familiar with the history of the War Between the States. Narratives of particular engagements and personal adventures are especially requested. All contributions should be sent to the Editor of the Confederate Column, Times-Dispatch, Richmond, Va.

SENTINELS' SHARP EARS FIRST DETECTED ENEMY

How Palmetto State Pickets Got Earliest Intimation of Presence of Union Army at Manassas and Gave Information That May Have Turned the Tide of That Battle.

By Captain C. K. Henderson, of South Carolina.

On Saturday afternoon, the day before the battle of Manassas, between sundown and dark, Colonel Thomas G. Bacon of the Seventh South Carolina Infantry, Bonham's brigade, ordered Captain John S. Hard to take his Company F of that regiment and go on picket duty for the night. Captain Hard took his company across the stream Bull Run to the north side and to the top of the hill, and there led to the left out of the road into the clover field. And here we were informed we were to spend the whole night on guard duty. Half of the company was detailed in groups of four, and the balance of the company was held in reserve fifty yard in the rear of the half that had been deployed as pickets. Mr. Henderson and his three comrades—Benjamin Sharpton, James Kadle and Smithfield Radford—formed the first group and were located on the main road between Manassas and Centerville, at Mitchell's Ford. Two of the men of each group were allowed to sleep at the post in the clover while the other two were on guard, and they changed at intervals. The only instruction given was to halt anybody approaching from the north, and if they did not stop to shoot.

About midnight Captain Samuel McGowan, special aid to General Bonham, rode up from the rear and asked what was going on, and they reported to him that everything was well, except that the enemy was marching to their left up the creek. That information seemed to excite him and he asked how they knew, and they told him they had heard the marching soldiers, moving wagons and cannon for hours. He dismounted and one of the picket held his horse and he went forward a few paces in front of the picket. He asked if the matter had been reported to General Beauregard, and he was told that no instructions had been given as to that. He said if our opinion was correct, General Beauregard should know it at once. He reported to General Bonham and then to General Beauregard. The pickets continued on post all night, and next morning at sun-up they moved forward in the direction of the enemy, marching into and through a scope of woods. When we arrived on the north side of the woods, the whole Federal army was exposed to view, marching up the river in the direction of Stone Bridge. During the morning they were relieved of picket duty, and their company rejoined their regiment down at Mitchell's Ford. Not long afterwards the booming of cannon up the river told that the two armies had met the first time in deadly combat.

A numbers of years ago Mr. Henderson wrote to Captain, then Judge McGowan, the following letter about that eventful night, and Judge McGowan's reply is recopied from the Abbeville Press and Banner. We publish both:

Aiken, S. C., July 22, 1891.

Judge Samuel McGowan,
Columbia, S. C.

My Dear Sir.—It has been thirty years since the event occurred that leads to this not. Probably you will remember it, probably not.

On the night before the battle of Manassas, or Bull Run, which was Saturday night, the writer with a comrade, Benjamin Sharpton, was on picket guard on the outer line—on the left hand side of the road leading from Manassas to Centerville, via Mitchell's Ford, across Bull Run—and while on post you came to us and asked us what the enemy were doing and we told you they were moving up the river to our left. You asked how we knew it, and we said: "By the noise of the wagons, artillery, etc.," and you thought we were mistaken. You got off your horse and went forward a few steps in front of our lines and listened for a short time, and then came back to us and said what we thought about the enemy was correct; that the general commanding the army must know of it at once, and asked why we had not reported it before that time, etc. We told you we had no instructions to report anything, but to shoot any one coming from the direction of the nemy. You mounted your horse and made off in great haste to report the movements of the enemy, which I have no doubt you did.

I saw you several times next day (Sunday), as you attended to your duties, but is has never been my pleasure to speak to you since that Saturday night; yet I have often thought of the occurrence and wanted to know, did the commander of the army have that information before you gave it to him. Would it be asking too much of you to give me that information. As I have said before, probably you have forgotten all about it, but it is fresh in my mind.

I was quite a boy then—sixteen years old—and I did not feel quite at home and happy. My comrade was killed near Richmond. I was kept from injury through the entire war.

I occasionally meet Miss Meta Lythgo and ask about you, and I ask our lawyers when they come back from Columbia, if they have seen you, how you are, etc.

If you remember this occurrence, and if I ever have the opportunity of talking with you about it, it would be very pleasant, indeed.

I have now taken too much of your time and will close, hoping that your life may be long spared to our State.

Truly, your unknown friend,
C. K. HENDERSON.

General McGowan tells us this is true in every particular except one, and that is that it was not half of the whole truth. The officers did report to the General (Bonham).

1. Then he sent his acting Adjutant-General (McGowan) with the report to headquarters at Manassas (three miles), and he aroused General Beauregard about 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning and gave the information to him.

2. Then General Beauregard sent General McGowan to General Jackson, at McLain's Ford.

3. Jackson sent the same officer and aroused Colonel Walker, of the New Orleans Artillery.

When the staff officer on his return reached Mitchell's Ford, the sun was just rising, and the first gun of the great battle of Manassas was fired.

The general says he has often wondered as to how much the work of those faithful sentinels, far out on the lines, contributed to our first great success at Manassas Plains.

Privates gave battle, but officers reap the reward.—Press and Banner.

James Kadle was killed at the battle of Gettysburg.

Benjamin Sharpton was killed at Cold Harbor.

Smithfield Radford died a short time after the war.

Company F, of the Seventh Regiment, was mustered in at Graniteville.

THE CONFEDERATE CAUSE NOT A FIGHT FOR SLAVERY

Memorial day has grown into an institution in our Southland. The old Confederate naturally becomes reminiscent when in the presence of his comrades he recalls the sacrifices and conflicts of forty years ago. The features and forms of those who stood shoulder to shoulder with him in the conflict, or fell by his side, come before his mind's eye as distinct as the scenes of yesterday.

This is a day o fsadness to him, not unmixed, however, with the proud recollection that he was an humble factor in one of the grandest struggles of self-government that has ever occurred on earth.

The writers and speakers of the South owe it to our dead leaders and the noble men who followed them to vindicate their action in the eyes of mankind, and prove to all the world that those who fought for the South were neither rebels nor traitors.

For this reason my comrades and the older people here, will indulge me while I present some views not new to them, but intended for the rising generation—those perhaps who studied Barnes's and Fiske's histories.

We do not meet on memorial occasions to discuss the abstract question of the right or wrong of the conflict that was waged with such fury forty years ago. The historian of the future may probably declare that upon the strict construction of the Constitution one side was right, and owing to the changed conditions of national thought, the other side was right. The Virginia soldier did not discuss even the expediency of the question after the old State made its choice.

Our comrades who sleep beneath the sod died for the right as they saw it. While memory holds its place you and your sons and daughters will pay the homage of grateful hearts to their heroism, as annually you strew their graves with flowers, and teach your children to lisp their names and revere their memories.

The necessity for the war was written in the history of the Colonies, in the climate, soil and productions of the different States; on the flag of the first ship that brough slaves to North America. The splendid eloquence and patriotism of Henry Clay and others delayed it—the madness of a few on both sides hastened it. Two qustiones had to be settled. The right of secession and chattel slavery. We will show that the right of secession rested with the South, while slavery was an incident of the war and would have ceased in time without so drastic a measure.

The Southern States exercised a power that had been claimed from the adoption of the Constitution. The proceedings of the covention which framed the Constitution as well as those of the States that ratified, together with the debates, go to show that at that time there was little difference of opinion as to this question. Had the framers of the Constitution declared thir intention to create a supreme central government, to bind the States beyond all power of withdrawal, it would never have been ratified. The States of New York and Virginia, possibly others, inserted in their resolutions of ratification a declaration that the powers vested by the Constitution in the United States of America might be resumed by them when they should deem it necessary to prevent injury or oppression.

Early in the nineteenth century the doctrine of secession, characterized as treason and rebellion in 1861, was openly advocated in Massachusetts. The famous letter of Colonel Pickering, a member of Washington's Cabinet, written in July, 1804, shows that he believed that the doctrine of secession had the approval of New England as well as New York and New Jersey.

In 1811 the admission of the State of Louisana was violently opposed in Congress. During the debate Mr. Quincy, of Massachusetts, said, "If this bill passes it is my deliberate opinion that it is virtually a dissolution of the Union; that it will free the States from their moral obligations, and, as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some definitely to prepare for a separation, amicably if they can, violently if they must."

He was called to order. The point of order was sustained by the Speaker of the House. From this decision an appeal was taken and the Speaker was overruled.

Here was an open contention of the right of secession by a Massachusetts representative and a decision by the House that it was a lawful matter for discussion.

The proceedings of the Hartford Convention of 1814 are familiar to these school children here. I need not recite their famous resolution.

The New England States in 1844 threatened a dissolution of the Union. In that year the Legislature of Massachussetts adopted this resolution:

"The Commonwealth of Massachusetts faithful to the compact between the people of the United States, according to the plain meaning and intent in which it was understood by them, is sincerely anxious for its preservation; but that it is determined, as it doubts not that the other States are, to submit to undelegated powers in no body of men on earth." It further declared that the project of the annexation of Texas unless arrested on the threshold may tend to drive these to a dissolution of the Union.

Prior to the Louisiana purchase, the settlers on the Mississippi River who were harassed by the Spaniards, petitioned Congress, saying, if Congress refuses us protection; if it forsakes us, we will adopt the measures which our safety requires, even if they endanger the peace of the Union, and our connection with the other States. No protection—no allegiance.

You see the right to secede was advocated by the North and West, and threats to avail themselves of this right were made by Northern Legislatures, leading statesmen and petitions to Congress.

Through fifty years of our history this discussion continued and the eloquence of Webster and the logic of Calhoun were exhausted, while no satisfactory conclusion was reached.

Finally, when the Southern States, for grievances that are fresh in our memories and far outweighed all the fancied evils that New England suffered, or all the trials the Mississippi Valley settlers bore, withdrew from the Union, and reasserted their sovereignty, they were coerced by Federal powers, and falsely represented, not only to the world, but to our own children as traitors and rebels.

The question of the justice of our cause having been so completely established why should our people admit, as we know they sometimes do, that it was best after all that we failed in the attempt to establish a separate government? Does the fact of failure prove that we were wrong and our enemies right in the contention? Was Providence on their side, and were we fighting against the fiat of the Almighty? If so, why? Were religion and character on the side of the North?

If America had to suffer the penalty of violated law, were we of the South sinners above all others? In the conduct of the war, which side exhited most of the Christian and least of the brutal character? To ask these questions is but to answer them.

In the "Confederate Secession," a work by an Englishman, the author draws a deadly parallel between the methods and the aims of the two people, and sums up the matter with these significant words: "All the good qualities were on one side and all the bad on the other.

Let us discuss the old superstition that heaven is revealed in the immediate results of "Trial by Combat." We know that the Christian civilization of the first centuries went down in the darkness of mediaeval times; we know that Paul was beheaded and Nero crowned and Christ crusified. Our defeat was but another instance of" truth on the scaffold and wrong on the throne."

The North succeeded because they mustered over 2,555,000 men and had the world to draw supplies from; while the South failed because she only mustered 600,000 and was confined to her own territory for supplies.

Northern writers and speakers have attempted to show that the South plunged this country into desperate war for the purpose of perpetuating slavery. Do the facts of history sustain this contention? The Colonies protested time and again to the King of England against sending slaves to these shores. The House of Burgesses enacted laws on twenty-three different occasions against the importation of slaves. The King of England vetoed each act.

In 1832 the Legislature of Virginia came within one vote of passing a law of emancipation.

On page 88, Vol. 1, of Henderson's Life of Stonewall Jackson you will find an interesting letter written by General Robert E. Lee, showing what he thought of slavery before the war. Lee set free his slaves before the war began, while Grant retained his until freed by the proclamation. Not one man in thirty of the Stonewall Brigade owned a slave. A Northern writer says, "Slavery was the cause of the war, just as property is the cause of robbery."

If any man will read the debates between Lincoln and Douglas just prior to the war, or the Emancipation Proclamation, he will see that slavery was not the cause of action or its abolition its intent. Emancipation was a war measure not affecting the border States.

Mr. Webster said at Capon Springs in 1851, "I do not hesitate to say and repeat, that if the Northern States refused to carry into effect that part of the Constitution which respects the restoration of fugitive slaves the South would no longer be bound to keep the compact."

Did you ever see a soldier who was fighting for slavery? A celebrated English historian in treating this subject remarks: "Slavery was but the occasion of the rupture, in no sense the object of the war. Slavery would have been abolished in time had the South succeeded."

The enlightened sentiment of mankind, the spirit of the age, was against chattel slavery. England and France had freed their bondmen. Russia emancipated her serfs about 1880. In 1873 the Island of Porto Rico taxed itself $12,000,000 and freed 32,000 slaves. Does any one suppose that the enlightened and Christian people of the Southern States would have set themselves against the moral sentiment of mankind, and refused to heed the voice of civilization and progress?

Under the leadership of Lee and Gordon, Vance and Currie, and thousands of others, these Southern States would have carried out a destiny full of moral grandeur and glory. The problems that now challenge the patience, courage and endurance of a mighty people would not have, in all probability, arisen. At all events the one black, dark cloud that overshadows our domestic and political horizon would have been turned back through wiser and more humane legislation, or at least prevented from spending its force through false teaching, inspired by a band of the most selfish and ignorant fanatics that were ever permitted to prey upon a noble and defenseless people.

On memorial occasions such as this the speaker, anxious always to leave some abiding thought in the minds and on the hearts of his hearers, turns to those who made our history a half of a century ago, and by the precept and example impressed themselves on their countrymen. What Cromwell was to the English Commonwealth; what Washington was to the Revolution, Lee was to our Southern cause. Let me give you a pen portrait of our chieftain from an English viewpoint. In a translation of Homer dedicated to General R. E. Lee, the most stainless of living commanders, and except in fortune, the greatest, Philip Stanley Worsley, of Oxford, wrote:

The grand old bard that never dies,
Receive him in our English tongue;
I send thee, but with weeping eyes,
The story that he sung.

Thy Troy is fallen, thy dear land
Is marred beneath the spoiler's heel;
I can not trust my trembling hand
To write the things I feel.

Ah, realm of tombs, but let her bear
This blazon to the last of times;
No nation rose so white and fair,
Or fell so free of crimes.

The widow's moan, the orphan's wail
Come round thee, yet in truth be strong;
Eternal right, tho' all else fail,
Can never be made wrong.

An angel's heart, an angel's mouth,
Not Homer's, could alone for me
Hymn well the great Confederate South,
Virginia first, and Lee.

The crowning virtue in General Lee's character was wonderful gentleness. His letters to his friends and family show this, as well as many of his general orders and his reports of engagements. The students looking for an example; the young man or woman seeking to improve their characters, and bearing in mind that "gentle minds by gentle deeds are known, and man by nothings is so well betrayed as by his manners," will find in the life of Lee an inspiration to noble living and high endeavor such as is nowhere else found in profane history.

The poet had in his mind's eye just such a character when he sung:

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that nature
Might stand up and say to all the world
This was a man."

A man whose strength was the might of gentleness and self-command. We can not have too many biographies of him. We can not raise too many monumepts to him. We can not see his gentle face too often. Every time we look on his form in bronze or marble we exclaim with the poet:

"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

The poet laureate voices the sentiments that fill our hearts as we review this strong, brave, tender loving character:

"My good sword carves the casque of men,
My short lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten
Because my heart is pure."

On occasions like this our hearts turn to one who was imprisoned, manacled, and treated with many indignities, although no more responsible for the action of the Southern States than any other public man. His persecutors were unable to bring him to trial. The text book on the Constitution taught at West Point came in the way. For the Chief Magistrate of the young republic that arose so full of hope and noble purposes, and died so free of crime, the Commonwealth of Mississippi gave Jefferson Davis, soldier, statesman and vicarious sufferer for a people who will cherish his memory so long as valor has a votary or virtue a shrine.

Our Heroes Who Fell in the Struggle.

We pause to pay a tribute to the mighty host of brave officers, soldiers, and sailors who fell under the banner of the Lost Cause. We cannot call their names—all honor to them. They were spared from witnessing the flag furled. A large number of these did not return from the fated field of Gettysburg, as did some here with the burning thought that "some one had blundered." The tragic scenes at Appomattox could leave no regretful and sorrowful memories in their hearts and lives.

"As the mist of the past is rolled away,
Our heroes who died in their tattered gray
Grow taller and greater in all their parts,
Till they fill our minds as they fill our hearts,
And for those who lament them there is this relief,
That glory sits by the side of grief
And they grow taller as the years pass by
And the world learns how they could do and die."

Private Soldiers and Sailors.

We sing praises to the officers; we erect monuments of bronze and marble to their memories; we hang portraits on the walls of our camps that will remind our children's children of their undying fame and imperishable valor, but we do not emphasize on every occasion as we should, the self-sacrifice and noble devotion to duty of the private soldier and sailor, who made possible the fame and glory of their officers.

The Confederate private soldier was far above the average of the armies of the world. No country ever had a larger percentage of thinking and intelligent men in the ranks; men more thoroughly imbued with moral principle.

To their everlasting honor stands the fact that in their march through the enemy's country they left behind them no wasted fields, no families cruelly robbed, no homes violated.

An English writer contemporaneously says:

"In no case have the Pennsylvanians cause to complain of personal injury, or even discourtesy, at the hands of those whose homes they had burned; those families they had insulted, robbed and tormented. Even the tardy destruction of Chambersburg was an act of regular, limited and righteous reprisal."

"I must say that they acted like gentlemen, and, their cause aside, I would rather have 40,000 rebels quartered on my premises than 1,000 Union troops," was said by a Pennsylvania farmer during that invasion.

None who participated in that struggle could have failed to observe the unselfish devotion of the private soldier. The generals and line officers, charged with responsibility and nerved with ambition, had a stimulus and hope of reward that did not often stir the private soldier.

His breast was fired and his arm nerved by devotion to duty. He was in many cases better born and more intelligent than his officers, yet he was obedient to orders and marched into the jaws of death with a heroism and courage that challenged the admiration of the world. He knew that in the story of the battle the officers' names would be mentioned, and if among the slain, they would be borne to a well-marked tomb, over which loving hands and grateful hearts would spread flowers and shed tears, while over his unmarked grave most likely the winds would sing a sad requiem, and no loving hand would plant a single flower.

The Women of the South.

No story of our war, no record of the gallant defenders of our stainless banner, no recital of the deeds of daring and the unselfish sacrifices of these men would be complete without mention of the heroic spirit and undying devotion of the noble women of the South. The old stories of the Roman matrons and self-sacrifices of the Spartan women were reproduced in every State and nearly every home of this Southland.

It would be easy to furnish from memory of the stirring events during the War Between the States incidents that would show the most exalted patriotism and highest conception of duty on the part of the noble women of the South that the history of any peoples in any age can furnish.

We are proud of the fact that their mantle has fallen upon the shoulders of the Daughters of the Confederacy, whose hearts burn to-day with a love and devotion as pure and sacred as that of their mothers when they sent forth their sons to battle with the Roman matron's injunction or gave their parting kiss to loved ones whom they cheerfully resigned to their country's call.

The unselfish devotion of the noble women of the South upheld and prolonged the unequal struggle, while their patience and sacrifices at home, rearing their children and praying for the absent husband and father, often with no protector save the faithful slaves who stood guard at their doors, furnishes the most striking example of love and devotion that this world has ever seen. When, under the providence of God, our vexed problems are settled, and the South comes again to her own, as, under the unvarying law of compensation, she surely will, another monument will rise in our Southland, erected by the Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy, and dedicated to the noble women of the South.

A Land Without Ruins.

A land without ruins is a land without memories. A land without memories is a land without history. Crowns of roses fade; crowns of thorns endure. Calvaries and crucifixions take deepest hold of humanity. The triumphs of might are transient; they pass and are forgotten. The sufferings of right are deepest on the chronicles of nations."

The shadows of the evening are lengthening on our pathway. The twilight approaches. For the most part you have lived brave lives. May you die worthy patriots, dear to God and famous to all the ages!

LEE'S LAST DISPATCH TO PRESIDENT DAVIS

BY W. G. MORTON.

I am now visiting my brother, J. X. Morton, who lives on a farm on Sayler Creek, near Rice. This farm is a part of the last battle field of the war. I am reminded every day of the war. I was with Fifty-third Virginia Regiment from the beginning until I was transferred to Company C, Third Virginia Cavalry. We were sent to the High Bridge, near here, in March, 1865. On the 7th day of February, 1865, I was transferred to Company C, Third Virginia Cavalry. The dismounted men of Fitz Lee's Brigade were sent to the High Bridge, near Farmville, to protect that important structure, and from that place I was sent to Halifax to get a horse the last of March, 1865. My father gave me a splendid fresh horse, "Old Ball," a precious gift. He was the finest horse I ever rode. I was ordered to report to Major-General Anderson ("Old Tige") as courier. As soon as I was equipped I reported to Major B. L. Farenholt at Staunton River, and he had orders to send out parties to find General R. E. Lee and report to Mr. Jefferson Davis, then in Danville. Major Richard V. Gaines mounted four of Barringer's Cavalry and ordered me to find General Lee and telegraph Mr. Davis. I rode all day Saturday and Sunday. My comrades were captured. I met Major W. J. Johnson, of Fitz Lee's staff, Sunday morning about 9 o'clock. His horse was very lame, and wanted my horse. I could not give up "Old Ball," and after I showed him my orders, he consented to let me carry the dispatch to the nearest telegraph office—Drake's Branch. The roads were full of Yankee's, and Major Johnson directed me to take a road down a creek. After being lost for several hours I came to a farm house, and the old man gave me directions which carried me to Charlotte Courthouse. I reached that place about 5 P. M. and got a feed for my horse and some bread and milk from a Mr. Willborne at the hotel. It was the first feed we had for the day. I reached the depot and sent my dispatch to General Walker, commander of the post at Danville, Va., and kept a copy for Colonel Farenholt. This was the last from General Lee to Mr. Davis.

An old friend of my father, Mr. Pascal Ligon, took me home with him that night. After being in the saddle for two days and one night, I enjoyed the nice bed and elegant fare of my old friend. Monday, the 10th, I reported to Colonel Farenholt and Major Gaines, and they told me to go home. I met many stragglers, and was amused at a party with a flag of truce on a long pole at Clark's Ferry. Lieutenant John S. Wise and party were sent out from Danville by Mr. Davis to find General Lee. They wanted me to go with them, but I directed them to report to Colonel Farenholt. I got home that evening and delivered my good "Old Ball" to my father.

I attended a most delightful picnic at Rice last week. About 1,000 people were present. I met only five of Company C, Fifty-third Virginia, who served with me in the war—Captain Dickerson, Captain Phillips, Lieutenant Linsay Walthall and Messrs. Clarke and Harper, old comrades. The picnic was bountiful, and those who give picnics ought to consult the Vaughans, Walthalls, Waltons and Madisons how to manage them.

IN THE RAPPAHANNOCK COUNTRY.

Old Virginians had a happy knack of plantation nomenclature, inherited no doubt from the attractive names of the gentleman's seats in old England. In this very county of Essex the homesteads bear names of great dignity and charm. Kinlock, Blandfield, Epping Forest, Edennetta, Malvern, Glen Cairn, Brooke Bank, Woodburn, Elmwood, Fort Hall and Champlain carry a suggestion of ease and comfort, of velvet lawn and wide-spreading trees, of brooks and meadows, and all those enchanting circumstances, which made Virginia country life of the eighteenth and nineteenth century so entirely irresistible. With the names comes the picture of the planter and his horse threading his fields with minute inspection; the mistress and her morning inspection of key basket and keen carefulness for domestic peace; later the grande dame in her rustling gown, dominating like a queen the young circle to whom she is the type and inspiration. We hear children's laughter under the great oak, which is their summer nursery, and see stalwart boys breaking young colts or tramping the fields with gun or rod, living a life which made men without fear and often without reproach.

The Essex Baylors are an old and interesting family. According to tradition the Baylors came from Hungary and lived for a short time at Tiverton, Devonshire, England.

John Baylor and his brother, Robert, came to virginia in the last half of the seventeenth century. John (1) Baylor had a son, John (2) Baylor, who lived in the good old county of Gloucester.

He was member of the House of Burgesses in 1692; afterwards he removed to King and Queen and represented that county in the House of Burgesses. The financial star of the Baylors was high and bright upon Virginia's horizon in the lifetime of this second John. He was one of the great tobacco kings, and employed sixteen ships to ply his "produce" between England and Virginia. The names of some of his ships were after his family association— Tiverton, Hatley and Little John, for instance. Other cognonmens of these white-winged sea birds were Prince Eugene, Mattapony, The Hunter, The Planter, the Greyhound, etc.; a formidable fleet for a single Colonial planter to send with his crops across seas. John (2) Baylor's warehouses were at Baylor's, in King and Queen, which holds its name and is quite a place even to this day. He married Lucy Todd, who had previously married Mr. O'Brien, and had certainly John (3) and Richard (3).

From this John (3) comes the large family of Virginia Baylors who lived later in Caroline. He married at Yorktown in 1744 Frances, daughter of Jacob Walker. These early Baylors sent their children to England for schooling, and John (2) was first at Putney Grammar School, and afterwards at Cain's College, Cambridge. John (3) was also educated in England and at the same school to which his father went.

He was a friend of Sir Philip Francis, who gave him a copy of the letters of Junius, which are still in the possession of the descendants of the late Dr. John Roy Baylor, of Caroline county, Va.

John (3) Baylor was all sorts of a man. He was member of the House of Burgesses for Caroline, and county lieutenant of Orange, large planter, excellent family man, and enthusiastic sportsman.

He owned the celebrated race horses Sober John and Fearnaught, for which he paid 1,000 guineas. He sent his children to England, too, for education. His sons were John (4), George (4), Walker (4) and Robert (4).

Richard (3) Baylor was the progenitor of the Essex Baylors. The Baylors all along the line acquire and precise education; with these two bulwarks their social position is sustained.

The Essex Baylors, who are so delightfully associated with the old estate of "Kinlock," which in its mature and pathetic beauty is closed, although the Baylors still own it and much more besides. These Baylors have distinguished family connections in addition to the direct line.

Lucy Cocke, daughter of Secretary Cocke, and descended from the exalted family of Catesby, married Colonel Francis Waring, who was son of Colonel Thomas Waring, of Essex county. He was the emigrant, and lived at "Goldberry," another charming old place with a pleasantly suggestive name. Tobacco was just as good as gold, and much of it grew at "Goldberry," and no doubt its fair garden also yielded the luscious berry—black and red and green—which in its proper day filled those large cut-glass bowls on legs which went so well with old gardens, old tables, and large panelled dining rooms.

Colonel Thomas Waring was Burgess in 1754, and his son was Burgess in 1764, and signed Richard Henry Lee's famous protest against the Stamp Act. Indeed, he and the famous Richard Henry did not live so far apart, and perhaps called themselves neighbors. 'Tis true there were a few miles of water between and a few miles of land on either side, but this was nothing with the convenient propelling power of any number of black hands, and the assistance of coaches and as many good horses as Mr. Waring and Mr. Lee elected to attach theretof. It took a little time, but time was made for slaves and not for such gentlemen as these.

Colonel Francis (2) Waring and Lucy Cocke, his wife, had Lucy (3), who married James Robb, of Port Royal; Elizabeth (3), who married Colonel Spencer Moltram Ball, of Northumberland county, and Ann (3), who married William Latane, of "Langlie," in Essex county, son of that reverend Huguenot, Lewis Latane, who settled "Langlie" about 1700, and pastored South Farnham Parish. Their oldest son was John, who married Robert Payne Waring, of "Laynefield," in Essex county, and their oldest daughter, Lucy Latane, married Robert Payne Waring, Jr., of "Edennetta," in Essex county. Their daughter, Lucy Waring, one of the richest heiresses in Virginia, married Richard Baylor, of "Kinloch." Mr. Baylor, we are sure, had a plenty before, but with his wife, Lucy Waring, came a tremendous acreage of land, slaves and money besides.

Robert Payne Waring, Jr., died about the middle of the last century, and one's eyes open with wonder as one reads his will, on record in Essex county. Cattle graze on a thousand fields; negroes, crooning jungle melodies, work these great plantations, and in bank is a neat surplus piling up for future generations. Robert Payne Waring's home was "Edennetta." What does the name imply? Rolling lawns, immemorial trees, flowers and fruit, with no thou shalt not, no angel with flaming sword guarding the lovely garden, but rather angels of invitation opening wide its gates for any who chose to enter therein.

Mrs. Richard Baylor inherited much of her father's wealth and "Edennetta," "Port Tobago," "Port Macon," with "Kinlock" and other places, are still owned by her children.

Robert Payne and Elizabeth, his wife, lived in old Rappahannock country in 1670, and are no doubt the ancestors of the later Paynes, Warings, Latanes and Baylors. In the two branches of the Baylors there is this distinction: The Caroline Baylors ever repeat the name John, and the Essex Baylors cling as tenaciously to the name Richard.

A friend has just sent us some photographs of "Brooke Bank," of which we have previously written. He says the place once contained 2,000 acres, now only 400. "The tombs are in sad decay; the principal one has lost its inscription entirely. The grounds are not kept up, but the house is so solid that nothing can efface it."

Some one has said that the tower at Jamestown is the one ruin in the United States. We think not. All over Virginia are foundation bricks which alone tell the story. The only house at "Nottingham," the home of the Spotswoods, is a log cabin, and upon the site of this house is a very large English walnut tree. At "Newpost" one sees the foundation lines of the house, and the remains of a white and a negro graveyard, Sic transit, etc.

Answer to a Query.

A correspondent inquires in the issue of the 14th instant concerning the families of Newman and Coleman. As he fails to say what county his ancestor, Jonathan Newman, was from, the following may or may not be to the point: Jonathan Newman, born in one of the lower Virginia counties, settled in Augusta county, married Mary ——, and died shortly before February 20, 1748. His son, Walter Newman (the writer being concerned only with this son, made no record of any others), was a soldier in Dunmore's War, and a large planter in Shenandoah county, where he died in 1815. Judge E. D. Newman, of Woodstock, Va., is his great-great-grandson. Jonathan Newman was son of Samuel Newman, who was born about 1658, and patented 800 acres in Henrico county, and this Samuel was son of John Newman, the emigrant, who patented 4,000 acres in what are now Lancaster and Richmond counties. He was a very wealthy planter, and he married (probably) a daughter of Paul Woolbridge.

As for the Coleman family, of Amherst county, referred to by your correspondent, it is probably descended from one of the four sons of Hawes Coleman (born January 1, 1757), who removed to Amherst from Spotsylvania, and at the age of eighty-two wrote a record of the Spotsylvania branch of the family. He was a son of John Coleman (born 1723; died 1763), of Spotsylvania, and his wife, Nice Hawes. John Coleman was a son of Robert Coleman, of King and Queen county, who patented land in Spotsylvania in 1723, and whose wife, Mary, acknowledged her dower in 1731. If this Robert Coleman can be identified with "Robert Coleman, Jr.," son of Robert Coleman, whose will was recorded in Essex county in 1713, naming sons Thomas, Robert, Edward, and daughters Ann, Elizabeth and Grizelle, then descendants of Hawes Coleman may trace their descent back to Henry Coleman, emigrant and patentee of 1,000 acres in Elizabeth City county in 1632.

Can you, Mr. Editor, or any of your readers, make this identification? And can any one tell whether the abovementioned Ann Coleman (daughter of Robert and Ann Coleman, of Essex), married Major Philip Clayton, of "Catalpa," Culpeper county? Or was Major Philip Clayton's wife the Ann Coleman who was born in 1680, daughter of Thomas and Rebecca Coleman, of Abingdon Parish, Gloucester county? Dr. Slaughter, in his history of St. Mark's Parish, says that Major Philip Clayton married Ann Coleman, "sister of Robert Coleman, of Culpeper," who married Sarah Ann Saunders and died in 1793. Is there any other authority for that statement? And who were the parents of this Robert Coleman? Unless there were two Robert Colemans in Culpeper about 1760 it seems almost certain that he was a son of Robert Coleman, of Spotsylvania, and Elizabeth (Lindsay?), and grandson of Robert Coleman, of King and Queen. It is hoped that this problem can be solved in these columns.

COLEMAN DESCENDANT.

Editor Genealogical Column:

Two brothers, William and John Young, came from Lancashire, England (year not known), and settled in Virginia. William married, first, Miss Dangerfield. Their children were Millicent, Patsy, Betsy, Catherine, Fannie and Rachel. William Young married, second, Miss Smith, and their children were William, who never married; Henry and Smith Young.

John Young married ——, and had but one child—John, who married his own cousin, Rachel, sixth daughter of his uncle, William Young.

The descendants seem to have removed from Virginia to North Carolina, and later some of them went to Tennessee, and from there to Arkansas. Intermarrying families are Jones, Kimbrough, Harper and Chancy, or Chaney, of North Carolina. Will some one kindly give through your columns more complete data of the imigrants, William and John Young, and of their marriages. It will be appreciated.

E. S. N.

Editor Genealogical Column:

While writing of the Rappahannock country cannot some information be given of the family of James Bankhead, of "Bankhead's Point," near Port Royal, and of that of Thomas Roy, for whom the town was named? James Bankhead was a son of Dr. James Bank head and Ellinor Monroe (aunt of the President), of Westmoreland. He was lieutenant of minute men of Carolina county (elected September 12, 1775), and his picture, by Saint Meanio, is in the Corcoran Art Gallery. His wife was Christian Miller, granddaughter of Thomas Roy, whose rightful name is said to have been McGregor.

Christion Miller and James Bankhead were the parents of General James Bankhead, U. S. A. (War of 1812, Seminole War, and Mexican War), and grandparents of General John Bankhead Magruder, General Smith Pyne Bankhead, C. S. A. (and Mexican War); Captain John Pyne Bankhead, U. S. N., and General Henry Gary Bankhead, U. S. A.

More particular information is wanted about Dr. James Bankhead and Ellinor Monroe, who were married in Westmoreland August 20, 1738, and about Thomas Roy and the Roy family in general, the name of his home, and where situated near Port Royal.

A BANKHEAD-ROY DESCENDANT.