
Frank R. Reade Papers

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Ride Boldly Ride

Frank R. Reade

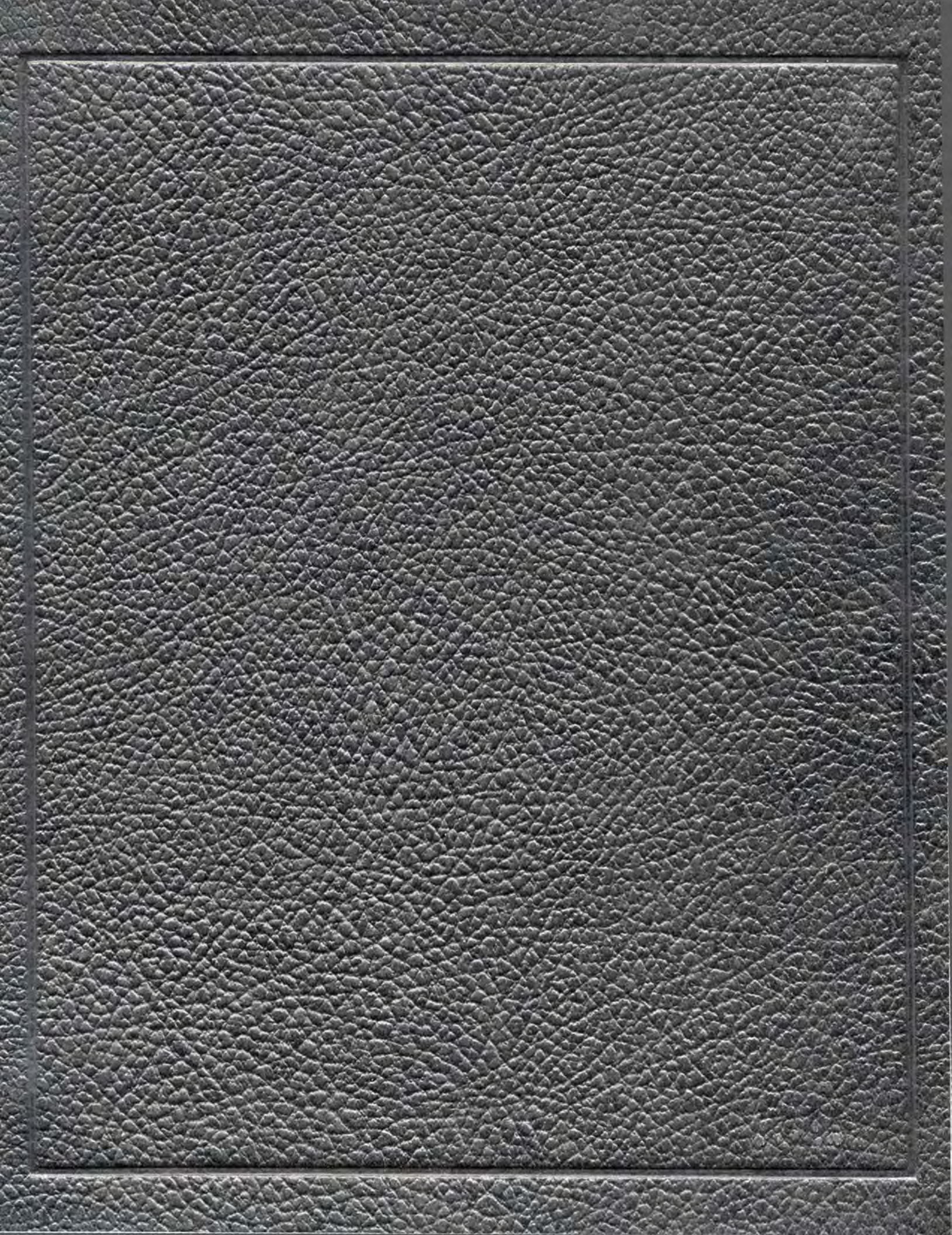
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"Over the Mountains
Of the Moon,
Down the Valley of the
Shadow,

R I D E, B O L D L Y R I D E,"

ELDORADO

.....
"Over the Mountains
Of the Moon,
Down the Valley of the Shadow,
Ride, boldly ride,"
The shade replied, -
"If you ^{seek} for Eldorado!"

Edgar Allan Poe.

The shade replied, -
"If you seek for Eldorado!"

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Coleman learns to whistle.

C O N T E N T S

Chapters

- ✓ I DISCOVER UNCLE ARCHIE
- POCAHONTAS AND HER DESCENDANTS
- ✓ GRANDDADDY LONGLEY
- GRANDPA AND GRANDMA SMITH
- MA ROBERTSON AND PA
- RICHMOND - The University - The West Virginia Campaign
- J. E. B. STUART - Miranda
- SEVEN MINOR BATTLES - SEVEN MAJOR BATTLES ✓
- PAPA AND MAMA
- MOTHER AND DAD
- THE MEADOWS - Camp Glenrochie - E. H. S.
- ✓ YANKEE FLAGS A-FLYING
- ANIMALS AT THE MEADOWS - MUSIC AT THE MEADOWS
- THE ROBERTSON PAPERS
- ✓ AT PARTING

... The life so short, the craft
so long to learn...

Parlement of Loues

This book tells something of our home,
The Meadows,
and of

Lieutenant Frank Smith Robertson

Confederate States of America

Who fought for Virginia against the Union

- at Chancellorsville,

at Malvern Hill,

at Appomattox -

and is dedicated by his grandson

to another and younger grandson -

Captain James Coleman Motley, Junior

United States Marine Corps

Who fought for Virginia and for the United States

- at Guadalcanal,

at Tarawa,

at Saipan -

before, in the cool of his brief day, he came
upon the voice of the Lord God walking in a
not unfamiliar garden, surrounded by the
remembered loveliness of The Meadows, and filled
with the flowers of home.

Grandpa Smith bought The Meadows with Grandma Smith's money in 1812.

Of course, Grandpa Smith should have built The Meadows with his own hands, but earlier hands had toiled mightily at the building of the place; so Francis Smith bought it from the Bradleys.

When I was a child, the garret at The Meadows was a mysterious and a fascinating place. Mrs. Bradley's ghost lived in the garret, but walked about only at night. Noises heard by day probably were made by rats.

The steps that wound dangerously up to the garret were narrow and steep, but known treasures and the ever present probability of new discovery were irresistible to the very young.

Years and years ago, in the garret at The Meadows, I discovered Uncle Archie.

Jan 1

Change 821

Adm. No. 10

PAID



To Mr. A. D. Robertson

L. Abingdon

Care of
Mr. W. H. Lee No.

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W-a
1852



A letter from Petersburg

I DISCOVER UNCLE ARCHIE

I shall never forget that rainy afternoon when I first discovered that Uncle Archie and Aunt Easter were not man and wife.

It was the same sort of feeling I had had as a child, when I had been deeply grieved on learning that there was no Santa Claus. A sort of lost and gone feeling. Perhaps what had disturbed me most of all was that I had been deceived by my own people; and the suggestion that I join my elders in deceiving my younger sisters had left me as cold as the dollar watch and the good book I got that year for Christmas.

Santa Claus had always brought toys and candies and big round English walnuts from his home at the North Pole, just as surely as the angels had brought my sister Evelyn and my sister Stella from their home in Heaven.

Just as surely! For I must have been ten or twelve years old when, standing on the steep hill between the smokehouse and the stable, I first looked steadily at a woobly little white-faced calf, wondered fearfully if cows and women brought forth their young in the same fashion, realized in my heart of hearts that another

Santa Claus had died, and knew suddenly that a glory had departed from the earth.

And now this business of Uncle Archie and Aunt Easter!

For a moment, confusion shook my family tree, a tree safe for climbing I had always thought, what with its great roots sunk into a not inglorious past. For an hour or more I had been sitting on the garret floor at The Meadows, delving into old boxes and barrels and a trunk or two that had been packed to overflowing by hands long since wearied and at rest. Here I had found all sorts of family records, put away for safe keeping by successive younger generations which had hesitated to destroy the contents of old desks and bureaus as they were emptied to make room for the belongings of the living.

Here were ancient land grants signed by P. Henry; old farm ledgers with records of crops and fertilizers; of slaves, their names, their offspring; of wines and brandies, and of fine whiskies; of milch cows, and of mares in foal. Here, too, were letters from father to son; from lover to sweetheart; and, finally, here were the last wills and testaments of these ancients of

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days who, proudly declaring themselves of sound mind and perfect understanding, had divided their earthly goods among their children and their children's children, - in the name of God, Amen.

Suddenly the clamor of the rain beating down on the roof overhead was dimmed and hushed as I looked in astonishment at a letter which had been mailed from Petersburg sixty years before. It was plainly addressed to "Mr. Archd- Robertson, Abingdon, Virginia-", and, in the lower left hand corner, "Care of Mr. Wy'dham Ro:".... So Uncle Archie had not been a colored man after all, had not been, as I had always thought, the timorous consort of the tyrannical Aunt Easter who had been cook at The Meadows for years upon end. He was a Robertson, a member of the family. He was my Uncle Archie, not just Uncle Archie.

No one had ever told me that Uncle Archie and Aunt Easter were man and wife. I had just taken it for granted. Of course I had never seen either of them, they had died long years long ago, but I knew that Aunt Easter had so dominated my entire family that it had never occurred to anyone that she was a slave, least of all to Aunt Easter. And I had always known that the squat brick building down

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in the backyard by the big maple trees had been Uncle Archie's house in the days before the War. Why, I wondered, had he chosen to live in a house which I had always thought had been a part of the slave quarters? Why had he sat there on that rickety little porch and looked out across the green fields to the blue mountains beyond while his own people made merry in the Big House a scant fifty yards from where he sat?

Intrigued by the discovery of Uncle Archie, I began to think about my family. The first thing I could remember clearly was that when I was three years old Papa had stood at the foot of the winding stairs which divided the front hall from the back hall, had lifted me up on his shoulders, had pointed up the stairs, and had told me to listen to baby sister cry. Baby sister was Evelyn. Stubborn, even at birth, she had at first refused to breathe, but Doctor Cummings had held her up by one foot, had slapped her heartily on the back, and I was among the first to hear her deep-throated cry of indignation and surprise.

Papa was my grandfather. He was mother's father and Pa's son. Pa was Wyndham Robertson, and he had been Governor of Virginia. And that, alas, was all I knew!

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So I went down to Papa's den, where he sat fashioning a tiny Indian canoe out of a piece of red cedar that smelled good enough to eat, and asked him about my ancestors.

"Why, boy," he said, and he laid down penknife and canoe on his desk, "haven't you ever seen that little man in chains on the Robertson coat of arms?"

I confessed that I had.

"Well, sir," my grandfather continued solemnly, "that was one of your ancestors who was first thrown into prison in Scotland for not paying his debts, and then was run plumb out of the country for stealing sheep!"

Then Papa laughed until his eyes filled with tears, and he told me to go over to town and ask my Cousin Annie White about the family, that she kept records of things like births and deaths and weddings and ancestors. But under the spell of Papa's merriment I had become a normal boy again, and it was many years before I learned that Pa was the youngest of the thirteen children of William Robertson and Elizabeth Bolling, and that he had seven brothers, the eldest of whom was Uncle Archie.

It appears that Uncle Archie displayed but little of that unrest which men call ambition. Perhaps this was because he was a cripple and had to go about on crutches.

Born before the Revolution, he was an old man and alone when Pa and Ma were married in 1837. So he came out to Southwest Virginia to visit at The Meadows, looked upon the ebb and flow of the eternal Alleghenies, and knew that here for him was home.

It appears also that Uncle Archie politely refused all invitations to stay on in the Big House, preferring rather to move into the squat brick dwelling down in the backyard. There he would spend his declining years, there he would look out and up to the cleared field on White Top Mountain, where the Great Spirit once had trod when the earth was young.

FAMILY TREE

In our family, the generations of man are easy: Mother and Dad. Papa and Mama. Ma and Pa. Grandpa and Grandma Smith. And already we are back to the ancestors who first lived at The Meadows, a long, long time ago.

Here, perhaps, we should stop, or begin, which is the same thing, depending more or less on which way you are going. But we probably should add that Grandpa Smith was named Francis Smith, and that his grandfather, also named Francis Smith, was an army officer during the Revolution, thereby conferring upon certain of his descendants the opportunity to become Sons of the Cincinnati.

And it's really right nice to talk with cousins from Richmond, or from Charlotte, or from Los Angeles, and to hear them speak of Grandpa Smith with the same affectionate awareness with which I used to hear him spoken of when I was young, and growing up in the old house that he had bought a long, long time ago.

There were other ancestors, of course. Lots of them. Of Dad's English forebears, I know but little. He spoke now and then of the Garlands, his mother's people, and

of his father and his father's father, who descended from Sir William Harvey, and of their schools in England. And I remember how pleased Dad was when his sister's husband's steer won a blue ribbon over His Majesty's entry.

Mama came from Rockville, Maryland, and she had kinfolks on the Eastern Shore. She was a Wheeler. I remember a visiting relative, Jack Wheeler, quite well. One day, Jack and I were down under the big sycamore trees near the springhouse, and he gave me a nickel to fetch his stilts from up the hill.

Some of Mama's people were named Gordon, and an old countryman once asked me where I had gotten the Gordon mare I was riding. He recognized the head of Lord Gordon, a thoroughbred stallion - son of the mighty Lexington, who was brought out home from Baltimore and begat sons and daughters. For many generations the Gordon head was dominant.

Pa's mother was Elizabeth Bolling, which made it possible for Pa to ascend to the Princess Pocahontas, he being seventh in descent from the savage. On his father William's side, he looked back and up to Robert the Bruce, and he counted many thousands among his cousins in the Robertson Clan, whose coat of arms proclaims them to be

wise as serpents and harmless as doves, but says nothing about the sands of the sea.

In childhood, my closest companion and playmate was a black setter named Bruce. Pa died before my time; so I never knew him. But Bruce and I knew and understood each other. At the going down of the sun, and for half a hundred years, I have remembered him.

There are many other names on our family tree: Campbell, Carter, Preston, Randolph..... But what I am writing goes back chiefly to those who have lived intimately at The Meadows: Mother and Dad. Papa and Mama. Ma and Pa. Grandpa and Grandma Smith. And here we are - back where we started - or perhaps it was where we stopped - with those Ancients on the family tree who, not for a moment suspecting that they were in truth the Ancients of Days, lived intimately at The Meadows a long, long time ago.



ROBERT BOLLING,
The Husband of Jane Rolfe,
(The grand-daughter of POCAHONTAS.)



John Bolling Sr. 1667-1729
Only child of Robert Bolling of Bolling Hall
England, by his first wife Jane Rolfe.



MARY KENNON,
The Wife of John Bolling.



1790

Elizabeth Bolling Robertson
Mother of Wyndham Robertson

William Robertson married Elizabeth Bolling, sixth in descent from John Rolfe and Pocahontas. They had thirteen children, eight sons and five daughters. William Robertson, "who grafted a new and not mean stock on the Bollings... was tall, well-shaped and well-favored, of a cheerful nature but serious countenance, and much given to meditation on the wisdom and works of God".

There is no king who has not had a slave among his ancestors, and no slave who has not had a king among his.



A FAMILY TREE IS LIKE AN APPLE TREE

A boy climbs an apple tree just to be climbing a tree. He has no real interest in it until the autumn of the year, when the fruit is ripe. Some of the apples have been diseased; many have dropped off early; others have hung on until the last, -- green, hard, and immature. A few have become the first-fruits.

A boy climbs an apple tree carefully, choosing the sound, the sturdy limbs, before trusting his weight to them. Sometimes he climbs high into the tree without mishap. Now and then he stops at a familiar spot to rest. On splendid occasions, he finds a comfortable arrangement of limbs that encourages him to sit down and contemplate the whole tree, -- its weakness and its strength, its ugliness and its beauty.

In the autumn (which he calls the fall of the year) -- having found such a seat -- a boy sits down, plucks one and then another of the first-fruits, and enjoys them.

In the autumn of his life, Pa compiled POCAHONTAS AND HER DESCENDANTS. After long labor, he found the Pocahontas stock more prudent than enterprising, more wasteful than liberal, more amiable than censorious, more respected than distinguished, more conservative than radical, more pious than bigoted. He also found that while a few fell to the depths of worthlessness, but none to crime, a few also rose to the heights of genius and virtue.

GRANDPA



Francis Smith
Married

FRANCIS SMITH

Born June 15, 1776. Died July 26, 1844,
at Wytheville. Buried at Greenfield, at a
spot chosen by himself, beneath a stone
which was "piously erected by his only and
affectionate daughter, Mary" - who is Ma.

Francis Smith married first a Miss Russell,
daughter of Madam Russell, sister of Patrick
Henry.....then.....Mary Trigg King, widow
of William King.

GRANDMA SMITH



Mary Trigg
1811

Mary Trigg King Smith was born on December 2, 1781. She died in Richmond on April 25, 1839, and was buried in the northwest corner of the Poor House Burying Ground (Stockoe Cemetery) in a lot owned by Wyndham Robertson - who is Pa.

MA ROBERTSON



Mary Frances Trigg Smith, only child of Francis Smith and Mary Trigg King, was born at "King House", Abingdon, on August 17, 1812. She died at "The Meadows" on January 12, 1890, and was buried in Sinking Springs Cemetery, Abingdon. On August 16, 1837, at "Mary's Meadows", Mary Smith married Wyndham Robertson.

CHANCELLORSVILLE

When asked the chief part of an orator, what next,
and what next again, Demosthenes replied,
"Action, Action, Action!"

I

On a high bluff near Port Royal, in Caroline County, Gaymont looks down on the Rappahannock River -- about where it first begins to show blue on a tourist's map.

Both the Rapidan and the Rappahannock rise in northern Virginia, on the eastern slopes of the Blue Ridge. The Rapidan flows into the Rappahannock above Fredericksburg. Continuing together to divide ^{Va} county from Virginia county, the rivers bear each other company for more than two hundred miles in their pursuit of Chesapeake Bay and the lordly main beyond.

From Fredericksburg to the sea, proud waters from proud mountains graciously underprop the Northern Neck of the Old Dominion.

Long before Papa got to Chancellorsville with Lee's Army of Northern Virginia in the spring of 1863, his Aunt Jane Gay Robertson had married John H. Bernard, and had moved with him to Gaymont -- the home which he had named for her, some twenty miles below Fredericksburg.

Things were happening up the river in April of 1863. After the Battle of Fredericksburg, Burnside had been replaced in early Spring by "Fighting Joe" Hooker, who was to direct the destiny of

the Army of the Potomac for a time. An optimist, and rightly so by virtue of the men and materials in his command, Hooker had planned an "On to Richmond" campaign that would insure victory and end the war.

On Tuesday evening, the 28th of April, Lee learned from Stuart's scouts that Federal troops were moving in great force toward Kelly's Ford on the Rappahannock; he learned also that crossings had been made at Ely's Ford and at Germanna on the Rapidan. On Thursday, the last day of April, John Sedgwick crossed the Rappahannock by pontoon bridge some three miles below Fredericksburg. By nightfall, Hooker's entire army of 130,000 men was south of the Rapidan and west of the Rappahannock. His "On to Richmond" campaign had begun.

Chancellorsville is about ten miles west and a little south of Fredericksburg. As the crow flies, the distance is shorter. For the foot-soldier and his lumbering wagon trains, particularly when harassed by men who knew the wilderness, the ten miles was immeasurably longer. Chancellorsville was not a town, nor even a village. It was the meeting place of two roads, both running southeast from the Rapidan, the one from Ely's Ford, the other from Germanna. There was one residence near the road junction -- the Chancellor House, and its outbuildings. Briefly, Chancellorsville was just a clearing in the Wilderness of Spotsylvania.

The Wilderness of Spotsylvania covers about three hundred square miles, some fifteen miles from north to south and nearer twenty from east to west. A place of wild vines and matted

undergrowth, the ground was highly unfavorable for the manoeuvres of a mighty army. Scrubby second-growth timber from charcoal choppings or heavier stands of pine and scrub oak would impede the progress of troops, as would the marshy banks of sluggish streams. It was a dense and tangled country.

Before the battle of Chancellorsville began, General Hooker issued an heroic message to his troops: "Our enemy must either ingloriously fly, or come out and give us battle . . . Certain destruction awaits him."

As subordinates, Hooker had Howard and Slocum and Meade, and more than twice as many troops as the enemy had, -- but the veteran Army of Northern Virginia was commanded by Robert E. Lee, who had Stonewall Jackson, A. P. Hill, Jeb Stuart, and lesser officers of the same fine clay: Anderson, Colston, McLaws; Jubal Early, Paxton, and Rodes. The Confederate fighting men in the ranks had known combat weariness and privation. Hardened veterans of earlier campaigns, some of them had followed the roads and paths of the Wilderness from boyhood. Many were hunters. A few longed for the fierceness of battle. Nearly all of them were afraid, but they were ready.

Among the lesser officers at Chancellorsville was Channing Price, Stuart's adjutant-general and one of Papa's boyhood and lifelong friends:

May 1/63

Near the "Furnace", the day before the battle of the "Wilderness", we (General Stuart and Staff) were behind a battery of field artillery. It was a four gun battery and was pushed forward on a hill in the woods and

opened fire on the Yanks entrenched at Chancellorsville. Six Federal batteries, we heard afterwards, and we believed it afterwards, were commanding the hill and promptly replied to our fire. Such a stream of shot and shell suddenly came upon us that an immediate retreat was in order Don't know the battery but heard it lost 56 men killed and wounded and most every horse in a few moments.

It was here that Channing Price of Richmond, a lifelong schoolmate of mine was wounded in the leg and died a few hours later from loss of blood. . . We were standing together when he was hit and I helped him on his horse. Some hours later, and ignorant of his condition, I sat on his couch (he had been taken to a farm house nearby), and we talked and laughed together for some time -- I saying I wished I had his nice little wound, and he saying, "I wish you had." Suddenly he began to talk wild and I went over to Dr. Eliason (our staff M.D.) and told him Channing was delirious. He simply remarked: "He will be dead in fifteen minutes."

Papa always hoped that if he could not somehow manage to get killed by a horse, he would bleed to death. ^{for} ~~With~~ Channing Price, it had seemed such an easy way to go.

May 1 was a day of busy preparation. Thousands of Confederate foot-soldiers were on the march before dawn. About daybreak, General Stuart, accompanied by Major von Borcke, rode in at Lee's headquarters, told of some romantic moonlight fighting, and brought word that two of his regiments had been detached under Rooney Lee to watch Stoneman. The rest of Stuart's cavalry was covering Anderson's

flank; so Lee's main army had its eyes, but Lee's situation was nevertheless a desperate one. He was outnumbered and outgunned. And giant pincers were closing in on him -- On to Richmond! Perhaps his "eyes" would tell him something he did not know, something . . .

Just after sunset, Jackson sent word that the enemy had checked the Confederate advance. It was still daylight when Lee joined Jackson, to learn that Stuart's horse artillery had engaged Yankee batteries and had encountered heavy fire. As they talked, Stuart rode up with news from Fitz Lee -- the best possible news it turned out to be: the Yankee right was "in the air" and could be turned if it could be reached. Stuart galloped off to see if there were roads westward that lay beyond the outposts of the enemy.

Before midnight, Lee and Jackson had agreed to attack Hooker's right from the west. Jackson said, "My troops will move at 4 o'clock," and went to bed. In an hour or so, he awoke. Cold and shivering, he sat by the fire. Colonel Long of Lee's staff fetched him a cup of hot coffee. At that moment, the sword of Stonewall Jackson, which had been propped against a tree, fell clattering to the ground. Colonel Long picked it up, and Jackson buckled it on. It was no time for foreboding. Soon it would be daylight of Saturday, the second of May, and many miles of arduous marching lay between the morning and the evening of that glorious and tragic day.

Channing Price died on the first day of May. On this May Day of 1863 the Yankee troops were in high good humor on the Turnpike and on the Plank Road. Their commanding general had himself

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assured them that all roads led to victory. It would be late the following day before Jackson's bugles and the Rebel Yell would pierce the summer evening and cause the jubilant hearts of these same soldiers to stand still.

In the earliest hours of Saturday, May 2, Jackson sent Major Hotchkiss to inquire of Colonel Welford, who lived at Catherine Furnace, if there were a road by which he could secretly pass round Chancellorsville to the vicinity of Old Wilderness Tavern. When Hotchkiss returned with word that Colonel Welford had recently opened such a road to enable him to haul cord-wood and iron ore to his furnace, he found Lee and Jackson seated on cracker boxes awaiting him. Promptly, Lee gave his instructions, telling Jackson that Stuart would cover his movement with the cavalry. Later, but still very early, Lee and Jackson held their last conference, and Jackson's column, ten miles (and four hours) long, swept into the forest. In front was the 5th Virginia Cavalry, Fitz Lee commanding:

May 2/63

Next morning we moved out promptly with Jackson's infantry following, heading for Hooker's rear. (Our cavalry being off in all directions, General Stuart and staff seemed alone in this wilderness.) On reaching the Plank Road, we captured a few Yankee cavalymen, and General Stuart sent me back to tell General Jackson that there were "but about a squadron of cavalry guarding the Plank Road." Soon met Old Jack riding with his staff ahead of his toiling infantry. They were moving at their best gait which at best is discouragingly slow. The only reply vouchsafed my message was, "Give General Stuart my thanks."

Old Jack impressed me as looking more like a preacher on this ride to his death than ever before. He looked like a Divine on his way to church, and no stranger would have suspected the wonderful influence he was surely marching his men.

I had returned to General Stuart and was talking to one of a batch of prisoners, a cavalry captain, when Old Jack and his column, -- bright muskets and ragged uniforms, -- debouched from the woods. The Yank looked greatly surprised and asked what it meant. I said it was "Old Stonewall's Army". He promptly replied, "Well, I suppose Uncle Joe Hooker will have to wade the Rappahannock tonight."

Stuart interrupted this conversation by sending Papa and Lieutenant Hullihen, an aide-de-camp who was wounded later in the day,

. . . to scout the roads and find out what was in front. We rode cautiously through the thick woods . . . standing in our saddles (Hullihen climbed a sapling) we could see the wheels of a battery and the artillerymen at their posts. Just then I saw three infantry soldiers . . . calmly viewing our performance. We . . . hurried back to report.

While "Old Stonewall's Army" -- lean men marching, lean horses hauling ammunition and ambulances -- while the three divisions of Jackson's Second Army Corps were engaged in the dreary and difficult task of moving through the Wilderness of Spotsylvania from Hooker's

left to Hooker's right, the ten thousand men who had been left with Lee kept up a great if simulated show of strength under the direction of Anderson and McLaws.

During the morning, Fortune smiled unexpectedly on ^{Jackson's} ~~the~~ toiling (Confederate) column. Just before Federal outposts saw and reported this mass movement of enemy troops, the road had turned due south! And so it was that the already overconfident Hooker was quick to conclude that Lee's army had begun to "ingloriously fly".

Far from flying, the movement of Jackson's column was of necessity slow. Time and again the men had to cut their way through tangled masses of undergrowth and through blind thickets. Along the roads, dust rose in choking clouds. And everywhere the heat was stifling.

A little after noon, couriers found Jackson far to the front. The wagon trains had been attacked and the rear brigades had turned back to rescue them. Undismayed by this news, and knowing that the army was cut in two by enemy troops that had infiltrated the forest between the Confederate wings, Jackson pressed on. Men dropped fainting in the ranks, -- and "forward" was the cry.

By two o'clock in the afternoon, though his rear brigades were six miles back, Jackson had himself reached the Plank Road. Here he was met by Fitz Lee, who invited him to ride to the top of a nearby hill and look down upon a sight more pleasing than a soldier's fairest dream. What the two men saw from the top of their hill was the 11th Corps of the Army of the Potomac! Howard's troops were smoking, playing cards, cooking, sleeping. Some were butchering cattle. None knew how precarious his situation had become.

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"Tell General Rodes to move across the plank road, and halt when he gets to the turnpike. I will join him there." Even in the exultation of such a moment, Stonewall Jackson's instructions to his courier were calm, gentle, and low, -- almost as if he were talking to himself.

By the middle of the afternoon, General Hooker had concluded that all danger of a flank attack had surely passed away. The attack had not yet come, but the head of Jackson's column, which in the morning had been on Hooker's left, was now well beyond his right. Soon, the divisions would be up. Even later than four o'clock, when the divisions were up and 25,000 men were deploying in the woods almost within calling distance of the Yankee breastworks, no Federal commander of high rank appeared to be aware of any sort of danger.

It was a little after five o'clock. Jackson sat silent on Little Sorrel. Rodes' splendidly trained skirmishers were commanded by Major Eugene Blackford.

Stuart and Jackson were sitting on their horses -- about opposite the rear line of battle. A staff officer came at a gallop up the line and reported to Old Jack, who immediately raised his right hand as a signal to advance.

Jackson asked, "Are you ready, General Rodes?"
"Yes, sir." "You can go forward then."

Beginning at the road and running down the battle line until lost to hearing the word "Forward" was given the last word that

many in those ranks ever heard. . . . The triple line at once moved forward with a rush and vim that nothing could withstand -- driving the 11th Corps before them

Since early morning -- it was still Saturday -- Jackson's men had been marching through the Wilderness of Spotsylvania. In many places they had literally cut their way through. And they had come upon the enemy in time to attack him before the going down of the sun. Complete surprise and savage attack sent Hooker's men reeling backward in dismay:

. . . . the tense silence ominous uncanny -- to be broken by the most terrible musketry of the Civil War. There must have been artillery on the enemy side, but I heard nothing but musketry and the Confederate Yell as Jackson's men rushed forward

It is written also that rarely in the whole war did frenzy mount to wilder heights as bugles blew and the Rebel Yell -- clear, and defiant, answered them.

Panic, so disastrous to man and beast, seized Hooker's right. Confederate horse artillery came up at a gallop. Canister at close range. The slaughter was very great.

The air was filled with the screams of wounded men, and not for hours would the fury of Jackson's attack be expended.

By seven o'clock on that long and exhausting day, the rout of the 11th Army Corps was history.

Years later, men would recall that never had the whippoowills

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sung so loudly and so long as they did on that fateful Saturday night at Chancellorsville.

My first orders that night -- after comparative quiet reigned over the Chancellorsville surroundings -- was to report to Colonel Drake of the 1st Virginia Cavalry and "show him a road" we found the road and followed it to the river where we found Averell's cavalry . . . far to the rear camp fires . . . tents and long lines of horses tied up Yankee fashion to heavy stretches of well-braced rope . . .

General Stuart and staff had also joined us by this time and, while we sat looking at and listening to this boisterous camp, two staff officers dashed up . . . and I heard one of them say, "General Jackson has been shot."

Jackson wounded! The sword of Stonewall Jackson . . .

General Stuart immediately called his staff -- ordered Major von Borcke to remain and take charge of the troops and "to keep Robertson with you". He and the rest of the staff rode off. This was about ten or eleven, P.M.

A North Carolina regiment of infantry was also part of our column the Tarheels were ordered forward upon the gay camp in silence. They deployed quickly and advanced . . . (upon) . . . this camp with its numerous fires -- long lines of pitched tents and hitched horses Suddenly the whole front blazed with the crash of a regimental volley, and in an instant utter confusion prevailed. Songs became shrieks of agony or terror. . . .

Von Borcke and Papa had sat looking at Averell's unsuspecting camp. Then came the regimental volley, confusion and panic:

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... horses running down tents and scattering fires ...

We could not find General Stuart ...

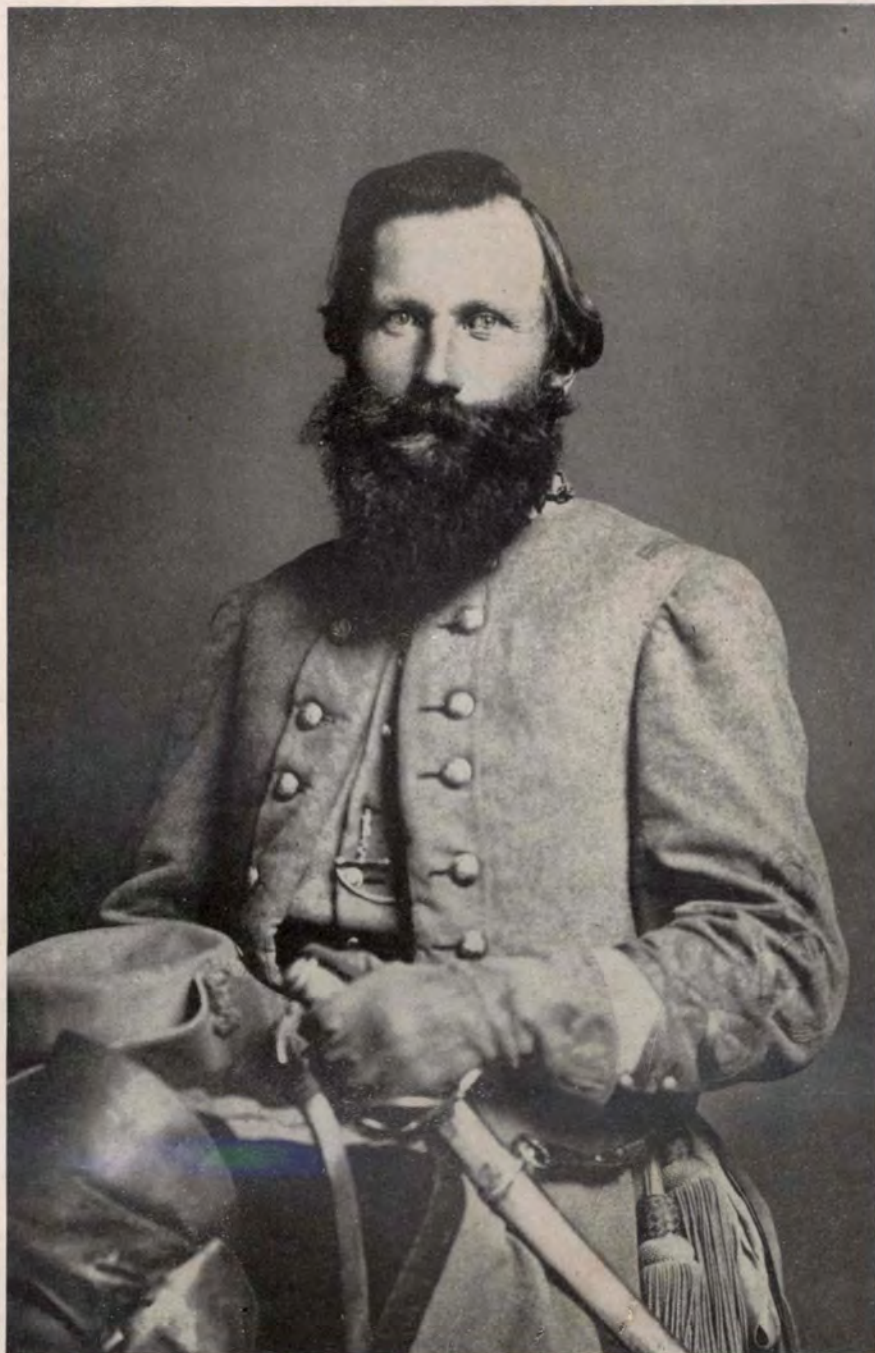
And no wonder. Averell's misfortune at Ely's Ford had been forgotten in a greater misfortune, and Stuart was taking over the command of Jackson's Second Army Corps.

After Jackson was wounded, A. P. Hill was in command until he, too, was wounded, though less grievously. Rodes then carried on until Stuart was summoned from Ely's Ford on the Rapidan.

The Confederate cavalry had been skillfully handled here at Chancellorsville, and Lee had learned a great deal about Hooker. Now the responsibility of more than half of the Army of Northern Virginia had come to rest on the shoulders of the man who had gathered news for Lee, -- a thirty year old cavalryman who had never directed infantry action. Nor did this young cavalryman have a general officer under him who before that very day had led a division into battle.

James Ewell Brown Stuart was undaunted. He would himself ride the lines, exhorting, commanding. He knew Jackson and loved him. Often he had joked with ~~the~~ ^{that} stern Christian soldier as few had ever dared. Now, the mantle of Stonewall Jackson upon him, he would attack at dawn.

... Just at dawn we found General Stuart hard at work acquainting himself with the positions of the troops he was so unexpectedly called upon to command ...



From a photograph in the Cook Collection, Richmond

"JEB" STUART

The dashing cavalryman of the romantic tradition.

In a little clearing, General Stuart was resting in his saddle. His staff officers were resting on the ground while their horses grazed.

Suddenly, a courier on a hard-pressed horse. A message of grave importance, fraught with danger.

"And so," Papa wrote many years later, "we all got up and got on our horses and rode over to where General Stuart was."

II

About nine o'clock on his finest Saturday evening, Stonewall Jackson, riding in front of his lines and mistaken for the enemy, was mortally wounded by men of his own command. After a few frantic minutes, Jackson first walked heavily supported, then was carried by litter, and finally was put into an ambulance and driven slowly, painfully, across the fields -- the fields through which Hooker's right had but lately fled before him -- to the home of the Reverend Melzi Chancellor. This house had been General Howard's headquarters. A long mile away was the Chancellor House at Chancellorsville.

Jackson's last battle order had been, "You must hold your ground, General Pender . . ."

Stuart is now in command, and Jackson is too weak for battle orders . . . "Say to General Stuart he must do what he thinks best." Between midnight and two o'clock in the morning, Dr. Hunter McGuire, Jackson's Medical Director, already had done what he thought best for his wounded friend. By the light of pine torches, he had amputated Stonewall Jackson's left arm.

General Stuart, his staff and couriers were on the go . . .

22

"Still Stuart's men pressed on; still their leader rode recklessly up and down the line, cheering, singing, and exhorting as if he were a cavalry colonel in the first exuberant days of the war."

. . . He rode the lines with flashing eyes and heroic courage. He seemed tireless and everywhere . . . He was almost always alone, for as soon as a staff officer appeared, he rushed him off with orders . . . my first order was, "Go to the front -- find General McGowan -- tell him to hold his own -- reinforcements are coming -- be quick." The firing was very heavy. I went quick and was joined by a courier with a dispatch for someone at the front. He begged me to take his dispatch, but I wanted company then anyway, and promptly declined.

More than sixty years later, remembering how Fear had all but taken him prisoner, Papa interrupted himself to tell of a man who had been transferred to the cavalry from the "breastworky atmosphere" of the infantry. Asked by General Stuart how he liked the cavalry, the man had replied, "Well, General, I'd rather be killed one day in the year than scared to death every day."

Papa wrote two accounts of his Civil War experiences, one about 1906 and the other in 1926. The first account, set down some forty years after the war, is probably more nearly accurate in certain details than is the 1926 account, written when he was

23
eighty-five years old and another twenty years removed from Appomattox. The two accounts are very much alike. Written many years after the war, these memoirs say little or nothing about the weather or even about hunger and thirst. They tell rather ~~things~~ of tragedy and of triumph, of the wheel and drift of things, as they were burned into the soul of man.

Papa and a courier are riding together toward the front. Both are carrying messages:

1906:

. . . my only hope was speed . . . a glance showed me our line of battle . . . crouched behind . . . heavy . . . log breastworks taken from the enemy the night before. Beyond were open oak woods and a fringe of smoke perhaps 300 yards off showed the Yankee line of battle. . . the hiss of hot bullets . . . the one and only hope was to fall to the ground and run under the breastworks. As I did so, the courier's horse came rolling over with the blood spurting from a hole in his blaze face, and came near catching me under him . . . Miranda reached the breastworks before her rider and lined up behind an oak tree . . . I ran down the line -- found General McGowan had been shot -- gave my orders to everybody I could. The shell fire was terrific and limbs, bark, and splinters filled the air. A gap in the breastworks had to be crossed -- dead men were piled there -- no doubt a constant stream of bullets coming through. I passed this death trap at a run -- going and coming.

1926:

. . . The wood road we followed led directly to the firing line, and as we emerged from the pines and down a slope (which had been cleared to construct Yankee

24
breastworks), I saw out in the heavy oak forest in front the long smoking line of the Yankees while just before me, some 40 yards, was our battle line on the reverse side of said breastworks. The hiss of hot bullets induced me to fall from my horse -- was going fast and rolled some distance -- just fast enough to escape being crushed by my courier's blaze faced horse . . . he had no rider . . . I ran under the breastworks on all fours - - Miranda preceding me . . . lined herself behind a big oak just back of the works . . . packed with McGowan's Brigade.

Papa never told me very much about the Civil War when I was a little boy growing up at The Meadows, but he did tell me about Chancellorsville. He told me about blazing woods, about the screams of wounded and helpless men, of horses in dumb agony -- all facing a death more terrible than that of ordinary battle, -- where the wounded would ~~only~~ be moaning, "Water, water," as always the wounded do. Here at Chancellorsville, it was often with tragic delay that both Rebel and Yankee saw clearly the Coming of the Lord.

Papa was an artist in many different ways. When he told me about Chancellorsville, he drew pictures of everything in the very simplest words; so I could both see and understand. The Yankee lines were straight. The Confederate lines were shaped like a new moon. General Stuart was near the right tip of the moon. "Robertson," he said, "Tell General McGowan . . ." -- and he pointed to the left tip of the moon, "Tell him to hold his own, help is coming -- be quick -- you haven't time to go that way," -- behind the lines -- "Go this way."

"This way" meant a ride of three quarters of a mile in easy rifle

distance of the Yankee lines. A lone rider daring almost certain destruction could be carrying only orders of utmost urgency. Someone must shoot him down.

"Reckon they all got buck fever," Papa told me. "Miranda was really running, and the Yanks had to shoot fast. Anyhow, they wouldn't have hit anything but my foot. The rest of me was on the other side of Miranda."

It was on this ride at Chancellorsville that Papa plucked an eagle feather from the air.

(Browning: Memorabilia.)

Bay Mare
M I R A N D A
1862 1865

Germanna Ford
Chancellorville
Brandy Station
Gettysburg
Upperville
Sheppardstown
Appomattox

Malvern Hill
Cold Harbor
Petersburg
Flower House
Cattle Raid
Charmeny Bend
Five Forks

MIRANDA

On Stuart's staff, and later on Rooney Lee's staff, Papa rode a thoroughbred bay mare whose name was Miranda. She was born at The Meadows, probably about the time Papa was finishing up at Hanover Academy before he entered the University in the fall of 1859.

Miranda was in many skirmishes and in fourteen battles. She was never wounded. Fleet of foot, she often outran Yankee pursuers. After Appomattox, where Papa did not surrender with General Lee, Miranda was pretty well exhausted; so Papa put her head over his shoulder and helped her make the long walk home to The Meadows. Papa said it was his turn.

In her old age, Miranda went blind. One day she found her way up the hill and into the back yard where Papa was. She was very old, and she was suffering; so Papa went into the house for his Winchester rifle. Years later he told me that he would rather have shot anybody else in the family.

Before Miranda became a part of the Park Hill, Papa got a segment of the backbone from her skeleton. On this vertebra he wrote:

BAY MARE MIRANDA 1862-1865

- - and the names of the fourteen battles. When the writing had dried, he covered it over with clear shellac.

Several years before he died, Papa sent me Miranda's backbone, by parcel post.



M. I. P. A.
1862

Carrington Farm
Charlesville
Branch Blaine
Castlesburg
Upperville
Sheppardtown
Sheppardtown

W. D. A.
1865

Melver Hill
Harbor
Flower Hill
Carrington
Carrington

III

His most perilous assignment accomplished, Papa again passed through the bloody gap in the breastworks, and soon found Miranda still lined up behind her guardian oak. She seemed indifferent to falling limbs and flying splinters.

The Yanks were coming now and our fire was growing slack, when out of the pines came the Old Stonewall Brigade* at a run. I could see the dust fly from their frowzy jackets and as they reached my tree a tall man fell almost on me with a bullet through his head. **General Isaac Paxton, commander, killed at Chancellorsville.*

Shortly after the Stonewall Brigade arrived, I took Miranda's reins and streaked out along the works to the Chancellorsville road. Soon found General Stuart, and was with him when he rode in front of the line . . . and ordered a charge . . . Was not there when the charge was made as was sent off with a message for General Pender, who commanded our left. Twice I passed . . . through this earthly hell with orders for General Pender. The second time he was spitting blood . . . a bullet had just passed through his adjutant-general's head and struck him in the breast. He was a splendid looking soldier. He and Rodes and Stuart . . . and death at the front was the reward of each.

At Chancellorsville, the loss in Confederate officers was appalling. Perhaps the most distinguished of those killed in action was Brigadier General Frank Paxton. But how could man die better? He was leading the Stonewall Brigade.

My duties called me to every part of the field -- sometimes following Stuart, but generally carrying messages. General Stuart was nothing if not strenuous and

W

he had to know all that was going on from the charge of a picket to that of a corps . . . He noticed the passage of shot and shell with absolute indifference. That he actually sang, "Old Joe Hooker get out of the Wilderness," I can vouch for. It was verily his slogan at Chancellorsville.

Generally carrying messages . . . some of which took me through woods where the wounded of both sides were screaming for help and vainly trying to protect themselves from the fire. Of all the scenes encountered in my four years' service this was by far the most horrible.

It is still Sunday, May 3, 1863, and it has been a long and dreadful time since dawn. All day Death has looked gigantically down on the men of Hooker's Army of the Potomac and of Lee's Army of Northern Virginia. And now it is Sunday afternoon:

General Stuart was giving me orders when a shell knocked me out of the saddle. It came from the rear, and I distinctly saw it for a moment after it passed, looking much like a bee flying from you. I was back in the saddle almost before the General could ask if I was hurt . . . he had to repeat the message he was giving me . . . Our service was so arduous and constant -- General Stuart had a small staff -- that towards evening my game little mare fell twice from sheer exhaustion.

The fury of battle could last only so long as men and horses could last.

Papa and his friend, staff officer Lieutenant Garnett of Norfolk,

X

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slept that night with strange bedfellows:

. . . In the dark we had crawled over the fence of a family graveyard and were soon asleep. We awoke next morning between two ancient graves and a huge dead Yank lying immediately at our heads and close enough to touch.

On Monday, as the great battle began to die away, Papa spent some time with another of Stuart's staff officers, Major Heros von Borcke. The time was spent behind a huge tree, -- for von Borcke was a huge man:

. . . He was next the tree, and I was affectionately lying up close against him. A shell struck the tree immediately on the opposite side . . . as we left . . . we saw the basin shaped cavity.

Mostly carrying messages . . . for during the battle there was nothing more valuable a young and finely mounted assistant engineer could do. Papa saw Stuart again and again, and carried orders from him to McGowan, to Pender . . . He relaxed with HULLIHEN and von Borcke. He slept with Garnett. Now, a teacher on horseback:

When the Federal left gave way, thousands stampeded across the road. Immediately in the road were two brass howitzers, firing canister at short range into this fleeing

26
STANDARD B & P "NOTEAR"

mass. My old teacher at Hanover Academy, Colonel Hilary P. Jones of the Artillery, was sitting on his horse directing the fire of these guns . . . thousands running across the road . . . did not see one stop to fire . . . panic . . . following their leaders . . . rushed pell mell right into the jaws of death . . . the road was quickly piled up with dead and wounded . . . The Yanks were piled up in heaps. One man stood stone dead on one bent knee with hand uplifted -- mouth wide open. He had stiffened in this attitude . . . riding beyond the pile of dead men, I saw a man sitting on the roadside -- stark naked and as black as a full blood negro -- two little streams of blood trickled down his swollen cheeks from eyes that were closed forever -- that black, eyeless, swollen figure of woe shall ever be with me.

Many years after these men died at Chancellorsville, George V of England sent a memorial wreath to the tomb of our Unknown Soldier of World War I. Accompanying the flowers was a card:

AS UNKNOWN, & YET WELL KNOWN;

AS DYING, & BEHOLD WE LIVE.

There were many men at Chancellorsville who were known to each other. A few of these men are well known to us today.

There was also an unknown soldier at Chancellorsville -- a

STANDARD B & P "NOTEAR"

21
Yankee soldier, unknown and yet well known. He was dying, and behold we live.

Time is a kind friend. Thousands of men already have died since the day before yesterday. And a great captain of the Confederacy has been mortally wounded. Soon the battle of Chancellorsville will itself expire.

General Stuart held Jackson's corps in position on Monday to demonstrate before the bemused Hooker while Lee went to Early's assistance at Salem Church, but the fighting, the fine frenzy of battle is about over:

. . . was so dead tired I fell asleep on the Chancellorsville field with my head resting on a fence rail. An artillery caisson came by at a gallop and ran

30
over the other end of the rail -- bouncing my head up violently -- I believed a shell had blown me into atoms and my surprise was exceedingly great when I found myself running across the field unhurt. . .

The strife is o'er, the battle done. More than twenty thousand men have been killed or wounded. And General Hooker's "On to Richmond" campaign has ended for him in catastrophe he has not foreseen.

The Chancellorsville clearing was in General Lee's possession and Hooker was getting his grand army across the Rappahannock as rapidly as possible. The large brick Chancellor House was burning and the field around was covered with the debris of war . . . dead men and horses . . . smashed artillery outfits -- ammunition wagons -- the great battle was over.

When the Chancellor House, the woods around it, the outbuildings -- when all were burning (what a magnificent bonfire!), General Lee rode to the front of his victorious and cheering troops. It was perhaps his greatest moment as a soldier. A time of triumph, it was also a moment of awfulness. And Lee's first care was for the wounded, who also hailed him.

Having already given credit for the victory to Stonewall Jackson, and now mindful of his hurt lieutenant and fearful that an enemy cavalry raid might endanger him, General Lee sent a guard to the home

31
of Melzi Chancellor. He also instructed Dr. McGuire to move Jackson out of danger when the patient could travel safely and comfortably.

Soon Jackson was taken to a cottage on the Chandler farm, near Guinea's Station. He stood the trip well. General Lee had sent him this message: ". . . Could I have directed events, I should have chosen . . . to be disabled in your stead." His wife and baby came to him.

"For some days there was hope that the patient would recover; pneumonia . . . supervened, and he gradually began to sink . . . at eleven o'clock Mrs. Jackson knelt by his side, and told him that he could not live beyond the evening . . . After a moment's pause, he asked her to call Dr. McGuire. 'Doctor,' he said, 'Anna tells me I am to die today . . . Very good, very good; it is all right.' . . . and the soul of the great captain passed into the peace of God."

"God knows," said Jackson's adjutant-general, "I would have died for him."

A traveller comes suddenly upon this Virginia State marker:

MUD TAVERN WAS THE NAME OF THIS PLACE. 6 MILES EAST, AT
GUINEA STATION, STONEWALL JACKSON DIED, MAY 10, 1863.

Jackson's tomb is at Lexington, not far from that of his commander and his friend. His spirit, men say, comes now and then to the

3~
Wilderness of Spotsylvania, -- to rest under the shade of the oak, the ash, and the poplar. Here is the fragrance also of the pine and cedar trees that grow in the woods of Chancellorsville, and along the lines of fences long ago forgotten. In these woods, the fate of the Confederacy was determined.

Years later, a priest "concluded his prayer at the unveiling of the Jackson monument in New Orleans with these remarkable words: 'When in Thine inscrutable decree it was ordained that the Confederacy should fail, it became necessary for Thee to remove Thy servant, Stonewall Jackson'."

This, of course, was not sacrilege. As the good priest believed, it was the simple truth.










From an original photograph in the Confederate Museum, Richmond










MAJOR HEROS VON BORCKE


The Meadows



3.22.00








M.A. 


I enjoyed your sweet little   so much,
and am so glad to H  little  had stop'd
hurting U - U must have had growing   .

I have been taking snow  , and will soon
send U some -  T was so deep the   
looked this way    It is most

gone now. Xcept on the  - We are

very sick of it - Nelly has not gone to
school $\frac{1}{2}$ the  since we came .

Your  is very fine, and I must BIC
enough to ride. The   have com-
menced to lay great big    .

We will send U and  sister Evelyn



some soon. U must write

again to me, & send me some

of your drawings - Good B  and



a good



Your devoted
Grand Pop



PAPA and MAMA



Francis Smith Robertson was born on January 8, 1841, in Richmond. He died at The Meadows on August 10, 1926. On January 30, 1868, he and Ella Wheeler (born 1848 at Rockville, Maryland) were married by the rector of Charles Street Emanuel Church of Baltimore, later to become Bishop Randolph of Virginia. Probably like many another bride and groom, Papa and Mama were reported by the Reverend Mr. Randolph to be the handsomest couple he had ever joined together.



Willoughby Reade was born in 1865, in London, England. He died at Bedford, Virginia, in 1952. For more than fifty years, he was teacher of English at the Episcopal High School, near Alexandria, Virginia. In 1894, he was married to Mary Robertson at St. Thomas Episcopal Church, Abingdon.

. Now there were many who knew Mother for her clever wit, for her gay good humor, and for her common sense; and there were a few, those closest and dearest to her, who saw in her character the beauty of holiness, and in her smile the light of the rising sun



MARY ROBERTSON READE
1868 - 1919




MOTHER



DAD



Willoughby Beall
G.N. Wertz as  ABINGDON, VA.
"Dad's Boy"

GRANDADDY

Born a free man on The Meadows place in 1812, John Longley was past 83 when he held me in his arms and faced the formidable camera of Mr. Wertz.

I was born in an upstairs room in the house, early on a Saturday morning in July of 1895. The puppies were born under the house at about the same time. Granddaddy was born in a cabin in the Pleasure Field.

John Longley became an institution at The Meadows. Everybody, white and colored, called him Granddaddy. —

Everybody except Papa, who called him John.



G. N. Wertz & Co. BINGDON, VA.





GRANDDADDY LONGLEY AND MARSE FRANK

Granddaddy has been dead for fifty years, lying up there near the top of the hill in the Pleasure Field at The Meadows, with a holly tree at his head and a cedar tree at his feet. For half a century, little trees remarkably like these two have sprung up here and there in the Pleasure Field.

Granddaddy Longley lived for ninety-four years, most of the time lustily. His birth is shrouded in times past: It may well be, as family legend has it, that a wandering Cherokee chieftain found lodging one summer night at a negro cabin in the Pleasure Field in 1811, and that John Longley was born there in the spring of 1812; and sure it is that Granddaddy was a free man all his life long. The Indian had not debased his descendants by becoming the white man's slave. And Granddaddy, defying the laws of genetics, was more than half Indian.

It may also be legend that Grandpa Smith bought The Meadows in that same year of 1812. In any event, the baby in the Pleasure Field would become a part of the lives of five generations of man at The Meadows and, with passing years, many a legend would assume the becoming uniform of fact.

As the boy grew into manhood and increased in wisdom and stature, it was noted by the young colored women on the place that John Longley had also become uncommonly handsome. Especially with Liza and Lizzie had he grown in favour, and each wanted him for her own.

2

Grandpa Smith finally decided that one or the other must marry John; so Liza and Lizzie fought for him, reversing the usual order of affairs in Nature. Lizzie whipped Liza, was married to John, and became the mother of Aunt Polly, just a few months after Papa had been born in Richmond in January of 1841. (Will Rogers once remarked that the Prince of Wales -- later Edward VIII -- was born in Richmond. "I mean Richmond, England, of course," he added. "He didn't have ancestors enough to be born in Richmond, Virginia.")

Aunt Polly lived for a long time, had lots of children of her own, and nursed lots of us at The Meadows. Her memory stands enshrined in a remark of Ma Robertson's, still quoted if anyone in the family sets out on any sort of hazardous undertaking: "Polly, put the kettle on -- I'm going to eat a cantaloupe."

It was not long before Lizzie died; and, after a decent interval, it was Liza who jumped over a stick with John Longley. And, by the authority but lately vested in him as he became governor of Virginia, Pa Robertson pronounced them man and wife. So it came to pass that both the prayers of Lizzie and the prayers of Liza were answered in due time.

From this second union came Sam Longley, who grew up to be Papa's body servant during the Civil War. Later, Sam moved over to town with Papa's sister, Aunt Kate, when she married Uncle Jimmy White. One post-war story survives Sam Longley: He had drunk so much liquor for so long that my cousin Madge White, delegated time and time again to correct him, found herself one afternoon at wit's end, and said, "I'm sorry, Sam, but you and I must part."

Sam's eyes had long since ceased to focus, but he looked in the

3
general direction of the well-remembered voice, "And whar is you gwine, Miss Madge?"

Madge fled upstairs, bursting with laughter. ^{restraining} (Sam did not go anywhere.

Papa told Madge, when she called him on the telephone, that he had never been able to do anything with Sam, either; so he wouldn't burden her with good advice. Anyhow, he had to go up to see Granddaddy and teach him about "A" and "B". Granddaddy himself had never been able to do anything with Liza's son Sam, -- or with "A" and "B", for that matter. But he had learned to love Papa, and to call him Marse Frank, except now and then, when he was feigning anger, or when alcohol had made him merry.

Granddaddy lived up over the kitchen, next to the pigeon loft. His room looked down on the cistern, the flower gardens, and out across the truck patch, which he said belonged to him, to the Pleasure Field, where he had been born. The pigeons' view from their loft was more limited. They looked down into the back yard, spent much time billing and cooing, flew about the fields for exercise and in search of food, watered themselves at the horse trough or down at the pond, and sailed back into the pigeon loft for more billing and cooing. Now and then somebody went up and got a few squabs for the table, but most of the squabs grew up to be pigeons and replaced their ancestors in ever increasing numbers as those worthies fell prey to the hawk, to disease, or to old age.

On his way up to Granddaddy's room, Papa hurried through the kitchen, which now belonged to Aunt Matilda, as it had once belonged to Aunt Easter. The kitchen was a separate building,

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attached to the house by a covered runway. The kitchen floor was fashioned out of large flat stones that must have come from some other part of the country. Kindling and fire wood were stacked up behind the stove. There were buckets of spring water and of cistern water on the kitchen table, and a jug of yeast was bubbling over on the floor under the biscuit board where Aunt Matilda was putting down her rolls for supper.

Up the stairs Papa went. Having escaped from Aunt Matilda, he stopped briefly on the first landing and looked out on the familiar faces of the woodpile and the carriage house. Across the road beyond the woodpile, the sheep barn was tucked away under its protective walnut tree. On the second landing, Papa listened for a moment to the muted voices of the pigeons and then knocked on the closed door of Granddaddy's room.

While Papa was waiting for Granddaddy to bid him enter, he remembered the visiting dignitary who had wandered out into the back yard with him some years before. Granddaddy had been asleep in his chair under a maple tree.

"There," said Papa, who disliked dignitaries, "slumbers a noble Cherokee Indian, full blood."

When the visitor said it didn't seem possible, and couldn't Papa be mistaken, Papa kicked Granddaddy's chair and shouted, "Whar he?"

"Whar who?" asked Granddaddy, still half asleep.

"Whar Hallie?"

"Hallie who?" -- and Granddaddy was sound asleep again.

"See?" asked Papa. The dignitary was visibly impressed by the haunting melody of the spoken language of the Cherokee Indian.

Impatiently, Papa knocked again on Granddaddy's door.

"Come in, Marse Frank," -- and Papa went in.

"Whar he?" asked the visitor.

"Whar who?"

"Whar Hallie?"

"Hallie who?"

Then Granddaddy and Marse Frank repeated in solemn unison the greeting a friendly Indian always gave the weary travellers on the Road to Oregon -- a greeting composed of the favorite words of the pioneers themselves:

"Howdy-do? Whoa - Haw! God damn!"

And both Granddaddy and Marse Frank burst out laughing. The hell with the pigeons. And with Aunt Matilda, too.

"Hope I haven't interrupted your reading of Holy Writ, John." The huge Bible that Granddaddy sat fingering was upside down.

"No, Marse Frank. I been down in the truck patch all day, an' I wuz jest settin' here steddin' about 'A' and 'B'."

So the long lesson began all over again. Papa took a piece of charcoal out of his pocket and drew a large A on the wall to the left of the mantelpiece. Granddaddy looked hard at this strange symbol of learning, and soon he could find "A" anywhere, -- even upside down in the Bible. Then Papa rubbed out A and drew B on the wall on the other side of the mantel. Soon Granddaddy could find "B" anywhere.

"Marse Frank," said Granddaddy.

"Yes, John, " -- as if he hadn't heard it a hundred times.

"Marse Frank, I done forgot 'A'."

In a tone suggesting that Granddaddy did better at the alphabet

6

on other days, Papa said pleasantly, "You always forget 'A' on Monday, John."

"How come you know today is Monday, Marse Frank?"

"Because you've got on your clean clothes. Why don't you put on clean clothes on Sunday like other people do?"

"Because, like I told Miss Mamie, I reckon. About not going to church."

"And what, sir, did you say to my daughter about her not going to church? She goes every Sunday, rain or shine."

"Shucks, Marse Frank, it's about me not going to church. Miss Mamie said, real nice, 'Grandaddy, why don't you go to Church?' An' I answered her real nice, -- an' it's the God's truth, -- 'Miss Mamie, I jest can't hold my water.'"

"Why, John, you damned old reprobate, you know better than to talk like that!"

"Course I know better, Marse Frank, -- but Miss Mamie oughten to ask me so many questions."

Papa chuckled. And Grandaddy grunted, as befitted the son of an Indian chieftain.

At that moment, Johnnie Longley came in from school and, to judge by his fingers and his face, from some extended berry picking along the way. Johnnie was Sam's son. And Liza's grandson.

"Grandaddy, I needs fifty cents."

"Fifty cents!" The old man exploded. Johnnie might just as well have asked him for the truck patch.

"Fifty cents? And for what?"

1

"Granddaddy," Johnnie said meekly, "I needs to buy a jography. The teacher told me to bring fifty cents."

"A gee-ography, John," Papa added.

"A gee-og-ra-phy?" Somehow Granddaddy was able to accent every syllable. "And what is a gee-og-ra-phy?"

"It's nuthin' but a book, Granddaddy -- a book that tells you whar places is, an' how to git thar."

"Boy," and Granddaddy turned a baneful ^{eye} on him, "Do you know the way to the woodpile?"

"Yes, sir."

"And to the spring house?"

"Yes, sir."

"And to the stable?"

"Yes, sir."

"Boy," said Granddaddy triumphantly, as he saved a quart of extra good drinking liquor, "Boy, you don't need no damned gee-og-ra-phy."

Papa told me about this visit to Granddaddy months later, while we were sitting out on the back porch at The Meadows, watching the pigeons fly in from the fields. The train from Damascus came coasting in between us and the Booker's, blowing loud and long at nothing at all, and Papa cursed the engineer in big round oaths for making so much noise. Then the train slowed down and pulled into the Y -- so it could back into the station and be headed for Damascus in the morning.

"The only train in the world," Papa observed, "that runs faster

4
backwards than forwards."

Then we heard him. Granddaddy had reeled out into the back yard, and had been waiting for the noise of the train to die down.

"Frank -- God damn you, Frank -- I want a drink o' likker."

"Why, John -- you're drunk already."

"'Fore God, Marse Frank," -- and Granddaddy raised his right hand to prove it, "'Fore God, Marse Frank, I ain' had a drop to drink this blessed day."

"John -- anybody who would tell as big a lie as that just to get a drink of liquor -- come in, John."

And Papa and Granddaddy disappeared into Papa's den, where there was apple jack for those who liked it, and Highspire Straight Rye for those who didn't.

In the Spring of 1904, Granddaddy was ninety-two years old. When I got home from school that summer, Papa told me about the birthday party and showed me the pictures he had taken of the old man and his cake.

Granddaddy said he wanted a gingerbread cake for his birthday; so Aunt Matilda, who boiled a pot of coffee for each of Granddaddy's three meals a day, baked a huge slab of gingerbread for him. My fourteen year old Aunt Nelly stuck ninety-two candles into the gingerbread, and everybody helped to light them -- out in the back yard; so Papa could take Granddaddy's picture.

There was a little breeze blowing and the candles soon melted, making a lovely multi-colored icing. Granddaddy was prouder than the new peacock Papa had gotten for Mama from Schmidt's Bird Store

9
in Washington.

Papa added that a lot of people were aggravated because Granddaddy wouldn't give them any of his cake. It was his cake, and he ate every bite of it, candle grease and all.

Granddaddy lived for another couple of years, and then they buried him up near the top of the hill in the Pleasure Field. In less than a hundred years he worked his way up from near the bottom to near the top of the hill. And he made five generations merrier than they would have been without him.

Sometimes Granddaddy had a simple, a sort of quizzical look on his face -- like that on the face of a little boy in church as he listens to the Nicene Creed. But up there in his room over the kitchen, with his Bible upside down, Granddaddy in all his simplicity was a part of the wisdom of the ages.

Granddaddy Longley's last words were "Corn likker". He had a stroke, and Papa hurried up to his room, -- not even seeing Aunt Matilda, cowed for once behind the kitchen stove. Granddaddy was lying across his bed. When he saw Papa, he looked as if he were thinking, "Frank, God damn you, Frank" -- and then he mumbled, "C -corn likker." Papa always said he hoped that when he died he would go to hell -- so he could joke with Old John about his last words.

Granddaddy has been dead for fifty years, lying up there near the top of the hill in the Pleasure Field at The Meadows, with a holly tree at his head and a cedar tree at his feet. For half a century, little trees remarkably like these two have sprung up here and there in the Pleasure Field.







Co. I - 48th Virginia Infantry, C.S.A. at "The Meadows"



GRAND PA
B.C.
19000

The Meadows
Dec 19. 97

My dear boy -

Your report was very alarming + your accident, as well as the modern Grandpa skulls full period - Do you note they have swapped holds. No. don't - got the worst of the trade methinks, & one must believe that it was intended that you should "grow in the hair" the place where the hair is to grow" - The book goes tomorrow -

FSK





MOOREY
 Price D
 Price E
 Perdue
 Painter
 Pitzer
 Ramsey
 Rank Robert

x
 x
 xx

DICKENSON J F
 FLEENER J C
 FLEENER FOLT
 FLEENER SAM
 FLEENER F C
 FLEENER W. W
 HAGY
 HUDSON

xx
 xx

xx

Company I 48 Va Infantry

Jas C Campbell - Captain
 Frank S Robertson - 1st Lieut
 Carmack Jake - 2nd Lieut
 Emanuel Rhodefer - 3d Lieut
 Jas Vance 1st Sergeant
 Fields " 2nd
 W Hamilton " 3d
 Ingram " 4th
 Robinson Latham " 5th "

x
 x
 x
 x



Eleanor Oppenhimer, Captain of the Green Team, 1951. Winner of the best camper award, 1951. (Camp Glenrochie: 1901-1951)



We are trying to move on
you about the 22nd Dec
My dear

The Meadows
Thanksgiving - Nov 26-08

Ever since a long time
ago knowing that letter you
sent me just after discussing
your studies - but I'm gradually
trimming down my correspondence
for sundry reasons not worthwhile
to mention. Have concluded to or-
ganize a new fad - Illustrated
letters - all other writings are
embellished with pictures of
events & things described, & there is no good
reason why ^{at any rate} we shouldn't adopt the pictorial
letters of our Indian Ancestors - It is not un-
essential to be an artist - in fact the worse
the picture the more the entertainment it will
afford - So, you join my new fad Club, &
send me a sample letter - Since our Mercur-
ry went below zero on the 15th the weather
has been simply grand, with sunny days &
Mercury above the 60 mark - Katie, Nell & myself
ride forth nearly every day taking our guns
& hunting dogs - the latter consist of an antiquated
& utterly hopeless, noseless, earless Setter - a gunning
pointer pup - a beagle hound also gun dog, & a Bull
dog, who never notices nobody or nothing, & leaves with
a yard wire he & me for a moment - our game bag has
not been much overloaded in consequence - We occa-
sionally ride up a covey or a rabbit - off go the guns,
as also half our pack - the Bull dog sits down & looks
disgusted while "old Jim", still soams in sweet un-
consciousness of the excitement - when O J. flashes,
a bird, he becomes instantly paralyzed with a Sphinx like
expression, so queer & comic, as to fetch down the horse.
There he stands, until some of us ride over him, to quietly
hint that the hunt is on again - Frank White is

Launcelot Minor Blackford, M. A.

University of Virginia, was principal of The Episcopal High School near Alexandria, from 1870 to 1914. At morning prayer he often read from the Acts of the Apostles a passage which told of a Jew whose name was Bar-jesus.

Promptly, the young scholars had begun to call their beloved headmaster "Old Bar-jesus". But, when the nickname reached Mr. Blackford's ears, he was so deeply distressed that the name soon was simplified to "Old Bar".

When Papa and Mama used to visit us at the High School, Papa said he always felt a little uncomfortable in Old Bar's sedate presence, and preferred to think of him as he had once seen him during the War, - Lanty Blackford, long and lean, taking fence after fence, in full if not in undignified retreat.

YANKEE FLAGS A-FLYING

There was not much studying done at Mr. Jefferson's University in the winter of 1917. In the fraternity houses, phonographs blared out lustily, accompanied by the clank of poker chips and the sharp sound of cue stick on ivory ball. The war was closing in on us, and it was difficult to settle down to any task that could not be left at a moment's notice, and without regret.

The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be...
Is there anything whereof it may be said, See this is new?
it hath been already of old time, which was before us.

Once again, I could hear Old Bar's voice intoning the words of the preacher who wrote of man's vanity; once again I could see the names of those who had died because of man's stupidity, and the simple statement on their tablet in the High School chapel: QUI BENE PRO PATRIA CUM PATRIAQUE JACENT.

Perhaps it was because I was older than most of my fellows that I shared little of their enthusiasm over the prospect of imminent war. Perhaps it was because I remembered Pa's letter to Papa, addressed to him at the University in April of 1861: "I see nothing in Civil War

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to rejoice over be who may be victor."

No, - nor in any other sort of war.

Perhaps it was because Papa had once said to me, "War is mud, and blood, and hell, - spelled in capital letters."

And I began to be a little afraid.

Pa, his hopes of preserving the Union shattered, crying out in the Virginia Assembly, "They send us John Brown..... and we hang him!" Papa, in the saddle with Stuart..... gayly bedight, a gallant knight, in sunshine and in shadow.....wounded men and wounded horses dying in helpless agony in blazing woods.....ride, boldly ride, if you seek for Eldorado!

And so it was, when War came with another early April, that it had been already of old time, which was before us. And Johnny Cornick and I got up and left our room at Old Miss Virginia Mason's on Madison Lane, took our physical examinations, and signed up for the first training camp at Fort Myer. It was the easiest thing I had ever done in my whole life.

A hastily organized S.A.T.C. began drilling out squads right and squads left on the athletic field. Here were no Sons of Liberty, no Southern Guard, marching about on the Lawn in their red and blue shirts, their black pants,

33

and their jaunty black and light blue caps. These were just ordinary young men in street clothes or in ill-fitting khaki who after classes somehow got themselves into a column of squads and headed for Lambeth Field. There they would face their commanding officer, who stood far up in the football stands, - and the voice of Homer's Herald was but a tinkling cymbal as compared with that of Lieutenant Colonel Cole, whose orders were of such resounding brass that the bootleggers in the distant Ragged Mountains leapt smartly to attention!

It was not long before I had a letter from Papa telling me that he was going up to Washington to see Doctor Wilmer about his eyes, and suggesting that I quit playing soldier for a few days and join him there.

Papa's eyes were clear enough to catch me passing out a snappy salute to the heavily embroidered doorman as we came out of the Willard Hotel, but his good manners restrained ^{his} ~~a hearty burst~~ of laughter until we had walked a little way along the Avenue. There must have been a million flags between the Treasury and the Capitol, and I asked Papa how he felt with all those Yankee Flags flying in the breeze.

"Why, I feel like running, - I always did," he said

34
simply.

"I hope the Germans will feel the same way."

"They will," Papa assured me, - "the Yanks are half-Rebs now!"

Then I thanked Papa for explaining something for me. At the University, I had been bothered every time we had marched back from Lambeth Field to the Lawn. Dr. John Staige Davis' house sat up above the entrance to the field, and that beloved physician had put up the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack, one on each side of his front door. And, though I never confessed it, it was not our own flag but always the British flag that had stirred me most. I had thought it might be because of Dad's being an Englishman and sending to his sister in Cornwall for a little parcel of Land's End and placing my baby foot on English soil almost as soon as I was born. But it was easier than that. Papa had fled too many times on his swift bay mare Miranda at sight of Yankee sentries and of Yankee flags a-flying!

Papa said he hoped he hadn't made a coward out of me by having told me about some of his own hurried retreats; and then he asked me if I remembered his telling me about Chancellorsville.

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"Yes," I said, - "you and Miranda were crouched behind a huge oak tree. Suddenly, the Old Stonewall Brigade burst from the woods at a run. You saw the dust fly from their frouzy jackets. A big man fell almost into your arms, and you dragged him behind the house and found some letters on him and a watch, and later on you sent the things back to his home."

"That's right," said Papa, as if he hadn't heard a word I had said. By that time we had gotten down to Twelfth Street. "Come on in here, boy," - and he led me into the Raleigh Hotel.

"After I saw Doctor Wilmer yesterday afternoon, I walked down here and et an early supper."

"You mean you ate supper, don't you?"

"Damn you, sir, you young galoot," - I hadn't been called a galoot for years! - "I know what I mean to say. I say I et supper down here, and after supper I wanted a little chew of tobacco."

We grinned at each other. Mama had never approved of Papa's chewing tobacco, and after supper at The Meadows we had always sneaked over to the corner of the front porch, by the rail, and Papa had enjoyed what he called one of his minor vices before we joined the ladies.

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"Well, sir," Papa continued, as he pointed this way and that in the lobby of the Raleigh, "I saw a lot of these magnificent brass spittoons, but nobody anywhere near 'em. Then I spied a man over yonder by the window who appeared to be using one; so I went over and sat down by him."

Papa said that the man was a lot younger than he was, but that they had struck up a friendly conversation over their shiny brass spittoon. Naturally, they talked about the war, and then about the Civil War, and the man said that his father had been killed at Chancellorsville, and he showed Papa the watch that Papa had sent back home half a century before!

Of course it couldn't have happened; and Papa said he believed he had dreamt it. But he added that it was just about the pleasantest experience he had ever had in his long and useless life. And Papa stood there in the lobby of the Raleigh Hotel for a long time and looked at those magnificent brass spittoons with downright affection. He said that one of them had made him feel fifty years younger.....

After I got back from France, Papa told me that his eyes must have gotten better, because he had found that

he could again stand at the corner of the flower garden with his Winchester and kill mud turtles at two hundred yards when they climbed up in the sun on the rotten log at the spillway of the ice pond. But he had gone back to Washington in 1918 to see Doctor Wilmer, just to be sure.

On the train coming home, he had found the smoking room of the Memphis Special crowded. The center of attraction was a major, recently returned from France, who had already won the war despite its dogged continuance. Papa said he knew that men were sometimes sent back from the front because they couldn't stand the racket, but that he was interested in the changes that the airplane and the tank had brought to modern warfare; so he had ventured a few questions.

"Oh, I say," - the major had even picked up a little accent, - "were you ever in a war?"

Papa confessed that he had been through most of the Civil War, but that it had been a long time ago and that everything had speeded up mightily since then, he supposed.

"I say, now," persisted the major, "did you ever go over the top?"

That was more than Papa could stand. He missed the tiny smoking room spittoon by several inches, got up and

bowed profoundly.....

"Damn you, sir, - we stayed on top!"

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AT PARTING

On an August afternoon in 1926, Jim Vance came over to Glenrochie in his big truck to take a group of camp girls on an overnight trip to White Top mountain. As we drove through the gate at The Meadows, I saw Papa sitting on the front porch. He looked lonesome and alone. So I asked Jim to stop the truck and wait for me there under the broad-leaved shade of a sprawling old catalpa tree, and told the girls that I wanted to go up and talk to Papa for a few minutes.

Papa said that he had been coughing a lot and that he felt weak and no-account, that the more he coughed the sorer his throat got and the sorer his throat got the more he coughed and the hell with it all. He said it wasn't any fun to live a long time after all your friends were dead, - and his eyes filled up a little. He said I'd better not keep the girls waiting. Anyhow, it looked like a rain making up over on the South Fork; so I'd better run along, and he hoped we would all have a good time, but he'd be damned if he saw any sense in climbing a mountain except on a horse, and not much then, - what with the timber cut out, the deer all gone to East Virginia, and nothing to

40
shoot at but the view!

I had never known Papa to be so depressed. At parting, and for the first time in many years, I lifted his black skull cap and kissed him lightly on his bald head. Then Papa looked a little embarrassed, and wanted to know if I ever proposed to grow up.

It had been twenty-eight summers since he had held me up on his shoulders to hear my baby sister cry.

* * * * *

We had climbed the White Top next day, all the way to the dense lashorn forest at the summit and, returning, had stopped for a moment at the edge of the cleared field where the Great Spirit had once trod when the earth was young. The day was beautifully clear, and, as we looked out and down into the coves and valleys below, I fancied I could see the big maple trees in the backyard of The Meadows, and Uncle Archie sitting there on his rickety little porch.

Then we came upon the steep, narrow path that goes

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down abruptly to Konnarock. There I remembered old Jim Wilson's story of a famous deer hunt that had swept up through Taylor's Valley to Konnarock, before the War, - and once again I could see Papa as a young man on horseback crashing through the rhododendron, could hear the Meadows' hounds as they streamed out before him, could feel the earth shudder as Old Glory blazed away at the end of the hunt, and tired hunters and tired hounds turned again home.

And there at Konnarock a message was waiting for me. Papa had died in the night.

For a time after supper he had sat on the front porch with some of the family who had come over from town for a visit. In rare good humor, he had told old tales that were clothed with laughter. After he had gone to bed, the Glenrochie girls who had not taken the White Top trip had come back from a picture show in Abingdon, had come down between the rock lillies that bordered the long front drive to The Meadows, singing.

"Listen to the camp girls," Papa had said. "How sweet their voices are tonight."

About midnight, he rose suddenly from the bed and walked to the window. And then, the throat cancer having eaten into an artery, he sank down quietly, and soon was

42
gone, peacefully, as his friend Channing Price had gone,
peacefully, at Chancellorsville.

* * * * *

Just before we turned into The Meadows' driveway, I asked Jim Vance to stop the truck for a moment, and I told the girls that Papa had died. They were very quiet as we passed the house, and I dropped off the truck and closed the gate behind them as they went on over to Glenrochie.

At the house, I found my own people as I had expected to find them, distressed, but behaving as though no one knew that, with Papa, The Meadows and all that it had meant for generations had died, -- that his had been the last surviving spirit of a Past that once was singing gold.

The funeral would be the following afternoon: I am the resurrection - and the life.....and then the short journey to Sinking Spring Cemetery, where the living would come again into the presence of the Dead, where Papa would lie near Mother, removed only a little way from the Unknown

43
Confederate Dead.

All the necessary arrangements had been made, - but my Aunt Katy was disturbed because she had not been able to find a letter from General Stuart anywhere in Papa's den. A week or so before, she told me, he had laughingly said that he would like to have this letter tucked in with him when the end came. I knew where the letter was. Mother had had it framed for Papa, and Papa had wrapped it in newspaper and had hidden it away on the top shelf of his desk, and he and I were the only ones who knew where it was.

And so I got up and went into Papa's den and got the letter.

.....And so we all got up and got on our horses and rode over to where General Stuart was.....

HdQrs Cavalry Corps,

Sept. 21st, 1863.

Dear Lieutenant,

I deeply regret the continuance of your illness, for I had hoped by this time you would be able to join me. I know very well that you could not be kept away from your post except by inexorable necessity. It needed no surgeon's certificate to satisfy me of it.

I am glad of the present opportunity of expressing to you my sense of the usefulness, the bravery, the devotion to duty and daring, for which you were distinguished during your stay with me. I sent you through fiery ordeals at Chancellorsville and elsewhere from which I scarcely hoped to see you return, but rejoiced to see you escape. You will never forget those trials and I hope that the kind Providence which so signally favored you then will soon restore you to the field and to us your much attached comrades.

Present my kindest regards to your father's family and believe me

Your sincere friend,

J. E. B. STUART

Major-General.

STANDARD B & P "NOTEAR"

For a long time I looked at this letter, after I had copied it. Then I went into Mama's room, where Papa was, and tucked it in with him.

Little boy that I was, grown boy that I was, grown man that I was, I knew, as grown men know, that there was no sense in having General Stuart's letter entombed with Papa in Sinking Spring Cemetery, - and yet it was his ride at Chancellorsville, it was his letter from General Stuart, it was his wish that this letter, like an old medal won on a far off field of battle, go with him into the generous earth of Virginia.

And, as I looked at him for the last time, I knew that, from his whole long eighty-five years of life, there was nothing that Papa would rather have taken with him than that letter from his comrade and his commander.

ARD B & P "NOTEAR"