

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07897407 2

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

THE
Glengarry McDonalds
OF
VIRGINIA



BY
MRS. FLORA McDONALD WILLIAMS

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY SKETCH OF
THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE
GLENGARRY CLAN

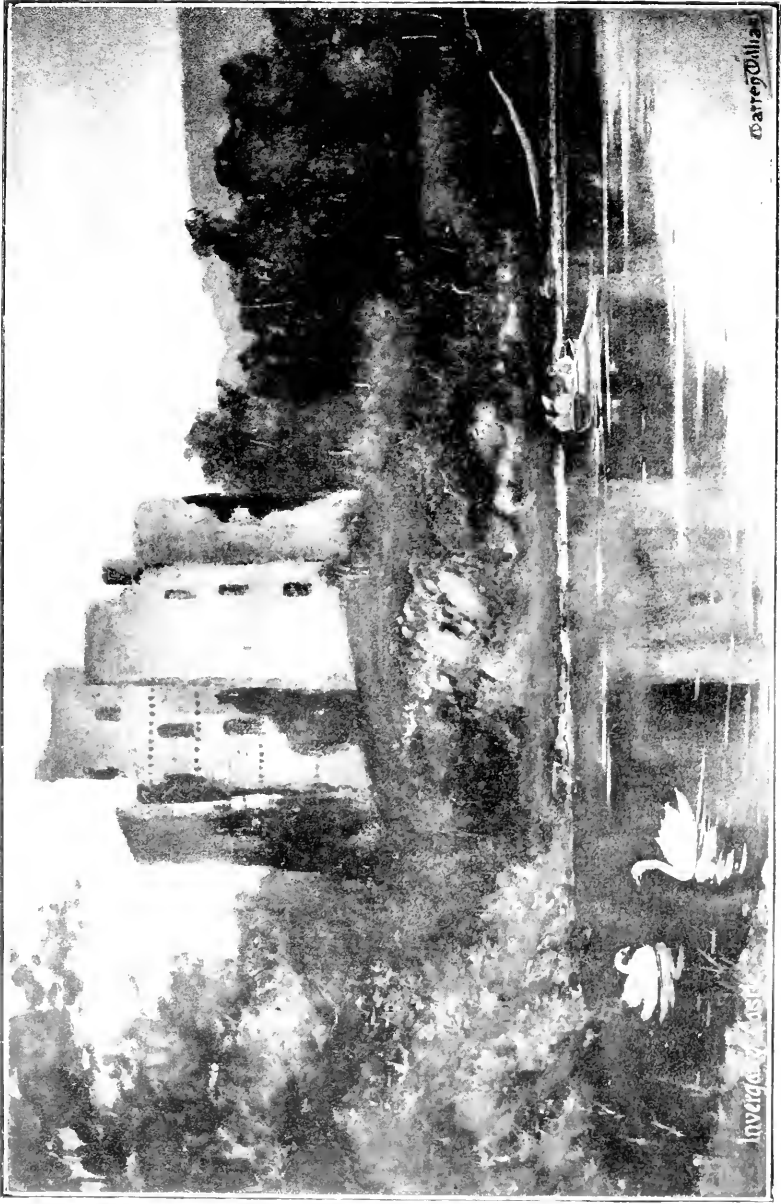
Louisville:
Geo. G. Fetter Company
1911

McDonald
F. P. P.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
R 1913 L

NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS





Barreguillas

Invergo, Anst

THE picture of Inver-Garry Castle, on the opposite page, is the ancient fortress and strong-hold of the Glengarry McDonalds. It was burned by Cumberland in 1745, but the picturesque ruin is still in a good state of preservation. Here Prince Charlie slept the night before Culloden, and here he found refuge for a short time after that fateful battle.

The mansion stood to the right of the Castle, and more in the Glen. The Glen behind the Castle, through which the river Garry flows, and from which the clan derived its name, is full of picturesque scenery, as well as the lake where the river rises.

In Memory of My Beloved Father
ANGUS WILLIAM McDONALD

INTRODUCTORY

Realizing some years ago how little effort had been made to preserve the records of the McDonald family, since the first member of it came to this country in 1746, and discovering—as I searched further into the matter—what an honorable and generous measure each generation had contributed to the history of the country, I determined to do what I could to rescue from obscurity, and put in some permanent form, a record of those men who had been so busy doing things that no time had been found to write them up.

Little of the data preserved in family and personal papers had escaped the ravages of time, to say nothing of two wars; hence I found myself much restricted along those lines. But a persistent following up of every clue, led finally to the unearthing of much that was hitherto unknown of their distinguished ancestor, by the descendants of the original Angus, who came here in 1746.

Strange to say, I found in the Library of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, more valuable and reliable information of his early activities in the French and Indian wars, than anywhere else. And I am much indebted to Dr. Reuben G. Thwaite, Librarian, for his assistance and courtesy in furnishing much that was not procurable elsewhere. I

also found in "American Archives" many references to his life and work.

It has always been the commonly received belief among the majority of his descendents, that he would have entered the Revolutionary army, but for his untimely death soon after the beginning of hostilities; his hesitation at first, resulting from a disinclination to serve under a man who had had no military experience, but Washington's great anxiety to have him in the field, as shown by his letter to him from Morristown, N. J., would, most likely, have resulted in his assignment to another command, had he lived. McDonald's lack of a knowledge of "wire-pulling," had, in all probability, a good deal to do with "the parson's" getting ahead of him.

Angus McDonald had been trained, like his forebears to service in the field, and had been an officer in the battle of Culloden, though but eighteen years of age. Macaulay says of his ancestors: "As military men the McDonalds have ever supported their high renown; the names of those distinguishing themselves, being truly far too numerous to mention, and had they been only as wise and prudent as they were brave and generous, there would never have been another clan equal to it."

A record of a more recent date, preserved in "Coyner's Diary," who served as Captain under Ashby, in the war between the States, furnishes additional testimony to their soldierly qualities. It has this to say:

"The McDonald that Ashby followed and the McDonalds who followed Ashby were alike brave

and gallant soldiers, and stand beside the noblest names on the pages of history.”

I have no doubt that some errors will be found but I have taken every pains to verify my statements, when given as facts. I have found my work most engrossing and interesting and close it with regret, for I shall miss the companionship of those whose activities I have recounted in the following pages. They have seemed very real and near to me.

FLORA McDONALD WILLIAMS.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE GLENGARRY McDONALDS

CHAPTER I.

That those who are entitled to the distinction should wish to place on record their claim to Highland ancestry, is not to be wondered at, when we remember how that small section of the globe, geographically considered, has influenced so many departments of the world's history.

The origin of the Highland clans dates back to a very early period, some of the Celtic authorities claiming a direct descent for them from the celebrated Irish "King Conn, of a Hundred Battles," and to those who might be disinclined to acknowledge this remote Irish origin, claimed by Sir James McDonald, in 1615, he says: "Whatever Ireland may have been since those early days, to the ancient Western world, it was then the cradle of religion and the nursery of civilization."

In this same connection, Macneil says: "While the Germans and Northmen were yet roving heathen tribes, the Gaels in Ireland and Scotland had their Seminaries of learning, where Literature was loved and cherished. And from the Colleges of Durrow and Iona, missionaries, whose well-trained minds and zealous hearts fitted them for the undertaking, went forth to Christianize the people of England and the Teutonic tribes on the Continent."

Macaulay, in his "History of England," says: "In perseverance, in self-command, in forethought, in all the qualities which conduce to success in life, the Scots have never been surpassed. In mental cultivation Scotland had an indisputable superiority. Though that kingdom was then the poorest in Christendom, it already vied in every branch of learning with the most favored countries. Scotsmen, whose dwellings and whose food were as wretched as those of the Icelanders of our time, wrote Latin verse with the delicacy of Vida, and made discoveries in science which would have added renown to Galileo."

Macaulay further says: "In 1696, the Estates of Scotland met at Edinburg * * * * and by far the most important event of this short session was the passing of the act for the settling of schools. By this memorable law it was, in Scotch phrase, statuted and ordained that every Parish in the realm should provide a commodious school house and should pay a moderate stipend to the schoolmaster. The effect could not be immediately felt, but before one generation had passed it began to be evident that the common people of Scotland were superior in intelligence to the common people of any other country in Europe. To whatever land the Scotchman might wander, to whatever calling he might betake himself, in America, or in India, in trade or in war, the advantage of his early training raised him above his competitors. * * * * And Scotland, in spite of the barrenness of her soil and the severity of her climate made such progress in agriculture, in commerce, in letters, in science, in all that constitutes

civilization, as the Old World had never seen equalled * * * * Scotland in becoming a part of the British Monarchy, preserved all her dignity. She was joined to her stronger neighbor on the most honorable terms; she gave a king instead of receiving one."

Although the downfall of the hapless house of Stewart, practically put an end to native rule, the individuality of the Scotsman was never lost, nor his independent spirit subdued. And notwithstanding they are credited with being the most practical of all people, they have furnished both poets and writers of fiction with some of the most engaging characters known in the realm of literature. To call those rugged hills "barren" which have supplied fuel for the divine fire, from the days of Ossian down to the Barries, McLarens and Stephensons of our own period, seems almost sacrilege, and only those who are woefully ignorant,—or worse still, unappreciative—would dare do so.

In these pages I propose to devote special attention to that branch of the powerful clan Donald, called the McDonalds of Glengarry, from whom are descended many prominent citizens of the United States and Canada to-day and, as in these latter days it seemeth more popular to be known by ones roots than by their fruits, I shall show by unquestioned authority that the family tree first began to send out healthy shoots early in the sixth century, flourishing variously in the following centuries. Never neutral or passive in any contest, but actively striving for the side which appealed to them, usually that of the under dog. And whatever else may be laid

to their account, for their faults were many, few of them can be accused of self-seeking, or indirect business methods.

Skene, one of the acknowledged authorities on Highland literature says: "The traditions of the McDonalds themselves tend to show that they could not have been of foreign origin, and many sources of evidence show that they are a part of the original nation who have inhabited the mountains of Scotland, as far back as the memory of man, or the records of history reach."

McKenzie tells us that: "The McDonalds were at one time the most important, numerous, and powerful of the western clans and this noble race is undoubtedly descended from Somerled, Thane of Argyle, who became one of the most powerful Chiefs of Scotland. He was the son of a Celtic father, Gillibride, and a fair-haired, blue-eyed, Norwegian mother. And is described as living in retirement in his youth and musing in solitude over the ruined fortunes of his house, but when an auspicious moment occurred he placed himself at the head of the people of Morvern, attacked the Norwegians, whom he finally expelled from the mainland and made himself master, not only in Morvern, but also in Lochaber and Argyle. But The Norwegian power remained unbroken in the Isles and Somerled resolved to recover by policy what he despaired of acquiring by force of arms, namely the possession of the Isles, and with this end in view he resorted to a successful ruse to obtain the hand of Olave's only daughter in marriage."

This marriage took place in 1140. Olave, King

of the Isles and Man, knowing of Somerled's ancient, hereditary claim to his kingdom, was anxious to propitiate this powerful chief and Lord of Argyle and to secure his support, so he never regretted having given his only daughter to Somerled for his wife. Somerled, not content with his victories on the mainland, finally captured the Islands in detail, and established again the old Celtic authority, and as McKenzie says: "Thus, on the ruin of the Norwegian power, Somerled built up his Island throne, and became not only the greatest Thane of his family, but the founder of that second line of Island rulers, who, for a period of nearly four centuries, were occasional and formidable rivals of the Scottish kings.

"The extensive power and high position of this Island Chief, Somerled, whose sister had been married to a brother of King Malcolm the IV, may be inferred, from the fact that he was able on one occasion to bring his dispute with the King to a termination by a solemn treaty, afterwards considered so important as to form an epoch, from which Royal Charters were regularly dated."

Somerled finally became such a dangerous rival that Malcolm requested him to resign his possessions into his Majesty's hands, and hold them in future as a vassal from the Crown. This he refused emphatically to do and promptly declared war against Malcolm. Collecting his forces, he sailed boldly up the Clyde with one hundred and sixty galleys and threatened the whole of Scotland. After two sharp engagements with the Royal troops in which Somerled was victorious, he was unmolested

for a while, when it was again demanded that he should surrender at least a part of his possessions to the Crown. To this he replied, that he would not surrender the smallest part of them, as he had an undoubted right to them, but would assist the King in any other affair, and be as loyal as any of his friends, but as long as he breathed he would not resign his rights to anyone.

He was finally murdered by one of the King's followers. Gregory is of opinion that Somerled was interred in the Church of Saddell, in Kintyre, where Reginald, his son, afterwards founded a monastery.

Rev. George Hill claims descent for the McDonalds from Fergus Mor, who lived about 506. He says: "The family of Fergus Mor continued to maintain a leading position in Scotland, supplying, with few exceptions the line of dalriadic Kings and many of its Thaness, or Territorial Lords.

"Of the latter, the most historical, and it may be said the most patriotic, was a great Thane of Argyle, who appeared in the twelfth century called Somerhairle, among his Celtic kinsmen, but better known as Somerled, and few, if any military leaders have left their mark more broadly or distinctly in Scottish history than he. His record seems to have been well preserved in authentic chronicles."¹

¹In "The Lord of the Isles," Sir Walter Scott thus describes his hero:

"The heir of mighty Somerled,
Ronald, from many a hero sprung.
The fair, the valliant and the young,
Lord of the Isles, whose lofty name
A thousand bards have given to fame
The mate of Monarchs, and allied
On equal terms with England's pride."

And at the feast when Ronald calls for the goblet:

"Fill me the mighty cup, he said,
Erst owned by royal Somerled;
Fill it, till on the studded brim,
In burning gold the bubbles swim,
And every gem of varied shine,
Glow doubly bright in rosy wine."

James McDonald says: "His only daughter, Beatrice, entered a Priory; and in the year 1811, the following inscription was still legible on a slab in Iona 'Bshag Nyn Ilvrid Priora—Beatrice, daughter of Somerled, Prioress.' "

So it seems that all historians are agreed that Somerled was the immediate progenitor of the family or clan McDonald, Macdonald, or Macdonell, for all three forms seem to have been used.

According to Gregory: "Of the descendants of Somerled there were, in 1285, three great noblemen, all holding extensive possessions in the Isles as well as the mainland. And McKenzie says of one of them: "In 1306 Angus Og McDonald of the Isles attached himself to the party of Bruce and took an important part in all of his subsequent enterprises, which terminated in the final defeat of the English at Bannockburn. Here Angus McDonald commanded the reserve of 5,000 Highlanders, commanded respectively by sixteen of their Chiefs. And they performed such distinguished service that as a permanent mark of distinction, Bruce assigned to Angus and his descendants forever, the right flank of the Royal army."

In addition to this distinguished honor, Bruce also bestowed upon Angus McDonald the extensive possessions of the Comyns and their allies the Lords of Lorn, also the title of Lord of Lochaber, which had formerly belonged to the Comyns. Also the lands of Doror and Glencoe and the Islands, Mull, Jura and Tiree, which had formerly been possessed by the Lords of Lorn.

After the battle of Bannockburn, Robert Bruce spent six months as the guest of Angus McDonald at the Monastery of Saddell in Kintyre, which had been built by Reginald, oldest son of Somerled, and the progenitor of the Glengarry McDonalds. At the age of twenty-two Angus Og McDonald was with great pomp and ceremony, proclaimed Lord of the Isles and Thane of Argyle and Lochaber.

Angus died at Islay about 1329 and was buried at Icolmkill. He was succeeded by his only son John, who McKenzie says played a most important part in the age in which he lived. His death occurred about 1380 and he was buried with great splendor in the precincts of Iona. He was called "The Good John of Isla." John's second wife was Lady Margaret, daughter of King Robert II; and first of Stewart dynasty.

To his third son, Reginald or Ranald (the only child by his first wife to reach maturity), John bequeathed, at his death, extensive holdings on the mainland, besides large grants of land including the North Isles, Garmoran and other extensive possessions. McKenzie says: "Ranald proved himself a man of great integrity and honor as a tutor to his younger brother, Donald, second Lord of the Isles, during his minority. He took a leading part in the government of the Isles during his father's lifetime and was left in charge of the Lordship after his father's death, until Donald, the eldest son by a second marriage, came of age, when Ranald or Reginald, delivered over to him the government of the Lordship in the presence of the leading vassals."

Reginald married a daughter of Walter Stewart, Earl of Athol, brother of King Robert. He died a very old man in 1419 and was succeeded by his eldest son, Donald. Then followed John and then Alaster, fourth of Glengarry. Then John again, fifth of Glengarry, who married his cousin, a daughter of Donald Cameron, of Lochiel. He left one son, Alexander McDonald, who succeeded him as sixth Lord of Glengarry. During his Lordship of the Clan, there is mention made in the public records, under the Privy Seal, of large grants of land, including Glengarry, Moror with the Castle, Fortalice and Manor of Strome, Lochalsh and Lochbroom. He married Margaret de Insulas, co-heiress of Sir Donald McDonald and lineal representative and heiress of the Earldom of Ross.

They had one son, Eneas McDonald, who succeeded as seventh of Glengarry. This Eneas or Angus was commissioned to hold Courts and minister justice, affix punishments, &c., according to the laws of the Realm. Which commission was dated at Holyrood House 10th July, 1574. Donald McDonald, 8th of Glengarry, succeeded his father Eneas. The period of his Lordship was marked by very turbulent and cruel conduct and constant feuds with his cousins, the McKenzies, were carried on. In one of the most sanguinary Angus, Donald's oldest son, was killed. Donald being now far advanced in years the leadership fell to Alastair Dearg, the second son, who was of a much more peaceable nature than Angus, but he also died before his father, and Donald handed over the actual command of the Clan to his grandson, Angus, son of Alastair

Dearg, who in 1660 was created Lord McDonnell and Aros.

McKenzie says "Hitherto we have not met with a single instance where 'Macdonnell' is used as the family name of Glengarry. It will be observed that during his grandfather's life time the future Lord Macdonell and Arros was designated as 'Angus McDonald' and the first instance of 'Macdonnell' as a family name, in connection with Glengarry, is in the patent of nobility to the grandson and successor of Donald MacAngus on the 20th of December, 1660."

He also says in a foot-note "Mr. Fraser Macintosh has in his possession two documents signed by Glengarry, both in the year 1660, in one of which he signs 'Angus McDonald;' in the other, 'Macdonnell.'" So it would seem that we have authority for the use of both forms. All charters, patents and family records of whatever nature seem to have been carefully preserved in a family chest, as well as in the public repositories.

Donald MacAngus died 2nd of Feb., 1645, over one hundred years of age. He had two sons named John and the descendants of both seem to have emigrated to America.

Eneas Macdonell (Lord Macdonell and Arros), ninth of Glengarry, was a distinguished warrior, both at home and in Ireland, where he joined the Earl of Antrim in 1647. In 1653 the exiled Charles granted Glengarry the following commission as Major General:

"Charles, by the grace of God, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith,

&c., to our trusty and well beloved Angus Macdonell of Glengarry, and to all others to whom these presentis shall come greeting, know ye that we, reposing trust and confidence in the courage, conduct and good affection of you, the said Angus Macdonell, doe by these presentis constitute and appoint you to be one of our Major Generals of such forces of foote as are or shall be levied for our service within our Kingdom of Scotland, giving you hereby power and authority to conduct, order and command them, in all saide things for our saide service, according to the lawes and custome of warre, and as belongeth to the power and office of one of oure Major-Generals of foote; and with the same to fight, kill, slay, and destroy, or otherwise subdue all opposers and enemies who are in present hostility against or not in present obedience to us.

“Given at Chantilly, the 31st day of October, 1653, in the fifth yeare of our reigne.”

In 1651, Angus was forfeited by Oliver Cromwell for his steady adherence to the house of Stewart, but on the restoration of Charles II, was as has been stated, raised to the peerage. It was during this Chief's incumbency that an incident occurred at Inverness in which many Macdonalds were involved and to prove that the Chief of Glengarry was regarded by the Government as the head of all the clan Donald, an act of the Privy Council, dated Edinburgh, 1672, July 18th, commanded Glengarry as Chief, to be answerable for the future good conduct of all the Clans. This Angus married Margaret, daughter of Sir Donald McDonald and died without issue in 1682. When the representation of the family reverted to Ranald or Reginald, eldest son of

Donald, who was Donald McAngus' second son. See how closely they guarded the succession. Ranald or Reginald (besides being First of Scotus) became also tenth of Glengarry and married a daughter of Macleoud of Macleoud.

His oldest son Alaastair Dubh Macdonell succeeded him as 11th of Glengarry and was one of the most distinguished men of his day. He and his father were among the first to join Dundee in the attempt to restore James II "although his father was both aged and frail." McKenzie, in his description of the battle of Killiecrankie, says, "In the center were placed, under Dundee's immediate command, the MacDonells of Glengarry and Clanranald with the Camerons, an Irish Regiment and a troop of Horse under the command of Sir William Wallace. In the first charge they were met by a fire from Mackay's men, by which no less than sixteen of the Glengarry Macdonells fell to rise no more. Nothing daunted, however, the Highlanders steadily advanced in the face of the enemy's fire, until having come to close quarters, they made a momentary halt and having discharged their pistols with but little effect, they set up a loud shout and rushed with their claymores into the midst of the enemy before they had time to fix their bayonets. The enemy fled in utter confusion, thousands falling before the tremendous strokes of the double-edged claymores of the Highlanders. Alastair Dubh, still only younger of Glengarry, performed feats of valor on this occasion for which there are few, if any parallels even among the Highlanders."

Of the gathering of the Clans in Lochabar, just before the battle, Macaulay says in his *History of England*, "Macdonald of Glengarry, conspicuous by his dark brow and lofty stature, came from the great Valley where a chain of lakes then unknown to fame and scarcely set down in maps, is now the daily highway of steam vessels, passing and repassing between the Atlantic and German Ocean. Though he usually professed to scorn all attempts at display, on this occasion he imitated the splendor of the Saxon warriors and rode on horse back in advance of his four hundred plaided Clansmen, in a steel cuirass and a coat embroidered with gold lace."

Of his appearance on the battle field, he says: "At the head of one large battallion, towered the stately form of Glengarry, who bore in his hand the royal standard of King James VII" and other authorities say that "he mowed down two men at every stroke of his claymore." After Sheriffmuir he was created a peer of Parliament by Patent, dated 9th Dec., 1716. His first wife was Anne, daughter of Lord Lovat. He married a second time, Mary, daughter of Kenneth Mor Mackenzie, Earl of Seaforth. He died in 1724. His oldest son, Donald, had been killed at Killiecrankie and he was succeeded by his second son, John, about 1724.

John did not take part in the Rebellion of 1745. His second son Angus, only nineteen years of age, led the McDonalds, but he was accidentally shot and killed, by one of the Clanranald men on the streets of Falkirk, when James (John's oldest son by his second wife), represented Glengarry, though too young to command the troops. McKenzie intimates

that motives of policy sometimes prevented the Chief from taking up arms, though his family was always represented.

John's oldest son, Alastair (or Alexander), just prior to the "rising," had been sent by the Chiefs to France, with an address to Prince Charles, and on returning to Scotland, in charge of a detachment of the Royal Scots and a Picquet of the Irish Brigade, he was taken prisoner on the sea and kept in the Tower of London for twenty-two months. He was there at the time of the battle of Culloden and for some time after, although he was an officer in the French Guard. He was released from the Tower July, 1747, and went at once to Paris.

Andrew Lang, although he accuses Alastair, in a recent publication, of having been a spy, describes him as "eminently handsome, tall, athletic, with a frank and pleasing countenance, * * * * He seemed the fitting Lord of that castellated palace of his race, which beautiful and majestic in decay, mirrors itself in Loch Oich. No statelier gentleman than he ever trod a measure at Holyrood." Which description hardly bears out his accusation.

Alastair died unmarried in 1761 and was succeeded by his nephew, Duncan, the only son of Colonel Aeneas (or Angus), McDonald who was killed at Falkirk.



*ALASTAIR McDONALD,
13th of Glengarry*

CHAPTER II.

ANGUS McDONALD (Emigrant)

As all family records and papers were destroyed when Col. McDonald's home, Glengarry, near Winchester, Virginia, was burned to the ground, I have to rely for material in this memoir upon the few imperfect histories of that period and the public records; supplemented by incidents which have been handed down orally to the younger members of the family.

And from a careful comparison of all the data which I have been able to collect on the subject, I believe that Angus McDonald (emigrant) was the son of Angus, who was a younger son of Alastair Dubh McDonald, the hero of Killiecrankie.¹ John, Alastair Dubh's oldest living son, being chief of Glengarry at the time of the "rising," in 1745.

Draper's M. S. Record, says: "He was born in the Highlands in 1727 and educated at Glasgow, and having fought in the battle of Culloden, he was attainted of treason and fled to Virginia in following year (1746)."

He landed at Falmouth, Virginia, in 1746, being then nineteen years of age, bringing with him the short sword, sash and gorget he wore on the field of Culloden; the gorget having on it the Glengarry arms.²

¹This battle was fought on the banks of the Garry river July 27, 1689.

²I remember seeing the Gorget, and I have heard my father say that the sash was so stoutly woven that a man could be carried in its folds.

Remembering how Cumberland had destroyed and laid waste the Highland homes, I imagine he had little of this world's goods, and like the thrifty Scot he proved himself to be—he accepted the first position that offered itself—and engaged in merchandising in Falmouth, for the next two or three years. Having gotten on his feet again, so to speak, he moved further into the interior and it was not long before the military spirit, which a long line of Celtic ancestry made almost a second nature, began to assert itself and he entered the service of the Colonies, under Governor Dinwiddie, holding the rank of Captain. For these first services, he received, in 1754, four hundred acres of land.

In 1760 he established the first Masonic lodge in Winchester, where he was now located, and was also a member of the Committee of Safety. On October 29th, 1762, he purchased from Brian Bruin a tract of land lying to the east of Winchester, containing 370 acres; along which the old Winchester and Potomac R. R. was subsequently located. There he built his home and called it "Glengarry" after his old home in the Highlands.

In 1765 he was commissioned Major of Militia for Frederick County, and about the same time was appointed by Lord Fairfax as his attorney and agent, to collect all rents, &c., due his Lordship. On June 20th, 1766, he married Anna Thompson, of Hancock, Maryland.

Draper further says, "In December, 1774, Angus McDonald was commissioned Lieutenant Colonel. And was made Sheriff in 1775, and was re-commissioned by new State Justice and Deputy-Sheriff in



ANGUS McDONALD
(Emigrant)

1776. It is not known whether he was out with Braddock or not. Although Col. McDonald was a staunch Whig, he refused to enter the Continental Army, being unwilling to serve second in command to a Colonel without military experience. He was a man of commanding figure, strong personality and a rigid disciplinarian with his troops. After the Wapatomica expedition he served under Dunmore until the close of the war."

According to the original records, and to the statement in Norris' "History of the Lower Shenandoah Valley:" "On Aug. 6th, 1776, he took the oath of Sheriff of Frederick County, before the New County Court, under an ordinance of the Virginia Convention of 1776. Of this Court, Chas. Minn Thruston was a member."

The Sheriff of Frederick at that time was in command of the Militia of both Frederick and Augusta Counties which, excepting Hampshire County, were the only Virginia Counties west of the Blue Ridge, and embraced all the territory between the Ohio river and the Tennessee line, including the State of Kentucky. The Sheriffalty was therefore an important office, civil as well as military.

De Hass' "History and Indian Wars," says of the Wapatomica Campaign: "Colonel McDonald, who lived near Winchester, Virginia, and was a man of great energy of character, intrepidity and courage, was sent West early in the Spring of 1774 to survey the military county lands lying within the Colonial Grant made to the officers and soldiers of the French and Indian Wars of 1754-63. Col. McDonald met hostile Indians at almost every step, until finally

they were compelled to relinquish the undertaking and to resort to Wheeling for safety. He then reported to Dunmore the state of affairs in northwest Virginia, whereupon the Governor authorized him to raise a sufficient force and proceed to punish the savages without delay. The call was nobly responded to by gallant men on the frontier, the purpose being to destroy the Indian towns.

About the middle of June, 1774, nearly four hundred men rendezvoused at Wheeling, embracing some of the most energetic and experienced on the frontier. Col. McDonald met the force at Captina Creek, twenty miles below Wheeling, and thence proceeded to Wapatomica on the Muskingum. In his command were some of the first and bravest men of the West. James Wood, afterwards Governor of Virginia (from Winchester), Daniel Morgan, afterwards the distinguished General of Revolutionary fame, Michael Cresap, and others who afterwards became prominent, commanded companies."

Withers' "Border Warfare" says that "George Rogers Clarke also accompanied this expedition as a scout." Also, that "the first Fort built in Wheeling was by Dunmore's order, built under the direction of Majors Angus McDonald and William Crawford."

In relation to the building of this fort, I find in American Archives, 4th series, vol. 1st, the following letter from Arthur St. Clair to Gov. Penn of Pennsylvania:

“Ligonier, July 4th, 1774.

“SIR:

I have the honor to enclose to you the last piece of Indian intelligence which came by White Eyes a few days ago and am happy that affairs have so peaceable an aspect. Yet I can but fear that it will soon be interrupted, as a large body of Virginians are certainly in motion. Col. Henry Lewis is ordered to the mouth of the Kanawha to build a fort there and Maj. McDonald with 500 men is to march up Braddock's road and down to Wheeling to build another there.”

Also another letter from Eneas McKay to Gov. Penn's Sect. (same source):

“July 8th, 1774.

“* * * * The Virginians, from their conduct, seem determined on War. Maj. McDonald and others are expected here shortly who it is said are going down the river to build forts and station men at different places.”

I find in “Dunmore's War” this account of the Wapatomica expedition: “Early in June, Dunmore planned an expedition against the Indian towns, but it was not until July that McDonald succeeded in securing a force sufficient to move out. About four hundred were then recruited, chiefly on the Monongahela and Youghiogeny, under the following Captains: Michael Cresap, Michael Cresap, Jr., Hancock Lee, Daniel Morgan, James Wood, Henry Hoagland and two others, marching across country and joining Crawford at Wheeling.

McDonald ordered every man to take seven days rations in his pack, and crossed the river at Fish

Creek some twenty miles below Wheeling. George Rogers Clark, who had a land claim in the vicinity, was a subaltern in McDonald's regiment. After this Wapatomica expedition McDonald served under Dunmore until the close of the war."

In connection with this expedition, I find in "Dunmore's War" a letter from Col. Fleming to his wife, in which he says: "My Lord Dunmore is near Pittsburg by this. He will have upward of seven hundred men with him. Four hundred that marched with Major McDonald and three hundred with himself. Have you heard that McDonald, with a part of his men, destroyed an Indian town, Wapatomica?"

In another letter to Col. Preston, Col. Fleming says "Major McDonald with four hundred men, being Lord Dunmore's advance guard below Fort Dunmore, was boldly attacked by the Indians. His men were marched in three columns, himself at the head of the middle one, which was attacked and about four killed and six wounded. He ordered the right and left columns to file off and surround the enemy, which could not be done, but they killed three or four Indians and took one. McDonald afterwards found his men's scalps hung up like colors, but the town had been evacuated."

The Maryland Journal of Sept. 7th, 1774, says of the same expedition, "By an express from Williamsburg (August 15th), we learn from the frontier that Col. McDonald had just arrived from Wapatomica, a Shawnee town on the Muskingum, which he has destroyed will all the plantations around it. Killed several Indians and taken three scalps, and one prisoner with the loss of only two of his people and six wounded. Also that an expedition is planned

against some of their other towns. which, if successful, will probably put an end to the war."

Enclosed in a letter from Sir Thomas Walpole to the Earl of Dartmouth, we also find this extract from one of McDonald's letters to Major John Connolly, relating to the same expedition: "On the 2nd, I and my party attacked the Upper Shawnee towns. I destroyed their cornfields, burnt their cabins, took three scalps and one prisoner. I had two men killed and six wounded."

We are also indebted to "Dunmore's War" for a copy of the following letter from Angus McDonald to Capt. Sharrod:

"Winchester, Jan. 8th, 1775.

"DEAR CAPT.:

I have just returned from Williamsburg. The news is that all the country is well pleased with the Governor's expedition. We shall be paid if the Gov. and the Assembly don't differ at the meeting. The 2nd of February is the day of the meeting, but I am afraid they will not agree. If that should be the case we will not be paid for two or three months.

We are all preparing for war, both Maryland and Virginia are in motion, and I believe will fight before they suffer themselves to be imposed on
* * * * I am, dear sir, your obedient servant,
ANGUS McDONALD.

In American Archives 4th, series, Vol. 1st, I find an account of a mass meeting of the citizens of Frederick County to protest against an act, passed by the Government "To discontinue in such manner and for such time as are therein mentioned, the

landing and discharging and lading and shipping of goods, wares and merchandise at the town of and within the harbor of Boston, in the Province of Massachusetts Bay in N. America.”²

Angus McDonald with C. M. Thruston, Isaac Zane, Geo. Rootes, Alex. White, Geo. Johnston and Samuel Brent were appointed a committee to draw up a protest against said act.

It seems to me that there is sufficient evidence in this letter of Col. McDonald to Capt. Sharrod and his action in the mass meeting in Winchester to completely refute the idea indulged by some of his descendents, that he was bound by a parole to the English Government (extracted of so many of the Highlanders after Culloden), and for that reason could not enter the Continental army.

The fact that he became an exile from his home looks more as if he might have declined a parole. Both Draper and De Hass say that it was because he would not serve under a man with no military experience. And when we take into consideration his Colonial record, “his military character and attachment to that way of life,” as Washington expressed it in his letter to McDonald, urging his acceptance of this commission under Thruston, we are convinced that nothing except the reason which has been assigned by both Draper and De Hass, could have actuated him in declining the Commission.

And when we further reflect that in his veins flowed the blood of the men who had, since the battle of Bannockburn, in the 12th century, held, as the

²See Appendix A.

post of honor, the right wing of the Scottish army, we can still better understand how his proud spirit must have been stung by this cruel disregard of his conspicuous claim to a place in the fore-front.

Following is Washington's letter urging Angus McDonald to accept a commission as Lieut. Col. in the Continental army:

"Headquarters, Morristown.
March, 1777.

"SIR:

Being informed that you are not yet in the Continental service, I have taken the liberty to appoint you Lieut. Col. to one of the additional battallions, the command of which I have given to Mr. Thruston.

I sincerely wish that you would accept this office, and let me entreat you not to permit the love you bear to the cause to be smothered by any neglect of attention to your military character, the contest is of too serious and important a nature to be managed by men totally unacquainted with the duties of the field. Gentlemen, who have from their youth discovered an attachment to this way of life, are in my opinion called upon in so forcible a manner that they ought not to withhold themselves. You will please to communicate your resolution to me by the very first opportunity.

I am your most obedient servant,

G. WASHINGTON.

In Draper's M. S. Record above referred to is an autograph patent of Lord Dunmore to Angus McDonald for 2,000 acres of land, which tract he bequeathes in his will to his eldest sons, John and Angus. Following is a copy of the original Patent:

"I do hereby certify that Angus McDonald is

entitled to two thousand acres of land agreeable to his Majesty's proclamation in the year 1763, and he is desirous to locate the same in the County of Fincastle on any of the Western waters, if he can lay it on any vacant lands that have not been surveyed by order of Council and patented since the above proclamation.

Given under my hand and seal the 5th day of February, 1774."

DUNMORE. (Seal.)

"To the Surveyor of Fincastle Co.

Endorsed (Col. Preston's handwriting):

"To be surveyed by Hancock Taylor. Angus McDonald 2,000 acres came to hand ye 16th of May, 1774.

"To begin on the Ohio at a branch near the old Indian Fort, above the mouth of Big Meame and to extend down the river."

The Vestry book of Cunningham Chapel in Clarke County, Virginia, shows that Angus McDonald was appointed Vestryman for the Parish of Frederick on March 2nd, 1768. At the same time is recorded this minute: "The Rev. Chas. Minn Thruston motioned the Vestry *that he might be inducted into the Parish as Rector*. It was also motioned that until the arrival of Mr. Walter McGowan on the last day of Nov. that no person be inducted into the Parish without Mr. Thruston having previous notice to attend, in order to make his application to the Vestry."

"At a meeting of the Vestry 18th of Nov., 1768, *on motion of Rev. Chas. Minn Thruston* it is ordered that he be inducted and received into the Parish as

Rector and that his salary commence with the time of his moving into the Parish and it is ordered that he regularly attend to perform divine at the church in Winchester, at Cunningham, McKay's and Mechlinburg Chapels, by rotation and at the other Chapels in the Parish twice a year, that is to say in the months of May and Nov."

"At a meeting of the Vestry Nov. 26th, 1770, a petition of sundry inhabitants of the Parish of Frederick presented to the Vestry and read, set forth that the Rev. Minn Thruston had neglected his duty in preaching but once in his Parish Church since laying the last Parish levy, Nov. 7th. Whereupon several evidences were sworn and examined, whereof it is the opinion of the Vestry that the petitioners have proved their allegations."

"Resolved that the sum of 200 lbs. be levied to be applied to the purchase of 16,000 pounds of tobacco to be paid to said Thruston if he should recover his salary by due course of law, otherwise to be applied by the future direction of the Vestry, to which Thomas Rutherford, John Neville, Thos. Swearingen and Charles Smith entered their dissent."

"At a meeting of the Vestry Dec. 27th, 1770, they considered upon application of Rev. Thruston, its late order concerning the payment of his salary, and he having excused himself and given satisfactory reasons to the Vestry for his neglect of duty, complained of by the inhabitants of Winchester, and moreover agreed to make up the deficiency by preaching on Wednesday, if required by the Vestry, it is ordered that the Collector do pay Mr. Thruston the sum of 160 lbs."

“Angus McDonald, gentleman withdrew before signing the order, signed by Chas. Minn Thruston and Vestry.”

Angus McDonald is mentioned as Col. McDonald in the minutes of the Vestry held April 25th, 1778, and in these minutes it is stated that the powder and lead belonging to the Parish was turned over to Col. McDonald and he was directed “to dispose of the same and to use the money with the fund from which it was originally taken.”

I have given the proceedings of these Vestry meetings in full in order to justify, as far as possible, the alleged cause which has been attributed to Angus McDonald for not entering at once the Continental army. His withdrawal from the Vestry meeting shows plainly his disapproval of the Rev. Chas. Minn Thruston and that he should have declined to serve in a regiment commanded by the Rev. Charles Minn Thruston, seems to my mind, perfectly justifiable.

His death occurred on August 19th, 1778, from the effects of a wrong dose of medicine. An old letter from his granddaughter, Mrs. Millicent Holliday, says: “His death was very sudden and caused by a dose of tartar emetic, taken for something else.”

His wife and seven children survived him. Mary, born May 9th, 1767; John, born August 19th 1768; Angus, born December 30th, 1769; Eleanor, born September 5th, 1771; Anna, born June 25th, 1773; Thompson, born March 29th, 1776; Charles, born April 28th, 1778. The records of his marriage and the births of his children, are to be found in his large family bible, given by Anna to her grandson,

Angus W. McDonald, and now in the possession of Major Edward H. McDonald, his son, who lives at "Media," Jefferson County, W. Va.

They are also entered in a pocket bible, bearing on the title page the name, "Angus McDonald, his book. 1747." Which is now in possession of Miss Millicent McDonald, of St. Louis, Mo., a great granddaughter.

His family continued to live at Glengarry until it was destroyed by fire, when they moved to a large plantation on Patterson's Creek in Hampshire County, where his widow lived to be eighty-four years of age, having been born in 1748. She was just eighteen at the time of her marriage and Angus was thirty-nine.

I was a good deal puzzled in my researches at finding no record of Angus having accompanied Braddock on his expedition, until I discovered that Braddock had been an officer under Cumberland at the battle of Culloden.

Following is a copy of his will taken from the Clerk's office of Frederick County, Virginia.

"In the name of God, Amen! I, Angus McDonald, of Frederick County and Parish, in the Colony of Virginia, Farmer, do make and ordain this my last will and testament. That is to say, principally, and first of all, I give and recommend my soul into the hands of Almighty God that gave it, my body I recommend to the earth to be buried in Christian burial, at the discretion of my Executors, nothing doubting but at the general Resurrection I shall receive the same again, by the mighty mercy and power of God. And as touching such worldly estate

wherewith it has pleased God to bless me in this life, I give, devise and dispose of the same in the following manner and form.

“First, I give and bequeathe to my dearly beloved wife, Anna, the house and plantation whereon I now live and the choice of six cows, all the sheep and hogs and five horses, for the support of the young children, also all the servants and slaves, so long as she shall remain a widow. Also all the rents and profits of my estate after my debts and funeral charges are paid.

“Secondly, I give to my well beloved son, John McDonald, the Plantation near Winchester which I bought of Mr. Richard Henderson, containing 729 acres, to him, his heirs and assigns forever. And I give to my well beloved son, Angus McDonald, the plantation I now live on after his mother’s decease, containing 466 acres. Also my two houses and lots in Winchester and their appurtenances, to him, his heirs and assigns forever. I give to my two eldest daughters, namely, Mary and Eleanor, my land in Maryland, which I bought of my wife’s three brothers, containing 445 acres, also three other tracts near the same land surveyed in Virginia, not yet patented, to be equally divided between them, to them and their heirs lawfully begotten, forever. And I give to my youngest daughter, Anna, my plantation on Patterson’s Creek, which I bought of Col. Stephens; with two hundred pounds to erect a mill thereon, to her and her heirs lawfully begotten, forever.

“I also give to my two sons, John and Angus, my 2,000 acres of land on the Kentucky, to be equally

divided between them, their heirs or assigns forever. And I give to my youngest daughter, Anna, 400 acres, it being my lot of land under Governor Dinwiddie's proclamation, as a soldier in the year 1754. And it is my will and desire that all my land in Maryland, called Fair Island and the land on the main, and every other tract or parcel of land in Maryland, or elsewhere, not before mentioned, shall be sold to the best bidder for the payment of my just debts and the remainder be put out at interest and divided equally among all my children. And I give each child an equal proportion of all my personal estate, to them, their heirs and assigns forever.

"I constitute and appoint my dear loving wife my whole and sole executrix, as long as she remains single and after death or inter-marriage, I constitute my worthy friend, Doctor John McDonald, my executor and guardian to all my children and I give unto him, the said John McDonald, my small sword, sash and gorget as a token of my respect.

"Given under my hand and seal this 26th day of June, 1775.

ANGUS McDONALD. (Seal)

"At a Court held for Frederick County the 2nd of March, 1779, this will was returned unto Court by Ann McDonald, the widow of the deceased and there being no witnesses to prove the same according to law, the same was examined by the Court, who is of opinion that it is in the hand writing of the Decedent and therefore is ordered to be recorded, and on the motion of Ann McDonald, the executrix therein named, who made oath according to law, certificate is granted her for obtaining probate thereof

in due form, she with security having entered into and acknowledged bond conditions as the law directs.

By the County Court, James Keith, C. C."

In addition to the property inherited by Anna from her husband, Angus McDonald, a deed recorded in the Clerk's Office of Frederick, Maryland, names the following parcels of land as being left to Anna Thompson by her father, John Thompson. A part of each of the following named tracts: "Fair Island, The Hills, Invention, The Fork of Gruby, The Addition, Patience, Froggy Island, Fountain, Partnership and Widow's Mite."

This Anna Thompson (the wife of Angus McDonald) was the youngest daughter of John Thompson and Yocomanche Eltinge, of Hancock, Maryland. The Eltinges being of Holland lineage.

There were three sons and two daughters. Named, respectively, William, John and Cornelius Thompson and the two daughters were Elizabeth and Anna.

Anna, after her husband's death, lived at Glengarry until it was burned, as has been stated, and must have been an unusual woman even for that period. Her husband's comparatively early death left her with a large family and many responsibilities, all of which she seems to have discharged most conscientiously. On an old fashioned Sampler, still in the possession of one of her descendants, and which was embroidered by her at the age of eleven, is the following unique verse:

“Have communion with few,
Be intimate with one,
Deal justly with all,
Speak evil of none.”

Her oldest son John married a lady from Georgetown, Md., from whom he afterwards separated. He then went West and made his home in later life with his nephew, Edward C. McDonald, of Hannibal, Mo. He finally died at the home of his niece, Mrs. Millicent Holliday, of St. Louis, from the effects of a stroke of paralysis. His attending physician was Dr. May, of St. Louis, and he was buried there by Rev. Peter Minard, Rector of the Episcopal Church.

Dr. Thompson McDonald, the third son of Angus and Anna McDonald, was a physician and distinguished in his profession. Owing to an unfortunate love affair in his youth, he never married and died July 31st, 1822. He made his home with his mother and is spoken of, by those who knew him, as a man of striking personality.

The only members of the Thompson family with whom this generation had any intimate acquaintance were the descendants of John Thompson, who married Miss Nellie Dick. It was his youngest daughter, Anna, named for her aunt, Anna McDonald, who married John Peerce, and was the dear old lady whom we always called “Grandma” and loved and admired so extravagantly for her many noble qualities and uniform kindness to us during the many visits we made her during our childhood.

No one admired and loved my father more than she. A little circumstance, which I have often heard

him speak of, will illustate her inflexible sense of honor. A small legacy was left my father by Cornelius Thompson, a mutual relative, but through some technicality of the law it was diverted to "Grandma" Peerce, but her own strict ideas of equity convinced her that she was not entitled to receive it, so for years she supplied her cousin, Angus, with marketing from her farm near Burlington, until the entire debt was cancelled.

Charles, the fourth son, and youngest child died in infancy. Mary, the oldest child of Angus and Anna, married Col. Elias Langham, of Fluvanna, and moved to Chillicothe, Ohio. They had three sons, Angus, Elias and John. Elias, the second son, was made Surveyor-General for Missouri and Illinois, and Indian agent at Fort Snelling, where his daughter Winonah was born, and named for her Indian nurse.

They (Mary and Elias) also had three daughters, Jane, Betsey Anne and Mary. Betsey Anne married Wharton Rector, of Arkansas.

Eleanor, second daughter of Angus and Anna, married James Tidball and lived near the town of Hancock, Maryland, on the Potomac river. The oldest daughter of Eleanor and James Tidball, named Anna for her grandmother, married at nineteen, George Brent. They had several daughters and one son. Lucelia, the second daughter of Eleanor and James married Henry Claubaugh of Baltimore, Maryland. Mary Jane married Dr. Wilson near Martinsburg. No children. Another daughter married Mr. Wm. Harness, a wealthy man of Maryland, and left one son. Eleanor, youngest daughter, mar-

ried John McDonald (no relation that I am aware of) near St. Louis, Mo. The only son of Eleanor and James Tidball, Joseph, married Rose Orrick and lived in Lexington, Mo.

Anna, youngest daughter of Anna and Angus, married Richard Holliday. They had three sons, James, Richard and Angus, besides several daughters. This family moved to Shelbyville, Mo. Richard, the second son, was the second husband of Millicent McDonald, my father's only sister. Her first husband was William Sherrard, of Winchester, and died in Jacksonville, Fla.

Eleanor McDonald is said to have been a strikingly handsome woman. Very imperious in manner and bearing a strong resemblance to her father, Angus, the first.⁴

Following, is copy of letter from Angus W. McDonald to Dr. Lyman C. Draper concerning Angus McDonald (Emigrant). Original in possession of State Historical Soc. of Wisconsin:

“Romney, April 18th, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR:

It is I, who should, and do feel ashamed, that I have so long neglected to give *some reply* however brief and unsatisfactory, to your several letters.

I should be grieved to have you think that I would be indifferent to the interesting subject to which they have so often called my attention.

Be pleased, Sir, to excuse my long silence, and seeming neglect of your letters. I know but little, and that little imperfectly of the family traditions, and have been since the age of fourteen almost a

⁴See Appendix B.

stranger in the circle of my *kin*, who knew the history of my grand-father.

I will state in answer to your interrogatories, what I can assert with confidence of its truth, and then give you what I have gathered as hearsay.

My grand-father was a Scotchman by birth; a Highlander of the clan Glengarry, but raised and educated with two brothers in the city of Glasgow. He was engaged in the rebellion of 1745, then only eighteen years old. He fled or was sent to this country in the year 1746. During the Revolution his two brothers were merchants in Glasgow, who often, before the Revolutionary war, used to send my grand-father cases of goods. I have frequently heard my grand-mother speak of this. She died in 1832, aged eighty-six years. The name of my grand-father's father, I do not remember, but think that it also was Angus. He was educated, and independent. He was also engaged in the rebellion of '45, but whether he was killed, executed or whether he died, I do not remember. He was not alive when my grand-father left Scotland in 1746.

My grand-father landed in this country at Falmouth, and for some years was engaged there in merchandizing.

From there he removed to Winchester, I think as early as 1754.

In 1766, he intermarried with Anna Thompson, the grand-daughter of Isaac or Cornelius Eltynge, of Frederick County, Maryland, by whom he had seven children, six of whom survived him (he died Aug. 19th, 1778). Mary, his oldest child, married Col. Elias Langham, of Fluvanna. John, who died about ten years since, Angus, my father, who died in consequence of a forced march, between Buffalo and Black-rock, in 1814, whilst a Captain in the 12th Reg. of U. S. Infantry, during the last war with Great Britain. Nancy, who married Richard Hol-

liday, Eleanor, who married James Tidball, and Thompson McDonald.

All the sons are dead and only one daughter lives yet. John left a daughter. Mary three sons and three daughters. Eleanor, one son and four daughters. Nancy, living, has six sons and three daughters. Thompson never married. Nancy might be induced to answer a letter from you, she lives in Shelby County, Missouri, and has in her possession an original letter from Gen. Washington, expostulating with my grand-father for his having refused to accept a Lieutenant Colonel's commission in a reg. to be raised in Frederick County, to be commanded by Thruston, who had been the parson of the Parish, I think. My grand-father, who had great military pride, refused to serve subordinate to him. Gen. Washington wrote to him upon the subject and would no doubt have prevailed upon him, but he died not long after receiving this letter.

You ask if he was older or younger than his brother, Doctor McDonald. Doctor John McDonald was certainly not his brother, perhaps he may have been his cousin, though I even doubt that. They differed in politicks, Dr. McDonald opposing and Col. McDonald advocating the revolution, whenever the subject was agitated. I have often heard my grand-mother speak of Col. McDonald, on one occasion, expelling Dr. McDonald and others from his house, in consequence of Tory opinions expressed by them. However, Dr. McDonald was highly esteemed by him and in his will he bequeathed to him his sash and small sword. At some future day, I will send you some old papers which I have been, as yet, in vain endeavoring to find; one of them is a list of Capt. Daniel Morgan's men, who had secured their pay from my grand-father, which document I have treasured for a long time but have now mislaid or lost it. But in the course of the Summer I will

examine all my papers and if I find it, or any others, I will send them to you.

I have heard from old John J. Jacobs, and old Mr. Sam'l Kercheval many anecdotes of my grandfather, which they did not introduce into their respective books, and which tend to illustrate his character.

He was a man of great composure and equanimity, sedate, stern and commanding, and I have often heard my grand-mother and oldest uncle say, that no one who knew him ever ventured to oppose or contradict him.

He held a Colonel's commission in the Colonial service, during the wars with the western Indians, and commanded the expedition which destroyed the Miamis, on return from which expedition it was charged against Cresap, who had been with Col. McDonald, that he had massacred the family of Logan, the Mingo chief.

Mr. Jacobs told me that he was with that expedition, and that after it reached the enemy's country that a rigid and vigilant discipline was established by Col. McDonald, for the government of his camp. A Captain of a western company of volunteers, who had joined him, not appreciating the necessity for the orders for quiet in the camp, which had been issued, ventured to disobey them, and upon being summoned before Col. McDonald and admonished of the impropriety of his conduct, refused to promise compliance, whereupon my grandfather ordered his arrest, and upon the delinquent's refusal to obey the arrest, he had him tied to a tree and put in care of the guard for fourteen hours, his company giving him no countenance or support, he finally apologized, was released and afterwards proved a most obedient and excellent officer, enforcing the strictest order and discipline.

Colonel McDonald was a powerful man, about

six feet two and one-half inches tall, and of fine proportions. Mr. Jacobs told me that upon one occasion he had left his camp on a very fine horse, to reconnoitre the ground in front of his command and whilst so engaged two Indians discovered and endeavored to cut off his return to camp, they being on horse-back (also other Indians not mounted, in view). As they approached him to either take him prisoner or kill him, he wounded one and unhorsed him, and the other he grappled with, and jerked from his saddle and carried him before him, a prisoner into his own camp.

I have but little leisure just now to give you in detail the anecdotes which illustrate his character, but I shall in the course of this Summer gather from the records of Frederick County much that will fix the dates of the principal eras of his life and from my relatives, whatever they may remember of his history and in November next I will come to see you and furnish all I can collect.

As an apology for my own ignorance in regard to his history, I will state that I was, at the early age of fifteen a Cadet at West Point, and my father in the army of 1814 on the Northern Frontier. I remained in the army five years, then resigned and entered the Custom House at New Orleans, where I stayed for twelve months. From there I went to St. Louis, Mo., and engaged in surveying public lands for another year, then I went into the Indian trade as a partner of the Missouri Fur Company; was four years in that and then for the first time I returned to Virginia, to the land where my grandfather died, found all his children dispersed and his papers uncared for and scattered, I know not yet where.

But it is my duty, and I will attend to the matter, to have them searched for and at the day named, report my success and its fruits to you.

I am, sir, most respectfully and with great consideration,

Your obedient servant,

ANGUS W. McDONALD.

To Lyman C. Draper, Baltimore, Md.

Draper's notes of an interview with John Grim of Winchester in August 1844.

McDonald's Expedition—1774.

Dunmore's Campaign—1774.

Mr. Grim was not along, recollects this about it; that Col. Angus McDonald went out about June, 1774, drove the Indians over the river at Wapatomica, near night; some were for pursuing across the river, others opposed it—finally gave it up. Patrick Haggerty, a brave soldier in Captain Wood's company and who afterwards fought bravely during the Revolution, bawled out, when the matter was discussed about crossing the river—"Captain, if you go to h——, I'll follow you."

Col. McDonald commanded the Frederick troops. Under him were Capt. Peter Helphenstine, Daniel Morgan, James Wood and Abm. Bowman. Also under Dunmore were Capt. Hugh Stephenson—Mitchell of Berkeley, Capt. Cresap, and Major William Crawford. * * * *

The enemy was said to number 1,500 men. Dunmore was a little chunk of a Scotchman. Col. Angus McDonald was likewise a Scotchman and Mr. Grim thinks McDonald was 50 or 60 years old when he died in '78. (Ed. Note—He was 51.)

CHAPTER III.

ANGUS McDONALD. (Second)

Angus McDonald (2nd) was born at Glengarry, near Winchester, Virginia, the 30th day of Dec., 1769, being the third child of Angus McDonald and Anna (Thompson), his wife.

He grew up in that neighborhood and lived on his farm, though he seems to have had a diversity of interests. On the 11th of Jan., 1798, he was married to Mary McGuire,¹ a daughter of Edward Mc-

¹Mary McGuire's father, Edward, was a son of Constantine McGuire and Julia McEllenget (his wife), of County Kerry, Ireland. On his way to Austria in 1761, to join the staff of his relative, General McGuire, he was ship-wrecked off the coast of Portugal and there stricken with yellow fever. After his recovery he returned to Ireland, sold his patrimony and invested it in wines, which he brought to Philadelphia and sold.

He went first to Alexandria, where he stayed only a short time and from there to Winchester in 1753. He was a man of considerable learning, and it is said that he always conversed with his friend, Bishop Carroll, of Maryland, in the Latin language. He was a Roman Catholic and gave the ground, besides contributing largely to the building of the old Catholic Church in Winchester.

His first wife was Miss Wheeler, of Maryland. They had two daughters, Nancy and Betsey, and three sons, John, William and Edward. John moved to Kentucky. William was pay-master at the Arsenal at Harper's Ferry for some time. He had two sons, John and David, both of whom were clergymen. His only daughter, Emily, married John Evelyn Page of Clarke County, Virginia.

The third son, Edward, named for his father, married Betsey Holmes and they had seven children. Rebecca, who married Dr. Mackay. Millicent (named for his step-mother), who married Alex Tidball of Winchester. Hugh Helmes, Edward, William, David and John.

Edward (son of Constantine) married the second time, Millicent D'Obee, the daughter of a French architect. He (Edward) had gone back to his home in Ireland on a visit to his relatives, and among the passengers he met on board ship returning to America, were Samuel D'Obee and his young daughter, Millicent. D'Obee had been sent over to Virginia, through the instrumentality of Jefferson, to supervise the building of the State House at Richmond, which was modelled after the Capitol of Scamozzi, and the little marble model is still preserved at the State House.

The acquaintance begun on the passage to America resulted finally in the marriage of Edward and Millicent and the children of this marriage were Samuel, who married Miss Woodrow. Susan, who married William Naylor, and Mary, who married Angus McDonald (2nd).

Edward died in 1806 and is buried under the church which he built.

Guire and Millicent D'Obee (his wife). They had three children, Angus, named for his grand-father, Angus McDonald, and his uncle, William McGuire; one daughter, Millicent, named for her grand-mother, and Edward Charles, named for the unfortunate "Prince Charlie."

He lost his wife in March, 1809, and she was buried beside her father, Edward McGuire, in the old Catholic Churchyard in Winchester. She had also been baptized in this Church.

When war with England was again declared, true to his inherent soldierly instincts, Angus at once offered his services in his country's defense and received a commission from President Madison as Captain in the regular army, a copy of which follows:

"The President of the United States of America.
To all who shall see these presents, greeting!

Know ye, that reposing special trust and confidence in the patriotism, valor, fidelity and abilities of Angus McDonald, I have nominated and by and with the consent of the Senate, do appoint him a Captain in the Twelfth Regiment of Infantry, in the service of the United States, to rank as such from the 24th day of June, 1814.

He is therefore, carefully and diligently to discharge the duties of Captain, by doing and performing all manner of things thereunto belonging. And I do strictly require and charge all officers and soldiers under his command to be obedient to his orders as Captain. And he is to observe and follow such orders and directions from time to time, as he shall receive from me or the future President of the United States of America, or the General, or other

superior officers set over him, according to the rules or discipline of war.

This commission to continue in force during the pleasure of the President of the United States, for the time being.

Given under my hand at the City of Washington, this 1st day of February, in the year of our Lord 1814, and in the thirty-ninth year of the Independence of the United States.

By the President,

JAMES MADISON.

JAMES MONROE, *Secretary of War.*

His term of service was short, however, as he died after a very long and trying march, at Batavia, New York, on October 14th, 1814, holding the rank of Major. His sword, sash and other belongings, with his last messages, were sent to his family by his brother-officer and friend, Col. John Strother, and for this loving service he was ever held in the highest esteem and affection by Major McDonald's family.

His three little children had been taken by his mother at the death of his wife in 1809, and continued to live with her at Glengarry during their childhood.

CHAPTER IV.

ANGUS WILLIAM McDONALD.¹*Life at West Point and on Frontier.*

Angus William McDonald, the subject of the following sketch, was born in Winchester, Virginia, February 14th, 1799, and was the oldest child of Angus McDonald (2nd) and Mary McGuire (his wife).

When ten years of age he lost his mother and went, with his brother and little sister to live with his grand-mother at Glengarry, who carefully instilled into his youthful mind, not only a love of truth, but a genuine admiration for all the attributes of a sterling character. Angus, who was of an ardent, romantic nature, early developed a restless disposition and his grand-mother constantly reminded him of his noble lineage and his untarnished escutcheon, which as the oldest of his family it was his supreme duty to guard and forefend.

When about twelve years of age he, with his cousin Hugh McGuire, Holmes Conrad, and others, attended a school in Winchester, taught by a Mr. Hetterick, a Scotchman, and during that time he lived at the home of his uncle, Edward McGuire.

On July 30th, 1814 (according to the records at West Point) he entered the Military School there, having received his appointment from President Madison. The following October he lost his father,

¹This is practically the same sketch which was written by William N. McDonald for "Ashby and his Compeers," with some additions and a few corrections.



ANGUS W. McDONALD

he having died at Batavia, New York, after a forced march. This information was conveyed to him through a letter from his grand-mother, which said:

“Have you heard the melancholy news of your father’s death? He died at Batavia, New York, the middle of October.”

This letter is dated November 20th, 1814, and the original is in possession of Mrs. Anne S. Green. His death seems to have occurred at least a month before his family heard of it.

Being quite young, as well as poorly prepared, Angus could only gain admission to the fourth class, and near the foot at that, but from the first his class-standing improved, though now and then some mad prank would lower it again. In time, however, he became a hard student and made such distinguished progress that he was permitted to pass at the middle of his third year, from the second into the first class, thus crowding the labors of two years into one. He often expressed regret afterwards, that his foolish ambition to wear a pair of shoulder-straps, should have cost him his fourth year at college. His father’s death occurring so soon after his entrance into West Point and the sudden responsibility thus thrust upon him, was, most likely, largely responsible for his eager determination to improve his opportunities and fit himself for the sterner duties of life.

The records at West Point show that he “was graduated July 17th, 1817, and was promoted in the Army, to Third Lieut. Corps of Artillery. On Feb. 13th, 1818, he was promoted to Second Lieut. 7th Infantry; and on April 1st, 1818, was promoted First Lieut. 7th Infantry. Served in garrison at

New Orleans, La., 1817, and Mobile Bay, Ala., 1818. Resigned Jan. 31, 1819.”²

We can recall but one or two incidents of his life at West Point. Upon one occasion, when Officer of the day, he discovered that a party of his comrades had stolen off and gone down the Hudson on a skating frolic. This knowledge placed him in a very uncomfortable attitude. It was plainly his duty to inform on them, but if he did so, the consequences would be serious, for several of his closest friends were among them. There was not much time for reflection, however, so he had to decide at once. He went to his superior officer, informed him of the truant party, then ran with all his might to the scene of the frolic and told his friends what he had done. Thus warned, they made good their escape before the arresting party arrived.

Another incident, illustrative of his love of mischief, also occurred at West Point. He was drilling a squad of Cadets one day, among whom was James Ashton, one of his best friends and who was noted for his neatness as well as for his love of dress. It had rained the previous night and there were several pools of water standing on the drill-ground, and while taking the cadets through their many evolutions, suddenly, in a spirit of mischief, he conceived the idea of so manoeuvring the squad that he would compel Ashton to step into the muddiest pool on the Campus. And it required considerable dexterity on Ashton's part to avoid the catastrophe. Finally,

²See Appendix C for copies of letter from his grandmother, while a cadet at West Point, also letters from A. Partridge, Captain of Engineering, Jared Mansfield, Prof. of Natl. and Expl. Phil. and Col. Crozet, Prof. of Eng. Originals in possession of Mrs. John B. Stanard, of Berryville, Virginia.

when, after many masterly movements to compass the pools without soiling his immaculate linen, it seemed inevitable, Ashton suddenly halted on the verge of the muddiest and exclaimed, with an oath, "I'll not dress back into a mud-puddle for you or any other man." The spirit displayed by Ashton on this occasion only welded their friendship into a closer bond and it was not terminated except by death.

Among his other close and valued friends at West Point was Ethan Allen Hitchcock, a native New Englander, and the friendship was so strong for him that he named his second son after him, Edward Allen Hitchcock. Indeed the attachment was mutual, for when fifty years afterwards, during the unhappy war between the States, when Col. McDonald was a prisoner of war at Wheeling and suffering worse than a convict's fate, through the personal spite of a Federal officer, a letter from one of his daughters (Mrs. James W. Green) to Gen. Hitchcock, telling of her father's inhuman treatment, had immediate effect; his hand-cuffs were at once removed and for the remaining days of his imprisonment, which was only prolonged that he might gather strength for his journey home, he had every comfort and privilege possible, and received a letter from Gen. Hitchcock begging him by the memory of their old friendship to accept money or anything else that was in his power to offer. But with his old, characteristic pride, which had not been broken through all the painful stress and strife of his declining years, he replied that he would accept his liberty, and for that he would be profoundly grateful.

While Lieut. McDonald was in command of the Fort at Mobile Bay an incident occurred which will illustrate his self-reliance. One of the men deserted. It was known that he had formerly belonged to Lafitte's famous band of pirates and the soldiers of the Garrison hated and feared him. Upon the discovery of his absence Lieut. McDonald ordered a Corporal and two men to go after him. It was suspected that he had taken the road through a dense swamp, and he had sworn to kill any one who attempted to pursue him; hence the Corporal hesitated to carry out the order, and yet was afraid to disobey. It was whispered among the men that the fellow had deserted for the express purpose of getting McDonald to follow him, and that McDonald was exposing others to a danger which he would not encounter himself.

Upon hearing this, McDonald determined to go and catch the man himself. He followed him for twenty-five miles through the swamp and finally came up with him in a cabin, eating at a table with his gun standing in a corner near. He made him walk before him back to the Garrison. As all night long they travelled through the swamp, hungry wolves hung around their path. The deserter begged for a weapon of defense, when finally McDonald exacting a promise from him that he would not attempt to escape, lent him one of his pistols. The man kept his promise, and moved by the trust reposed in him, was ever afterward devoted to his Lieutenant.

But the life of a soldier during peace times, soon grew distasteful to the ambitious and impatient

spirit of young McDonald. The monotonous and constantly recurring routine of drill and dress-parade, made him long for a more stirring career than army life then seemed to promise.

It was about this time that the attention of the entire country was being directed towards the golden opportunities which awaited the daring and intrepid pioneer on the Western frontier. Dazzling accounts of brilliant successes, which had been achieved in this enchanted region, were heard on all sides and this New Eldorado became the Mecca of many restless and ambitious spirits. Lieut. McDonald would now and then hear these tales, and on his visits to New Orleans, would sometimes meet with these fascinating border heroes, when the hot blood of his romantic and adventurous Celtic ancestry would be stirred within him, as he listened; and like the Knights of old he longed to draw his lance and try his mettle.

He made every effort to be assigned to duty in that enchanted land, but failing in that, he, with quick decision, resigned his commission Jan. 31st, 1819, and set out for the Western frontier. At St. Louis he met with many congenial spirits, who had also responded to the call of the wild, as well as some who had already engaged in the alluring pursuits of frontier life—such as buffalo-hunting and Indian trading. It was in company with one of these wily traders that McDonald got his first lesson of disenchantment, and discovered that beneath the glamour and glitter of all the glowing pictures which had caught his youthful fancy, there were many stern and rough experiences to be encountered.

He embarked at first, in the capacity of clerk for a Missouri Company, to which this trader belonged, but before his first year of service had expired, he had mastered the more important of the Indian languages in that section, and assumed the duties of interpreter as well as chief clerk of his Company. The second year he was taken into full partnership and was beginning to realize some of the gilded fruits of the fur-trading fraternity, of which he had heard so much, when suddenly, without warning, the crash came and the "Company" broke full-handed, decamping with all the money, and leaving young McDonald to hold the empty bag. This was a great blow to all his high hopes, but he lost no time in useless repining, but engaged very successfully in the trapping and trading business on his own responsibility for the next three years.³

During his life on the frontier, he was brought into intimate association with many of the friendly Indian tribes, and with some of their Chiefs he was a great favorite. There was one of whom he was especially fond, named Tobacco, a powerful Chief of the Mandan tribe, whom McDonald always spoke of as an "Apollo in form and a Mars on the field of battle." Hearing one day that a hostile tribe had waylaid and massacred his white brother, Tobacco at once went on "the war path" against the suspected murderers, mercilessly capturing and scalping ten of them. Then returning to his home, he refused all sustenance and lying upon the ground gave himself up to inconsolable grief. Lieut. Mc-

³See Appendix D for extracts from letters received and written when engaged in the fur trade.

Donald hearing of it hastened to the Indian village and found his friend half dead with hunger and grief. Tobacco's joy at the unexpected appearance of his friend was indescribable; he embraced his knees and wept like a child, for very delight.

The terrible mistake that the old Chief had made, however, cost Lieut. McDonald a pretty penny, for in order to appease the friends of the ten Indians whom he had put to death, McDonald had to pay five horses, a box of tobacco and three barrels of whiskey. Lieut. McDonald possessed to an unusual degree those traits of character and physique, which appeal strongly to those imaginative children of nature. Almost a Hercules in build and strength, he was regarded by them as a rare specimen of manly beauty. Athletic and confident, fearless, though cautious, he was a dangerous enemy, though a true and magnanimous friend and these poor hunted creatures, though fearing him in a certain sense, admired and trusted "Big Knife" implicitly, for that was the admiring and expressive sobriquet by which he was known among them.

I well remember one incident which will prove the esteem in which he was held by the trappers and their friendly allies among the Red men. There had been an Indian outbreak of considerable violence, and an expedition, composed of volunteers from the traders, hunters, and friendly Indians, was organized for the purpose of punishing the offenders, numbering, all told about a thousand men. Made up as it was of so many discordant elements, it was difficult to choose a leader.

"Big Knife" had a large following, but another

competitor for the honor was a cunning half-breed named Meyer, to whom McDonald refused to yield the leadership. So while drawn up in front of the Indian town, it was proposed by Meyer to apply a test to the courage of the two aspirants. To this end he challenged "Big Knife" to follow him along the enemy's front, exposed to the arrows of the sharpshooters. McDonald accepted the challenge, and away darted Meyer in a swift gallop along the brow of a hill, but taking the hostile Indians so completely by surprise that they scarcely realized what was passing, until he was safely beyond their reach. But not so with "Big Knife," who rode at a deliberate pace in full view of the enemy, which was now fully alert—determined to win or die. A storm of arrows and bullets greeted him, but he moved at an easy canter across the entire field, appearing more like a General reviewing his troops than one running for his life. The shouts of applause which greeted him as he rejoined the waiting columns, proclaimed his victory, and the disappointed Meyer no longer disputed his well-earned right to be their leader.

St. Louis was the great center of Western commerce, and McDonald frequently visited that city with cargoes of furs and skins. He made a good deal of money while engaged in this business, and though earned almost at the risk of his life, he spent it in princely fashion whenever he met his friends.

After spending about four years on the Western frontier, the undeveloped condition of the great southwest territory began to attract his attention, along with other ambitious spirits, whose minds had

also been impressed with the magnificent opportunities which might await the bold pioneer, who would undertake to develop this almost unknown land. Finally McDonald, with ten confederates decided upon a plan of action, which for grandeur and boldness of conception equalled anything of its kind that had ever been concocted. They were to organize a body of emigrants on the American frontier and enter Texas, then a part of Mexico, and with the aid of other adventurous spirits wrest it from Mexican rule, and convert it into an independent government. (This plan was actually carried out by Bowie, Houston and others, ten years later, and doubtless some of the original eleven participated in it.) Full of his project, Lieut. McDonald returned to his old home, Winchester, Va., to get recruits and take leave of his old friends. And when they talked of crops and fees, he spoke of the wonders of a land where Dukedoms and even Empires might be the fruits of daring enterprise.

With the clairvoyance of a sanguine mind he foresaw the wonderful future of Texas and the rich dowry that awaited the leaders in the revolutionary movement, and decided to make it his future home. But during his visit to Winchester, and while making preparation for his final departure, an event occurred which changed the whole course of his life. He made the acquaintance of his future wife, Miss Naylor, of Hampshire, a daughter of William Naylor, a prominent lawyer of Romney, Va., and in a little while had resigned all of his ambitious dreams and decided to become a hard-working, every day citizen. The profession of law, as a means of livli-

hood, held most attraction for him, as it frequently afforded (although in a purely intellectual field), the excitement of conflict, and involved those contingencies of success which always stimulate and entertain the energetic mind. So selecting this profession for his future vocation, he settled in Romney and applied himself with his usual diligence and enthusiasm to its study, and while thus employed, also performed the duties of deputy-sheriff for the County of Hampshire.

CHAPTER V.

Marries Miss Naylor and Begins the Practice of Law.

In a little over a year he was admitted to the bar, and shortly afterwards, on the 11th of Jan., 1827, was married to Leacy Anne Naylor.⁴ His success from the beginning of his legal practice was most flattering and in an incredibly short time he found himself in the enjoyment of a lucrative practice. For the next seventeen years he devoted himself almost exclusively to his large practice, succeeding far beyond his expectations, and making now and then, successful investments in Western lands. His old love of adventure, though, was by no means quenched, for an exciting political contest always found him an ardent supporter of one side or the other. With absolutely no political ambition for himself, and with no talent for treading its

⁴See Appendix E for notes on Naylor and Sandford families.

devious paths, he nevertheless always took an absorbing interest and frequently assumed an active leadership in the cause he espoused. He hadn't a trace of the demagogue in his make-up, but was always ready, like many of his Celtic ancestors, to lead a forlorn hope, or brave a hostile popular current, did his judgment counsel him to such action.

While his political opinions, compared with the platforms of certain parties, seemed to undergo a change, his political principles were always the same. The party to which he always owned allegiance was the Madison-States-Rights party, until the Democratic leaders decided to follow Jackson in his Federalistic measures, when he left them and joined the Whigs, but when the Whig party fell under the control of Emancipationists and Federalists, he returned to his first love, the Democratic party. The history of his political views is substantially the history of the great mass of intelligent States-Rights Democrats of Virginia. They owed supreme allegiance to their State and always fought under the banner of that party which paid most regard to her dignity and Sovereignty.

On Feb. 3rd, 1843, Col. McDonald lost his wife and after her death he took a more active part in politics. The following incident will serve to illustrate the active interest he took in a certain political campaign, which occurred soon after he joined the ranks of the Whigs. The law of Virginia required that its citizens, in order to exercise the right of suffrage, should be possessed of a freehold estate of a certain amount of land. In order to carry an election in which he was interested, he made him-

self very offensive to the opposite party by transferring to a number of young men of the Whig party the requisite number of acres, who otherwise would have had no vote. This novel and daring procedure made him many enemies in the opposite party and they never forgave him for it. It was not long after this exciting campaign that war was declared with Mexico and he applied to President Polk for authority to raise a Regiment of volunteers, but the authority was refused on the ground that he was such an uncompromising Whig.

In 1846 the West again attracted his attention and he decided to move to Hannibal, Mo. (where he had made large investments), and settle there permanently. But finally, after many visits there and back he concluded to remain in Virginia, for one of his greatest weaknesses was his love for his native State. It was on one of these visits to Missouri that he met Miss Cornelia Peake, whose sister, Susan Peake, had married Col. McDonald's only brother, Edward C. McDonald, and they were married in Hannibal, Mo., 27th of May, 1847.⁵

In 1848 he returned to Romney and again resumed the practice of his profession, but in a few years he moved to Winchester, the home of his nativity. Soon after this move, the old dispute between Maryland and Virginia, as to their boundary line was revived by Maryland, who claimed that Virginia was occupying a portion of her territory, and she appointed a Commissioner to make the necessary investigation; requesting Virginia to do the same. Virginia, though denying the justice of

⁵See Appendix F for notes on Peake and Lane families.

her claim, acquiesced in Maryland's proposition to have the matter looked into, and Governor Henry A. Wise appointed Colonel McDonald to represent Virginia, while Lieut. Michler was named by Maryland for a similar service.

Accordingly the two Commissioners met on the Nansemond shore and commenced their explorations along what was called the Scarborough line, and it was here that Col. McDonald discovered that Maryland not only claimed, but for a long time had been in possession of a valuable portion of Virginia's territory. He communicated his discovery to the Virginia Legislature in the winter of 1859 and he was authorized to proceed at once to England and make the necessary researches among the Archives of the mother country. Reaching London the following July, 1860, he at once set about exploring the musty manuscripts and records preserved in her Majesty's State Paper Office, and was so intent upon the prosecution of his mission that he paid little attention to the historical monuments and time-honored institutions of the world's metropolis. The diplomatic etiquette of the Court of St. James would not admit of his being received as the messenger of a sovereign State. He could only be accorded the courtesy due the trusted representative of an important province of the United States, and this annoyed him very much. His state pride ill-brooked such a slight, and with all the dignity of an insulted sovereign, he declined the polite offer of our American Minister, Mr. Dallas, to present him to Queen Victoria. Indeed, Old Glengarry of Killiecrankie fame, was not more imperious in his intercourse

with assumed superiors. One day, while walking along Bond Street, her Majesty drove by in an open carriage, amidst many demonstrations of respect from the crowds which thronged the side-walks. All took off their hats except Col. McDonald, who without thinking stood thus covered in the presence of her Majesty. Upon being asked why he had not taken off his, he replied, "Because I have never had the honor of an introduction." Speaking of it afterwards to an Englishman he apologized for his unintentional rudeness, and said, "In my country, you know, all ladies are queens, but we are not permitted to act as their subjects until we have had the honor of an introduction."

He made many friends while in England, notwithstanding his natural antipathies. And whenever he met a Highlander they at once became friends. His love for the Highlands, the home of his ancestors was only surpassed by that which he felt for Virginia. Upon one occasion he came upon two beggar children in the streets of London, dressed in the Highland costume. The boy played "Charlie o'er the Water," while the little girl danced the Highland Fling. He threw the latter a crown which she picked up and continued dancing, while the boy musician acknowledged the kindness by the very slightest touch of his hat, though the money was probably more than a week's earnings. The imperiousness of this Highland beggar boy, that so plainly told of a once noble but fallen house, and the stirring tune, so famous in Scottish story, roused every drop of his Highland blood and with tears in his eyes, he declared that he seemed borne back on the wings of

that music to the home of his ancestors, and was marching with them down the Highland glens to the plains of Killicrankie.

For nearly five months, he without ceasing explored all the testimony which could possibly be found, bearing upon the disputed boundary line and succeeded in triumphantly establishing the truth of all his conjectures concerning the territorial encroachments of Maryland. During his sojourn in London, though, he changed none of his political principles, yet being so far removed from the tumult and strife of sectional bickerings, he became much less hostile in his feelings toward the Yankees. Previous to that time he had been a secessionist *per se*, so-called. But a wider observation of men and things and a closer acquaintance with the character of European governments, taught him the advantage of a united Republic. And it was not until he had returned to the scene of strife and had mingled among his indignant and outraged fellow-citizens, that his own feelings of hostility to the North resumed their sway.

With a vast amount of evidence, both direct and collateral in his possession, he returned to America in November, 1860. Arriving at New York on the eve of the Presidential election, he was naturally impatient to reach his home in time to cast his vote, and going to the Customs official, asked that his baggage be examined as soon as possible; explaining his reasons.

The officer at once went with him, to where the baggage was piled and Col. McDonald pointed out his own pieces. Conspicuous among them being a

large sailor's chest containing all his official papers and records. Glancing at the name, "Col. Angus McDonald," and under it, "Commissioner from Virginia," the officer handed him back the keys which Col. McDonald had given him, saying, "I see you are from Virginia, Col. McDonald, and I am proud to tell you that no Virginian has ever been known to attempt to smuggle anything through here. And in view of your anxiety to reach home I waive all examination of your baggage, and you can get it as soon as you choose." But," remonstrated Col. McDonald, "I have in my trunks several articles upon which I expected to pay duty, such as silks and jewelry, presents for my family."

"Upon your assurance that the articles you mention are to be used only as presents, no duty is required," returned the officer. This unexpected tribute to his dear old mother State at this juncture, quite upset Col. McDonald and it was with a suspicious moisture about his eyes that he thanked the official for his courtesy.

I heard him relate this incident to several of his friends who had come to welcome him home the night of his return, Senator James M. Mason, Dr. Hugh McGuire, and Mr. Joseph Sherrard among them, and this tribute to their beloved State brought tears of patriotic pride to the eyes of all who heard it.⁶

He found the state of affairs far exceeding anything that he imagined, and all that national pride with which his bosom had swelled in a foreign land was soon overcome with feelings of indignation to-

⁶It was a very short time after this that Senator James M. Mason resigned his seat in the U. S. Senate.

wards the enemies of his section. When in the following Spring, Virginia seceded and the clash of arms was heard along her border, with the frost of sixty-two winters on his head, he hastened to Harper's Ferry, the nearest theatre of action, and offered his services.

Gen. Harper, commanding the forces there accepted his offer, and assigned to him the important duty of guarding the bridges and fords along the Potomac below that point. The troops at first assigned to him for this purpose was the company of the famous Turner Ashby, then a Captain of Cavalry. Dividing this company into small detachments, Col. McDonald organized scouting parties, who traversed the western portion of Maryland and frequently, as scouting parties, disguised as citizens, entered Washington City, Ashby was then, as ever afterwards active and indefatigable in the discharge of his duties. And it was the soldierly traits which he displayed in this service, that first raised him high in the esteem of Col. McDonald. These scouting expeditions developed the urgent need of a topographical corps, and with the consent of Gen. Harper, Col. McDonald selected from the ranks, young men suitable for this service and organized the first Topographical Corps in the State.

In June, 1861, he was commissioned by the Confederate Government as Colonel of Cavalry and ordered to raise and organize companies of volunteers for a particular service. He at once repaired to Winchester to organize and equip his command. Most of the Companies which had done duty with him along the Potomac (at their request) went with him

into the new organization, and in addition, several Infantry companies, which had not yet been mustered into the service desired to join him. He immediately applied to the Confederate Government and received authority to mount them. His Regiment now consisted of eight companies and they were very soon ordered to Romney, the County seat of Hampshire County, Virginia, which County has sixty miles of its border washed by the Potomac river, which separates it from Maryland. Along this line, for the entire distance, passes the Baltimore and Ohio R. R., which the Federal commanders desired to use as a military road between the armies of McClellan, operating in Western Virginia, and that of McDowell around Alexandria. It was for the purpose of preventing such a use being made of the road, that Col. McDonald's command was sent to Romney, which from its central position, was admirably adapted to this object, and also for watching the movements of McClellan in the West.

Col. McDonald appreciated at once the value and importance of the service to which he had been assigned; and while he did not relax his energies in mounting and equipping his command, he employed all of it that could be spared from picket and scout duty, in the destruction of the superstructures of the road; and so thorough was his work that scarcely a bridge, culvert, or a water station was left on that section of the railroad, extending from Piedmont to the Great Cacapin River, a distance of sixty miles. About this time McDowell commenced his forward movement from around Alexandria. To meet this advance, all the available troops in Virginia were

ordered to concentrate around Manassas. This order embraced the command of Col. McDonald, and it was at once moved by forced marches to this important field of action, but arrived a few hours too late to take part in the battle, which resulted in so signal a victory to the Confederate cause.

He now received orders to join Gen. Lee, who was then organizing and concentrating an army to check the Federal advance through Western Virginia. At Staunton this order was countermanded, and his command was sent to the lower Valley, to guard its whole border, extending from Harper's Ferry to the head waters of the Potomac, a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles. Scattered along this frontier, the enemy had a numerous and active force, who were constantly making forays into the adjoining counties and arresting the citizens and carrying off their property. To watch and oppose this force, Col. McDonald did not have over four hundred available men (cavalry).

To his Lieut. Col. Ashby he assigned the right of this line, with his headquarters near Charlestown. Col. McDonald, in order that he might avail himself of his intimate knowledge of the country, made his headquarters at Romney. In addition to his Cavalry Col. McDonald had assigned him the two militia regiments of Hampshire County, which were also stationed around Romney, and the militia of Jefferson County were placed under the orders of Lieut. Col. Ashby. It was at this time that a detachment of Cavalry, reporting directly to Col. Ashby, arrested Col. John Strother, of Bath County, Virginia. This arrest was made without either the

authority or the knowledge of Col. McDonald; and until Col. Strother was brought a prisoner to Winchester did he have any knowledge whatever of the arrest. It was customary, in such cases, to forward the prisoner with the charges and evidence against him, for trial at Richmond; but such was Col. McDonald's respect and esteem for his father's old and valued friend, that he violated this rule, and had him tried by a board of officers at his own camp, rather than subject him to confinement in a Richmond prison, awaiting the slow progress of justice.

During this trial, Col. Strother was treated with every leniency, consistent with the charges against him. He was allowed to remain at a private house, and his daughter who was at the same house, administered to his comfort. A single sentinel stood guard at his door and accompanied him wherever he went. Every opportunity and liberty was allowed him in making his defence; and no one was more gratified than Col. McDonald when he was acquitted by the Court.

Between New Creek and Cumberland, points within a day's march of Romney, there was stationed a brigade of Federal infantry, and a considerable body of cavalry, who, impatient to taste the glories of war, imagined that they could win much honor by the capture of the Confederate forces at Romney; and in order to make sure of their game, determined to make a night attack. For this purpose all the available forces were concentrated at New Creek, and by a forced march they attempted to surprise the little garrison at Romney on the morning of the 24th of September. But when they

came to the gap in Branch Mountain, through which passes the Northwestern Turnpike, three miles from Romney, instead of surprising a picket, their advance was driven back by the galling fire of a strongly posted body of men supported by a howitzer, which also opened upon them. Being foiled in this attempt, they kept up a show of resistance in their front, while the main body of their troops marched by a road along the western base of the same mountain to a pass four miles below, in hope of finding it unguarded.

Here Col. E. H. McDonald, with about fifty men of the 77th Regiment of Virginia militia, had been posted, and as the enemy was stealthily advancing along the narrow road which runs between the river and the base of an overhanging rock, they were suddenly startled by the rapid discharge of musketry, immediately over their heads. To this they attempted to reply. Col. E. H. McDonald appreciating the advantage of his position laid aside his guns and literally made it rain rocks upon their defenseless heads. This was more than they could stand and obliged them to retreat in confusion; nor could they be rallied until they had again rejoined their comrades.

After daylight, with their superior force, they were enabled, by climbing the mountain side to force the Cavalry from their position. Col. McDonald then withdrew with his command by way of the bridge across the river and posted them with his artillery, on the bluffs commanding the fords and bridge. From this position he checked their further advance in this direction.

The enemy then moved about half their force by the same road at the western base of the mountain to the gap four miles below, from which they had been so signally repulsed by the militia before daylight, and by scrambling up the side of the mountain, succeeded in passing the gap without resistance. They had then passed all the natural barriers and were out in the broad, fertile bottoms of the South Branch, through which they could with ease have marched upon Romney. To meet this column, the militia under Col. Munroe was posted on the hills about one mile from the town, but waited in vain until near sun-down, when Col. A. W. McDonald fearing that during the night they might, with their superior force, occupy a gap in the mountain on the road to Winchester, and thus cut off his retreat in case of disaster, withdrew his forces through the gap and encamped for the night.

Early next morning his scouts reported that the enemy had occupied the town, and were committing all sorts of depredations in their desire for plunder; also that many of them were intoxicated and consequently very much disorganized. He at once determined to attack them. His troops received the command to forward, eagerly, and at a gallop, advanced to meet the enemy, who advised of their coming, retreated across the river and attempted to hold the ford and bridge, but the gallant command never slackened its speed and as they approached the river, charged them with a yell, and forced them to a hasty retreat. This panic continued until the enemy found themselves in fortified camp at New Creek, a distance of eighteen miles. Except that the

line of their retreat was through a densely wooded, mountainous country, in which Cavalry could not operate, the whole command must have been captured. As it was they lost largely in killed, wounded and captured.

After this unsuccessful foray on the part of the Federals the little command at Romney had a season of comparative leisure. But this lull was employed by the enemy in organizing a more extensive expedition, which had for its object the two-fold purpose of wiping out their former disgrace and the permanent occupation of Romney and the rich valley of the South Branch. Col. McDonald was apprised of these extensive preparations, but knowing that his post was merely one of observation, whose real base was at Winchester, also that the Confederate Government could not spare the troops to hold so exposed a position, remote as it was from the real base of operations in Virginia, he had nothing to anticipate, but an ultimate evacuation of the place. To this end he made all his preparations and quietly awaited their coming.

In the mean time, the Federal Department, embracing within its limits the posts of New Creek and Cumberland, was assigned to the command of Brig. Gen. Kelly, who having massed his troops at New Creek, consisting of about five thousand men of all arms, moved to attack the Confederate force at Romney.

On the morning of the 26th of October, Col. McDonald was informed of his advance by way of the Northwestern Turnpike, and also received information that another considerable body of infantry was

advancing on the Springfield road. Although he was aware that with his small force there was little hope of checking their progress, he yet deemed it his duty to dispute every inch, the march of the invader, and teach him that the sons of Virginia were ever ready to defend her sacred soil. To this end he made every disposition of his handful of men, that in his judgment would inflict most damage on the enemy, and at the same time secure a safe retreat in case of disaster. With this two-fold purpose he stationed Col. A. Munroe with the 114th Regiment of Virginia militia, at Blue's Ferry, on a bluff commanding the bridge over which passed the road leading from Springfield. From this point Col. Munroe could resist any effort to cross the bridge or the ford below; and in case of defeat could withdraw his regiment by a mountain road without injury.

To his son, Col. E. H. McDonald, commanding the 77th Regiment Virginia militia, was assigned the duty of holding the pass four miles below Romney. He, also in case of disaster, could withdraw his command by a mountain road to a place of safety. Col. McDonald himself with his cavalry and two pieces of artillery, occupied the gap three miles west of Romney. Through this gap passes the Northwestern Turnpike and it was upon this road that Gen. Kelly, with his main body, was advancing. From information in his possession, he knew that the enemy were deficient in cavalry and that he had therefore little to fear in an open field skirmish. For whatever might be the issue, it would be practicable to withdraw before their infantry could

come up. Accordingly he advanced beyond the gap and met the enemy's column six miles west of Romney. There a brisk skirmish was kept up without loss, until, in their retreat, the gap was reached. Here he determined to make a stand, as he had successfully done a month previous. But the swarms of the enemy's infantry, which covered both sides of the pass, soon made his position untenable. So withdrawing his troops across the South Branch bridge, he dismounted a portion and placed them behind temporary fortifications commanding the bridge and ford, leaving with them a howitzer under Lieut. Taylor.

Placing Maj. Funsten in command of these, with instructions to hold it as long as possible, Col. McDonald, with a rifle-gun and a small reserve of cavalry took a position on Cemetery Hill, which commanded the same bridge and ford; and from which point he was in supporting distance of the troops guarding the passes on the opposite or east side of the town. As the enemy approached the bridge in battle array, displaying a force ten times as great as that opposing its march, the howitzer and rifle-gun opened on them. The enemy responded in similar fashion, and for a short time there was a spirited firing, in which the small arms participated. Their infantry then attempted to charge across the bridge, and were driven back. But their cavalry crossed under the bridge, and their appearance, together with the formidable display of infantry beyond, caused consternation to the troops in the fortifications, who abandoned their position without orders and retreated in great confusion. So great was their dis-

order that with few exceptions they galloped by the reserve without stopping. The panic was communicated to the reserve at sight of the advancing enemy, and they too joined in the stampede, leaving the guns and Col. McDonald with a few others behind.⁷ The enemy intent upon the pursuit of the fugitives, passed by Col. McDonald, who finally made his escape by taking a back road through the town, and thence turning into the mountains. The pursuit was kept up as far as the baggage train, all of which fell into the enemy's hands.

In the meantime another column of invaders attempted to force the position of Col. Munroe at Blue's Ferry. They were repulsed with severe loss and retreated hastily towards Cumberland. The position held by Col. E. H. McDonald with the 77th Regiment was not attacked; and so both of these positions were held, until they were abandoned in obedience to Col. McDonald's orders.

It is painful to mention an event which reflects discredit upon men who signalized their valor subsequently on many a hard-fought field, and whose reputation for gallantry still remains uneclipsed. But to vindicate the memory of one to whom circumstances denied the privilege of vindicating himself while living, it is but just that the truth should be told.

It has been asserted, and perhaps is true, that Col. McDonald committed a blunder in expecting so small a Confederate force to successfully defend their native soil against such a large body of the

⁷Macaulay says: "Something may be done with raw Infantry, which has enthusiasm and animal courage, but nothing can be more hopeless than raw Cavalry."

enemy. Had he adopted the policy which most of the military commanders on either side followed in the late war, of engaging with the enemy only when there was a good chance to make reputation, he would certainly have retreated from Romney in time, and prevented the disaster. If it was a blunder, it was of that kind which the South committed when she unfurled her banner against the powerful North and dared defend her honor, disdaining consequences.

He had undoubtedly made a mistake, but the affair at Romney was rather a logical consequence of that mistake. It must be remembered that when Col. McDonald applied for a commission to raise this troop of cavalry, he was then upwards of sixty-two years of age, and not even then in very robust health, but his enthusiasm and desire to give his cause the benefit of his well-trained military disposition, caused him to place a false estimate upon his physical strength, but it soon became apparent that he was in no condition to command his regiment in person. The exposure incident to camp life had developed an inherent tendency to rheumatism which was intensified each time he exposed himself to inclement weather. No one realized this painful fact more than Col. McDonald himself, and after the unfortunate disaster at Romney, he became convinced that the interest of the cause demanded a sacrifice of his own feelings and he did not hesitate to make it.

In his interview with Jackson, following the retreat from Romney, he requested to be relieved from service in the field. Accordingly he was placed in

command of the artillery defenses around Winchester. It was natural, too, that the regiment should desire a more active and vigorous commander, so upon Lieut. Col. Ashby, the next ranking officer, the command of the regiment now devolved.

And even though the rising fame of this gallant young Virginian threw his own in the shade, Col. McDonald loved and admired him none the less. For he had been early impressed with his soldierly traits and knightly bearing.

CHAPTER VI.

Captured by Gen. Hunter.

Col. McDonald remained in charge of the Post at Winchester until the evacuation of the place by Gen. Jackson the following Spring, March 12th, 1862, when he was left without a command. He accordingly proceeded to Richmond and reported to Gen. Cooper and while there awaiting an assignment he completed his report concerning the boundary lines of Virginia and laid it before the Legislature. But the discussion of the subject was postponed to a more auspicious time. Col. McDonald, whose whole heart and energies were absolutely absorbed in the cause of his country, spent much of his leisure at this time in perfecting models of a plan which he had originated for making more effective the guns of our stationary batteries along the Southern rivers. He also brought to the attention of the Chief of Ordnance, an improvement in small arms,

which he had already submitted to the French Government. It is probable that neither project was of much practical value, and they are only alluded to here to show how entirely he was absorbed in the cause of the Confederacy.

He became more and more impaired in health, and in consideration of that fact he was assigned to duty on Court-martial in Richmond and after about a year's service in this capacity he was transferred to the Post at Lexington, Virginia, where his family were then living.⁸ His health, however, did not improve and he suffered constantly from violent rheumatic attacks, and he became in a short time very weak and infirm. Nothing disturbed him so much as the consciousness of his physical infirmities, and he often longed for the strength of his early manhood. While in command of the post at Lexington, news came of the approach of the infamous Gen. Hunter and his horde of vandals. As there was no force to resist the onward march of the desolating barbarians, preparations were made to evacuate the town. Loading a two-horse wagon with his private papers and several guns which were in the house, he took with him his son, Harry, a youth of sixteen and left the town. Leaving Lexington, as the booming of cannon announced the approach of the enemy, he proceeded on his journey in the direction of Lynchburg. What occurred from that time until he was lodged in the Wheeling prison is best told in the following letter:

⁸His beautiful home "Hawthorne," near Winchester had been taken for a hospital and the family had been compelled to seek refuge inside the Confederate lines.

Atheneum Prison, Wheeling, Virginia.

Sept. 6th, 1864.

Major-General Crook.

GENERAL:—If common repute among the citizens of the Valley of Virginia, has done you no more than justice, I may comfort myself with the assurance that this communication, if permitted to reach your hand, will promptly receive the attention of an educated and brave soldier, an intelligent gentleman and humane man. I am laboring, General, under painful and depressing difficulties; weakness of body disabling me from sitting up while I struggle to indite this for another to copy, with the conviction made stronger, each succeeding day, that on the morrow I shall be still more disabled and disordered. Without access to any intelligent friend, who could advise what should be said and what left unsaid, conscious that my memory is greatly impaired, my judgment muddy and obtuse,—with no power of arrangement and no capacity to bring to my aid appropriate, much less forcible language,—I feel that my only course is to speak right out what I know, as well as what I feel to be true, waiving any effort to marshal or select the most important facts.

Much must now remain untold; my present strength being inadequate to the labor of writing down even in the briefest manner, the half which should and shall be recorded, if God permits the restoration of my health.

I graduated at West Point in the summer of 1817, with I. D. Graham, Wm. M. Graham, Ethan A. Hitchcock and thirteen others, forming a class of seventeen.⁹ Why state this? Because it refers to a record, to which any may obtain access, indicates

⁹The "New York Herald" of 1866, speaks of the class in which Angus William McDonald graduated, as follows: "It was a class of eighteen, every member being six feet tall and singularly fine-looking and promising. Among them were Gen. Graham, Haskell, Ringold, McDonald and Ashton."

my age, and announces my antecedents as those of a soldier and a gentleman. I refer to any and all of the class, and ask their testimony and judgment upon my claim to being "a soldier and a gentleman." Why put forth the claim? Because Gen. Hunter ignored it, and has treated me as though I were a convicted felon and blackguard.

After graduating at West Point I remained in the service upward of two years, doing duty at Mobile, Mobile Point, and the greater part of the time with Major-General Hitchcock, now U. S. Commissioner of Exchange. In June, 1861, I received from the Confederate Government the appointment of Colonel of Cavalry, in the P. A. C. S. with orders to raise and organize companies of volunteers for a particular service. My first service in the field was in Hampshire County, Virginia, and commenced June, 1861.

About the 18th July, I left Hampshire with my command and did not return till about the last of August. On the 25th or 26th of October, my force of cavalry, becoming dismayed and panic-stricken by the presence of some ten times their number (of all arms) without having a man killed or wounded, retreated from Romney, leaving my entire baggage-train to be captured by the enemy. At the time of this disaster and for several months previous thereto, I was so disabled by rheumatism as to be able only with great pain and difficulty to mount my horse.

Early in November I was relieved from cavalry service and assigned to post duty and from that time till I was captured did no service in the field. On the 13th of last June I was in command at Lexington, Rockbridge County, Virginia. On the morning of that day I learned that Gen. McCausland did not expect to attempt the permanent defense of that post against the army under Gen. Hunter, then ad-

vancing against it. Having no troops under my command, and having already sent the Commissary and Quartermaster's stores away, and being unwilling to impose upon Gen. McCausland's small force the care of an invalid, I determined to shift for myself and as best I could escape capture.

I had provided myself with an ambulance, a pair of horses and driver, and had it loaded with my bedding, wearing apparel, and public and private papers as well as all the arms I had, intending to defend myself as long as I was able, against any squads of stragglers, marauders or scouting parties who might chance to come upon me. I aimed to keep as far from the line of the march of your army as I could. About an hour before the fire was set to the bridge opposite Lexington, I left there in my ambulance. The negro driver who had been sent by the Quartermaster to drive the ambulance, failing to make his appearance, my son Harry, a youth just turned sixteen, and who had been my nurse for nearly the whole of the preceding twelve months, helping me to dress and undress, became also my driver.

Using my best judgment to avoid the route upon which Hunter's force would advance, I went that day to Mr. Wilson's, residing between the roads, leading, one to the natural bridge, and the other to Buchanan. Spending the night there I learned next day that the enemy would probably go by Buchanan, at least with part of their forces. I selected a place for concealment and defence and with Mr. Wilson, his servants, wagons, &c., moved to it the next day. It was about three miles and a half from the road leading to Buchanan, by which Hunter's force marched to that place. On the day that Hunter entered Buchanan about 12 o'clock, Lieut. Lewis and private Blake charged with a war shout upon my camp. They were fired upon and repulsed but re-

turned about sun-down in force (as Capt. Martindale and Lieut. Lewis afterwards informed me) about twenty-two in number, and again attacked my camp. After fighting them till my gun stock was broken and my right hand paralysed by a bullet wound, I surrendered myself and son as prisoners of war.

When I so surrendered, the enemy were distant from us about forty yards. Lieut. Lewis answered my proposal of surrender in the affirmative. After receiving our arms and learning that my son and self constituted my entire force (old Mr. Wilson having been killed, and the negroes and two other lads in Mr. Wilson's employ having run off) the men seemed much provoked that I had fought them at all (some of them having been wounded).

They took all of my property, private as well as Confederate, leaving me nothing whatever except the clothes on my back, one great coat and blanket. All of this I expected and do not complain of, especially, as after discussing the matter, they came to the conclusion that I had a right to resist being captured. They all treated me as brave men treat those who have bravely resisted, as long as the power of resistance lasted.

I was hauled in my own ambulance with one of the wounded enemy and delivered to Major Quinn, of the 1st Regiment of New York, Lincoln cavalry, whose behavior to us was that of a soldier and a gentleman. I expected no difficulty in obtaining a parole and Major Quinn went with me next morning, at my request to Gen. Hunter's headquarters, to introduce me.

After exacting the homage of making me wait at his door for some twenty minutes, Gen. Hunter opened the door and briefly inspected me, without any salutation or recognition of my presence in any way, and then closed the door and retired. After

a few minutes, Col. Strother (Gen. Hunter's aide, I was informed), opened the door, looked at me with apparent ferocity and hostility, insulted me by his manner and questions and closed the door. After the lapse of a few moments more, Capt. Alexander, a gentleman, came out and informed me that Gen. Hunter would not admit me to see him and when asked the reason, he said that Col. Strother had declared that I had treated his father badly when he (said father) was a prisoner at my camp; which assertion I here pronounce entirely false, and a most foul slander upon my character, fabricated by Col. Strother (as I believe and have reason for so doing) to provide himself with a pretext of excuse to his Southern kindred and friends, for having joined the North rather than the South.

I have been told by one of his former friends, that Col. Strother had given him such a reason for having joined the North. It was essentially false, for he piloted Patterson before his father had ever been arrested, charges preferred against him and sent a prisoner to my camp near Winchester, which was in the middle or latter part of August, 1861.

I take occasion here to most solemnly declare, in the presence of Almighty God, that I never treated old Col. Strother with unkindness of any description; that I never felt a sentiment of the slightest unkindness or ill-will against him; that, so far from it I have from my boyhood entertained for him the kindest regard, and the highest respect for the fidelity and truthfulness of his character. He had been kind to my father, was his fellow-soldier, tended him on his death-bed and was kind to me as his son. I never forgot it and was never ungrateful.

The most painful duty I have been called upon to perform since the war commenced, was that which required me to hold Col. Strother a prisoner in my

camp and have the testimony taken upon the charges preferred against him.

General Hunter's ambition is not of the archangel type. Low-reaching and coarse, he is satisfied to achieve notoriety rather than noble deeds. In his judgment, the quality of bravery would be indicated by the amount of blood and carnage a soldier could cause and contemplate unmoved, rather than by the risk he would voluntarily incur of suffering wounds or death in his own person. Punishment with him would be felt and measured in proportion to the number of stripes and the depth of color with which the epidermis might be marked, rather than the mortification inflicted by an insulting touch. Thirty-nine lashes on his bare back would give him just three times as much pain (and no more or less) than thirteen laid on with the same force.

With such an ambition, endowments and tastes in harmonious accord, perfected in action by a cultivated experience, Gen. Hunter required but the very brief space of time he had given to weigh me in his judgment and satisfy himself of the amount of suffering he might inflict by indirection and stop safely short of the evidence requisite to convict murderous intentions of dealing assassin blows and injuries.

He declined to see me and consigned me to the care of his Provost-Marshal-General, one Major Harkins, whose constant practice in the duties of his office, as required to be performed by Gen. Hunter, had made this officer an adept in comprehending the wishes and appetites of his master, as well as in the selection of measures best suited to attain the object desired by him.

By Major Harkin's order I was placed under the more immediate charge of a man bearing title of *Captain Berry*, whose coarse, unfeeling and insulting behavior made life a burden, without the aid of

the physical tortures he inflicted. He too had his inferiors; lower in office, but not in wicked characteristics and tastes than himself. To such he turned me over, with orders, given in my presence and hearing, that I was to be hauled in a baggage-wagon and was not to be permitted to get into an ambulance or any spring vehicle. My son being with me to carry them, I was permitted to keep a blanket and great coat; my ambulance horses, bedding, etc., were left at Buchanan, and I was started in a baggage-wagon to grace Gen. Hunter's triumphal advance upon Lynchburg. Sustained by the strength and kind care of my son, I was enabled to bear, without fainting, the great suffering to which I was subjected by so rude a mode of conveyance.

On the morning of the day after we passed Liberty, on the way to Lynchburg, I was informed that my son was to be sent back with the other prisoners, and that I was still to accompany the army. But being unable to carry my blanket or great coat, I had to go without them. As an example of Capt. Berry's treatment of me, I will here state that on the morning I was parted from my son, Capt. Berry came to the prisoners' camp and in a loud voice announced that "old man McDonald was to march with the army." I replied that I was not able to march. Whereupon he declared that "Gen. Hunter's orders were that I should march, and by G—d! he intended that they should be obeyed."

I then informed him that I was not able to march and would not attempt it. To which he replied, "If you don't, you shall be hauled with a rope," and ordered ropes to be brought. After some delay and his telling me that "Gen. Hunter had not yet decided whether he would hang me or not" he inquired if I could not walk half a mile. I replied "that if sufficient time were allowed me I could." He then ordered me to move on and at that distance, said I

could get into a wagon—reiterating his order to Sergt. Owen Goodwyn (of Baltimore, I understand), that I was not to ride in an ambulance or any spring vehicle and this, he said was Gen. Hunter's order. I tottered on till we came to the train and was then put into a wagon, the bottom of which was covered with boxes of nails and parts of boxes of horse-shoes and horse-shoe nails, with quantities of the same lying loose.

Such was the bed upon which a field-officer and an old man, upwards of sixty-five, paralysed with rheumatism of spine, hips and knee-joints, his right hand disabled by a recent wound, and reduced in health and strength by the three preceding years of disease was by Gen. Hunter's orders to lie, while being hauled with his ordnance and other baggage. The wagon in which I was carried was nightly required to stop near Gen. Hunter's headquarters; and special orders given that I was to receive only the ration which the private soldier received. In addition to this, that all human sympathy should be denied me. I was, by his minions and bootlicks, denounced as a bush-whacker, bridge-burner and the cruel jailer of old Col. Strother. The field officers, whom I sometimes approached for food all seemed averse to any intercourse with me, throwing up to me as true the alleged ill-treatment of old Col. Strother.

Of such character was my treatment (varied occasionally, by insults, curses and threats from Sergt. Goodwyn) from the time I was separated from my son until, upon his retreat, Gen. Hunter reached Charleston.¹⁰ Then the guard handed me over to the Provost-Marshal of that post—a Capt.

¹⁰The "New York Herald" of June, 1864, comments thus on Gen. Hunter's foray into the Valley: "The official reports are far from satisfactory. Hunter is destroying important bridges and roads, burning his relatives' and friends' houses, capturing men like Co. McDonald, by the aid of his Chief of Staff * * * burning the V. M. I. and Gov. Letcher's home."

Harris of New York I learned—who being a gentleman, and knowing the responsibility of his position as well as commiserating my situation, took it upon himself to suffer me, on my parole and in charge of a sentinel, to go to the house of an old acquaintance to get my supper and lodge for the night. Gen. Hunter coming to a knowledge of these facts, sent for Capt. Harris and rebuked him for his kindness and required him to have me brought back and kept in the guard-room, where on a board shelf, knocked up for my comfort by the officer of the guard, I passed the night.

Such were my accommodations while we remained at Charleston. From my capture until we arrived at that place, some eighteen days, no means were ever afforded me to even wash my face. All my clothing had been taken, not even a clean shirt allowed me. My treatment until I reached Cumberland, continued equally harsh and insulting. Aboard the steamboat from Charleston to Parkersburg, I was put on the boiler-deck under Capt. Reynolds, of New York, who at the risk of displeasing his superior officers, treated me kindly.

At Cumberland orders were given by Hunter that I was not to be permitted to receive any food or refreshment from the citizens, or allowed to purchase any; that my fare was to be only the ration issued to privates in prison. From the military prison at Cumberland I was ordered to be taken to the County jail, then *hand-cuffed* and locked within a *cell* eight feet by ten, with a guard of four men to watch over me and see that I did not escape, or receive any prohibited comforts from outside. The cell in which I was confined was one next to a felon, who was taken out of his and hung a few days after I arrived there. From Cumberland, on or about the 14th of July, I was sent to this prison (under a guard who treated me with kindness en route) and locked up

in a large room with some fifty men of all kinds, when I arrived; but as many as three hundred have been confined therein since my arrival.

For one day after my arrival my hand cuffs were left off, but on the second night the jailer informed me that he had received from Gen. Hunter a telegram, saying that I should be hand-cuffed and allowed no more accommodation than a private prisoner. I was kept in irons and upon prison fare for thirty days, during which time General Hunter was deprived of the command of this department. A soldier succeeded him and my fetters were removed; and since the date of such removal I have been treated as all other prisoners of war are treated in this prison.

General Crook, the privations and sufferings to which I have been subjected have made such inroads upon my health, that I have not been able to sit up and write since the date of this letter, now some sixteen days. I have been informed by the newspapers that Col. Crook of the U. S. Army, a prisoner in the Confederacy, has been taken into special custody to receive parallel treatment to such as I may receive. As soon as I heard of it I wrote a letter to President Davis of which the enclosed is a copy.

Now, General, if he has suffered the half that I have, he and I have suffered far more than falls to the lot of one prisoner of war in a thousand, and our respective governments should not delay our parole or exchange. The stabs which I have received continue their effect upon my general health, and I can scarcely hope ever again to see my family, if am kept a prisoner much longer. I fear that even now, though I may start, I can never reach my home. I enclose a copy of a certificate of the surgeon of the prison, given me at its date, since which I have not been able to get out of my bed and dress, or even to sit up while writing this letter.

May I not, General Crook, ask your aid to have me released either by exchange or upon parole, at the earliest possible time; and in the meantime that I may be sent a prisoner to Point Lookout, Baltimore, or Washington, on parole, that I may recruit health sufficient upon which to pursue my journey home when exchanged, or if allowed to go home upon parole.

I remain, sir, yours respectfully,

A. W. McDONALD,

Colonel P. A. C. S.

N. B. I enclose the surgeon's certificate, in the hope that I may receive the liberty of the city on my parole, and if nothing more, transferred to the post hospital.

A. W. MCD.

While Col. McDonald was suffering such incredible torture his family knew nothing of it. They had heard through his son, Harry, who had escaped from the Federal guards, that Col. McDonald had experienced some harsh treatment, and they were fearful lest his health might be still more impaired by being transported so far over land. But they never dreamed that an innocent, feeble old man with his rank in the army well-known, would be permitted to be hand-cuffed like some vile criminal, and cast into a loathsome dungeon. Information of his cruel treatment was first received through a letter dropped into the Lexington post-office, without post-mark or signature. Who mailed it has never been known, although the bearer must know that Col. McDonald's family would befriend him forever for that act of kindness. The envelope, which was addressed to his wife, contained the following:

“Cumberland Jail, July 10th, 1864.

To my wife and children, I wish two drawings made. First; My conflict (backed by my gallant Harry) with the 22nd New York cavalry, 1st Lincoln regiment, and our capture by them; and I hereby testify to their bravery as soldiers and their courtesy and humanity as captors.

“Second: Myself as a prisoner in tattered and soiled garments, with iron fetters locked on my wrists, and guarded in a cell seven by ten feet, in my uniform coat, the marks of rank, except the stars, nearly all worn off. These two drawings on one canvas, I wish to have multiplied, that every child and grandchild of mine living at my death may have one, to testify to him or her and his or her descendants, that the liberty and independence of themselves and their native land is worth all I have done and suffered and as much more as I may be called upon to do or suffer.

ANGUS McDONALD,
Colonel P. A. C. S.”

On the other side of the paper was written the following:

“*Not to secure but to torture; and furnish color of evidence that Col. Strother was urged by private wrongs done his father to join the North in its war upon his native State. On the 9th of July, 1864, Gen. Hunter instigated by Col. Strother, his aid and relative had a felon's hand-cuffs locked upon the old, enfeebled and rheumatic wrists of Col. McDonald and incarcerated him in a cell.*”

Upon receipt of this, his family at once took all possible means to procure a retaliatory measure from their government. And Col. Crook, a federal

prisoner at Andersonville, was ordered to be incarcerated and hand-cuffed. This order, however, was never carried out, though it was spoken of in the papers and no doubt the impression prevailed at the North that it had been executed. As soon as Col. McDonald learned of it through the public press, he at once wrote Mr. Davis urging him to prevent it, "for," he said in his letter to Mr. Davis, "Col. Crook is a brave soldier and has done nothing to merit such treatment, though," he added, "it might be just as well to let the U. S. Government think it is being done."

Upon investigation, however, it was found that the Confederate jailer of Col. Crook had never obeyed the order, in consideration of his poor health, though he allowed the impression to go abroad that he had executed the order. With what trumpet tones does this solitary instance, regarded side by side with the treatment of the infirm and suffering Col. McDonald, refute the charge of cruelty and inhumanity in the Confederate prisons, and proclaim the guilt of the slanderous North.

Through the instrumentality of General Hitchcock, Commissioner for the exchange of prisoners, Col. McDonald was finally released from prison and returned to Richmond the 7th of November, 1864. The shock which his system had received from the torture inflicted by his captors left him barely strength enough to reach Richmond. And perhaps the great physical torture with which he was racked, was small in comparison with the sense of mortification, which almost broke his proud heart.

A week following his return to Richmond he was

taken seriously ill, and from this attack he never recovered. On December 1st, 1864, he died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Thos. C. Green, Dr. James Bolton, of Richmond, was his attending physician and he received many loving attentions from both friends and strangers during the few short weeks intervening between his return and his death.

He was buried in Hollywood Cemetery, the funeral services being conducted by the Rev. Dr. Minnegerode of St. Paul's Church. The Masons, of which body he was an honored member, also assisted in the last rites. It was the blessed privilege of the compiler of these memoirs to be with her father during his last illness and he left a request that his sons, who were all at their posts in the army, should not avenge his wrongs. Long suffering had humbled him, not before men but God, and he died forgiving honestly and sincerely all his enemies.

He told us, his daughters, who were at that time the only members of his family in Richmond, some very touching experiences of his imprisonment. One was of a man whom he had befriended years before, a tailor, who came to see him in prison and observing his great need of apparel insisted upon taking his measure, and soon sent him an entire outfit with the receipted bill. Many of the citizens made efforts to relieve his necessities, but the Sisters of Charity first succeeded in gaining admittance and did a great deal to alleviate the condition of his last days in prison. On his departure by "Flag of Truce" they sent him a basket filled with provisions and delicacies for his trip, and not being able to make any acknowledgement of it at the time, he afterwards

had his picture taken with the basket beside him. And it is to those same kind sisters that his family were indebted for a copy of that picture after the war.

One day, when in the Wheeling jail, watching the passage of the weary hours, there came by his window some Confederate prisoners, who were going to obtain their release by taking the oath. Getting upon a chair, in order to communicate with them, steadied by his fellow-prisoners, he raised his hands trembling with the weight of the fetters, to the small window and pointing to the stars on his collar, said "Look what that government has done to which you are going to swear allegiance." Most of them, indignant at the sight, refused to proceed, and the officer of the guard, furious at the interruption, had the only chair taken from the room, as a punishment for what he called "the stubborn old traitor."

He was a man whose faults were relieved by many noble traits of character. He was proud, but it was the pride of a noble soul which strengthened virtue and raised him above meanness of any sort. Uncompromising in his political animosity, his bosom was a stranger to personal malice. An open enemy and a dangerous one, he was yet always magnanimous to a fallen foe. He loved his friends with all the enthusiasm of youth, and never permitted the tongue of slander to sully their good name without striking a friendly blow in their defence. And he loved his country and "the Cause" next to his God.



COL. ANGUS W. McDONALD

CHAPTER VII.

R. D. BEALL'S ACCOUNT OF CAPTURE OF COL. MCDONALD.

Letters from Jefferson Davis

The following extract from War Reminiscences of R. D. Beall" published in the Baltimore Weekly Sun, some eight or ten years after the war, also gives an interesting account of Col. McDonald's capture.

"On the 12th of June, 1864, it was my misfortune to become a prisoner of war, and one of the first prisoners I recognized as an addition to our crowd was Col. Angus W. McDonald of Winchester, Virginia. He had been Colonel of Turner Ashby's command before it was brigaded, and at the time, appeared to be about seventy years old. At the breaking out of the war he was a lawyer in extensive practice and one of the most influential men in his section. His personal appearance was striking, being a man of heroic stature and every inch a soldier. Col. McDonald had been sick and was getting out of the way of the advancing enemy, accompanied by his son Harry, a youth of scarcely sixteen years, when overtaken by a squad of Hunter's Cavalry, between Lexington and Buchanan. Despite the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, Col. McDonald and his son Harry made a brave resistance and the former was shot in the hand before surrendering.

When I met him at Buchanan and introduced myself, Col. McDonald had his wounded hand bandaged and in a sling, but despite his wound and his venerable years he was uncomplaining, partaking of the same fare which was dished out to us and by his cherry words encouraged others who had become faint-hearted under the depressing surroundings. Rations were scarce and inferior and at best there was a long and exhausting march before us.

The next day we marched from Buchanan to the Peaks of Otter, Bedford County, Lynchburg being Gen. Hunter's objective point. Col. McDonald footed it all day, though there was an abundance of conveyances in which he might have ridden, had the Federal train-master so ordered. The following day was a repetition of the previous one we went into camp on Otter river seventeen miles from Lynchburg. That night I found Col. McDonald ailing considerably. He was greatly exhausted by the long march and suffering from his wound, but his spirit was as proud as ever.

The next morning, bright and early a mounted staff officer rode into camp and ordered the prisoners to get ready to march to the rear. Then addressing himself to the venerable Col. McDonald this coward in the uniform of a soldier, said, "You will go with us, you old scoundrel! Gen. Hunter has not decided what he will do with you—whether he will shoot or hang you." At this brutal outburst, Harry McDonald—as brave and noble a boy as ever lived—advanced a step and begged to be permitted to go with his father, urging his request on the ground that his father was aged and sick and needed

his ministrations. But the Federal officer was obdurate, seeing which, Harry commenced shedding tears. At this point Col. McDonald addressed Harry in a fatherly but firm tone, saying "Harry, my son, do not shed a tear, but if necessary, shed your blood in defense of your country."

I shall not forget that scene as long as memory performs its office. The Roman firmness of the old Colonel vexed the Federal officer and he ordered the guard to march him off. But here Colonel McDonald's superb courage again asserted itself, and he said, not one foot would he march, that he was foot-sore and exhausted. Then the order was given to assist him to march by an application of the point of the bayonet, whereupon the old Confederate hero threw open his vest, exposed his bosom and exclaimed "You may shoot and kill me, but you cannot make me march. Now do your worst."

The Federal officer quailed under this superb exhibition of courage and he relented to the extent of ordering up the roughest wagon in the train and ordered thrown into it what he termed "the old scoundrel," but who was in fact one of the bravest of the brave, a Confederate Colonel, and one of the most high-toned and respected gentlemen in the State, in whose defense he had enlisted, despite his advanced years.

I never ascertained fully the reasons for this inhuman treatment but heard it intimated that one of the members of Gen. Hunter's staff claimed that his father had been unkindly treated by Colonel McDonald whilst the latter was in command on the Northern border of Virginia in the Winter of '61

and '62. But if such was the reason, alleged, I am sure it had no foundation in fact, for Colonel McDonald was a man of soldierly instincts and bearing, as well as a gentleman of genial and kindly feelings, and I wager that he was never intentionally harsh or cruel to any one whom the fortunes of war placed in his power.

I never saw Colonel McDonald again after parting with him that morning on the Otter river. When Hunter was hurled back from Lynchburg by Jubal Early's veterans, he struck for the Kanawha Valley, taking Colonel McDonald with him. I heard afterwards that that this venerable gentleman was subjected to great hardships and cruelties on the march and afterwards in the Federal prisons and this is partially borne out by a letter received from his son, Captain William N. McDonald, who resides in Berryville, Virginia, and who writes, "My father died in Richmond a few weeks after his return from prison, the cruel treatment of the Federals being the main cause."

The Confederate prisoners left the Otter river in charge of the 161st and 162nd Ohio regiments, under the command of Col. Putnam. On the first day of the backward movement, Harry told me that he intended to make his escape if possible. And whilst making a night march over a mountain in Greenbrier County, he succeeded in doing so. The guards were not more than four feet apart, on the lower side of the road, when the cry of "Halt! Halt!" rang out and glancing back a few feet, I saw Harry's blanket and canteen flying through the air, while he was going down the mountain side at a rate of

speed which would have done no discredit to a fast quarter-horse, and disappeared in the darkness.”

An editorial in the *Richmond Enquirer* of date July, 1864, has the following to say about Col. McDonald's imprisonment:

“It is with inexpressible pain and indignation that we read a letter, published in the morning's papers, from Colonel Angus McDonald, written in the Cumberland, Maryland, Jail. The infamous foe have locked a felon's hand-cuffs upon the old, enfeebled limbs of this gentleman and patriot and have cast him into a prison cell. And for what crime? Let it be known by those who boast of the freedom and civilization of the Federal Union, that it is for having resisted with arms in his hands the invaders of his native land. Tell, Wallace and Washington have been honored with immortality for the acts which have consigned McDonald to the fate of a felon.

Yet he tells his children and grand children, that “the liberty and independence of themselves and their native land is worth all I have done and suffered and as much more as I may be called on to suffer.” * * * * It will doubtless be some solace to the prisoner in Cumberland jail to know that the brother of Crook, his captor is said to be in our hands and that measures are in progress to subject him to equivalent treatment. We sincerely trust that this, as well as a returning sense of justice may influence the Federal Government to renew the cartel to inaugurate a system of exchanges and restore this much wronged gentleman to his family and friends.”

With reference to Colonel McDonald's work in connection with the boundary line between Virginia and Maryland The Richmond Whig had the following, in an editorial, during the Summer of 1866:

"It will be recollected that a short time before the war, the Legislature of Virginia passed an act, authorizing the appointment of a Commissioner to ascertain the boundary lines of Virginia, and make a report thereon. Col. McDonald of this State, well known for his erudition, was chosen for the duty and in company with his son (William N. McDonald) as assistant, he proceeded to London, where with scrupulous regard for the truth, and with great energy and patience he commenced researches among the English archives, and in every quarter where there was a chance of light being thrown on the object of his mission.

After thorough examination of all the means within his reach, he returned to Virginia, bringing with him a most valuable and curious collection of books, maps and manuscripts, all of which he was authorized by the Legislature to use for the purposes of compilation.

He had the various documents copied, and together with the maps, bound in book form, but unfortunately, when the library of Virginia fell into the hands of the U. S. soldiers, some of the volumes and all the maps were made way with and there remain now but four volumes.

It is possible, however, that some of the originals remain in the hands of some of the members of his family. A short time since there was fortunately found a Ms. signed by Col. McDonald and dated

March 17th, 1862, and which may be styled the argument or summing up to be presented to the Virginia Legislature, and contains the deductions at which he arrived. For reasons of State policy, this document was never published or acted on; for the war was then raging, and it contained conclusions relative to the boundary line between Maryland and Virginia, which if published, would have been calculated to create some unpleasantness in the minds of Marylanders.

Now, however, it is not improper to publish what Colonel McDonald says in the argument above referred to with regard to what may be termed the proprietorship of the Potomac. Here it is:

“The true boundary line then, between Maryland and Virginia, as shown by the Maryland Charter, and supported by history, is a line drawn from the point where the meridian of the source of the North Branch intersects with the 40th parallel of north latitude, to the Northern bank of the Potomac, where the river is formed by the junction of the North and South Branches, and following that bank to Point Lookout, thence across the central part of the Scarborough line, and following the latter to the Atlantic Ocean.

“In addition to the facts set forth in this report, which, in the opinion of your Commissioner abundantly sustains Virginia’s just claim to the territory and boundaries he has claimed in her behalf, others without limit in number, are adducible in support of said claims, with the recital of which your Commissioner, at this time, has not thought proper to swell this communication.”

Colonel McDonald did not confine his investigations to this line alone, his report extends all around Virginia's border.

The following article, also with reference to the boundary line, appeared in a Richmond paper during the Summer of 1865.¹¹

"MUTILATION OF THE VIRGINIA STATE LIBRARY.

"The Virginia State Library, which was gotten up with great care and at an enormous expense, has been robbed of its most valuable works. A series of valuable books, bought in Europe by an agent of the State, sent for that purpose (Colonel Angus W. McDonald, of Winchester, Virginia), has disappeared, as well as many other important works, which cannot now be supplied.

"Some valuable M. S. copies of old records of the State, found among the archives of the English government at London, were also purloined. These documents were also obtained through Colonel McDonald, who was sent to London by the Legislature of Virginia on Governor Henry A. Wise's recommendation for the purpose of ascertaining from the Colonial records the exact boundary line between Virginia and Maryland.

"A misunderstanding on the subject had arisen some years ago between the two States, Maryland claiming a portion of Accomac County as her right according to the boundary line fixed by the Commissioners appointed in the early days of the State governments to draw the line of divisions. Inasmuch, however, as they were governed by the decisions arrived at under the Colonial regime it was deemed advisable, in the absence of any authentic record of

¹¹Original in possession of Mrs. Jno. B. Stanard.

the early State Commissioners, to go to the fountain head for the required information.

“The result, it appears, was favorable to the claims of Virginia. Colonel McDonald, in his researches touching the special objects of his mission, discovered a large amount of valuable and interesting historical information dating back to the earliest period of the settlement of Virginia, which he had literally transcribed. The series comprised also a number of maps and surveys, both of Maryland and Virginia, which were ruthlessly torn by the hands of the unscrupulous thieves from the large volumes in which they were bound.

“The beautiful library is a perfect wreck beyond the possibility of reparation.”

Some years after the war I received several letters¹² from Mr. Davis urging me to write a biographical sketch of my father, saying that there would never be entire reconciliation between the North and South until there was a fair understanding of the cause and the conduct of one another. Following are some of the letters referred to:

Beauvoir, Miss., 13th Feb., 1887.

MY DEAR MRS. WILLIAMS:

* * * * Your father was very dear to me and most highly esteemed. The story of his capture deserves to be preserved by both pen and pencil. He told me the matter fully, but my memory has not retained it entirely. As far as I could it was given to Mr. Elder, the Richmond artist, who is with us at present. He at once expressed a desire to make a picture of it, but to do so he should visit the spot so as to introduce the scenery.

¹²Originals in possession of Mrs. Flora McDonald Williams.

Your father and one of your younger brothers and an old man, were crossing the Cheat river and were attacked by a party of the hostile army. The question of surrender or fight was unanimously decided in favor of the alternative. The band, though small in number, was large in patriotic devotion and soldierly courage. And your father's military knowledge enabled them to select and gain a point of difficult access and to construct a breast-work of logs, behind which the brave three defied their foe.

At length the old man fell, the blood streaming through his long white hair. Your father was wounded, but not disabled. He said it was sad to see the old man die and he turned to his boy, who was resolutely loading and firing, and the father's admiration, mingled with his love; he could not bear to have him sacrificed; therefore, he raised the signal of surrender. I could go on with the story of his suffering and the brutal treatment he received, but have already exceeded the purpose of indicating the event, so that you might, with the aid of your brother, write a full and accurate account of an affair which deserves to be perpetuated.

Very truly your friend,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

In accordance with Mr. Davis' suggestion, I discussed the matter with some of the family and others, who did not think it altogether timely just then to publish such distressing truths, and so informed him in my reply. His answer to that letter follows:

Beauvoir, Miss., 29th March, 1887.

MY DEAR MRS. WILLIAMS:

I have felt sorely the tendency to which you refer in our own people to seek fraternization by the

suppression of truth. The only fraternity which is worth while must be founded on respect and it could only breed contempt to hide whatever was characteristic of our people and to *pretend* to forget the brutality and pillage of our enemies.

The good and true men at the North ask no such humiliating hypocrisy, and the opposite class are not to be bought by subserviency. I am anxious that a full and accurate account of that heroic incident in your father's life should be published. It will be good for the rising generation and I cannot realize that any paper, relying on a Southern constituency, would not consider themselves fortunate to have it.

Then some artist should go on the ground and sketch the scene. If he was fit for the work it would be a high feather in his plume. That reviewer certainly did not know he was talking to a McDonald when he objected to your book because it told the truth. Believe me,

Very truly your friend,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Hearing nothing further from me on the subject of the biographical sketch of my father, Mr. Davis wrote me again in June :

Beauvoir, Miss., 21st June, 1887.

MRS. FLORA MCD. WILLIAMS:

Dear Madam—

I hope you will not be deterred from the execution of your purpose to write a full biographical sketch of your heroic father and his patriotic deeds. If there is ever to be entire reconciliation between the North and the South it must be after a fair understanding of the cause and conduct of one another.

Misrepresentation has done much to keep up hostility. Epithets applied in official documents to the

efforts of the South to maintain the rights to which her people were born has engendered a disposition to regard us as inferiors or criminals, and good feeling cannot be expected to grow up while such misapprehension exists, for in regard to the large mass of Northern people, I believe it is misapprehension.

They did not justly appreciate our rights and naturally misunderstood our motives. Equality was the foundation stone on which the Union was built and on anything less than that it will never have a secure foundation.

Your father was not a "Rebel," he was not an outlaw when he fought in the mountains, when he bled in the cause of his Sovereign State. He was not a traitor, unless to bear true allegiance to his Sovereign can be made treason. I have written more than I intended and spare you the rest.

Very truly your friend,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

In a letter to Capt. William N. McDonald, Mr. Davis further speaks of his high esteem for my father:

"Your father while living had my affectionate esteem and his memory is cherished as one of the noblest men I have known. I had a long and warm attachment to him, which rose with every trial to which I knew him to be exposed and it has often given me pleasure to hear encomiums bestowed on his sons."

A letter from Thos. Nelson Page to Mrs. Anne S. Green says of her father: "I was brought up on the stirring stories of your distinguished father's defense of his post during the war, and I used to know all your brothers, for whom I had a high regard."

Following is a letter from my father written from prison :

Atheneum Prison, Wheeling.

August 24th, 1864.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER :

I answered your mother's letter to-day, refer to it for part answer to your two letters. They gave me great pleasure. Harry is at home safe, oh! how I long to be with him and my other younger boys. I feel that they will miss the influence of my counsels in the formation of their characters? Harry is intrepid, brave and self-reliant, he needs no schooling to improve these attributes of his character, but how little would they elevate him if he should lack honor, honesty, magnanimity, truth, generosity, industry or steadiness or perseverance. Remind him constantly whenever he may fail to exhibit any one of these qualities.

How much it would distress me to know it, and how much in after life he will suffer for failure to cultivate such virtues, whilst to mould his own character is yet in his power. Let him practice self-denial in every phase till his judgment holds all his appetites and passions under its firm and complete control. Then and not until then will the manly attributes of which he is possessed by nature enoble and lift him to an enviable and happy position among his fellowmen.

I trust his brothers all are endowed by nature as he is and that he will influence them by his example and precepts to the culture of the virtues, which I have above desired him to cherish and obtain for the perfection of his own character.

Do you, my darling Flora, deal gently and persuasively with him and his younger brothers, and draw them into the paths of usefulness and honor.

I know now that they will not lack courage to buffet with danger, come it in what form it may.

I presume Angus has some friends in Wheeling; has he ever written to them to have me furnished with such comforts as the rules of the prison would permit me to receive? The Rev. Mr. Boyd leaves here to-day; he has been very kind to me and incurred pecuniary responsibilities to supply my necessities. Send love to all.

Your father,
A. W. McDONALD.

P. S. My health has failed very much in the last few days.

A. W. McDONALD.

The only part of this letter which was in his own handwriting was the postscript, he being too unwell to write it himself.

CHAPTER VIII.

MARY NAYLOR McDONALD.

Mary Naylor McDonald, the oldest child of Angus W. McDonald and Leacy Anne Naylor (his wife), was born in Romney, Virginia, Dec. 27th, 1827, and named Mary for her father's mother and Naylor for her mother's family. At quite an early age she was sent to a school in Winchester taught by Madame Togno. At this school she was taught both Latin and Greek; and I have often heard it related that she translated the Greek Testament by the time she was twelve years old, her father having promised as



MARY NAYLOR McDONALD
(Mrs. Thomas C. Green)

a reward for that accomplishment that she should study music.

She was of a most lovable and happy disposition, full of vivacity, and possessed of a ready sympathy which lent great charm to her manner. She was also very pretty, with a fair complexion, brown hair and dark, greyish-blue eyes, which sparkled with fun or filled with tears just as her mood or emotions prompted. She had a lovely voice, too, which gave great pleasure to her friends and she kept up her music—vocal as well as instrumental—until quite late in life.

Mary lost her mother when about fifteen years of age and was thus early brought to face responsibilities unusual for so young a girl.

She was married April 27th, 1852, to Thomas Claiborne Green, of Culpeper County, though at the time of their marriage he was living in Charles Town, Jefferson County, Virginia. (At that time there was no such State as "West Virginia"), engaged in the practice of law. Surrounded by a delightful and congenial society with children to bless their home, life flowed very smoothly and pleasantly for several years.

Finally, one memorable morning at early dawn, the little town where they lived was paralyzed with the rumor which traveled with telephonic swiftness that the Arsenal at Harper's Ferry, which was but a few miles distant, had been taken possession of by a lot of men armed with pikes, some of them over six feet long, and that these outlaws had gone into the houses of several of their friends and neighbors

in the night, taken them from their beds and had them now with them in the Arsenal.

Could anything have been more startling to a quiet, orderly, little country village? Her husband, Thos. C. Green, happened to be the Mayor of the place at the time, and few more serious offenses than an occasional raid by a negro of a hen roost, had been brought to his official notice. In a little while the whole country shared with them all the startling details of this dastardly invasion and the hitherto quiet village became one of the historic localities in the great tragic drama that held the stage in Northern Virginia for the four ensuing years.

Everybody knows how the insurgents were finally captured and lodged in the jail in Charles Town. Mary's husband was not only Mayor at that eventful epoch, but he was also appointed by the Commonwealth to defend John Brown. Naturally she heard much of the whole business and when sentence was finally passed that he should be hung Mary wanted to go off on a visit until the whole thing was over, but finding that to be impossible she announced that she didn't want anyone to tell her where the hanging would take place, or indeed anything in connection with it.

Not that she had any sympathy whatever for the culprit, but she was very tender-hearted and had no relish for suffering of any kind, much less such a gruesome event at that. She couldn't help, however, knowing the day it was to take place and in order to shut everything connected with it from her knowledge, she retired to her room upstairs and closed all the shades carefully, but when the sounds from the

street made her aware that numbers of people were passing the house she decided to go to the attic where she hoped to get beyond the sound as well as the sight of the passing crowds.

The subdued light of her star-chamber, as well as the perfect quiet, had the effect of completely composing her agitated nerves—and if the facts could be known with absolute certainty it is highly probable that she uttered a prayer or two for the soul of the misguided creature who was about to be launched into eternity—so after awhile the close atmosphere of her apartment becoming oppressive, in an unwary moment, she threw open a window—and behold! swinging in mid-air the body of the lawless invader.

If she had exercised the greatest care in the selection of her vantage point, as well as the propitious moment, she could not have been more successful. Not an object intervened between the open window and the ghastly spectacle. With a scream of horror she fell back from the sight and it was some time before she was able to relate her experience, nor did she ever relish the distinction of being the only lady of her acquaintance who had witnessed the famous execution.

It was not long after that before the war came on in real earnest and her husband, having always been an enthusiastic believer in State Sovereignty, was among the first to enlist as a private in a volunteer company of his town, the "Bott's Grays," and was mustered into the service of the Confederacy in the 2nd Reg. Virginia Infantry, and was with that noble brigade when it received its baptismal name of "Stonewall" at the first Manassa. He seems to have

borne a charmed life then as he did many times later, for, although he passed through the war without a scratch, his clothing bore many marks of shot and shell.

Their sweet home life was now broken up and Mary moved first to Winchester with her little children and later to Richmond. Her husband remained in the ranks for sometime but was finally induced by his friends to become a candidate for the Legislature and although he was elected he invariably joined his company again whenever there was a prospect of an engagement. His colleagues said that they always knew when to expect a fight by Green's seat being vacant. He had—in his character of free lance—an amusing encounter with General Early when they were on the retreat from Gettysburg. Mr. Green had dropped out of his regiment, which was crossing a stream, and was carefully removing his shoes and other articles of apparel before plunging into the water when General Early rode up and, with his usual oath, demanded to know what he was doing out of ranks, whereupon Mr. Green politely insinuated that it was none of his business.

“Do you know that you are addressing General Early, sir?” he retorted in irate tones.

“Do you know that you are speaking to a member of the Virginia Legislature?” returned Mr. Green, coolly continuing his preparations.

Mary continued to live in Richmond until the close of the war, and I remember an incident which occurred at the time of the surrender which was both tragic and humorous in which Mr. Alex Marshall played a prominent part, and although she

knew that Richmond had been evacuated by the Confederates, Mary still loyally clung to the hope of ultimate success.

About three o'clock in the afternoon of the day of the surrender Mr. Marshall appeared at her house. She was passing through the hall as he entered the door, and as his face wore such a serious aspect, she exclaimed in alarmed tones: "Oh, Mr. Marshall, what is the matter?"

"Mary," he replied hesitatingly, unwilling to impart such distressing tidings, "General Lee has surrendered."

"I don't believe one word of it," she promptly returned, "and you just get right out of this house if you have come to tell me such a thing as that."

And when he still continued to assert it she just as peremptorily insisted upon his leaving the house, which he finally did, with tears in his eyes, saying:

"To think that Angus' child should treat me so."

He from the pavement at the foot of the steps and she in the doorway continued the conversation until finally from that safe vantage point Mr. Marshall convinced her that the melancholy news was only too true.

When all at last was over, like many another family, they returned to find their home in Charles Town almost a wreck, but with stout hearts and a still unshaken faith in God's mercy and justice (though it had been severely jarred by the results of the war) they both, Mary and her husband, went to work in good earnest to gather up the fragments and pick up again the dropped stitches of their lives.

With her family of little children she necessarily

had much to do in the way of sewing and her intense delight when she became possessed of her first sewing machine was almost pathetic. She frankly confessed that she just had to stop her sewing several times during the day to thank her Heavenly Father on her knees for the great invention which meant so much to womankind.

Mr. Green, her husband, resumed the practice of his profession until June, 1876, when he was appointed by Gov. Jacobs to a seat on the Bench of the Court of Appeals, to which he was twice re-elected, holding the position at the time of his death, which occurred Dec. 1st, 1889, and the sentiments of his colleagues, at a meeting which was held by them to take appropriate action on his death, were expressed in the following tribute:

“He was one of the purest and ablest judges that has ever adorned the bench of this State * * * *
The plaintiff and the defendant were to him as impersonal as the letters of an equation, and he applied himself to the solution of the questions before him as if he were searching by known and inflexible mathematical processes for an unknown quantity.

Truth was the object of his search and he followed it with unerring judgment. No Judge, on any bench, ever gave such exhaustive research to the same number of cases, in proportion to those in which he wrote opinions, as Judge Green.

His devotion to duty and respect for right and justice are universally acknowledged and neither envy or malice ever called in question the purity of his life or his impartiality in the performance of his public duties. His nature was simplicity itself, con-

ding and loyal in his friendships but firm and uncompromising in his convictions of right and duty."

Mary survived her husband for twelve years and finally died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. V. L. Perry, in Hyattsville, Md.

A notice of her death, which appeared at the time, said:

"Mrs. Green was a woman of fine intellectual abilities, well fitted to be the wife of her distinguished husband, for whose integrity of character and nobility of mind she had the deepest admiration. She supplied the practical side to a great character, whose child-like simplicity was one of his peculiar attractions; sympathizing also with his intellectual life, following his political faith and aiding and supporting him through a married life of almost forty years.

To unselfishness of life she united fidelity to principle and duty; loyalty to the past, courage and hopefulness for the future; fortitude, refinement, simplicity; an indomitable truthfulness of character, a supreme tenderness of soul, a lovely and gracious humour, the keenest wit. * * * * For more than fifty years she lent her energies and activity to work in the Church, Sunday School and among the colored people, whom she always attached to her by her charity and sweetness.

In the last hours of her life there was assuredly vouchsafed to her a vision of 'rest.' It was the last word she spoke."

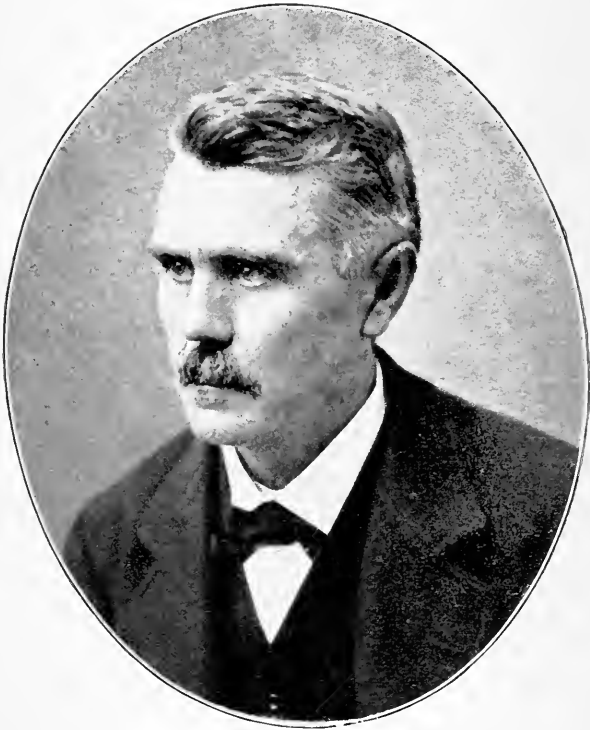
Five children survived her. Mrs. John Porterfield, Mrs. Cruger Smith, Mrs. J. E. Latimer and Mrs. V. L. Perry and one son, Thomas Claiborne Green. She lost two children in infancy and a lovely daughter, Mary, about the age of fifteen.

CHAPTER IX.

SKETCH OF ANGUS WILLIAM McDONALD, JR., ELDEST
SON OF COLONEL ANGUS W. McDONALD,
BY HIMSELF.*School Days.*

I was born on the 16th of May, 1829, in Romney, Hampshire County, then a portion of Virginia, now West Virginia. The place of my birth was in the house now owned by the Gilkeson family. In this house also were born my sister, Ann S., and my brother, Edward H. It is immediately opposite the old Armstrong Hotel.

This was a noted hostelry in its day. Before the completion of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad to the Ohio River the North Western Turnpike, built by the State of Virginia, passed through Romney. This with the National Turnpike, passing mainly through Maryland and Pennsylvania, carried then much of the travel and freight from the East to the Ohio River. Passengers were carried in Troy four horse coaches. Col. Crozet, a professor at West Point during my father's cadetship there, was its Chief Engineer. My father was very fond of him, and I have often seen him as a visitor at our house while he was building this road. The stages, as we then called them, changed horses and were furnished with meals and liquid refreshment, if desired, at this hotel. Many members of Congress and other distinguished men from the South and West were its



ANGUS W. McDONALD, JR.

guests from time to time. Amongst these I can recall Henry Clay and the crowd of admirers who called on him when he was candidate for President in 1844.

It was here that I met for the only time in my life the brilliant Tom Marshall of Kentucky. I was a youngster at the time, and was introduced to him by my father and placed under his care while going to Winchester. I sat beside him and was greatly attracted to him. He entertained the passengers continuously with his stories which were full of fun and interest.

At a very early age, before I was big enough to sit upon the wooden benches in front of the desks and touch the floor with the tips of my toes, I was posted off to the Academy, then taught by Dr. Foot. I carried with me a little stool, the seat of which was covered with a piece of carpet. Upon this I sat with no desk in front of me. Two other boys about my age were similarly accommodated with seats, which were located in different parts of the schoolroom, the idea doubtless being that good behavior for the three would be much promoted by getting each one as far as possible from the others thus preventing combustion by scattering the brands.

I don't mean to intimate that this was the only means the Doctor had to enforce good behavior. He also had conveniently at hand a heavy ruler about two feet long which he frequently used. The Doctor, besides being the Principal of the Academy, was the Pastor in charge of the Presbyterian Church at Romney. He left Romney when I was about ten years of age but (I) returned again about 1845. In

the meantime he had been engaged in writing his "Sketches of North Carolina" and "Sketches of Virginia." Both of these books have great value for their historical accuracy and are often quoted by later historians. President Roosevelt in his "Winning of the West" repeatedly quotes them.

During the interval between his leaving Romney and his return the Academy had two principals, men of very opposite characteristics. The first, the Rev. Theodore Gallaudet, was not over five feet, four or five inches in height and very subdued looking, "as meek as Moses." He would submit to almost any kind of disorder in the school rather than thrash a boy. He did not even keep a ruler or switch at hand. The result was that the school was a perfect pandemonium. We sometimes organized regular bands. The instruments upon which we performed were combs wrapped with tissue paper through which we used to sing. My sisters, Mary and Ann, and three brothers besides myself, Ned, Will and Marsh, all attended this school.

The Academy was then divided by a board partition. In the room adjoining was another school with Mr. Ben E. Pigman as principal. Pigman was the opposite of "Old Gallaudet," as the boys called him. He kept always something between a switch and a club which he freely used.

Upon one occasion the smaller boys of the Gallaudet school, composed of Ned and Will McDonald, Bob White and some others about the same age, led by "Old Dad Kern," a boy about my age, had gotten out of the open windows and as "Old Gallaudet" sat upon the platform hearing recitations commenced

an attack upon him by throwing clods, pieces of sod and other things neither clean nor hurtful at him. At first there was no intention of hitting him but the sport got to be very exciting as he left his platform and dodged about the room to avoid the missiles, and though the old gentleman was not hurt, he was struck often. This attack continued until the boys got tired, when the outraged old gentleman hunted around the schoolroom until he got hold of a good sized stick and then quietly resumed the hearing of his classes.

The first one of the party to appear, climbing in the open window, was "Old Dad" (John Kern). At sight of him the old man grabbed his cane and went for him. The first lick was just over the eye brow, laying the skin open, and then such a trouncing as Dad received had never before been seen in that school. After this reckoning with Dad he quietly resumed his work and watched for the next victim. One by one the other participants in the sport stole quietly into the schoolroom and were permitted to take their seats. When all had been seated the fun again commenced. The old gentleman grasped his stick and went for each one. As each boy in turn was attacked he would dodge under his desk, which prevented the free use of the stick, as he would scramble from one end of the desk to the other. In this way the members of the whole party took their medicine. While the school was never famous for its orderly conduct there never was any more clod throwing at the teacher. "Old Dad," who was somewhat of a rhymer, composed this couplet upon the occasion:

“Gentlemen and ladies, I’ll tell you plump and plain,
If you fool yourself with Theodore he’ll hit you with his cane.”

He would repeat it often during the school hours, to the amusement of the scholars as well as Theodore himself.

The usual punishment in the school, for an offence not capital, was the announcement to the offending party that he would not hear him a lesson for one, two or even three weeks, according to the grade of the offence. The result of this kind of punishment was that at the end of the last session there were some in the school who had not recited a lesson for weeks.

Poor old gentleman! Often have I recalled him in years since and sorrowed over the more than savage treatment he received. He was a scholar and an author; no one ever possessed a greater or kinder heart; but he was as much out of place in that school as an angel.

My memory, in spite of me, goes back to those bygone school days. I cannot help recalling here another incident. Our boys would frequently, in warm weather, stand before the open windows of the Pigman school and watch the proceedings going on inside. John J. Jacob, an eminent lawyer in his day and at one time Governor of West Virginia, was a pupil in that school. Jacob had committed some offence, it could not have been a great one for he was a model boy as well as man in every respect. The penalty inflicted was to make him walk the floor

of the schoolroom with a paper fool's cap on his head and a long, paper cigar in his mouth, while a part of the Gallaudet school enjoyed the performance through the windows.

The same party of boys who had engaged in throwing clods, etc., at "Old Gallaudet," undertook, shortly after the affair with him, to play the same game with Pigman. But Pigman was made of sterner stuff. The game had hardly begun before Pigman seized his stick and vaulted through the window. Pigman was a young man not over twenty-five years of age and close on to six feet high, broad-shouldered and fully able to take care of himself. The assailants first showed fight. Ned McDonald was in the advance. Pigman seized him by the collar and commenced to belabor him with his stick. Ned was a child in his hands. Others of the assailants came to the rescue, but Pigman kept his hold and thrashed away. The cries of the boys brought to the rescue three or four of the larger boys in our school, who were soon out of the windows and rushing at Pigman. Against this new force the enemy gave away and ran to the cover of his schoolroom amidst a shower of missiles from the victorious and pursuing boys.

Gallaudet was succeeded as principal of the school by one Johnson, an Englishman. There was nothing of the Gallaudet type about him. He had great contempt for moral suasion as a means of preserving order amongst boys. He was much after the order of Pigman, only more so. Fully six feet tall, about fifty years of age, with iron grey hair, short cut and standing straight up from the scalp, he was

an impersonation of the English bull dog. He, too, relied upon a stout stick in his maintenance of order. He had two sons, Dick and Bill, both hard and game fighters. Dick Johnson and Ned McDonald were frequently engaged in fights. These fights, before they were ended, generally involved in addition a fight between Will Johnson and Will McDonald. While never fought to a finish the bloody noses and torn clothing which resulted showed that they were no child's play. Johnson was inclined to put the blame on Ned McDonald for these fights. One day, after an unusually severe fight had taken place between these boys, Johnson seized Ned and commenced to thrash him. Will and I interfered; Johnson seized me, as the most dangerous of his foes by reason of superior size, got me down on the floor and gave me the last thrashing that I ever got in school. Then Will and Ned were taken in turn and received like punishment. My father happened to be standing in a yard adjoining and witnessed the whole scene. But he never said a word about it and we did not even know he was there. Speaking of it afterwards, when we were disposed to complain of his indifference, he said he knew nothing about who was to blame but was inclined to believe that we were and that Johnson was right. There was no appeal from his judgment as far as I remember. This was the last fight between the McDonald and the Johnson boys.

Dr. Foote returned, as well as I remember, to Romney about the year 1844. He had been engaged by the Literary Society of Romney to become the principal of the "Romney Classical Institute." This

society in its day took a very active part in the education of the youth and in the development of a taste for letters in the town. In the early history of the society the State had granted it a charter to sell lottery tickets. Principally through the agency of my father this charter had been sold in New York for some twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars. The members of the society embraced principally the members of the bar of the town, at that time numbering some fifteen or eighteen, the physicians, the clergy and others of literary tastes. For years the annual contribution of each member for the purchase of books had been ten dollars. From the sum raised by the sale of the lottery tickets some thousands of dollars had been set apart, the income of which, together with the annual contribution from the members, was expended in the purchase of books, embracing history, belles lettres, science and art. At the breaking out of the war between the States this library had become, perhaps, the finest and most complete of any in the State west of the Blue Ridge.

The school buildings, upon the return of Dr. Foote, had not yet been completed and the school which was to be installed in it was temporarily taught in the old Court House. All of the nine children of my father, except the eldest, my sister Mary, who was then at school in Winchester, and the youngest, were pupils in this school. Dr. Foote was a man who sanctioned fully the biblical precept that to spare the rod was to spoil the child, as many of the boys could testify.

In the year 1847 I became an assistant in the school and just before starting for the University

of Virginia in October, 1848, felt very proud when the good old Doctor counted out to me two hundred dollars in payment for my services as assistant. It was the first money, of any considerable amount, that I had ever earned, and was devoted by me, as far as it would go, in payment of my expenses at the University. I took what was called by the students "the green ticket," that is ancient and modern languages and mathematics. I offered for graduation upon Latin only, and much to my disappointment and surprise was "pitched." I was a fair Latin scholar before I went to the University, having read Caesar, Cicero, Virgil, Sallust, Horace, Ovid and Livy, and I could translate them all without much trouble. Dr. Gessner Harrison was professor of Latin at the time. The Doctor used a grammar written by himself. His hobby was the uses of the ablative, roots of words and other things strange to me of which Adams (the grammar I had used) had known very little, or if he did know had never said much about it. One thing I recall; in Adams one of the rules was: "When the place 'where' or 'at which' is spoken of, the name of a town is put in the genitive. As *vixit Romae*, he lived at Rome." The Doctor's grammar taught that this was error and that *Romae* was the ancient form of the ablative. The rock upon which I split was ignoring Harrison's grammar and sticking too closely to old Adams. The next year, 1849-50, I dropped ancient languages from my ticket and substituted Dr. McGuffey's course, mental and moral philosophy and political economy. I received diplomas that year on French and Spanish and Dr. McGuffey's ticket.

During my absence at the University my sister Mary had married Thomas C. Green, who was then practicing law in Romney and was a partner of my father. They afterwards moved to Charles Town, where Mr. Green continued to practice law up to the time of his appointment by Gov. John J. Jacob to fill a vacancy upon the bench of the Court of Appeals. He was twice chosen to this office by the people and held it until his death. He was the son of Judge John Green, who for many years had been a distinguished Judge of the Court of Appeals of Virginia, and a brother of William Green, recognized as the most learned lawyer in the State, and upon his merits alone appointed by the Military Authority commanding in Virginia, Judge of the Circuit Court of Richmond. This notwithstanding the fact that he was a strong Southern man and had given to the Cause his only son who was killed on the battlefield. Judge T. C. Green had another brother, James W. Green, who was a Major in the Confederate Army, and who had married my sister Ann S. Both James W. and John Cooke Green were noted lawyers. Thus connected with a family of distinguished lawyers it was to be expected that Judge Green should become prominent in his chosen profession. It has been said of him while on the Bench that he scarcely knew the names of the parties to the suits which he decided. To him they all were A, B and C. His decisions were logical conclusions arrived at by almost mathematical processes. It has been generally conceded by the Bar of this State that he was the greatest Judge that ever sat upon the Supreme Bench of West Virginia. A private in the Confederate Army, no

braver or more faithful man ever carried a musket. A man without guile; simple hearted as a child; absolutely indifferent to friend or foe in the performance of a duty; fearing his God but no man; true to every relation of life, he died loved best by those who knew him best.

On my return from the University in 1850, John Jacob and myself, he having graduated from Carlisle College, Pa., became law students in Judge Green's office at Romney, and without further preparation were both licensed to practice law in the year 1852. Jacob, having been elected about this time President of the University of Missouri, was not engaged in the practice until after the war. He then returned to Romney and formed a law partnership with Col. Robert White, afterwards Attorney General for the State. I opened an office in Romney and was as successful as most young lawyers generally are. I recollect well the first fee I received. It was a twenty dollar gold piece. The service rendered was the obtaining of an absolute divorce. It was my first case and the fee looked to me as big as a cart wheel. I wondered how anybody could have the conscience to take so much money for so little service. In the course of time these qualms were gotten rid of.

In the spring of 1852, I was nominated by the Democratic Convention as a candidate for Commonwealth's Attorney. My opponent was a well equipped lawyer, Alfred P. White, who had held the office for a number of years previous. I was beaten by from one to two hundred majority. The result surprised no one. I had been warned repeatedly by my friends that I would be beaten if I did not ride around more

and electioneer. The idea of asking a man for his vote was repulsive. My view was that the office must seek the man, and not the man the office. This view, however, became somewhat modified in later years.

I recall an incident in that campaign. I was mounted on Old Bob, my father's favorite riding horse, and was some sixteen miles from home. I had passed several voters, strangers to me, and had not had the courage to ask them for their votes. I was ashamed of the whole business, especially of my want of courage in failing to ask for votes. Shortly afterwards I saw in the distance a man approaching me. I resolved at once to ask him for his vote. As soon as we met I told him my name and that I had the honor of being the nominee of the Democratic Party for Commonwealth's Attorney. My father had been formerly a State's Right Democrat. He was opposed to the proclamation of General Jackson issued upon the Act of Nullification by South Carolina, and after that, with many State's Rights Democrats in the State, had voted with the Whig Party and was still classed as a Whig. This voter knew how my father was classed, and evidently had some difficulty in reconciling the facts that the father was a Whig and the son of a Democrat. He asked me to repeat my name, and then replied: "Yes, I know your father is a Whig, and I reckon you have changed over to get this office. That's enough for me, I votes for Alf White." Indignant and disgusted with that reply, I dropped my heel into Old Bob's flank and never stopped until I had covered the fifteen miles between me and home. Four years afterwards I was again the nominee of the party, with

the result that the election was reversed. I was elected over White by about two hundred and fifty majority.

CHAPTER X.

Political and War Experiences

In 1860, I was again before the people as a candidate for the Convention which assembled in Richmond in 1860-61 for the purpose of considering what action should be taken upon the election of Abraham Lincoln for President by the Republicans upon a platform hostile to slavery. I was beaten by a very small majority before the Nominating Convention by Edward M. Armstrong, who became a member of that celebrated convention. I believed in the right of secession by a State, but did not think that the election of Lincoln upon an anti-slavery platform called for the exercise of the right. My views were fully stated in an address issued at the time. Hon. Robert Y. Conrad was also a member of this convention from Frederick County. His view was against the right of secession, but he believed in the right of revolution. Mr. Armstrong held the same view. As it turned out both views practically led to war. Neither Conrad or Armstrong were then in favor of the exercise of the right of revolution. Two-thirds of that convention, whether they believed in the right of secession or of revolution, were opposed to separation when the convention first assembled. The reason for the passing of the Ordinance of Secession

was not that the Convention wanted to join the States that had then seceded and organized themselves into a Confederacy, but the proclamation of President Lincoln calling on all the States, Virginia included, to furnish their quotas of seventy-five thousand troops for the purpose of suppressing the alleged rebellion in the State of South Carolina and the other seceded States, Virginia was then forced to decide the question as to which side she would take in the coming war. The proclamation was, in effect, a declaration of war. It was no longer a question of secession or revolution, but a question of the right of coercion by the northern States—whether Virginia should join in the war against her southern sisters. When this issue arose Virginia replied to it by passing her ordinance of secession. No question of the abolition of slavery in the territories, District of Columbia and, I believe, in the States, could have forced Virginia out of the Union. It was only when she was summoned by the proclamation to assist the northern States in the conquering of the southern sisters, that she denied the right to make war upon them, passed the ordinance and bared her breast to the invaders of her territory.

In the spring of 1861, I was elected a member of the House of Delegates of the Legislature of Virginia. A company of infantry had been formed at Keyser some years before of which E. M. Armstrong, who had been a member of the Richmond Convention, had been the Captain, and the gallant George F. Sheetz, who lost his life at the battle of Buxton, Va., was First Lieutenant. Captain Armstrong, shortly after his return from the Convention, had

resigned. The company, by this resignation, had become disorganized and had assembled in Romney to surrender their arms to the State authorities. After giving up their arms a meeting was held for the purpose of reorganizing. At this meeting George F. Sheetz was elected Captain and I was elected First Lieutenant. The company again received its arms and went into camp near Romney, as a nucleus for the assembling of other companies which were expected soon to be organized in the county.

Shortly afterwards the Sheetz company was joined in camp by another company from Bloomery. This company, for want of more effective guns, had taken from the jail a lot of old muskets with flint locks that had been stored there since the year 1840. While in the camp Col. Cummins, who afterwards commanded the 33rd Virginia Infantry, was sent to organize the companies into a battalion or regiment. Shortly after his arrival, and before any other companies had joined the camp, Col. Lew Wallace, the author of *Ben Hur* and one of the members of the Court that passed sentence of death on Mrs. Surratt, with his Indiana regiment of infantry—numbering from one thousand to twelve hundred men—marched from Keyser to Romney for the purpose of capturing our camp. Sheetz's company, then only about forty rifles, was sent to guard the bridge at the river about a mile from the town. The Bloomery company with their flint locks were held in reserve. Captain Sheetz, after having stationed his company at the bridge, seeing the long line of the enemy advancing wisely concluded to withdraw his company and fell back through the wooded hills

south of the town. The other company at Romney hearing of the withdrawal of Sheetz soon followed. The only blood shed in this affair was that of a citizen, old man Bushby, who was escaping across the fields to the woods when he was shot and killed. Wallace occupied the town for the day and then marched his force back to Keyser. With the exception of looting a few private houses no damage was done in the town by his troops. This was the second conflict of the war. The first was the affair at Alexandria in which Captain John Q. Lamar was killed. In both cases a company retired before a thoroughly equipped regiment of the enemy, more than twenty times their number.

In July of the same year (1861) my father, then the Colonel of the 7th Regiment with the gallant Turner Ashby as its Lieutenant Colonel, was sent with his regiment to take possession of Romney, and from this point as a center of operations, was ordered to destroy the bridges and to dismantle the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad as far west as possible, and especially to destroy the high trestle just east of the Cheat River. At Romney at this time I became the Adjutant of the regiment, and so continued until I left it to take my seat as a member of the Legislature about the 1st of January, 1862. The most important work done by the regiment at Romney was the destruction of all the bridges on the railroad from Keyser to, and including, the Little Capon Bridge, a distance of about forty-five miles. Just before the battle of Manassa, on July 21st, 1861, our regiment was ordered to join General Joseph E. Johnson's forces, then in the valley between Martins-

burg and Winchester. The junction was not effected and the regiment reached Manassa the day after that memorable engagement. During our march through Fauquier and Prince William Counties we could distinctly hear the constant firing of the artillery.

It was while the regiment was stationed at Romney that Captain Dick Ashby, a brother of Col. Turner Ashby, was killed at Kelly's Island in the Potomac River about five miles east of Cumberland. Captain Ashby with twelve or fourteen men was scouting in the vicinity of Cumberland when he encountered a company of infantry, a part of a large force of the enemy then occupying Cumberland. Dick Ashby, like his brother Turner, never stopped to count the force in front of him. At sight of the foe he immediately charged across the river on to the Island. The Island was covered with thickets of undergrowth. Sheltered by these thickets the enemy received the charge by a scattering fire which forced Ashby's party to retire. Ashby was severely wounded by this fire, and while attempting to force his horse over a culvert was shot through the breast. He lingered for about ten days; then death came. This company was part of the Bucktail Regiment from Pennsylvania. From this regiment came the bullet that caused Col. Turner Ashby's death later in the same summer near Harrisonburg. Captain Dick Ashby was buried in the Indian Mound Cemetery at Romney. After his brother's death his remains were removed to Winchester, and the remains of both now lie side by side in the cemetery at Winchester, "Par nobile fratrum."

After leaving Manassa we were stationed for a short time in Winchester and Martinsburg. In the latter place our regiment guarded the removal of a number of locomotives from Martinsburg to Strasburg, and rails taken from the B. & O. road to be laid upon a new railroad to fill the gap between Winchester and Strasburg. The regiment was divided for the time. Five of the companies under Col. Ashby remained in the valley, and Col. McDonald was ordered with the remaining companies back to Romney to assist in the protection of the flank of our army still at Manassa from an attack by the forces under Rosencrantz then in the western part of the State.

A short time after the return to Romney in September, 1861, General Kelley, commanding at Keyser, with a large force of infantry and a company of cavalry from Washington, Pennsylvania, known locally as the Ringold Cavalry, moved upon Romney. Col. McDonald had been fully apprised of the movement and made his preparations for meeting it. After skirmishing with this greatly superior force during the day, apprehending an attack which he had been warned would be made upon his flank by a co-operating force moving from the mouth of Little Capon, he fell back some six miles on the Winchester Turnpike. The next morning, the anticipated attack from the mouth of Little Capon not having been made, he again moved upon Romney, which had been occupied by the enemy during the night. He advanced upon the town without waiting for an attack. The enemy abandoned the town, and commenced a headlong and disorderly retreat for

Keyser, across the South Branch. A few of the Ringold Cavalry made a stand at the river, but only for a short time. It was a rout and a race from the River to Keyser. In this pursuit we had several killed and wounded and captured a few of the enemy.

Of this affair and the much more serious one of October 26th of the same year, in which Col. McDonald lost all of his stores, his ordinance supplies and wagons, a detailed account is given by my brother, William N. McDonald, in his memoir of my father in "Ashby and His Compeers," a book written by Dr. James Battle Avirett, Chaplain of the 7th Regiment of Virginia Cavalry.

In the fight of the 26th, I accompanied my father during the whole of the day. We had but a single piece of artillery, a small rifle-gun, which was in charge of Lieut. Lionberger of Captain Jordan's Company. Early in the morning, my father having learned of the different roads by which the enemy proposed to march upon the town, knowing that the largest force would come from Keyser by the Mechanicsburg Gap, some four miles west of Romney, moved his whole force of cavalry some distance beyond the Gap, leaving his one gun upon Cemetery Hill. After some skirmishing, the command was forced to retire through the Gap, and fell back slowly towards Romney. Col. Funston, with four companies, was left at the bridge; Captain Sand's Company was held in reserve, and was posted upon the road adjoining Cemetery Hill. Lieutenant Lionberger, with one gun, took position in the Cemetery at a point which commanded the approach to the bridge and the road from the bridge to the Cemetery.

As the column of infantry approached the bridge from the west they were met by a continuous fire from this gun, wounding and killing a good many. We had nearly exhausted our ammunition, when about four P. M., I was ordered to Romney to obtain more. I had great difficulty in finding the Ordnance Master. When I did find him, all of the ordinance had been loaded into the wagon preparatory to moving back on the Winchester road. Just at this time, I discovered that the four companies of Col. Funston had fallen back into the town. Despairing of getting any ammunition, I started rapidly for the Cemetery, under the impression that Captain Sand's Company was still there with Col. McDonald.

About midway of the main street of the town I met Lionberger with his gun. He had unlimbered and, as he said, was waiting to fire upon the enemy's cavalry as soon as it came into view upon this street. I had seen nothing of Sand's Company and supposed it to be still in the Cemetery. I told Lionberger not to fire, telling him that he would fire into Sand's Company, as I was sure it was still behind. I then pushed on down the street for the Cemetery, feeling sure that I would meet Col. McDonald upon this road. I knew that his mount was a very tall horse, which had been presented to him by William C. Vanmetre. He was much disabled by rheumatism and I was anxious about his safety. Within a square from where the road from the Cemetery turns into the street, I encountered the Ringold Cavalry at full charge, who as soon as they came in sight commenced to fire. I wheeled my horse, and with the whole cavalry at my heels dashed back up the street.

I could hear the bullets whizzing by me and could see the leaves and twigs fall from the shade trees on either side, but neither myself nor my horse was touched. In this way the pursuit continued. At the end of the street I turned shortly into a lot to the left and made my escape across the fields to the woods. From a wooded ridge running parallel to the road, I saw this Company of cavalry overtake and capture our whole baggage train, within a mile of the town.

I was sure that night that my father and Major Richardson, his Commissary, had been captured. I learned the next day that he had remained on Cemetery Hill until this Cavalry had passed, then by another road, parallel to the one that the Company had taken, and parallel to the street through which they had ridden, and in full view of both, had quietly ridden in a walk until he had passed the full length of the town and reached the wooded hills upon the right. I have often heard Major Richardson speak of this escape, and of my father's courage. He urged him repeatedly to quicken his pace. My father's reply was, "If they see us running we will attract attention and be captured."

I left for the Legislature about the 1st of January, 1862. With long intervals, it remained in session until May, 1863. On the 26th of June, 1862, the battle of Gaines' Mill—afterwards called Cold Harbor—was fought. My brother, Craig Woodrow McDonald, who was then on General Elzey's Staff, was killed in this battle. In the same fight Frank Dixon Sherrard, my brother-in-law, Isaac Gibson, Isaac Armstrong and a number of others, all members of

the Hampshire Guards, were fatally wounded. This Company was the first that marched from Hampshire to Harpers Ferry at the beginning of the war. The boys who made up the Company were nearly all from Romney. The Captain was John B. Sherrard, my brother-in-law, and the members were, for the most part, all boys and young men from among the best families of the town and its vicinity. Very few of the members of this Company survived the war.

The Legislative term ended in May, 1863. During this term, upon the reorganization of the Company during the session of the Legislature, Charles Vandever, of Hampshire, was elected First Lieutenant in my place. At the end of the term I was appointed Commissary, with the pay of a Captain but without the rank. I held a commission as Colonel from Governor Henry A. Wise, of whose staff I was a member, but was without any right to the title of Major, which was then given me for the first time. It has clung to me ever since, though I have frequently protested against it. I mention this because I do not wish to be known by a title to which I have no claim.

My appointment as Commissary made me a kind of free lance. I was not immediately under the orders of any one. My duties, upon receiving the appointment, were to obtain, by purchase, for money or cotton, cattle, hogs and other commissary supplies within the lines of the enemy in the counties of Hampshire and Hardy. I was authorized to apply for details of men and wagons from any officer commanding in the Valley.

My first trip was with the command of General Jones, when he started upon his famous raid through West Virginia. I left the command just after it had crossed the South Branch in Hardy County and went to Hampshire County, where my wife and two children were then living, at the Reverend John M. Harris' near Romney. I remained there but a few days and started upon my return to the Valley. I was joined by James Kern, a member of Ned's Company. When we had gone on our way as far as Lost River, just above Wardensville, at a sharp turn in the road we encountered the advance guard of the 12th New York Cavalry. Major Quinn, who afterwards was in command of the force which captured my father and my brother, Harry, near Lexington, was in command of it. The moment we came in sight we were halted by this advance. Upon our right was a steep mountain side, upon our left, the Creek, running at the base of another mountain. There was no escape except to turn and run for it. After a run of about a mile, my horse, having been shot in the shoulder, fell with me, and I was picked up by my pursuers. My captors were what were known at the time as Jesse Scouts. James Kern was overtaken a short time afterwards. We were treated pretty roughly at first, our captors charging us with being spies. A short time after our capture, I was ordered to report to Major Quinn. He enquired my name and what my business was. I gave him my name and told him that I was a member of the Legislature. He said "I know all about you, you are Angus McDonald." He had been quartered in Winchester and had learned all about the family there.

That night Quinn and I slept under the same blanket. He was an Irishman, and was in the war not from any serious convictions as to which side was in the right, but mainly, I suppose, for the rank and pay which he drew. On the march we frequently discussed the issues of the war, and, while there was no direct expression as to which side his sympathies were on, my inference was that they were with the South. The command returned to Winchester by a rapid march by way of Moorefield and Romney. I learned upon the march that Captain George Stump, of Colonel Imboden's Regiment, who was found at the house of his father, near Romney, had been captured by some stragglers from the command, robbed and killed.

When we reached Winchester, I was permitted by Major Quinn to stay all night at my father's home, and upon reporting the next morning to the Provost, was taken before General Milroy. The General, after a vain attempt to quiz me for information as to the movements of our army, commenced to lecture me on the folly and crime of "rebellious against the best government the world ever saw." I replied to him in a moderate way by suggesting that the South believed she was right, and that she did not recognize the right of coercion. This view of the matter roused the old fellow into a perfect fury. He fairly raged, and finally concluded by shouting at me, "If you won't come back into the Union we will coerce your d——d souls into hell!" This remark ended the controversy, and I was ordered back to the Provost.

That same day, with a number of other prisoners, I was ordered to Camp Chase. But Pierpont, who was then Governor of what was called the Restored Government of Virginia, then located in Wheeling, requested the military authorities to turn me over as a member of the "Rebel Legislature of Virginia," and I was sent to the Atheneum Prison in Wheeling. Here I was held as a prisoner of the Restored Government. In a short time I was notified that a man by the name of Rucker was held by the Civil Authorities of the State of Virginia under an indictment for murder, and that I would be held as a hostage for his safety, which meant that if Rucker was hung, I would be hung too. Rucker was a strong Union man who resided in one of the counties of southwest Virginia, and in a fight growing out of the political excitement of the times, had killed a man. Subsequent to the killing he was indicted for murder, but made his escape into West Virginia. In a raid into West Virginia by some of our troops, he was captured and brought back to the county where the indictment was pending. This was the status of the case when I was notified that I would be held as a hostage for his safety. Rucker, however, shortly afterwards made his escape to West Virginia, and this problem, involving so much of interest to myself, was solved. While I was in Atheneum, on the inauguration of Governor Bowman, the first Governor of West Virginia, Governor Pierpont moved the Restored Government to Alexandria. I subsequently obtained, through friends from Hampshire of the same political faith as Governor Bowman, permission to return to Richmond, upon the condition

that I would obtain the exchange for myself of a West Virginia Sheriff who had been captured by some of General Jones' force and was then a prisoner in Richmond. If I could not effect this exchange, I was to return to Wheeling. Upon reaching Richmond, I found the Sheriff a prisoner in Castle Thunder, commanded by Captain Alexander, assisted by his big black Russian wolfhound. During the war this combination formed a subject for Northern newspapers to howl over continually in their charges of cruelty to and starvation of Northern prisoners. I had obtained permission to effect the exchange from the Confederate Authorities at Richmond, if I could find the Sheriff. Upon arriving at Castle Thunder, I found Captain Alexander. The sheriff was soon brought into the office. When I informed him that he had been exchanged and was to leave on the next exchange boat for Old Point, you can imagine his joy. The next day he left for his home.

I continued to act as Commissary until the end of the war, and obtained, by exchanging cotton for cattle and hogs, quantities of supplies, mainly from Hampshire and Hardy Counties. Upon the capture of Patterson Creek Depot on the B. & O. Railroad in the fall of 1864 by General Rosser, I managed to obtain from the North Branch of the Potomac and from Patterson Creek, from men whose sympathies were with the South and who were unwilling to sell their cattle to feed Northern troops, a large quantity of cattle. On our way back with this large drove of cattle, some twelve hundred head, the command was brought to a halt at Sheetz Mill on Patterson Creek, upon hearing that General Kelly, with a large force,

was at Burlington, and that General Averill was at Mechanicsburg Gap with another large force of cavalry. The purpose of both was to cut Rosser off by intercepting him where our line of march struck the North Western turnpike. This point of interception was about three miles from the Gap and the same distance from Burlington. As I was perfectly familiar with the country and its roads, Rosser sent for me to get information as to the best route to be taken to avoid Averill and Kelly and so insure the safety of our cattle. After discussing the question of striking across the country to the South Branch, which would have placed us in Averill's rear, Rosser concluded to continue his line of march so as to cross the turnpike at a point close to where the Mill Creek Pike intercepts the North Western Turnpike. This point, as I have said, was an equal distance from Kelly on the one side and Averill on the other. Rosser directed me to go forward with his advance guard, a part of Colonel Lige White's battalion, and pilot his command by a road known to me so as to strike the N. W. Turnpike near its intersection by the Mill Creek Pike. Upon reaching the N. W. Turnpike, I learned from a Union man that a considerable number of Kelly's Cavalry had been near during the day, but that every thing had left before dark for Burlington. I had little enough confidence in this man's statement, but especially when, after marching along the pike for about fifty yards, the advance encountered a high rail fence built squarely across the pike. I was sure it was intended for an aid to an ambush, and expected an attack any minute, but was agreeably disappointed when the fence was removed and we proceeded on our way without any trouble.

CHAPTER XI.

After the Surrender.

After the surrender, I opened a law office in Harrisonburg, Virginia. A few days after the opening and before any clients had appeared, I was sitting in my office when my brother William, who had just gotten off the stage from Staunton, made his appearance, very much to my surprise. He at once unfolded a scheme which he and Ned had concocted, which was that they should rent a large farm in Clarke County, Virginia. Ned was to run the farm and William was to open a classical school in connection with it.

He earnestly urged me to join in the enterprise, and without much consideration I consented. The law office was closed in the next five minutes. The next day William and myself were on the way to Clarke County. The Cool Spring Farm was rented of Mr. Frank McCormick, and a flourishing school established. In 70-71, I removed to Berryville and formed a law partnership with my friend Ami Moore, which lasted until the fall of 1890, when the partnership was dissolved and I removed to Charles Town, W. Va., and formed another partnership with my son-in-law, Frank Beckwith. In the year 1894, I was elected a member of the Lower House of the Legislature from the Counties of Morgan, Berkeley and Jefferson. I was a candidate for re-election for a second term in 1896, but was defeated by a majority against me not exceeding twenty-five votes. My

opposition to a bill introduced for the purpose of turning over the Berkeley Springs to trustees to be leased and exploited by a syndicate composed, in part, of the hotel keepers of the town and others, caused Morgan County to give a majority against me of nearly eight hundred. When the bill was before the House I had denounced it earnestly as a scheme of the worst kind of graft. The donor, Lord Fairfax, had expressly provided in his deed that the property was to be used for the benefit of all the people of the State, reserving one of the most valuable of the Springs to his heirs or devisees; and there was no power in the Legislature to deprive either the people of the State or the representatives of Lord Fairfax of their property without just compensation. The bill was defeated by a large majority, but the vote was not announced until the next day. In the meantime, through political juggling, sufficient changes of votes had been made to pass the bill, and it was so announced the next morning. That my standing in the House was at least creditable, I give the following extracts from some of the papers of the State, written during the session while I was a member or shortly afterwards.

The Clarksburg Sentinel, in speaking of the members of the House, said:

“Jefferson County has always enjoyed the reputation of sending good men to represent her in the Legislature, and she perhaps has never been better represented than at the present time * * * *
Major A. W. McDonald is said to be the ablest man in either House. I have frequently heard him spoken of thus by strong Republicans. He does not often

speak in either House, but when he does he is always accorded the closest attention."

The Clarke Courier, Virginia, published in a county where he resided and practiced his profession for twenty-five years, speaks as follows:

"We observe that the name of our former county man, Major A. W. McDonald, of Charles Town, is mentioned in connection with the nomination for Governor of West Virginia. We have known the Major for many years, and we have never known one more thoroughly imbued with the cardinal principles of the Democratic Party than he. He was always outspoken against attempts to straddle vital issues, and the interest of the people, where they came in conflict with corporate power, he always fearlessly championed."

The Wheeling Register, referring to his speech against the bill to lease the Berkeley Springs by the Legislature, repeating most of the points made by him in his argument, said as follows:

"Major Angus W. McDonald, of Jefferson, who has not been heretofore conspicuous in the debates of the House, made one of the most eloquent and effective speeches of the session."

About the year 1908, I retired from the active practice of the law.

ADDENDUM.

BY MY GRANDDAUGHTER, ELOISE BECKWITH.

In typewriting the life of my grandfather, Major Angus W. McDonald, written by himself, I have been impressed with the fact that much which is worthy of mention in his life has been left unrecorded, presumably from a spirit of modesty on the part of the author. I have therefore undertaken to add a few lines on my own account.

Major Angus W. McDonald was the oldest son of eighteen children, and is today the oldest living representative of a family connection which numbers about one hundred and fifty descendants of his father, Colonel Angus W. McDonald. He was a gallant Confederate soldier, and one of a family worthy of note for having furnished a father, six sons and two sons-in-law to the Southern Cause. In personal appearance Major Angus W. McDonald is very much above the average man. His bearing is soldierly; he is six feet, one inch in height and impresses you at once as a man of splendid physical strength.

In the domain of law he had few equals. Possessed of a strong analytical mind and an innate love of truth, he brought to the practice of his profession a ripe scholarship, a profound knowledge of law and an indomitable energy that enabled him successfully to cope with the best lawyers in the two Virginias. His conduct of the great railroad case of the Shenandoah Valley Railroad Company, with his associates, the late Judge Daniel B. Lucas and

A. Moore, Jr., placed him in the front rank of his profession.

The suit of Crumlish, Admr., vs. Shenandoah Valley Railroad Company had its beginning in the Circuit Court of Warren County, Virginia, October 15, 1875. From there it was transferred to the Circuit Court of Clarke County, Virginia, where, after several years of litigation, a decree was rendered adverse to the plaintiffs. Six times in all the case went to the Courts of Appeals in Virginia and West Virginia. This contest lasted nineteen years, from start to finish, from the time that it was instituted in Warren County in 1875, to the time of final decree in 1895. The fee for this case paid to McDonald and Moore under their contract amounted to \$130,000.00. At that time probably the largest fee ever received by attorneys in the State of West Virginia.

Some of McDonald and Moore's clients, notwithstanding their contract, brought suit against them in the Circuit Court of Clarke County, Virginia, upon the ground of overcharge in their fees. In this suit the Court held that \$17,000.00 had been overcharged. From this decree McDonald and Moore appealed to the Virginia Court of Appeals. This Court reversed the Court below and dismissed the bill. Judge Keith, who delivered the opinion of the Court, saying that not only no overcharge had been made but that under their contracts the attorneys would have been justified in making greater charges.

Associated with McDonald and Moore in this case as counsel for the stockholders and creditors of the Central Improvement Company was Judge Daniel B. Lucas of Charles Town. Opposed to them were law-

yers of high standing in their profession, William H. Travers, of Charles Town; W. J. Robertson, an ex-Judge of the Virginia Court of Appeals; Dixon, Dale and Doran, counsels for the Norfolk and Western Railroad, of Philadelphia, and Hon. Robert T. Barton, of Winchester, Virginia.

Angus W. McDonald, Jr., was married to Elizabeth Morton Sherrard, of Bloomery, Hampshire County, Virginia, on Feb. 17th, 1857. She was a daughter of Col. Robert Sherrard and Eliza Morton (his wife). They had two children, Annie Leacy and Angus. Angus was drowned in the James River on Sept. 27th, 1878, while attending William Cabell's School. And the peculiar circumstances of the tragedy made it most distressing.

He had, but a short time before, returned from his vacation and was with two of his companions in a boat on the river, when they discovered that it was leaking rapidly. Being far from shore and in deep water, it was quickly decided to lighten the load by one of the boys leaving the boat and, as Angus was an expert swimmer, he offered to do so, and accordingly jumped into the water. But an attack of cramp coming on, soon paralyzed his efforts to reach the shore and before assistance could be gotten to him he was drowned; and lamented by all who knew him, for he had many noble traits of character and was greatly beloved by his schoolfellows and friends.

Angus W. McDonald, Jr., lost his wife May 26th, 1892.

He married the second time Miss Mary Elizabeth Riddle, daughter of H. R. Riddle and Sallie Houston (his wife) on June 5th, 1894.



ANNE SANFORD McDONALD
(Mrs. James W. Green)

CHAPTER XII.

ANNE SANFORD McDONALD.

Anne Sanford McDonald, second daughter of Angus W. McDonald and Leacy Anne Naylor (his wife), was born in Romney, Virginia, Oct. 30th, 1830, and named for her maternal grandmother, Anne Sanford Naylor.

When about twelve years of age, Anne lost her mother and having been much associated with her in her last illness her death made a most vivid and lasting impression upon her youthful mind.

Soon after that sad experience she was sent away to Winchester to attend Madam Togno's school. It was about three years after the death of his wife that Angus W. McDonald, Anne's father, began to entertain serious thoughts of emigrating to Missouri, and the home at Romney was broken up for a time. The two older girls and their little sisters were sent to board at Mrs. Green's in Winchester, and the boys were all despatched to Hannibal, Mo., staying at the home of their uncle, Edward C. McDonald.

The big family was now widely separated, but the home at Mrs. Green's was always remembered as being a most happy one, with many relatives in close proximity. Anne developed into a most charming and attractive woman, having many admirers.

The marriage of her father in 1847 to Miss Cornelia Peake resulted in bringing them all together again in the old home at Romney, the half formed plan of locating in Missouri having been finally

abandoned. About four years later her father having large interests on the line of the B. and O. Railroad, near what is now the town of Keyser, the family soon moved to a new home, "Wind Lea," as it was called, a picturesque old stone mansion built on one of the foot hills of the Alleghanies and overlooking the north branch of the Potomac river, as it winds its graceful way between the shores of Maryland on its north bank and Virginia's shores on the south. And the house is still standing, seemingly in good repair; from the deep, wide cellar, to the crown of its peaked roof, and might easily have done duty as a fortress in Colonial days. The location is one of surpassing beauty, and the view from the house itself, picturesque and romantic in the extreme.

It was while the family made their home at "Wind Lea" that Anne was married to Mr. James W. Green on Dec. 20th, 1855, a son of Judge John W. Green of the Virginia Court of Appeals, and himself a prominent lawyer of Culpeper, being also a brother of Judge Thomas Claiborne Green.

Soon after their marriage they moved to their sweet home near the town of Culpeper, which they named "Glengarry," and life flowed in very pleasant channels for five or six years, when the war came, with all its attendant evils. Mr. James Green having always been a staunch believer in the doctrine of States' Rights, at once interested himself in organizing a company; supplying its equipment largely from his private means; Anne measuring each soldier for his uniform, and the ladies of Culpeper making them. He declined the office of Captain, because he said he had no military training, but ac-

cepted the 1st Lieutenancy, and through Marshall McDonald, who was then Professor at the V. M. I., he secured a detail of cadets to drill the Company, and this organization was among the first to offer its services to the Confederate government, and fought in the first battle of Manassas.

This shortly necessitated the breaking up of the happy home at "Glengarry" and Anne was compelled to move with her three little children to safer quarters; going first to Charlottesville, then to Lynchburg and finally settling in Richmond. Her husband was not allowed to remain a company officer very long, however, his rare talent for business and methodical management soon bringing him into prominent notice, and he was promoted to the rank of Major and placed in charge of the Quartermaster's Department of Gen. Kemper's Brigade.

This life of a "refugee" was a very strenuous one, but Anne met the changed conditions with a brave heart and a cheerful spirit. In June, 1864, her father was captured by Hunter, and his family learning of his suffering in prison at Wheeling made vigorous efforts to have him released.

Anne, discovering that General Hitchcock, the United States Commissioner of Exchange, was the same who had been her father's classmate and friend at West Point, at once appealed to him by the memory of those by-gone days and their old friendship, to do what he could to obtain her father's release on parole or to have him exchanged.

To this letter she received the following reply:

Washington City, D. C.
Sept. 16th, 1864.

MRS. JAMES W. GREEN,
Richmond.

MADAM:—In answer to your letter of the 6th, just received, I have to say that a proposal has been sent through Major Mulford for the exchange of your father for Col. Crook.

I have informed your father of the fact.

Very respectfully,

E. A. HITCHCOCK, *M. G. V.*

As Col. McDonald failed to arrive after due time had elapsed, Anne wrote him again as follows:

Richmond, Oct. 7th, 1864.

MAJ. GEN. E. A. HITCHCOCK.

DEAR SIR:—Your letter of the 16th Sept. was received, for which you will please accept our thanks. In it you state that a proposal was sent for the exchange of my father for Col. Crook.

The proposal was accepted by our Government and Maj. Mulford informed of the fact by the Confederate Commissioner. In the meantime two boats have come and still my father has not arrived, nor have we even had letters, which heretofore have been regularly received. Will you be kind enough to let me hear the cause of delay?

With grateful remembrance of your previous promptness and kindness, I remain very respectfully yours,

ANNE S. GREEN.

Box 1162.

But it was not until the first week in November that he finally reached Richmond. He came one moonlight night, all alone from the boat. It was

after we had retired, but hearing some one on the porch below, Anne called from an upper window: "Is that you, dear Pa?" being on the constant lookout for him since the letter from Gen. Hitchcock.

He was still very feeble from his illness and long imprisonment, but the excitement and joy of being once more at home had bouyed him with a false strength, which he, realizing, replied:

"Be very quiet, my daughter, I must keep calm."

And together we assisted him to climb the stairs, when he told us how the little daughter of the jailer at Cumberland had brought him a bible to his cell, and of what a comfort it had been to him. While Col. McDonald had always been a believer in all sacred things, and was always careful to see that every respect was paid to the observance of Sunday, he had never connected himself with the church.¹

The following Spring saw the close of the war and Anne and her family shortly after returned to their home in Culpeper, where her husband resumed his law practice, making a conspicuous success of it in a few years. He died on April 1st, 1884, aged sixty. He was in full enjoyment of robust health at the time, and actively engaged in the practice of his profession, but a fall brought on a stroke of paralysis, which finally caused his death. That dark hour had no terrors for him, however, he was prepared for it. A man of wide sympathies, he had always

¹Mrs. Anne S. Green remembers hearing her father and her grand-mother, Susan McGuire Naylor, say that all of the grandchildren of Edward McGuire were baptized in the old Catholic Church of Winchester. She also remembers her great-grand-mother, Millicent D'Obee McGuire, who spent the latter years of her life at the home of her daughter, Mrs. William Naylor, where she died. She was buried at the Indian mound Cemetery on the banks of the South Branch of the Potomac at Romney.

been ready to extend a helping hand to those in need, and many were the loving tributes paid his memory after his death.

Though Mr. Green had, since his early youth, been connected with the Protestant Episcopal Church, in later life he joined the communion of the Roman Catholic Church and was buried from the Church of the "Most Precious Blood," where requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. P. Donahoe and the funeral services conducted by Father Doonan, President of Georgetown College. He left, besides his wife, eight children: Angus McDonald, Mary Mason, Leacy Naylor, Nannie and James William (twins), John W., Sue and Raleigh Travers, two other little daughters having died in infancy.

Among the many tributes to his worth which appeared in the papers, the following from the "Catholic Visitor," Washington, D. C., seems especially appropriate:

"His native keenness of perception, accuracy of thought, inflexibility of logic, large grasp of ideas, as well nice appreciation of all that was beautiful in the world of mind and matter, admirably adapted him to the abstruse studies of the jurist and the more graceful fancies of the cultivated scholar.

"He was still young when he gained prominence in the legal profession, and at his death he controlled the largest business of any lawyer in his section.
* * * * Not a politician, Mr. Green was a great student of political economy and had investigated most of the systems of Government which had given fruit in the Constitution of our own country.

“No one saw more clearly the defects of our own system and his active mind had conceived possible remedies to be applied that were more than ingenious, they were philosophical and sound.”

Another article said of him: “Early in life Mr. Green developed those characteristics of strict personal integrity, great persistency and energy of purpose, a strong conviction of right, an untiring capacity for labor, which has marked his entire life, and which, directed by a strong, vigorous intellect, has made his life successful and elevated him to the very front rank of his profession in the State. * * * His learning was accurate and extensive and his skill in the management of his cases was striking and attractive. He was not only a great lawyer, but he was what all good lawyers are not—a most accurate and careful business man.”

Upon his wife, Anne, now devolved the care of the large family and bravely she met the issue. For some time she was owner and manager of “The Culpeper Exponent,” assisted by her son Angus, who was also a lawyer. Later, when her children married and went to homes of their own, Anne took an active interest in various projects for the betterment and improvement of conditions, surrounding the young children of the State, especially the children of Confederate soldiers. She was prominent in bringing the Child Labor Law and its many infringements to the attention of the State Legislature. And when the Jamestown Exposition was inaugurated she bent all her energies to making it a success. In addition to other things, she published a most attractive little booklet containing the love

story of Pocahontas and her close connection with the early history of the Virginia Colony.

She also conceived the idea of an added attraction to the Exposition in the form of a bell, which she called "The Pocahontas Bell."

She had acquired considerable experience in such matters, as Regent of Virginia for the "Columbian Peace Bell" at Chicago Exposition, and with the remains of that bell (which had been demolished), as a nucleus, she began collecting historic metal for the purpose of moulding "The Pocahontas Bell" for Jamestown. Many interesting and valuable relics were sent her for the purpose, such as metal pieces from the famous Merrimac, some nails from Libby Prison, a brass plaque from Arlington, a spur, which had belonged to the gallant Pelham, an old silver bell which had been in the Sinclair family for three hundred years, a ring of J. Q. Adams of Massachusetts, a brass key used by Gov. Reynolds of Delaware, and many other valuable relics were contributed to the moulding of a singularly sweet toned bell which was cast at McShane Foundry, Baltimore, May 15th and was dedicated on June 15th at the Exposition grounds.

The "Daniel Boone Stockade" in the Kentucky reservation was selected as being the most appropriate locality for the ceremony and with a plentiful display of "Old Glory" to enliven the scene and martial music from the fine band, which contributed their services, the dedication was a pronounced success. An appropriate poem composed for the occasion by Folger Kinsey was beautifully recited by Mrs. W. W. Grant, of Denver, Col., and addresses were delivered

by Gov. Swanson of Virginia, Hon. Robert Hunter and T. J. Wool, of the Exposition Management, congratulating Mrs. Green upon the success of her patriotic achievement.

She has, for a number of years, been a prominent and active member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and is also a charter member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

She was selected two years ago, by the Woman's Board of the endowment Association for Cumberland Gap University, as Vice-President for Virginia and in that capacity is endeavoring to secure funds for the establishment of that Institution, which proposes to educate teachers exclusively for the remote schools in the mountain districts.

Mrs. Green now makes her home chiefly with her bachelor son, John W. Green, of Chesterfield County, Virginia.

In 1893, she lost her oldest son, Angus McDonald, who was rapidly rising to the position previously held by his father in the ranks of the legal profession. Possessed of a most fascinating and attractive personality, Angus made hosts of friends wherever he went and in addition to his legal acquirements he had pronounced taste in literature, which sometimes found expression in verse, though his modesty kept his talent in the background.

Just ten days before his death, which occurred very suddenly, the following lines from his pen appeared in the Richmond Dispatch, and though they attracted wide attention at the time, interest was largely increased when the news of his untimely death became known.

WEARY.

I have walked through the valley—I am weary;
Let me lay my poor head on thy breast;
The way has been lonely and dreary,
And I long just for rest—simple rest.
Take my hand in thine own, fold me close in
thine arms,
Let me sleep all unconscious of present alarms,
For I'm weary—the light has gone out in the
west—
And I yearn for repose—dreamless sleep—
simple rest.

In the Slough of Despond I have floundered,
And in many a wayside snare,
For long I was chained a lone captive
In the dungeon of Giant Despair;
But my journey is o'er and I'm free; I'm free—
My spirit, unfettered, leaps homeward to thee,
To live in the light of thy smiles and be blest—
To lie in thy arms, to be thine, and to rest.



MAJ. EDWARD H. McDONALD

CHAPTER XIII.

MAJOR EDWARD ALLEN HITCHCOCK McDONALD.

Edward Allen Hitchcock McDonald, fourth child and second son of Angus William McDonald and Leacy Anne Naylor, (his wife), was born in Romney, Hampshire County, Virginia, Oct. 26th, 1832, and was named Edward, for his father's only brother, and Allen Hitchcock after Gen. Ethan Allen Hitchcock, of Massachusetts, his father's classmate at West Point and life-long friend.

The early years of his life were spent in Romney, where he received an excellent education in the private schools of the town. When only about eighteen years of age, about the time he should have been starting to college, the demands of a large and growing family, causing somewhat of a financial strain in his father's affairs at that juncture, Edward, with characteristic unselfishness, voluntarily proposed to give up a college course, such as all his brothers enjoyed, and enter at once into business.

His father consenting, he went to Baltimore and obtained a situation in a wholesale silk house, where his fidelity and energy soon won for him speedy promotion. He did not remain there more than a year, however, when he returned home to take the superintendance of large lumber and milling interests, which his father had undertaken to develop in another part of the county, lying contiguous to the B. and O. R. R., near the site of the present town of Keyser. And the knowledge which he then gained

of the surrounding country and its people, stood him in good hand a few years later when his State became involved in war.

During his residence at this place, he had applied himself to the study of law and by a curious coincidence he had gone to Warrenton, Virginia, to stand his examination before Judge Tyler and receive his license the very day that Fort Sumter was fired upon. Returning to his home in Winchester, he met General Harper, who was passing through there on his way to Harper's Ferry, and at once joined him as volunteer aid, and with his command, entered Harper's Ferry by the light of the burning arsenals and Government shops, which had been fired by the retiring Federal troops.

Soon after the occupation of Harper's Ferry by Gen. Harper, Virginia was appealed to by the citizens of Baltimore for troops and ammunition to aid them in preventing Federal soldiers from passing through her territory to invade the South, and an order from Richmond directing Gen. Harper to send 1,000 rifles, reached his headquarters late that night—after the General and his staff had been asleep for some time.

Immediately upon its receipt, however, Gen. Harper summoned Col. Harmon, his quartermaster, to make the necessary arrangements to ship them. But Col. Harmon urged that it would be impossible to do anything that night; to which Gen. Harper finally agreed.

McDonald then suggested the danger of delay in so important a contingency and volunteered to perform the service at once if furnished with a detail

of men sufficient to carry the arms. His suggestion was adopted and the necessary order was given and the men of the 2nd Virginia Infantry, afterwards of the famous "Stonewall Brigade," packed the guns in a car with straw, an engine was ordered from Martinsburg and within one hour the car was on its way to Baltimore with McDonald riding on the rear bumper.

He reached there by daylight the next morning, and was heartily welcomed by Marshall Kane and his men. The Confederate colors alone were in evidence everywhere, and these brave men were determined to resist the passage of Federal troops through their city.

As Major McDonald was about to take the cars for Harper's Ferry that evening, he met President Garrett of the B. and O. R. R., who invited him into his office and told him that Baltimore had never before been so crowded with supplies, that all communication with the North had been cut off and nothing could leave the city, while trains from the West were bringing in fresh supplies all the time.

He begged that the authorities at Richmond be apprised of the state of affairs and urged the importance of moving the troops from Harper's Ferry to Baltimore without delay, and declared that the Susquehanna instead of the Potomac should be the line of defense.

McDonald was next sent to Romney to bring two companies of volunteers to Harper's Ferry. When they were about to march away, the wife of one of the men was so distressed at parting with her husband that Edward offered himself as a substitute,

and took his place in the ranks. After some service at Harper's Ferry, they were sent back to Romney and from there they were ordered to destroy a certain bridge on the Baltimore and Ohio R. R. about a mile east of Keyser, and known as "Twenty One" bridge, and here he became the hero of almost the first actual engagement of the war in that immediate neighborhood.¹

As they neared the vicinity of the bridge, which was guarded by a gun trained in their direction, considerable confusion was apparent among both men and officers, until McDonald stepped from the ranks and flourishing his musket overhead, called out, "Men follow me," and led them all, officers and men, down the steep embankment, through the stream, and up the other side at a double quick, putting the enemy to a hasty rout, thus enabling the main body to capture the gun and destroy the bridge.

This was one of the initial incidents in a very active military career, which was not interrupted through the four historic years which followed, except by sickness and imprisonment.² Soon after the return of this expedition to Romney, all volunteer regiments were ordered to join Gen. Joe Johnson at Manassas, and Colonel E. H. McDonald was ordered by him to leave the company in which he was then doing duty as private and take command of his regi-

¹I heard Dr. Lewis, of Culpeper, Virginia, who was Surgeon of this expedition, tell of this incident a few days after it occurred.

²Major McDonald was detailed, on one occasion to escort a number of prisoners, captured at Cedar Mountain, to Richmond and became on very friendly and amicable terms with some of them, during their long march. Colonel Chapman in command of a Connecticut regiment, was so impressed with his kind treatment and his intercourse generally, with the officers of the guard, that at parting he presented Major McDonald with his shoulder-straps and sash.

ment, the 77th Virginia militia, and report to his father, Colonel Angus W. McDonald, who at that time with his regiment of cavalry, was guarding the outposts in the neighborhood of Romney.

Soon after reporting for duty, Colonel E. H. McDonald was posted below Romney with twenty-seven of his men at a narrow part of the road which ran between the river and the base of an overhanging rock,³ and as two regiments of the Federals unsuspectingly entered this narrow passway, they were suddenly startled by the rapid fire of musketry immediately overhead, to which they at once replied, but Colonel E. H. McDonald quickly realizing the immense advantage of his position ordered his men to throw their guns aside and avail themselves of the rocks which lay in profusion all around them, and they literally rained these deadly missiles upon the heads of the troops below, scattering the two regiments and obliging them to retreat in the greatest confusion.

It was not long after this that the militia were disbanded and he raised a company of cavalry, known as Company D of the 11th Virginia, Laurel Brigade, which saw steady service until the close of the war, and one of his most thrilling experiences occurred while with this company, and serves to prove not only his intrepid courage, but his coolness and daring as well. In an engagement with the Federals at Darkesville, a little town near Martinsburg, Virginia, where he met the enemy at very close quar-

³The description of the pass of Killierankie tallies almost identically with the locality where this encounter with the Federals took place.

ters, and at a great disadvantage as to numbers, he heard a Federal officer tell one of his sharpshooters to aim at the man on a white horse, which was Maj. McDonald himself, at that time in command of the regiment, which was doing scout duty. The man, so instructed, to make sure of his object, placed his gun against the pillar of a porch, where he had taken refuge, and coolly leveled his rifle, but his intended victim was on the alert, and quickly realized his danger, as he had already emptied every barrel of his pistol; but with true strategic instinct he hurled the empty revolver at his would-be murderer, which, although it fell short of its mark, served to divert the deliberate aim, and the deadly ball only grazed McDonald's cheek in its swift passage. His brother William was a private in Company D at this time and fought with great gallantry on this occasion.

About the 1st of December, 1862, Major McDonald was sent on a reconnoissance to Moorefield, and also to recruit his company in both men and horses. While on this service he was surprised by a force of two hundred Federal Cavalry, and with several of his men was taken prisoner and sent to Camp Chase, where he was confined for some months. Finally he was sent with a boat-load of prisoners down the river to Vicksburg, to be exchanged, but just as they neared that point, the order for the exchange was recalled and the disappointed captives started on their way back to prison again, but McDonald had made up his mind that he would not return with them, and immediately set about planning a way of escape.

Suddenly all sentries were doubled, as if the prisoners were suspected and there was renewed vigilance on the part of the guards. McDonald bided his time, however, and when they had gotten some distance up the river the boat put in shore to rid themselves of some of the prisoners who had developed smallpox. Now was his opportunity, and he was quickly on the alert to avail himself of it. One of his comrades agreed to feign sudden and violent insanity, while McDonald and another confederate offered to carry him ashore. The ruse was successful and the three made good their escape. When the boat had gotten a safe distance from shore they appeared on the banks, singing Dixie in most exultant tones, but a few shots in their direction was the only attention bestowed upon them, no effort being made for their re-capture. After many hardships in the dense jungles of the Mississippi swamps they found friends who helped them on their way, and ere long McDonald was once more with his command, ready for the Spring campaign, and very soon the 11th was starting on one of its memorable expeditions down the Valley, and in the course of the very first skirmish which ensued, McDonald, whose impetuosity sometimes got the better of his prudence, came within an ace of being captured again.

So conspicuous was his gallantry on this occasion, that Colonel Funsten, commanding the regiment, in his official report, says: "It is always a delicate point to discriminate among those who have done their duty faithfully, but I cannot forbear to mention Captain Harness, E. H. McDonald and F. A. Dangerfield."

McDonald was sent by General Jones soon after this to destroy some bridges in the vicinity of Altamont. Harmon had also been engaged in the same occupation and when the 11th, under McDonald sought to rejoin Harmon, they found that the burning bridges had aroused all the countryside and the roads were now infested with hostile bushwhackers, so that the 11th had literally to fight its way back to headquarters over devious bypaths and through swollen streams. About two months after this was fought the memorable battle of Brandy Station, admitted by all historians to have been the greatest cavalry battle of modern times, and the Laurel Brigade, under General Jones, played a conspicuous part in it, and McDonald's name occurs several times in General Jones' official report. His regiment, the 11th, capturing 122 of the 428 prisoners taken.

It was about this time that Captain McDonald was promoted to be Major of his regiment, and led it gallantly through many of its hard-fought encounters. I remember an incident related to me by General Rosser, who was laughing at Major McDonald one day for his jealousy of the 11th's reputation and his pride in its record. It was at the beginning of one of their numerous encounters with the Yankees, when, Gen. Rosser said, great confusion prevailed, and he presently recognized McDonald right amongst the enemy cutting right and left with his sabre; he called out, "McDonald, where is the 11th?" "Here she is, General," responded McDonald, confidently, above the din of the clashing sabres. "But," commented General Rosser, "I could only recognize three or four of the 11th beside McDonald himself."

Following are copies of some of the orders which he faithfully executed :

(Confidential.)

Headquarters Cavalry Division.
Leesburg, Va., Sept. 5th, 1862.

CAPTAIN McDONALD.

SIR:—You will proceed with despatch and secrecy, with your command along the line of the R. R. (B. and O.) to break it up from Martinsburg as far as Black Creek, or Cacapon. Destroy all the bridges, water tanks, &c., keeping your men well in hand and concentrated on single points at a time.

Endeavor in all cases to surprise the enemy and accomplish your mission. Having made your work thorough, you will join your brigade without delay by way of Harper's Ferry.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. E. B. STUART,
Maj. Gen., Commanding.

The following one from Gen. Lee commits him to an even more responsible and perilous mission than the preceding one.

Headquarters Lee's Cav. Division.
Mar. 16th, 4:20 P. M.

MAJOR:

General Fitz. Lee directs that you take charge of the details from the different commands, which will report to you at Mrs. Winston's gate and cross the Pamunkey at Hanover town.

You will work all night, getting in front of the enemy, who are moving towards the White House; and blockade all the roads leading to that point.

This a most important duty and Gen. Lee relies

upon you to effectually check the march, until our forces can get at them.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

C. MINNEGERODE, JR.,

Lt. and A. D. C.

Major commanding 11th Va. Cav.

The ensuing was probably among his last orders, as very soon after that he developed typhoid fever and was sent to the hospital in Richmond.

Special Order No. 110.

Headquarters Rosser's Cavalry.

Feb. 27th, 1865.

Major E. H. McDonald will proceed without delay to the vicinity of New Market and collect all the companies on detached service, wheresoever serving, belonging to the "Laurel Brigade," and order them to whatsoever point he may think advisable; to prepare for the advance of the enemy, and take command of them, and use them as the exigencies of the case may require.

THOS. L. ROSSER,

Major General.

For Major McDonald.

A severe illness of typhoid fever compelled him to be away from his command most of the Spring of '65. And though still very weak and with a thirty days furlough in his pocket, he joined it again, as they began falling back before Grant's army in the direction of Appomattox. In almost the last day's fighting he received his first wound, though he had been in active service continuously from the beginning of hostilities. The ball entered his face, fracturing the lower jaw and lodging near the windpipe.

And he rode alone on his horse to the hospital in Charlottesville, where his three brothers, Angus, William and Harry nursed him for several weeks.

In his very weakened condition, the doctors deemed it unwise at first to attempt to remove the ball, and bent all their energies to building him up before venturing upon the very delicate and dangerous operation. He could only make known his wants by means of pencil and paper, and was nourished exclusively on liquid food.

One morning as he sat propped among his pillows, he noticed the doctors gathered in a knot, as if discussing some very grave point, and he insisted, by means of his pencil, upon knowing just what they were discussing. They finally disclosed that they had come to the conclusion that the ball, which was dangerously near a vital point should be removed, but at the same time were afraid to administer chloroform; with a flash of his old fire he quickly responded, "Leave off the chloroform and cut it out, I can stand it." And they did!

Doctor Cabell, one of the surgeons, said afterwards that he had never before, in all of his practice seen such superb nerve and courage. He fortunately bore the operation well and was finally restored to health.

He went back to the valley and with his brother William rented "Cool Spring," one of the largest and finest farms in Clarke County. Each had his horse, and with no other capital than their good name, they soon stocked the farm and successfully embarked in their new enterprise. Edward manag-

ing the farm and William a boys' school, which was soon established.

Major McDonald had an amusing experience soon after the close of the war, when he ventured to visit the mining town of Piedmont in West Virginia, located on the B. and O. R. R. It was only a few miles from Keyser, where he had formerly lived, and owning property there, he had many acquaintances among all classes. Situated as it was on the Northern boundary line, it was decidedly "Union" in its sentiments, and as Major McDonald had been the leader in a good many successful raids in that section, there was naturally much bad feeling towards him, and many threats had been made against his life should he ever visit the place again.

Notwithstanding, however, the many rumors which had reached him to that effect, McDonald decided to risk a visit at the first convenient moment. An inherent love of adventure, as well as curiosity to know the condition of his property in the inhospitable town, soon prompted him to start on his journey; which was made on horseback from Cool Spring in Clarke County to Piedmont.

He had scarcely reached the hotel there before he was made to realize the antagonistic atmosphere around him. One man alone, by name of Pennington, whose son had been in the Confederate army, seemed anxious to speak to him, but McDonald was afraid to take the initiative for fear of compromising him. Finally, after walking up and down the room for a little while, Pennington stopped suddenly in front of McDonald and offered his hand, saying with a tragic air, "With all thy faults, I love thee still,"

and as suddenly dropping his hand turned quickly away, though McDonald was conscious that he had left something in his hand, which upon investigation proved to be a "greenback." He had truthfully divined the most urgent need of an ex-Confederate at that juncture, and had in the most delicate manner endeavored to supply it.

Presently three men approached him, one of them advancing a little, said they represented a thousand others, and unless he left the town at once they would duck him in the river. The hotel-keeper, who had been a Federal soldier, hearing of their threat said at once McDonald should not go, that he, with the other Federal soldiers present, would see that his parole given at Appomattox under which he was guaranteed protection, should be respected.

A telegram was at once despatched to Gen. Grant apprising him of the state of affairs, to which came the reply, "Protect him at all hazard." And before long a crowd of a hundred men had gathered around the hotel bent on defending McDonald.

The mob soon dispersed now and his friends brought a brass band and serenaded him.

He remained at Cool Spring about four years, when William moved to Kentucky. But the old bond which had always existed between the brothers could not be severed and very soon Edward, too, left Virginia and followed him to Kentucky, settling in Louisville. Here he established the first title Company in the State, and conducted its affairs very successfully for a number of years. On October 12th, 1869, he was married to Miss Julia Yates Leavell, of

"Media," Jefferson County, West Virginia, a daughter of the Rev. W. T. Leavell.

During his residence in Louisville, he and his brother William established the "Southern Bivouac," which at the time was the only magazine published devoted exclusively to the interests and preservation of Confederate history. It finally passed into other hands, and was eventually bought out by the Century Company. He was a prominent and active member of the George B. Eastin Camp of Confederate Veterans. He was also a member of St. Andrew's Protestant Episcopal Church and for many years a vestryman.

He finally decided to return to Virginia and make his home, he accordingly moved with his family of seven boys and three girls to his farm "Media," in Jefferson County, West Virginia, where he has since resided, and with such success that the United States Department of Agriculture has published a bulletin of his farm for general circulation, giving the details of its management, with many tables and notes, as to the cost of producing the various crops, etc., showing that the plough has its victories as well as the sword.

The children of Edward and Julia were: Edward Leavell, Anne Yates, Julia Terrell, William Thomas, Angus W., Peerce Naylor, Mary Aiglonby, Marshall Woodrow, John Yates, and Francis, who died in infancy.

They also lost their second daughter, Julia, who had developed into a most attractive and lovely woman, soon after her marriage.

CHAPTER XIV.

*The Capture of Sir Percy Wyndham in June, 1862, as
Related by Major Edward H. McDonald,
of 11th Virginia Cavalry.*

General Turner Ashby, who commanded in that engagement, had but recently been made a Brigadier-General, and had been given the command of all the cavalry operating in the valley. * * * * On the night of June 5th, the last that Ashby ever saw (as he was killed next day) many of the men and officers of his command were gathered around his bivouac fire, discussing the incidents and skirmishes of the day—the unusual boldness of the enemy's cavalry being explained by the information gotten from the Federal prisoners, that their advance had been led by Colonel Wyndham, of the First New Jersey Cavalry, who had boasted that he would capture Ashby, and rout his men within a few days.

Early next morning our pickets were driven in and the enemy came dashing into Harrisonburg. We met their charge and drove them back, and after some heavy skirmishing we continued our retreat along the Port Republic road, over which the enemy had retired. When seven miles from Harrisonburg, Wyndham dashed into our rear and for a short time our troops were thrown into confusion, but they soon rallied and checked the enemy's advance. Our regiment, commanded at that time by Colonel Funsten, marched near and south of the road.

Ashby rode up and directed Funsten to move his

regiment to the rear and attack the enemy's flank—which required crossing several high fences and somewhat confusing the order of march. We crossed the road and saw the Federal cavalry formed on a hill about three hundred yards away, and as we charged they broke from their line and ran, leaving only Wyndham and a few others to occupy the hill. Dismounting from his horse, Wyndham came toward us saying: "I will not command such a d——d lot of cowards," and unclasping his sword, held it for surrender.

I asked Holmes Conrad, who was then a private in my command, to take the sword and carry the prisoner to the rear, which he did; and he still has the sword, a fine Damascus blade.

So far as my personal recollection goes, the pursuit of Wyndham's Rangers proved much more eventful than the charge that broke them.

We picked up a number of them right away, but those having good horses, set a hot pace and we went streaming after them.

Having accounted for the Colonel I looked around for the next in command—the Major—and was soon able to make him out in the crowd of fugitives. He was a heavy, squat-built fellow, and was riding, crouched low over his horse's neck. The peculiar manner in which he held his saber particularly attracted my attention. It stuck back over his shoulder very much at the angle a trooper would ordinarily carry his carbine. I didn't know what it meant then—I found out a moment later, however.

Now, I had shot the last load out of my pistol and it was up to me to bluff this Major into surrender

or else whack him over the head. I called to him several times to halt, but he kept right on, at an even gait, as though he hadn't heard me and while I did my best to reach him, my horse was badly blown and I couldn't quite make it. I could see plainly enough that he was watching me out of the tail of his eye all the time, but he never made a move with his weapon.

At that moment a private, mounted on a better, or a fresher horse than mine, came rushing up on the other side.

"Surrender, there!" he cried with an oath and almost immediately getting even with him, made a vicious swing at the Major's head.

Like a flash the Major rose in his stirrups and by an astonishingly dextrous twist of his blade tore the private's saber from his hand and flung it away off down the hill. Then he made the most terrible swipe at the private which I thought would surely take his head off and it would undoubtedly have done so had not the private been quick enough to dodge. He flung himself away back until his head almost touched his horse's rump and the Major's sword, in passing over, struck the vizer of his cap and knocked it off.

I had never before seen such swordsmanship.

The Major then whirled on me.

"Good morning, sir," I said with my politest bow and keeping beyond his reach, passed on.

In another moment or so one of our boys came up with a loaded pistol and threatening to blow a hole through him, made the fencing Major surrender. He proved to be a German officer, Major Borsch,

who had served with distinction in the Crimean War, and had come over to this country to fight the "rebels" for the fun of the thing, and was expert in all the tricks known to European soldiers.

That night we had both Wyndham and the German in our tent. They were both good fellows.

CHAPTER XV.

WILLIAM NAYLOR McDONALD.

His Diary.

William Naylor McDonald, the third son, was born in Romney, Virginia, February, 1834, and named for his maternal grandfather, William Naylor. Private Schools in his home town afforded ample advantages to an ambitious student and William gladly availed himself of them.

About the age of fifteen or sixteen he began to keep a diary and the following extracts from that will illustrate more clearly than anything else the mind and spirit of the boy :

"Sept. 1850. I am living in Romney, and am now sitting in an old castle adjoining the house in which we live. I go to school at the Institute, the Principal of which is E. J. Meaney. The studies which I am at present engaged in are Euclid, Astronomy, Geography, Scholars Companion, Xenophon, Horace and French. I think this school is very deficient in good order, but otherwise well carried on. I like Mr. Meaney as a man, but as a teacher he is rather pas-



CAPT. WILLIAM N. McDONALD



sionate at times. His assistant, John Jacobs, I admire very much as a teacher, and esteem as a man.

* * * * Angus has commenced reading Blackstone, having decided to become a lawyer.

“Nov. 1st, 1850. I played four games of chess with Marshall today and beat him two. We had a meeting of our Society this evening; the question, ‘Is Slavery favorable to the existence and perpetuation of a Republican form of Government,’ was abolished and the following substituted for it. ‘Would the South be justified in separating from the North under existing circumstances?’ I was appointed to open the debate in the affirmative and most willingly do I consent to the appointment, for if there ever was any person more dissatisfied with the North than I, then that man has to be found.

“Nov. 13th. Didn’t study much today, taking all my time to write my speech for Friday night. I went to the school house after dinner, but couldn’t help thinking about Miss Fox’s wedding and wondering how I would be able to get there. After whiling away an hour I returned home and commenced my preparations * * * * Had a merry time at the wedding, but there were some who had a merrier.

“Nov. 14th, 1850. Nothing unusual occurred today, except that a scholar named William Jacobs offended at Mr. Meaney, unjustly, in my opinion, ran away from school and Mr. Meaney sent James Parsons and myself as a committee of two to bring him back, dead or alive. Pursuant to his command we caught the culprit, who thinking it was better to walk than to be dragged, walked up with us to the porch,

but would go no farther and drew his knife, threatening to cut us if we undertook to force him.

“Nov. 17th, 1850. I shaved to-day for the first time, and next February I will be seventeen. It was contrary to the advice of my father, and it was not an act of forethought or premeditation. The razor was lying near me this morning, I raised it involuntarily and gave a pull. Having commenced I must finish—so there it was.

“Nov. 24th. Dr. Foote preached to-day and I went to hear him the first time for a *year*—I was going to say, but even if I do stretch with my mouth in talking, I will not with my pen in writing—so I will shorten it to three months.

“Dec. 10th. * * * * The boys are getting a football *made* now. Sometime ago we purchased one from Baltimore, made of India Rubber. But as it did not last long we are getting one made here of leather. Our Society met this evening. The question debated was, ‘Is slavery an evil to the Southern people as it now exists?’ I can’t write, the boys are all sitting around singing, ‘Ole Uncle Ned’ then with the speed of lightning striking up a hymn. I’ll quit.

“Dec. 15th. William and McNemar, who appear to be very bright boys, and as I thought, boys of perseverance, have half determined to give up Greek, thinking it will take them too long to get through. I am rather under the impression, though, that Williams is smitten with the charms of Miss Margaret Seymour, for he has only lately taken the notion to give up Greek.

“Dec., 1850. Christmas is drawing near and consequently it is all the talk among the boys of the

school. Some are borrowing pistols, others are selling their balls, skates, household and domestic goods at a sacrifice and some of them, who in the language of the day, are 'completely strapped,' are actually selling their small articles at auction.

"Jan. 8th, 1851. Morpheus has laid his drowsy hand upon me and I am compelled to yield to his solicitations. I am so sleepy I can hardly hold my pen. Forgive me if I close this journal.

"Jan. 12th. I went home with Margaret Seymour to-night. I had never spoken to her before and I anticipated a good many boys who were surprised at my adventure.

"Jan. 17th. Our Society met this evening and the smaller boys being worse than usual and utterly defying the authority of the President, I told James Kern, the chief mischiefmaker, that I would move his expulsion if he continued in his career of deviltry, but he thought my threatenings were vain and paid no heed to my warning. I told William Parran (who was as much incensed as myself against Kern) my feelings on the subject, and had scarcely seated myself in another part of the room, when more confusion was occasioned by some misdeed of Kern. Parran at once arose and moved his expulsion, which was warmly seconded; the vote being taken, he was expelled, eight voting for expulsion and three against, and I was one of the three. My father accused me of demagogism, for voting the way I did, but I was innocent of the charge. It was not my wish that he should be expelled, and I hoped to save him from it by my vote, and seeing the danger he was in I thought he would, after that, behave him-

self; for I had no wish to lose him, being a permanent member and very young he would aid in supporting the Society after Ed and I, who were the founders of it, had left.

“Jan. 30th. It is turning very cold, in fact there is no turning about it, it is already cold and to-morrow morning we must help to get ice. I look forward to that period with emotions similar to those of an animal the night before his execution.

“Feb. 8th. Angus, Edward and I started this morning at break of day to hunt pigeons, as it was reported that the fields were literally full of them. Though I have declared time and again that I would hunt no more, as I always meet with bad luck, yet the reports of the millions of pigeons, weaned me from my resolution, and loaded with ammunition and big with expectation, I started out, but what was the result? Just as I had told the boys when they asked me to go along. I scared all the pigeons away, one alone being killed and that not by me.

“Feb. 18th. We were very much frightened at an accident which occurred to-day. While Uncle Daniel was cutting wood, he saw Harry and Willie Harper pass by in the direction of the pond, presently Willie came running back crying bitterly. Uncle Daniel asked him what was the matter, but Willie replied not and ran on. Uncle Daniel then hurried to the pond and, to use his own language, ‘seed somethin’ floatin’ on the water and knowed right away it was Harry. I called Dinah to bring me the rake, quick, Harry was drowin’’. This set Aunt Dinah nearly frantic—she ran first one way and then the other—till her cries reached Angus, who rushed to

the rescue and drew Harry out on the bank. Soon the entire neighborhood was roused and Ed started after Dr. Dailey in his dressing gown, full tilt, down the street—the tail sticking straight out behind. Meeting Dr. Notes (old Jack) with a horse, but no saddle he threw his gown away and mounting the horse, away on eagle wings he flew and found the Doctor at Mr. Meaney's. Mounting him on the bare-backed steed he sent him flying home and he soon had poor little Harry in a fair way to recover.

"Feb. 24th. Ed got a letter from Hough and Hough of Baltimore, saying he could get a situation if he would come at once and he determined to start in two days. Pa will start to Missouri to-morrow.

"Feb. 28th. A letter from Ed this evening says that he had gotten a situation in a wholesale silk house.

"March 3rd. Marshall is the greatest old conjuror! He sent to Baltimore after a book which contains all the tricks which the conjurors of the day have invented or discovered and after perusing the the contents he traded it to a boy for an old gun barrel, with which he intends to make potations. He saves all his money to buy mixings with.

"March 5th. I wrote to Pa yesterday giving him an account of an interview with Mr. Meaney, in which he requested me to become an assistant to him next year. I gave him no answer nor do I intend doing so until I hear from my father.

"May 1st. I forgot to mention, strange to say, that old Uncle Daniel died on Thursday, after a long illness. He had been afflicted for two years with

hiccoughs, which at times almost deprived him of his breath and finally deprived him of life.

“June 3rd, 1851. I am very unwell, have been so for two days and though almost overcome with pain at times, I try to study. I know that I have a task to perform if I would obtain an education. I study on an average ten hours, five days in a week and on Saturdays always work. Except before breakfast when I study two hours, and after supper, very often two or three hours. On Sunday I write letters, compositions, read twelve chapters in the Bible, read poetry, and whenever I come to a beautiful passage I copy it and when I ride or walk at my leisure I commit it to memory.

“June 2nd. Sister Mary received a letter from Miss Mary Garishe of St. Louis saying that if Angus would meet her at Frederick City she would come here and make her a visit. I don't know why, but I never liked her much. Perhaps it is because my first acquaintance with her was connected with other circumstances which I hate to recall for I must say that the unhappiness I experienced in Missouri, together with the other boys, has given us just cause to call it the State of Misery.

“June 25th. Mary heard from Miss Mary Garishe again to-day. She says she is about to take the black veil. I know not why, unless she has been disappointed in love. Marshall is collecting money from the boys in order to send up a balloon on the 4th.

“June 29th. I have been reading ‘Watts on the Mind,’ for some time past in order to improve my intellectual powers and exalt my moral character.

* * * * My ambition is not prompted by an un-

quenchable desire for fame or riches but my endeavors are to obtain virtue and a character pure and unsullied.

“July 2nd. Since I have been sick I have been amusing myself by translating Racine into poetry, which I find very difficult, but am convinced that it is improving as it makes me think. I also translated Virgil in the same way.

“4th July. We have had a merry day and after the presentation of a white silk flag, painted by Mother, and given by the ladies to the Sons of Temperance and the reading of the Declaration by Mr. Varden, Angus made a speech and I do not speak in the flattering terms of a prejudiced brother, when I say that his was the best oration I have ever heard delivered on the 4th of July. It was remarkable for its purity of language and beauty of style. I have also heard that Mr. Trowbridge thought it the best he ever heard.

“July 5th. This morning Roger Martin came for me to aid him in making an arbor for the girls who were to come to the picnic. With Turley and Alexander to assist, after considerable labor, we succeeded in making an arbor just below the Sulphur Spring. We had a merry day indeed. Mr. Jacobs was appointed master of the day and Mother, Mistress of ceremonies. Late in the afternoon Pa came over and proposed that we end the day with a game of mumble-the-peg, to be played by three champions on a side. I was one of the ladies' champions, and we beat. Roger Martin was the unlucky mumbler. Angus moved that he be excused from carrying home

any of the baskets, but the motion was so much amended that he finally carried home the largest.

“July 8. Mother and I started at five o'clock this morning to drive down to Warren to visit her sister, Mrs. Buck. We got to the Blues by eight, where we took breakfast, arrived at Winchester by four and stopped at Cousin Millicent Tidball's. I then drove to the hotel, had my horse put up and then went around to Cousin Hugh McGuire's office. I afterwards found Slicer and we called at the Green's. * * * * Took supper at the Hollyday's and finally went back to Cousin Millicent's, where we stayed until about eleven o'clock.

“July 9th. We left Winchester at eleven o'clock and drove through a beautiful country; * * * * but the toll is enormous. After getting lost once or twice, we arrived at Mr. Fayette Buck's at sunset. The Shenandoah is a beautiful river. At Mr. Buck's I met James DeCamp, the husband of Mother's sister Ellen. From his conduct I would judge him to be about eighteen, but he is actually thirty years old and has a boy nine years old.

“July 11. Clover Hill. Mr. De Camp and I went fishing this morning with little Henry. Our luck was poor and we stayed indoors this afternoon, it being gloomy weather. I found him as jovial and as full of fun as ever. He amuses me greatly with his tales of California. I find Mr. Buck to be an excellent man and a warm-hearted Southerner.

“July 12th. De Camp and I rode into Front Royal this morning. On returning to Clover Hill, De Camp tried various experiments on old Morgan, for instance seeing how much he could make him perspire,

per hour and how fast run, per minute. I was also a kindred spirit for I had a beautiful subject for experiment in Agony Iser.

“July 13. We drove to Church at Front Royal and dined afterwards at Mr. William Buck’s and the dinner was fully up to old Virginia’s reputation for such things. I met there a young man who seemed very clever and very frank, for he told me all his prospects and some of his inmost thoughts after an hour’s acquaintance.

“July 14th. Romney. Our Society met to-night and Marshall read his lecture which was far superior to any that has been read. This was shown from the fact that a copy was requested to be placed in the archives of the Society.

“July 20th. The baby (little Humphrey) is very sick now. The doctor has been attending him for some time. Pa has just told me to go over to Howard’s Lick on Bob and get some of the water there for the baby, as it did Ed much good when he was small and afflicted with the same complaint.

“July 20th. After considerable meditation upon the subject and entirely uninfluenced by my father, I have determined not to go to the University this Fall, as I think if I postpone it for another year, I will more readily accomplish my grand object, which I have had in view for two years, that is to take the decree of A. M.

“July 27th. Little Humphrey is very ill, indeed they have not expected him to live for some nights.
* * * * Pa received a letter from Ed last night stating that he would be home in eight or ten days. His success since he has been in Baltimore has been

remarkable. He went there a perfect novice in the business and after five months his employer offered him a raise of two hundred and fifty dollars.

“July 30th. Little Humphrey died this morning about nine o’clock. I saw him this morning and he seemed as if he was alive. I thought I saw him breathe, but no, his soul had winged its flight on high where saints immortal dwell. Perhaps it is the circumstances of the moment which bring solemn thoughts to my bosom. * * * *

“Aug., 1851. I drove to the depot to meet Ed this morning. We stopped at Springfield returning, where Ed sold five or six dollars worth of King’s Magnetic Fluid for washing, from which he gets fifteen per cent. He seems to be a thorough-going business man now, and very much changed in appearance. Before he left here he used to speak of these nice looking city chaps as mere dandies, and say that he would never be like one of them, no matter how long he remained in Baltimore. But he comes back after a residence there of five months, and lo and behold what a change! He is not foppish at all but very neat and has improved greatly in language and self-possession. He talks of notes and banks and shipping like a regular built merchant. He has changed in toto and all for the better.

“Aug. 3rd. Dr. Foote preached to-day and none of us went to church. We sat in the parlour and talked of our future plans. * * * * I will not go to the University this fall, as from the conversation with my father, he cannot afford it yet. My mind is made up to go, however, and I will if I must, obtain the money by labor.

“Aug. 4th. Ed has been trying to sell some more of the washing liquid which is an invention of Mr. King’s, the gentleman with whom he stayed. Ed is very fond of him, although he is a Yankee. He gives Ed ten or fifteen per cent on the sales. I am very sorry that Ed has become so enamored of Mr. King, as I believe it has some effect on his political opinions.

“Aug. 6th. Ed, Angus and I were at the office all evening, conversing on our future prospects. Angus said he wanted a fortune, but that he would be no drudge all his life to make a living, upon which a gentleman would starve. Therefore he wants to make his fortune right off. And he believed the best way would be to go to California where he could dig it. Ed said he wanted to make a fortune, too, but not by leaps and jumps, for while he was taking one jump forward he might take two backward, therefore he would choose a slow but sure way of making his fortune.

“I said I didn’t want a fortune, but I wanted a big house, and plenty of children with money sufficient to live like a gentleman and that I also wanted to be a great orator and a man of learning. That is what I wish to be. None of your millionaire swells for me. I seek happiness and it is not to be found in the possession of riches alone.

“Aug. 8th. The Society met this evening and the question, ‘Are the French people prepared for a Republic?’ was debated. The affirmative by Mr. Jacobs and myself and by Angus and Ed in the negative. Ed’s usual profundity of thought was developed on this occasion while his enunciation is greatly im-

proved. And although his arguments were no stronger than usual, being expressed in such a plain, clear style, they had a great deal of effect.

“Aug. 11th. Ed intended to go to Hardy to-day to sell some of his washing liquid, but was prevented by the rain.

“Aug. 12th. Though it was still threatening rain, Ed determined not to be thwarted again, so he started off to Hardy on Bob.

“Aug. 13th. Ed returned from his trip to-day very much disgusted with Hardy and in fact all Virginia. Says they have no enterprise at all. The only success which attended his efforts in selling his liquid was at Grandma Peerce's, where he sold several gallons.

“Aug. 15th. I went with Ed to the depot this morning. It seemed as if I was parting with him for the first time. Next to my father I love Ed better than anybody on earth.

“Aug. 24th. I received a letter from Will Bronaugh last night. It was beautifully written. What a genius he is. I know I shall like him. His letter breathes sentiments and thoughts which only a warm heart can feel. We also heard from Ed saying there would be a box of peaches at the depot this morning.

“Aug. 26th. This evening was a great time. The four rival candidates, Kercheval, Bedinger, and Faulkner and Byrd spoke. Mr. Byrd said that though he had permitted his name to be used as a candidate, yet since he had given his consent, things had transpired which justified his recalling it. Therefore he respectfully withdrew from the race. Mr. Faulkner

spoke next. His whole speech seemed a defense of his past conduct. He claimed the honor of being the author of the Fugitive Slave Bill. He explained that although Senator James M. Mason had brought it before Congress, yet he had brought it to Senator Mason. Bedinger followed and I thought spoke very well, cutting his opponent all to pieces. Kercheval came next. His cut at Faulkner was a mixture of sound sense and nonsense.

“Aug. 27th. The Rev. Mr. Tyng has arrived and will preach here to-morrow. He is a very handsome man * * * * His declamation and style are perfect and withal he is a gentleman.

“Aug. 30th. Mr. Walker preached to-night. His sermon was sensible and argumentative. Mr. Tyng preached this morning. He satisfied me on one thing, in reference to the Spirit. He said the Spirit is always moving you and when you did not resist it that then you believed and were saved.

“Sept. 7th. I have been sick to-day. Marsh and Wood went down to Mr. Donaldson’s after some alum water. We are to have a public meeting three weeks hence and I am on the debate. The question, it seems to me, is full of argument though hard to get at.

“Sept. 8th. My father has been expecting the dentist all day to attend to his teeth before Court begins, but as he has disappointed him before, he sent me after him this time.

“Sept. 9th. Superior Court commences to-morrow. Some very important cases are to be tried. Ex-Governor Frank Thomas of Maryland is expected to speak in the Donaldson case. Some lawyers with

the Judge will take tea here to-morrow evening. I have been scouring the country for some peaches.

“Sept. 14th. Mr. Irish, our new Episcopal minister, preached this morning and again to-night. His composition was good, but his delivery is bad, though that may have been the result of embarrassment, rather than habit. I think he will improve. His sermon was better to-night than this evening.

“Sept. 15th. I have done nothing of any account for four or five days. Too many amusements coming together withdrew my interest from my books. Court first, then an animal show and a party!

“Sept. 23rd. Angus returned to-day with his license signed by Judge Parker. He says the examination was not very rigid, and confesses that he does not deserve a license, but quiets his conscience on this score by promising himself to read law all winter.

“Sept. 28th. Mr. Irish preached to-day. My prediction has proved true, that his bad delivery was the result of diffidence. His sermons were good, both this morning and evening.

“April 30th. To-morrow night is public meeting. Angus came home to-day from Martinsburg, having obtained Judge Samuels' signature to his license.

“Oct. 1st. Our meeting came off to-night. I opened the discussion and did my best, though my mouth was quite sore from practicing with pebbles. Mr. Kercheval spoke better than I ever heard him before in a debate, but his classical recollections are too vivid to permit him to wander far from his favorite topics, viz: Grecian poetry and philosophy. Marshall also spoke in the negative and as

usual, made a very sound, argumentative speech, clear and convincing.

“Oct. 4th. Played ball this morning for the first time this Fall. I enjoyed it so much that I played again this evening and paid the penalty of not exercising self-control, for after resting a few moments I was so sore that I could hardly walk. The world is full of lessons, and I think I learned one yesterday. If I do not learn to exercise self-control in my youth it will be the bane of my whole existence.

“Oct. 6th. Angus received his license to-night. He is in high spirits. Another letter from Ed in which he tells of a plan by which each of us can make twenty-five dollars apiece. But I have so much else to do.

“Oct. 8th. Marshall and I were lying in the yard this evening wishing for some diversion, when he made the suggestion that we go out to Uncle Peerce’s on foot. No sooner said than done, and in a little while we started on our journey of twelve miles. As exercise of that kind had not been indulged in for some time, each succeeding mile seemed longer than the one before, but finally, wearied and worn, at a time when the sunlit beauties of a dying day were merging into the unwelcome obscurity of an autumn night, we reached Grandma’s and though she was absent our hearts were warmed by the kind welcome of Cousin John and Cousin Hannah.

“Oct. 9th. We fished this morning, but luck bad as usual.

“Oct. 10th. Marshall, having an idea that at the Sulphur Spring might be found something which might amuse or vex his chemical genius, we went

over there this morning, I with a gun on my shoulder, also accompanied by Cousin John. On discovering a squirrel I fired away twice, but the gun being a rifle, a weapon with which I am entirely unfamiliar, the squirrel escaped. We went this evening to try our luck at 'hooking suckers.' It was a sport entirely new to me, but I was never before so completely entranced by any thing of the kind. There is an excitement about it far exceeding that of fishing or hunting.

"At the moment the hook approaches the mouth of the noble fish, which scorns to notice a bait, an indescribable feeling is experienced and let it but be interrupted by an advice-giving tongue and every damning thought that momentary spleen can engender, springs up in the bosom of the disturbed sportsman against the unconscious offender. Not a word is spoken * * * * The hook is drawn adroitly in the direction of the victim and away he goes! completely astounded, doubtless at his rude introduction to the land. We returned home this evening well repaid for our little tramp.

"Oct. 14th. I was sent to the country to-day to purchase a load of hay, but knowing that I was incapable of judging of either its quality or its quantity, I requested George Stump to give me some lessons in the value of hay, which he did. I then went to Mrs. Smoot's where I obtained a stack for seventeen dollars. I had a great time before I could form any opinion of the value of the stack and did not decide until I fully satisfied myself that I would not be cheated. I don't know whether I cheated Mrs. Smoot or not.

"Oct. 16th. The two papers here are full of discussions of the two candidates for Congress, Faulkner and Bedinger. Kercheval seems a martyr to Bedinger and the cause of secession. He has filled the *Argus* lately with articles on the gross inconsistencies of Mr. Faulkner's political course, in return for which no less than five new champions have stepped into the arena in defense of Faulkner and thrown down the guerdon of combat.

"Oct. 20th. Marshall received a bottle of something from Baltimore to-day labeled 'McDonald's Cure for Dyspepsia.' Whether it is an invention of his own or not we haven't yet been able to find out.

"Oct. 21st. It seems as if the more we work the more Pa is convinced of our usefulness in that line and consequently he is contriving plans now for us to execute during our holiday. He has conceived the idea of building a new ice house.

"Oct. 25th. All of us are working on the ice house now. * * * * Our party are dreadfully non-plussed at the result of the election, though there is food for consolation in the fact that our county has been faithful. Allen and Powell, the States' Right men are elected by a small majority.

"Oct. 31st. Still working on the ice house, endeavoring to excavate a hole large enough to suit Pa's purposes.

"Nov. 3rd. Finished digging the ice house to-day. Pa got back this evening and offered Mr. Jacobs the position of Principal of the Institute. Just came from the house where Mary and I have been singing some songs.

“Nov. 5th. Pa and I went to Mr. Parsons to-day to get some locust logs for the ice house. We ate dinner there. I never before had the opportunity of observing closely the character of Mr. Isaac Parsons, and I confess he made a most favorable impression upon me. I regard him as a sensible, unassuming, upright man.

“Nov. 7th. Went with Josh to haul logs from Mr. Parsons. We couldn’t manage some that were eighteen feet long so I hired George Baxter to haul them.

“Nov. 10th. Still working at the ice house. School commenced to-day under Mr. Jacobs’ administration. I intend to study Greek again when the *ice house* is finished, but not before.

“Nov. 13th. As it rained to-day, I studied my Greek.

“Nov. 14th. Bob and Josh and I to-day dragged forty-four logs down the hill.

“Nov. 16th. Mr. Vance drove Anne out to Uncle Peerce’s to-day and Wood drove Mary. A great many of the boys have left our school and gone over to the other, among them Tom Williams. To say that I blame him would not be true, and to say that I approve his conduct would also be untrue. What then is my opinion? God only knows, for I do not. I could almost weep at the thought of his desertion. One by one I have seen them leave since Meaney has laid his damning paws upon our school’s fortune. Adversity begins to overcloud our sky and blast our blooming hopes. I have seen them leave one by one, Reese, Harmon, and others, but not until Williams left, he whom I thought mountains could not move,

did I begin to despair. If there ever was a boy of honor, it was he. If ever one of truth, it was he. If ever I had a friend it was he, yet by this woeful step all is over.

“Nov. 19th. Pa has gone away and left the responsibility of building this ice house entirely on my shoulders.

“Nov. 22nd. Finished the ice house to-day, that is the log part of it. A meeting is to be held here Monday of the delegates from Alexandria and other localities interested in the extension of the M. G. R. R.

“Nov. 23rd. Angus is going with Mr. Rice, the Engineer of the road to help locate the route. Mr. Rice and Mr. Marshall, President of the Manassa's Gap R. R., with several other gentlemen, took tea at our house yesterday evening and Sister Mary charmed them all with her singing. Mr. Marshall declared that she equalled Jennie Lind. I have been going to see the girls and of course have gone into extremes as usual, and neglected my books. I made a resolution this morning to quit, and visit only two evenings in the week. Anne is going to Winchester next week and she is overjoyed at the prospect.

“Dec. 2nd. I spent last night at Springfield, where I went in the hope of getting up a school. I did not succeed in getting many subscribers, but I am by no means discouraged and will return next Monday, being the day of the election when all the patrons will be there.

“Dec. 3rd. The idea of opening a school of which I will be entire master, of launching my bark upon the tempestuous waves of life, of taking upon myself the duties of a man, and yet being but seventeen

years old, is now the one engrossing subject occupying my mind. Bright castles built in the flowery fields of imagination gleam at times upon my vision and methinks I see in the future the fond realization of the dreams of my youth.

“Dec. 4th. Ed came to-night. He of course warmly favors my scheme of getting up a school.

“Dec. 6th. Pa and Ed went to New Creek yesterday. Why they went so soon after Ed’s arrival I’m sure I can’t tell. They are talking of saw mills, tan yards and various other inventions. Pa has already (though by no means given to such flights) gone beyond the bounds of the material and transformed the old, moss-covered stone house into a magnificent towering castle, surrounded—the candle is out. I am done.

“Dec. 10th, 1851. I went to Springfield to-day, to see about the prospect of getting a school, but I had not sufficient inducement offered me to locate there. I was challenged as being a disunionist by one of those whose patronage had been promised me. I replied that I was exactly what my father was and added that if my politics were to be considered before I could be received as a teacher, I didn’t care a damn for the school, and turned on my heel and left.

“Dec. 13th. We held a moot court at the Institute this evening. Marshall being considered both just and penetrating was selected as Judge, the rest of us acting as counsel, witnesses, etc. There was a very elaborate discussion on both sides, * * * * and our Judge was about to give his decision in my favor, when Wood said that the Court was preju-

diced in my favor and he would appeal from its decision. The case was continued amidst roars from each side.

"Dec. 14th. Ed arrived from New Creek this evening covered with dust and mud, and in reply to our many questions as to his long absence, he responded that he had turned miller. Whereupon Susan put up her lip and said, 'My brother turned miller,' and Mary ejaculated, 'Just look at his hands! I could lie down and cry.'

"Dec. 15th. Ed started back this morning before daylight. He thinks there is some prospect of my getting a school over there this winter of about sixteen scholars.

"Sunday, Dec. 21st. Ed came to-day. He paints glowing pictures of the grand field for speculation at New Creek, and though buoyed up with the hopeful spirit of dauntless youth and endowed with all the fire and energy of his age, yet he does not, in his castle-building go near as far as Pa does, with plans and new inventions regarding his mills and factory sites.

"Jan. 3rd. Have been occupied most of the past week with making a map of Hannibal for my father. He was telling me the other day that at the age of twenty-five, he, with fourteen other men, had formed the bold and daring plan of revolutionizing Texas, but about that time he made the acquaintance of our mother and soon becoming attached to her, he decided to give it up and settle down.

"Jan. 10th. It has been snowing all day and we have been out in it most of the time. Wood had to go on an errand this evening and not wanting to go

on horseback, or in the wagon he got a sled which had no shafts, and endeavored to affix the shafts of the wagon, but failing he concluded to go shaftless, which resolution was warmly seconded by Sam Baker, who was to accompany him. They started off all right, but at the first corner were unable to turn, when Pa happened along and told them to go back and get the wagon.

“Jan. 26th. Contrary to Pa’s advice, Ed started to New Creek with John and I, who were going after hay. Ed rode with us as far as we went together and then started to foot it the rest of the way. Before we separated we were discussing what I had best do until next Fall (at which time I expect to enter the University). Ed suggested that I should be an engineer, which proposition I accepted very eagerly and decided to consult my father that night, but after Ed parted with me I felt very lonesome, and wanted to do something that was more settled; so after deliberating a little longer about it I resolved to go to New Creek and see Ed again. After helping John to load the hay, I started to overtake him. I got along very well until I reached Riley’s about three o’clock, and having heard that he had a pretty daughter, I concluded I would just drop in and inquire the way, though I knew it very well. I not only asked the way, but fifty other questions besides, though not heeding the answers. I finally satisfied myself that she was not pretty at all. After divers combats with dogs I reached New Creek a quarter of an hour before Ed. He wished to know why I had taken such a tramp. I replied, ‘To see Mr. B. and get a situation

as an engineer.' He replied with a laugh, 'You had better go back home.'

"Dec. 31st. Ed arrived this evening. He has been appointed deputy constable and has received from the Post Office Department the appointment as Postmaster, and he is just nineteen. He feels quite exalted. He brought the money he had collected from George Staggs. The scarcity of money is very great over the entire country now. I am going out to-morrow to try and make some collections. Ann has just returned from Winchester * * * * She told me she was engaged to S. T. I slightly hinted that I was opposed to it, not on account of his character, but he is a widower with two children.

"Feb. 13th. Ed came this evening. The saw mill has started at last, but under bad auspices. The man who was to run it for Ed met with a bad accident, and nearly broke his neck. While his son, who was to assist him, came nearing burning to death. Ed sat up with him all last night. * * * * We went to a Democratic meeting to-night, to nominate candidates for the county offices. Much to our joy Angus was nominated by acclamation for the office of Commonwealth's Attorney.

"Feb. 23rd, 1852. Angus had his first case to-day.

"Feb. 24th. I have been assisting Barker and John to put a roof on the ice house to-day. I saw Miss Jemima Parsons this evening. She looked very pretty.

"March 3rd. I set in to hard study to-day, although somewhat discouraged by the repeated calls on my time, yet I endeavor to bear it all patiently.

I well know that the times are hard and with our large family each one must exhibit patience and be willing to do their part * * * * and with undaunted front fling his sail to the breeze if he would win in the end.

“March 5th. Pa received a letter from Duff Green saying he would be here very soon to pay him the money he owes, which will greatly relieve the situation.

“Mar. 7th. Went with my father to Seymour’s to-day, where I met a Frenchman, who seemed delighted to meet with one who could converse with him in his own tongue, and we talked together until quite late. Upon arriving in Winchester this morning, I found Slicer still at Dr. Holiday’s. I took tea at Cousin Hugh McGuire’s and stayed all night with Hunter, after calling on some ladies.

“Mar. 10th. Upon reaching home we found a man here to buy a tract of land, and had the money to pay down.

“Mar. 11th. Our choir met this evening and Miss Jordan was as impudent as ever. Ed, Angus and I talked this evening of our future prospects. Ed seems doubtful as to his ultimate plans. Talked a little of going to St. Louis to settle, which I earnestly oppose.

“Mar. 25th. I have been arguing with Tom Williams on the political situation and I am surprised at the stand he takes against States’ Rights. He is a thorough-going Federalist, I believe. I can’t understand how he can be so blind to his Country’s interests. He is a worshipper of the leaders of the Whig Party.”

The foregoing extracts from William's Diary, although occupying more space in these family chronicles than I had anticipated are yet so delightful and throw such intimate light on the family life of the McDonalds, besides affording a most wholesome picture of the boy himself, that I cannot refrain from inserting them, with but few omissions, just as written in his diary.

Apart from the personal interest, the study of character development in the boy and the modest story of his own aspirations together with his firm purpose to conquer in the race of life, are most attractive and appealing, and I believe that anyone will be benefitted by the perusal.

In October, 1852, he realized the fond fruition of all his hopes and labors and entered the University of Virginia. In one of his letters to his father, he says: "I am rooming with Bob Conrad of Winchester, and as far as I am able to judge, he is a clever young man and an exemplary Christian. He suits me very well but whether I suit him I don't know. He is sitting near me now and shocked to death at my writing a letter on Sunday. He says, however, that his father told him to room with me, if possible."

In another letter to his father, of date Jan. 14th, he says: "Your letter reminded me of what I said in mine to you and recalled emotions which prompted the confession, which to my shame be it said, cease to trouble me now. Do not attribute it to a hasty dismissal by the lady herself, but rather to conclusions which your suggestions have brought about.
* * * * Tell Mother I will answer her letter in a few days."

In June of 1857, he received the degree of Master of Arts from the University of Virginia and in the same summer was called to the Professorship of Belles Lettres in the University of Public Schools in Louisville, Kentucky, which position he filled with such satisfaction to his patrons that the following year he was promoted to the Presidency of same.

A leaf in his diary, which he still keeps in a desultory way, dated Louisville, says: "My friends think my promise is fair—for what? To make a living! Oh, would that I could be satisfied with that. Unfortunately, though, I am constituted with the lofty aspirations of the eagle, * * * * But, so help me, God! I will never let my honor be sullied to attain all this world can give, * * * * and greatness, after all, consists more in moral elevation than in intellectual achievements. * * * * Whenever I consult policy I am in a quandry, so I will try to follow what seems to be duty and patiently await the result like a philosopher."

He entertained very original ideas on the subject of "discipline," though the methods he practiced were usually effectual.

An old pupil relates the following incident which occurred very soon after Prof. McDonald had taken charge of the school:

"It was dominated at that time by a clique of boys who were simply terrors. At the head was a big red headed fellow named Williams, who had great influence over the other boys, and upon first sight of the new Principal, who was rather youthful looking, they decided to make it warm for him. Very soon an opportunity occurred to show insubordina-

tion, which the clique promptly availed itself of, but the Professor took little notice of it beyond a mild rebuke which confirmed them in their opinion as expressed by their leader that 'he was a soft proposition.'

"Shortly afterwards, just after school had been called one morning, Professor McDonald found it necessary to reprimand two of the boys for a small misdemeanor, which reprimand was received with an insulting sneer by one of them. In response Professor McDonald struck the offender a stinging blow, whereupon he turned on the Principal and assumed a fighting attitude. Williams, who was next him in line, yelled out, 'Stand up to him, Johnny—I won't let him hurt you.' Professor made one step towards him, and although the boy was nearly as big as he was, he felled him with a single blow. Williams, who was a powerful fellow, now rushed in, but the Professor was on him like a tiger. For a moment Williams kept his feet, then the Professor hurled him to the floor and knelt on him.

"All semblance of order was lost now and the boys crowded round, while one of the teachers ran to Professor's assistance, but he waved him back: 'Never mind, I can attend to him.' And he did. They grappled for several minutes and every time Williams tried to rise he was sent back to the floor again. At last the Professor seemed to get the grip he was trying for.

"'Look out,' he exclaimed, and began dragging the struggling boy towards the rear of the hall. The way opened as by magic—the boys pressing close behind. The Professor stopped in front of a closet

door: 'Here, open that door,' he ordered one of the boys, as Williams kicked madly. The boys gazed in anxious silence as he bellowed for his allies.

"The order to open the closet door was promptly obeyed, as well as the next one: 'Reach me that rope.' A long piece of brand new clothes line was handed to him.

"'Now, lend a hand here,' said the Principal. 'Grab his legs.'

"Three or four boys at once volunteered to assist. One seized his feet, another roosted on his stomach, while a third assisted the Professor to bind the recreant securely with a rope. 'Now, look out!' he exclaimed, as he half carried, half dragged Williams down the steps leading to the cellar, where he deposited him on some straw, and where he was kept the rest of the day.

"I never saw a boy so changed as Williams was in a little while. He actually became a model student, and it was not long before the entire school became devoted to Professor McDonald."

After teaching in Louisville for two years, he resigned his position to carry out a long cherished plan, which was to fit himself for the legal profession, and he returned to Winchester, where his family were then living and engaged in the study of law. His health was very poor at this time, having contracted malaria during his residence in Louisville. He was very much exercised, too, on the subject of a permanent location.

An entry in his diary of date, April 7th, 1860, says: "It was mainly my love for Virginia which made me leave Louisville. In all the ardor of en-

thusiastic youth, I laid my aspirations upon her altar and would hate now to leave my native State. I sometimes turn my eyes South, and sometimes East, and now and then West again; but never North."

April 18th, 1860. "I am now preparing to stand my examination in law. * * * * I drank a good deal of beer to-day, which I am sure made me sick. Whenever I resolve to drink no more of it, the Devil comes to me in the form of a medical prescription of 'a little every day.' But as it is impossible for me to confine myself to a little I think I had better do without altogether."

April 19th. "I received a letter from Dan Lucas to-day, informing me that I would receive the appointment of Historian of The John Brown Foray, from the Virginia Historical Society. I have already collected a good deal of material for it in recent visits to Harper's Ferry and Charlestown."

Apr. 24th. "To-day I witnessed the parade of a little troop calling themselves 'The Selma Guards,' to which Harry, Allen and Kenneth belong. Harry holding the office of Corporal."

April 26th. "I have been sick again. My heart seems affected. I couldn't sleep the other night for feeling so badly and Flora came and slept at the foot of my bed."

It was not long after he obtained his license to practice law that his father was sent by the State of Virginia on a mission to England in the interest of the long-disputed boundary line between the States of Maryland and Virginia, William accompanied his father as Secretary, besides hoping that the sea voyage would materially benefit his health. On June 5th,

1860, they left Winchester for New York and on the 13th they sailed for London on the Steamer Arabia. A note in William's Diary, says: "This morning I heard the Captain scolding the Steward for some trifling offense and he was more tyrannical and overbearing in his conduct, than any slave-owner I ever saw, while the Steward was twenty times as apologetic and obsequious as any negro I ever saw. We have on board a nice old gentleman from the South, named Howell Cobb, who is sent by the big cotton kings to Brussels to try and arrange there for a direct trade."

June 24th. "Liverpool. After seeing some of the sights of this place, I dressed myself to call on Miss Maggie Tucker, when I realized that I had only yellow kid gloves about me, and not knowing whether they were 'the style' for afternoon calls in Liverpool, I was quite troubled in my mind and watched with much interest every well-dressed man I saw to discover what they wore. And to my dismay, I saw nothing but black, blue and gray gloves. Then I argued with myself quite a while as to whether I should appear in gloves at all and finally concluded to wear what I had on. With fear and trepidation I approached the mansion, only to learn from the servant, who answered my ring, that the family had just left town for Switzerland. I was both sorry and glad."

Speaking of the observance of the Fourth of July in London his diary has the following: "July 4th, 1860. This memorable day in our calendar was celebrated by the Americans in this city with a great banquet at the London Tavern. We reached there

pretty early and had opportunity to observe the others as they came in, and it was gratifying to see so many intelligent faces that reminded you of home. I asked if all the Americans in the city were there and was told that a large number were absent because they desired to recommend themselves to the aristocracy by affecting a contempt for such promiscuous gatherings. Even Mr. Peabody was absent. Formerly he had given these dinners himself, but he attends them no more, since the Americans prefer to do it by general contribution.

“After a most bountiful and well-served repast came the toasts. Mr. Dallas responded to ‘The day we celebrate,’ in a very dignified and pleasant little speech, eliciting great applause when he alluded to Garibaldi. When my father rose to give a toast, I heard a voice near me say, ‘Now for the F. F.s.’

“General Campbell presided most satisfactorily, and when it was over, he and my father and I came home together in a cab.”

An entry on July 18th, says: “The Americans are all very much wrought up now about the way Lord Brougham treated Mr. Dallas during the meeting of the Statistical Congress. Judge Longstreet, the only American delegate present, besides Dr. Jarvis, withdrew and endeavored to persuade Jarvis to do likewise, but without avail. The Judge is out in a letter defending slavery and justifying his action.”

August 17th. “I went with a very pleasant party to-day to the Bridgewater Gallery of paintings where I was greatly interested, but not so much en-

tertained as I was with a conversation I heard in a barber shop before going.

“The barber’s boy said he would wait on me in a few minutes. He was then engaged in the intricate operation of curling the hair of a prosperous china merchant, the nature of whose avocation I gathered from the tenor of the conversation between them. And as it seemed likely to be fifty rather than five minutes before my turn I got up and left to find another shop, but though there were many *hair-dressing* shops I had great difficulty in finding one where I could get shaved.”

CHAPTER XVI.

War and Other Experiences.

He returned with his father from England in November, 1860, and very soon entered into a law partnership with his brother-in-law, Judge Thomas C. Green, in Charles Town. It was of short duration, however, as he enlisted in Company G (Botts Grays) 2nd. Reg. Virginia Infantry the following April and was one of those intrepid souls who helped win for his brigade, under its baptism of shot and shell at the first Manassa, the illustrious sobriquet of “Stonewall.” He remained with that command, participating in all of its engagements until the reorganization of the army the following year, when he was transferred to the Laurel Brigade as Ordnance officer on Gen. Rosser’s Staff, with rank of Captain.

He was frequently disabled by sickness as his delicate organism could ill brook the privations and discomforts of camp life, but his optimistic and buoyant disposition made him always the life of every gathering. He was wounded but once—on the second day of the battle of the Wilderness, near Spottsylvania, C. H.—where he received a shell wound very near his heart and which laid him up for some time.

At the time of the surrender he was Chief of Ordnance of Mahone's Division and a great favorite with the blustering Irishman, who made many offers to assist him in his struggles with the wolf after the war, but as they were all based on a modification of his political principles, they were invariably declined. In a final effort, when Mahone was representing the republicans of Virginia in the U. S. Senate he wrote to William and told him he felt confident that he could get him a foreign appointment in the Diplomatic Corps, and all that he need do, so far as politics were concerned, was to "keep his mouth shut." Even this did not tempt him, however.¹

After the surrender he went first to Charlottesville where he assisted in nursing his brother Ed-

¹William used to tell a good story on Gen. Mahone, which occurred when the army was falling back from Petersburg, and which was very characteristic of the General.

His entire Division was in motion, at the time, and as they moved laboriously along the route, the General rode leisurely to the rear, on a tour of inspection. Encountering the driver of the Head-quarters wagon, he called out:

"Hello, Jim, is everything all right?"

"Yes, sah," replied Jim, hesitatingly, 'everything, 'cept—"

"Except what, you d——d rascal?" yelled Mahone.

"Uh—uh—uh," stammered Jim, guiltily, "Yo' coffee-pot's done got ram-jammed, mighty bad, I'm 'feared, General."

"Who in the h——l ram-jammed my coffee-pot?" roared Mahone in a fury. And the entire wagon train was halted, until the head-quarters coffee pot was released from its perilous state of "ram-jam."

ward. From the hospital in Charlottesville he went with his brother Edward back to the Valley and there they together rented one of the biggest farms in Clarke County. Here, William established the Cool Spring school, while Edward managed the big farm. Many of the students who entered were ex-Confederate soldiers whose education had been interrupted by the war, and it was no light task to get them into the traces again, but he was phenomenally successful from the start.

Coming out of the war with only his horse and side arms, he said, that but for the gift of a dozen pairs of socks from a kind lady in Charlottesville, he didn't know how he would have reached home. He found the socks a happy medium of exchange. To use his own expression, he ate socks, he had his horse shod with socks, he slept on socks, besides putting a few pairs to their legitimate uses.

It was while he lived at Cool Spring that he wrote, in conjunction with Professor John S. Blackburn, the first Southern School History of the United States. It was published at their own expense and reached the twentieth edition, having still a wide circulation.

In August, 1867, he was married to Miss Catherine S. Gray, of Loudon County, Virginia, and shortly after that received from the Trustees of the Louisville High School—several of whom had been his former pupils—an offer of his old position as Principal, with a salary almost double that which he had originally received. This broke up the dear home at Cool Spring, where “Ed and Will,” “Sue,” “Flora” and “Allan,” with frequent visits from other

members of the family had found a safe and happy harbor after the four turbulent years of the war.

He was installed as Principal of the Louisville Male High School for the second time, September 29th, 1868, and an extract from his inaugural address on that occasion shows that his mind was still dominated with the same lofty aspirations which characterized his youth and early manhood: "The mental without the moral development, even in a worldly sense, avails but little, and with regard to those interests that survive this life, the subject admits of no discussion."

In substantiation of the principles by which he was governed, and in a measure, verifying his efforts to instill the same high ideals into his pupils, I find in a letter from one of his old pupils, later, Professor of Greek at Vanderbilt University, the following tribute: "I quite fail to be able to describe the profound and abiding impression which his method and expositions in teaching Butler's Analogy, for example, have had upon my thought, faith and life."

In 1872, he resigned his position as Principal of the Male High School and established, in conjunction with his brother Allan, the Louisville Rugby School, and for the next fifteen years this was conceded to be the largest and most successful private school for boys west of the Alleghanies. During this time he, with his brother Edward, established the Southern Bivouac, which he edited with great success for several years.

Finally, his health being much impaired, the old longing for his native heath caused him to give up his position as head of the Rugby and he returned

to Virginia in 1887 and there opened at Berryville, Virginia, the Shenandoah University School, which he maintained in successful operation up to the time of his death on January 4th, 1898. He was at the time of his death a candidate for the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of Virginia, with every chance of success in his favor.

Besides his wife he left three sons and five daughters—two daughters, Flora and Fannie, having died in infancy. His body lies in Green Hill Cemetery, near Berryville, Virginia, and a nobler type of Christian manhood never lived! Possessed to an unusual degree with the genius of energy, he gave his best efforts to whatever enlisted his interests, and as a teacher, in the language of one of his old pupils: "He inspired his boys with an enthusiastic interest in whatever he taught them, making that a delightful pleasure which ordinarily is an irksome task."

He undertook, at General Rosser's urgent instance, to write a history of the Laurel Brigade and the little leisure he found, during the latter years of his life, was chiefly devoted to collecting data and material for that history. Professor Hurt, of Tulane University, said of him: "His knowledge is profound. His methods of exposition clear and his taste incomparable."

His genial, sympathetic nature made him much sought after and his friends were numbered by the score. In 1879, while still a resident of Louisville, he was invited by Governor Matthews of West Virginia to make him a visit at the White Sulphur Springs, and his letters home, tell how his Virginia

friends toasted and feted him. At one of the dinners given him he speaks of meeting again "Roony Lee, General Robertson, Dulaney and several others with whom I had been in battles. And how they spoke of my father! Ran. Tucker, for the especial benefit of a New York heiress who was present, began telling of my father's capture by the Yankees. I mildly remarked that the young lady, being a Yankee, might not relish the recital, whereupon she indignantly disclaimed being a Yankee, said that she was a true descendant of Virginia, whereupon Ran. Tucker proposed a toast to all true descendants of Virginia, and then resumed the story in his most eloquent strain. At its conclusion, Matthews exclaimed: 'By heavens, I would rather be the son of such a man than Czar of the Russias.'"

When he attended the Confederate reunion, held in Richmond for the first time, he wore the Confederate uniform, which had not been seen in public since soon after the surrender. He stopped to see the writer on his way home and almost as soon as he got inside the house he exclaimed, "Let me take off this uniform! I feel like a pauper! No one has allowed me to pay for anything since I put it on to go to Richmond." But whether it was altogether because of the uniform, I have always had my doubts.

He was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church and a vestryman and in addition to teaching all the week he also taught regularly in the Sunday School. The children who survived him were: William Naylor, Ellen Douglas, Craig Woodrow (since deceased), Nannie Gray, Hugh Marshall, Catherine, Leacy Naylor and Mary.

CHAPTER XVII.

MARSHALL McDONALD.

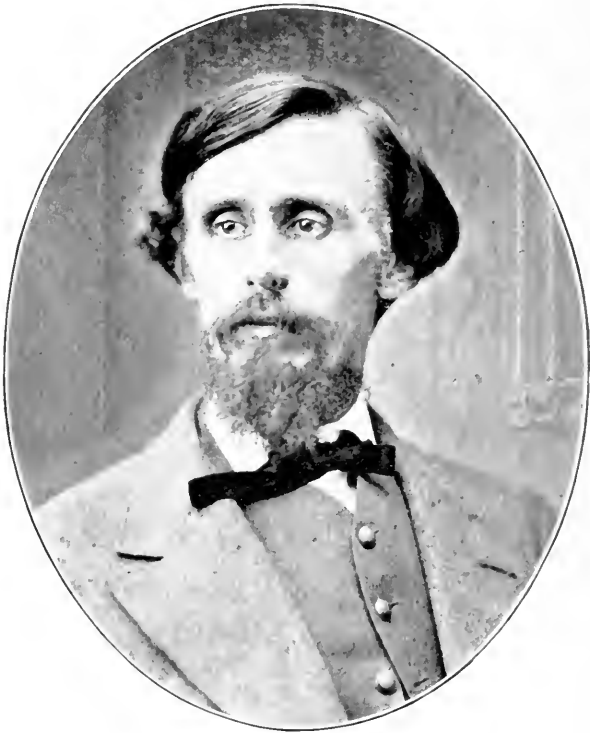
Early Life and War Experiences.

Marshall McDonald, the sixth child and fourth son of Angus W. McDonald and Leacy Anne Naylor (his wife), was born in Romney, Virginia, October 18th, 1835, and was named for the Marshall family, many members of which being devoted friends of his father. Mr. Alex. Marshall, of Alexandria, and Mr. James Marshall, a lawyer of Winchester, being particularly so.¹

Marshall, being of a more delicate constitution than the other children, was allowed considerable liberty in the pursuit of his studies, and early developed a special fondness for chemistry and natural history.

From his early boyhood he was a victim of asthma, though he never allowed it to interfere with his favorite pursuits. Many nights when he couldn't sleep, on account of the suffering entailed by the painful malady, I have known him to spend the time stuffing and mounting birds, which he began, when very young, to collect for the old Smithsonian In-

¹As far back as I can remember, Mr. Alex. Marshall spent a part of each year in my father's house, and the intimacy which had begun in their early boyhood was never interrupted, even in later life, when the burning questions of State's Rights and Secession separated so many who were connected by ties of blood. And despite my father's persuasive arguments, with his dear friend "Alex," he could never convince Mr. Marshall of the expediency, (though he admitted the right) of Secession, and after the first heated arguments on the subject, they tacitly agreed to discuss it no more. And their warm regard for each other was never diminished on account of their political differences.



HON. MARSHALL McDONALD
U. S. Com. of Fish and Fisheries

stitute, as well as innumerable specimens of various other animals. Snakes, fish and every peculiar thing that had life, possessed an infinite interest for him. And in the indulgence of these tastes his father provided him with every facility.

A large room on the third floor was at one time fitted up for his sole use and purposes, the walls being lined with shelves, filled with jars, cages and all sorts of contrivances for the prosecution of his favorite studies. If he found an especially rare specimen of any variety, before consigning it to its deadly bath in a jar of alcohol—preparatory to its journey to the Smithsonian—he would keep it alive for some time, for the purpose of studying its habits, etc. On one occasion he was observed to be searching carefully throughout the house, behind pictures, in fact in every nook and cranny where the smallest object could find concealment, but would not tell for what he was looking, until the quest seemed hopeless, when he confessed that one of his rarest snakes had gotten loose, and being an especially venomous variety—and not yet having extracted its fangs—he was more than anxious to capture it again.

This announcement caused considerable excitement, as might well be imagined, until Wood (his brother) coming in at this critical moment, confessed that he had “killed the vile reptile.”

He entered the third class at the Virginia Military Institute in 1856, his brother Woodrow entering the fourth class at the same time, and although he was a lively participant in many college escapades during the three terms he was there, his class standing was always good, and he finally graduated

at the head of most of his studies. An interesting incident in connection with his graduation was, that he alternated with his best friend, Ned Cunningham, in his class standing, that is, in every instance where he was first, Ned was second, and vice versa.

He was a great favorite with "Old Specs," as the cadets invariably styled Colonel Smith, the Superintendent, and that fact might in some degree have accounted for his good luck in always getting his demerit canceled.

Being in citizens clothes, without a special permit, was one of the gravest offences against the military spirit of the Institution and any cadet caught in that guise, knew just what he had to expect. Marshall had quite an exciting experience in that connection one night. He decided, with two or three other choice spirits, to visit the town of Lexington, which was located tantalizingly near the V. M. I., and it being a night when no leaves of absence were granted, they took the precaution to wear the ordinary garb of a citizen, and made their visit very successfully, without being molested; but cadet McDonald had scarcely entered his room before the officer of the day tapped at his door and demanded admittance; evidently suspecting something. Marshall was non-plussed. He had had no time to remove the tell-tale garb, but quick as thought he jumped into bed just as he was, and had barely time to pull the bed clothes around him, before the officer came in, light in hand, and walking up to McDonald jerked the cover rudely aside and demanded to know what he was doing in citizen's clothes.

To which McDonald as quickly retorted, that he didn't know the rules of the Institution prescribed what garb a cadet should sleep in; and later when he was brought before the Court Martial, charged with being in citizen's clothes, he was acquitted on his entering that plea.

After graduating at the V. M. I., he attended the University of Virginia in the session of 1858 and '59 and announced his intention of trying to make the degree of Master of Arts in two years. 'Tis true he was well prepared, but with the very high standard then maintained, it was considered a most difficult accomplishment and only a few of the students had succeeded in doing it. A letter from Wood (who was there also) to his father, says:

"Marsh has made quite a reputation here as a man of talent. His ticket is such a large one, and he does so well too, that I don't wonder at it. He can study, or rather learn more, and in a shorter time than any other man I ever saw. I suppose he will certainly (but no man can be certain) graduate on his ticket."

It is more than likely that he would have succeeded in his ambitious desires the following year, but an epidemic of typhoid fever caused a suspension of the schools and the students returned to their homes, several months before the usual time for Commencement.

He remained at home, in Winchester, for a while, contemplating and partially engaging in the study of medicine, under his cousin, Dr. Hugh McGuire. It was while he was at home that the hanging of John Brown occurred in Charlestown and in company with

many other citizens he attended the execution. Next morning at breakfast he related, for the benefit of those who had not been there, some of the incidents connected with it.

He was a great tease, and for my especial benefit, he made the details as blood-curdling as possible and wound up by saying:

“And by the way, Flora, I brought you a little souvenir of the occasion,” and with that laid a long, narrow package beside my plate.

Curiosity prompted me to open it at once—and behold a long wooden peg—which he explained was taken from the gallows. Disgusted, I at once tossed it into the fire, and my father reproved him for perpetrating so ghastly a joke, though he could not forbear a smile at my consternation.

In the Fall of 1860, he returned to the V. M. I. as assistant Professor to Professor T. J. Jackson (Stonewall) and later was on his staff at Harper's Ferry as Inspector General. He was afterwards transferred to the army at New Orleans; serving in the engineer branch, and later was with Pemberton as chief engineer at the siege of Vicksburg, with rank of Major.² I have often heard him laugh about the fried rats and mule steaks which were a prominent feature of their bill of fare during the long seige of Grant's army.

In recognition of his services he was appointed Brig. General, but the commission did not reach him

²See Appendix G for letter to Marshall (while stationed at Vicksburg) from his father.

before the surrender.³ He was in active service throughout the war, except during the time of his parole, after the surrender of Vicksburg, when he returned to his duties at V. M. I. His next service was with Kirby Smith in the southwest and he was with that branch of the army when the end came; so was stranded in the South for some time trying to earn the money to return home. A letter to his brother explains his circumstances and his ambitions while there:

Greenville, Washington Co., Miss.
February 25th, 1866.

DEAR WILL:

I have this moment received your letter, having just returned from making a survey of a bridge. I am thoroughly disgusted and disheartened at the shameful irregularity of the mails. You have received but one letter from me. I can recall now, six that I have written to members of the family at Cool Spring. If I have not written frequently, I have at least written much oftener than I have received letters from you.

It is true that I had accepted the appointment of Assistant Professor of Chemistry in the V. M. I. and confidently expected to spend my Christmas with you on my way to Lexington, but when I had made all my arrangements and was prepared to start, I learned that the United States military authorities had broken up the school there, and I was averse to coming to Virginia without having some assured means of supporting myself when I got there, so I determined not to go, and resumed my school here,

³In a letter from Marshall written from Vicksburg, Dec. 2nd, 1862, he says: "I have just received my commission as Captain of Artillery. I do not despair of being a Brigadier, if the war lasts a year or two longer. Don't laugh!" The honor did come to him, though it was later than he prophesied.

and am engaged to teach until the first of June. Then I have the prospect of lucrative employment as an engineer.

You will have to be a stranger in a strange land, as I have been, to know the bitter anguish and regret with which I relinquished the hope and expectation I had of being with those I love once more. But this I am resolved on, never to take one step in the future, that is not well assured, never to exchange certain things for uncertain.

I am well aware that in Virginia, I could easily earn a comfortable subsistence by teaching a village school, but from this, as a life time occupation, I turn with utter loathing, and how could I ever expect to earn more than a bare support in this way? There was a time when a modest competence would have sufficed for my utmost wishes * * * * but my idols are overturned now and strange gods usurp their places. Two ruling passions hold now alternate sway, Ambition and Avarice, both hell-born and yet potent divinities, at whose shrine, mankind worship and offer up the purer, holier feelings of their nature as penitential sacrifices.

I would be rich; or distinguished for eminent attainments in Science and Art. I had thought that my appointment at Lexington would open the way to one, but that hope has faded. Now I would be rich, and here I see clearly the way and means, which I do not see in Virginia. Here then I shall remain, unless I secure a position as Professor in some Institution of reputation.

You see I am growing hard and practical, the milk of human kindness is rapidly running away from me. The cow is going dry! My heart is an arid waste. But there is an oasis in the desert; *memory* is the perennial spring that keeps blooming and verdant the recollection of the loved ones at home; bright and beautiful flowers grow around its

margin, fragrant with the perfume of fraternal love.

I often sit alone by my fire, in the gathering twilight, and out of the dim shadows, come the faces and forms of the loved ones, and gather around—the living and the dead—for it is a memory of long ago, when the circle was unbroken, ere war had come with desolating hand to rupture family ties, and rend loving hearts, and strike down the bravest and the best.

In fancy we are in old Winchester, at the dear ingside, gathered on the lawn, in the still evening, under the light of the harvest moon, the air is redolent with the perfume of jasmine and honeysuckle, and vocal with the melody of a dozen concerted voices. Now our father sings some stirring, martial air of Scotland, and we kindle with patriotic love for the land of our forefathers. Now Flora carols some blithe and gladsome air, now she and Sue, with blended voices, sing some plaintive song, while a voice, now still in death lends its deep, and sonorous bass to swell the chorus.

When memories like these come over me, I would ignore the future, forget the present, and live but in the past, but necessity like a cruel schoolboy puts the live coal upon my back and the terrapin must open his shell, stretch his limbs and move on—on—on, with no instinct but to escape the present pain.

In my letters I have said but little about this country and its people. They are so different from those with whom you have always mingled, that some account of them may interest you. This district of country is a rich, alluvial section, formed by successive deposits of mud from the turbulent waters of the Mississippi. It is intersected in every direction by sloughs and bayous, which, in time of high water, help to carry off the overcharged waters of the Mississippi and which at all times abound in fish, and are frequented by innumerable flocks of

water-fowl. The whole country was once covered with a luxuriant growth of vegetation. Oak and hickory and elm grow along the margin of the streams. Gloomy forests of cypress cast a deep shade over the extensive swamps, and with their drooping branches, sombre foliage and long, pendant wreaths of grey moss, form a scene as sad and funereal as could be painted.

* * * * At the termination of the session I will have enough to get an outfit of clothing and purchase some of the most necessary engineering instruments. I will have to do without a horse until I can earn enough by surveying to buy one.

I am glad to hear that there is a prospect of recovering some of our father's property. Whatever disposition of matters you may deem it best to make, I will assent to. Should there not be more than enough to support the girls and educate the younger children, I think it should be devoted to that. If there be sufficient for the purpose, it would be well to unite and buy a homestead farm, but as I said before, I am willing to unite with you in any disposition you may think best to make. Any papers you may require, I will sign. I wish you would let me know the condition of his property, and what will probably be recovered for the heirs. Has it been confiscated, sold for taxes, or what?

I have a tract of 43 acres in the Hampshire coal field, for which Flora has the patent. Ask Ed to ascertain its condition, and the amount of taxes due on it, and let me know.

I might write a good deal more, but am tired and will write again within a week, and once a week in the future. You should write to me oftener, instead of complaining of my not writing. Flora and Ed are the only ones of you, who can claim to be correspondents at all. I know though you do not

love me the less, for that. And you would write, I am sure, if you knew how much pleasure your letters bring.

My love to all. God bless you and keep you safe.

Your devoted brother,

M. McDONALD.

He finally reached the goal he so earnestly longed for and was enabled to return to Virginia as Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology in the V. M. I., and while there in that capacity he established the first Museum that the Institution had ever possessed. Some idea of the state of society in Virginia at that time may be learned from the following letter to his sister (Mrs. Jno. B. Standard) :

Virginia Mil. Institute.

Lexington, Va., Jan. 8th, 1869.

DEAR SUE:

I hope that when this reaches you you will be convalescent, and busily preparing for your visit to Lexington. They were all disappointed at your not returning with me, but hope to see you before long. There is some gayety here, conducted in a sober sort of way. We have a reading club, now and then, which is pretty generally attended.

We have plenty of snow here, but no sleighing. It is rather too fast a pastime for the staid denizens of this quaint, formal, isolated corner of creation. Miss Mary Lee was here to-day and spent the day. I was only at home for an hour, the examinations being still in progress and requiring my presence. I spent the hour very agreeably with her.

Miss ——, I am happy to say, soon takes her departure. She said when she came, that she intended to astonish the natives, and she has done it.

She was startled out of propriety, when a school-girl, by ——— and she has never recovered it again. She dresses in an outlandish fashion, seeks the reputation of being "fast," talks slang, and altogether I will be glad when she is gone.

I wish for the honor and credit of our lower Valley, they would send some representatives, who can distinguish between the ease and grace and self-possession, which constitutes good breeding, and that utter abandon of manner, which marks the fast woman.

I have talked so much about the beauty and grace and polished ease of the girls of our lower Valley, that people will think I am gassing, after seeing such a specimen as Miss ———. I will have to persuade some one to come and show these Lexingtonians what a lower Valley girl really is. Do you think any of them will listen to my persuasions?

Have you seen Miss M—— since I left? She spoke of going to see you. If she would only come. How proud I would be to show her to these Lexingtonians. Time is up, good-bye.

Your brother,

MARSH.

While at the Institute, the management at one time, had considerable difficulty in the matter of the State appropriation, when Col. Cutshaw wrote Gen. Smith to send "McDonald" down to explain the state of affairs to the Legislature, that people believed what *he* said. McDonald went, and secured the desired appropriation, though not until after a hard fight.

His talent for imparting knowledge was wonderful. On one occasion he volunteered to give extra instruction to one of the classes in mathematics

whose standing was very low. He brought them to his own house and taught them at night, consequently they were splendidly prepared.

CHAPTER XVIII.

United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries.

On December 17th, 1867, at Frankford, Clarke County, Virginia, he was married to Miss Mary E. McCormick, a daughter of Mr. Frank McCormick.

In 1875, he was appointed Fish Commissioner for the State of Virginia and his successful efforts in the development of fish culture in the State brought him into very great prominence, and Professor Baird, with whom he had had a long acquaintance—having sent "Specimens" to the old Smithsonian, since his early boyhood—invited him to join the U. S. States Fish Commission; which greatly enlarged his field for research, and brought him wide recognition. His superior fitness was recognized from the first and he had largely the control of the work.

He was finally appointed United States Fish Commissioner by President Cleveland, and to quote from a Washington paper which made the first announcement of his appointment: "Under the terms of the first bill passed by the Fiftieth Congress, President Cleveland has appointed a person of scientific and practical acquaintance with the fish and fisheries to be a Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries. The new Commissioner, Col. Marshall McDonald, is to hold

no other office and he is to be paid a salary of \$5,000 a year. * * * * Marshall McDonald has received gold medals for improvements in fish culture from the International Fisheries Commissions at Berlin and London, a silver medal from the Societe d'Acclimatation de France, and a special medal for a fishway devised for the river Vienne in France.

"In 1881, he devised the automatic hatching jars now in general use by the United States Fish Commission, the several State Commissions and in Europe and Japan. This invention first made possible the vast extension of the work of shad propagation accomplished in late years and rendered the work of the U. S. Fish Commission practical from a commercial standpoint. It was in the winter of 1882 that he developed at Wood's Holl, the tidal apparatus now in use, for catching the floating eggs of cod, halibut and other marine species. The vast work of distribution now carried on by the United States Fish Commission has been developed by using this apparatus, its methods perfected, and the cost of the work cheapened, so that vastly greater results are now obtained without any increase of cost.

"Works from Commissioner McDonald's pen cover the whole range of fish cultural work, in its scientific as well as economic aspect, and are to be found in his State reports as Commissioner of Fisheries for Virginia, the report of the Commissioners in Forest and Stream, Science, in the annual report of the Fisheries Society, and in the Quarto fisheries report. He is accounted by competent judges the most accomplished fish culturist in this country, if not in the world, and he is known wherever the shad and carp,





Medals Bestowed Upon Marshall McDonald for His Inventions in Pisciculture.

propagated by the Government Commission, have been distributed. The Commissioner is zealous in his work, a good organizer and an officer who knows how to get along with the economical allowances of Congress."

In this connection the following letters will be of interest:

Washington, D. C., Feb. 24th.
1515 R. St. N. W.

MY DEAR FLORA :

Your welcome letter reached me yesterday. I am now fully convalescent and am taking up my official work, but am hardly strong enough to bear the full burden of it. Just when the agitation began in regard to the appointment of a "Commissioner of Fisheries," I was prostrated with an attack of pneumonia and could give no thought to anything, but M—— took up the matter, and I think I owe my appointment more to her well-directed efforts than to anything else. * * * *

My appointment was fought at every step by Major ——, who, as Asst. Commissioner, naturally expected to succeed. He was backed by powerful social influences here, which he has been able to secure by reason of his wealth.

The President, however, sturdily refused to yield to those influences, and appointed me, as he said, in deference to the universal endorsement of all who were interested in the Fisheries.

I think it possible I may get to the West coast next summer. We have sent the "Albatross" around to investigate the West coast fisheries, and she will be on the Pacific probably two years.

The fisheries there, which are now entirely undeveloped, will in time be a source of great wealth to the Pacific coast States. You will probably see

the "Albatross" at San Diego in the next two months, if so, you must go aboard and see how thoroughly she is equipped for her work. Introduce yourself to Capt. Tanner, and he will show you every courtesy

* * * *

Your brother,

MARSH.

The next one, from Senator Stockbridge, also relates to his work:

United States Senate, Washington, D. C.
Oct. 3rd, 1890.

M. McDONALD, ESQ.,
Commissioner.

DEAR SIR:—I saw the President this morning at request of Prof. Agassiz,⁴ in relation to sending the "Albatross" to Panama this winter, and he says upon your request, he will issue the order. I also had a long talk with him as to the general affairs of the Commission and also advised him of the highly favorable result of our examination into its affairs. He understands it all and agrees with us upon all important points.

He is well advised of your good work, and appreciates your entire fitness for the great work, as well as your zeal in its performance.

Yours truly,

B. F. STOCKBRIDGE.

At one of the White House receptions, a little incident occurred which illustrates Mrs. Cleveland's ready tact. As Col. McDonald was passing down the line, Mr. Cleveland said, in a jocular tone: "I never see you, McDonald, without thinking of the

⁴He had known and corresponded with Prof. Agassiz since a boy.

Fish," when Mrs. Cleveland promptly interjected: "I never see Col. McDonald without thinking of the beautiful water lilies he sent me."

It was at Commissioner McDonald's suggestion, that the great fish exhibits were installed at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago, and later in London and other foreign expositions. It was after his return from Germany, where he went to install an exhibit, that I received the following letter.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 15th, 1884.
1515 R. St.

MY DEAR SISTER:

I have been intending to write to you for a long time. It is not the inclination, but the convenient season that is wanting, and I hope procrastination will not make it as hard for me as it probably was for Felix.

I can't tell you about Scotland in a letter. It would take a book to narrate all I saw and learned. I sent Will a copy of the "History of the McDonalds, and the Lords of the Isles," which I presume all of you will be interested in.

The single thing that probably interested me most, was Edinboro' and especially Edinboro' Castle, with a history running back into mystery, and crowded with events that have moulded nations and given inspiration to poets and fervor to patriotism.

When I see you I will have much to tell you about both Scotland and Germany * * * *

Devotedly,

BROTHER MARSH.

It was while on this visit to Scotland that he had a little adventure, which illustrates both his self-possession and tact.

At a dinner given in his honor, forgetting the English custom of the ladies withdrawing from the table first, he rose with them, and didn't realize his *faux pas* until he had gone half-way across the room, but nothing daunted, he reached the door first, opened it; held it for them to pass through, bowed, and returned to his seat, as if that had been his original intention.

During Mr. Harrison's administration he had occasion to dismiss an assistant (a Republican), whereupon President Harrison sent for him and urged Col. McDonald to reinstate him, which he steadily refused to do, when Mr. Harrison said with considerable feeling: "Then you prefer losing your own place to reinstating ——?"

To which McDonald promptly replied, "Yes, sir, I do," and left the White House, confidently expecting that he would be asked to resign. He was not, however, and later the President told another applicant: "You might just as well ask for my place, as for Col. McDonald's."

A later letter says: "By the blessing of God, I have lived to see my ideas dominate the United States Fish Commission and my inventions and investigations open a wider field and establish a new era for Fish Culture."

A letter from Wood's Holl, Massachusetts, August 14th, 1888, says:

"My dear Sister: Will you please send me the photograph which you have of me, taken just after the war?"

"Colonel Jno. S. Wise is writing an article for the Century Magazine, entitled, 'The West Point of

the Confederacy,' in which my name is very pleasantly mentioned, and he wishes my photograph to use in this connection.

"If you are not willing to send the original, have copy made and let me know the cost. I am anxious to go down in History in my Confederate uniform."⁵

He was never perfectly well, in all the years of his laborious researches, and when we take into consideration the heavy handicap under which he always worked, it is simply marvellous what he accomplished. But inspired as he was with an intense love of his chosen work, and gifted with the genius of indomitable energy, he accomplished a great deal more than many others who are blessed with the most robust health. Always hopeful, too, and inclined to look on the sunny side of life, he unconsciously inspired others with his optimistic viewpoint.

The continued strain finally told upon his delicate constitution and after months of intense suffering he finally passed away at his home in Washington City, on September 1st, 1905, leaving his wife, one son, Angus, and a daughter, Rose Mortimer. They had lost a most engaging and attractive little daughter at the age of three.

His body rests in Oak Hill Cemetery, near Washington City.

He was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and during his residence in Lexington, a Vestryman in Lee Memorial Chapel, which he was largely instrumental in building. Though not ap-

⁵There was no good picture to be found of him in his Confederate uniform or his wishes would certainly have been carried out.

proving of Memorial Churches as a rule, he thought that the religious side of Gen. Lee's life should be emphasized for the benefit of the young men who attended the two colleges in Lexington.

An issue of the Washington Post said of the dead Commissioner: “* * * * Although a man of great will, Col. McDonald had never been physically strong. Much of his work was performed through an inability to sleep. His appearance was that of a delicate man and his features showed his high strung, nervous organization. He was extremely sensitive to honest criticism, but was able to pay no attention to slurs and denunciations which came from weak and unreliable sources. His bearing was always kind and gentle and his tread and manner carried for him a remembrance of his long line of military ancestry.”

The Richmond Dispatch of the same date says: “In the death of Commissioner Marshall McDonald, the United States Government loses an accomplished and faithful officer. The greater part of his life was devoted to pisciculture, and his eminence in it was conceded by experts the world over. * * * He devoted himself to the duties of the office with great ardor and industry and he was instrumental in stocking many of the large streams of this country with valuable food fishes. He did a good work for the country and the future will, we believe, show that it was one of the best investments into which the country's money was ever put.

“The deceased was a son of Colonel Angus W. McDonald, one of the most loyal and courageous sons that old Virginia ever had, and he inherited

his father's abilities and sterling qualities. He was in Richmond last at the meeting of the Oyster-men's Convention, in which he was deeply interested, as indeed he was in all the affairs of Virginia."

The National Cyclopedia of American Biography (Vol. XIII) says: "Marshall McDonald, ichthyologist, pisciculturist and inventor, was born, etc. * * * * In 1875, he was appointed Fish Commissioner of Virginia and in this capacity began to make a specialty of the study of pisciculture and became one of the foremost ichthyologists. His work having come to the notice of Prof. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institute, in 1879, he was invited by the latter to join the United States Fish Commission, with which he was able to continue his researches, and where his experiments and inventions secured for him distinguished recognition at home and abroad.

"From the first, he had practical control of the Commission, shaping its development and giving direction to its operations. In this department, for many years the United States Government has made a practice of supplying gratuitously, food fishes for rivers and brooks and lakes adapted to their propagation, and Major McDonald was in charge of this distribution.

"His inventions, consisting of automatic hatching-jars, now in general use and known by his name, fish-ways, a cod-hatching box, etc., have rendered the propagation and distribution of fishes and lobsters practicable, and have saved the government large sums annually. He also devised a tidal apparatus for hatching floating eggs of cod, halibut,

etc. For these inventions and for improvements in fish culture he was awarded medals by England, France, Germany, Russia and Belgium.

“He was U. S. Com. of Fish and Fisheries during 1888-1895. One of his most important works was to place a biological and physical survey of far greater thoroughness than any previously undertaken. He was convinced that the first step towards a comprehensive knowledge of the conditions of greatest production of the fisheries, was an understanding of the primary food supply ‘the aquatic pasturage.’ This he hoped to gain by an accurate analysis of the unicellular, plankton and littoral life, which in turn, involves the questions concerning the ultimate relation existing between land waste and sea utilization, and incidentally a study of the life histories and inter-relation of myriads of animals and plants. * * * * He was the originator of inland salt-water aquariums, the first of which was installed at the Columbian Exposition, Chicago, and the most elaborate of which is to be seen in Battery Park, New York.

“Under him, pisciculture in this country advanced rapidly to the secure foundations of scientific methods. * * * *”

His only son, Angus, died at Milner, Idaho, Jan. 17th. He was a graduate of the Columbian Law School in Washington and a most gifted, fascinating man. He was connected with the newspaper bureaus of Washington City for some time, and when the Spanish-American war broke out he enlisted in the Third Virginia Infantry, but was shortly after detailed as a courier. After that war, he was

sent to South Africa by C. P. Huntingdon in the interests of some of his railroads, but Mr. Huntingdon dying shortly thereafter the matter upon which Mr. McDonald was despatched was dropped, and being left with no means he promptly enlisted in the British army which was at that time engaged in the Boer war. He was again attached to the courier force, and as a member of Locke's Horse was one of Lord Robert's escort from Cape Town. He was awarded a medal by the British Government for his services in South Africa.

After returning to this country he went out to Idaho and was connected with an irrigating company at the time of his death. He had given his family no intimation that his service in the British army had been anything out of the ordinary, and not until letters came from the British War Office, enquiring where he was, did they know that he was entitled to receive the handsome gold medal which was shortly sent him.

His daughter, Rose, also occupies a rather unique position, being the only woman fish culturist in the world. And the position did not come to her by appointment, but she showed upon examination that she was better fitted for it than the other applicants.

CHAPTER XIX.

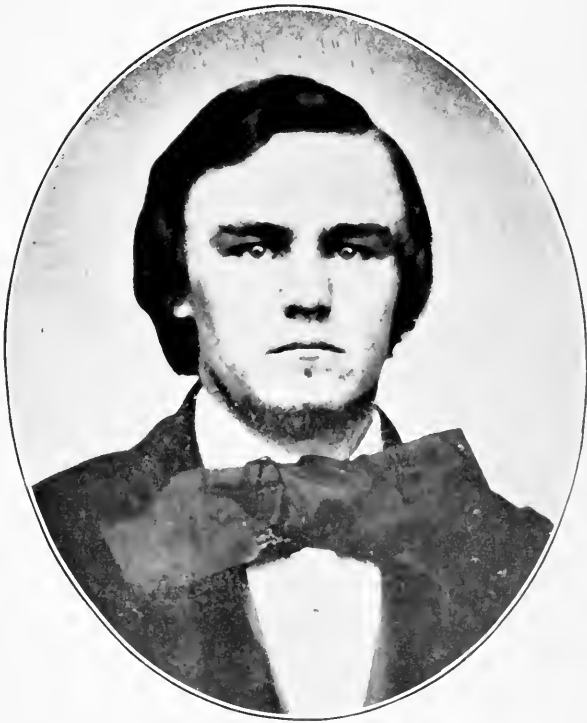
CRAIG WOODROW McDONALD

Craig Woodrow McDonald was born in Romney, Virginia, May the 28th, 1837, the fifth son and seventh child of Angus W. McDonald and Leacy Anne Naylor (his wife). He attended the private schools of the town with his brothers and being very precocious he not only kept up with his classes, but was in many instances classed with boys who were older than himself.

He had wonderful gift of oratory even as a small boy, and I have vivid recollection of how he would collect all the children together in an outer room sometimes, and at others under trees in the open air, and declaim to them Patrick Henry's famous oration, or if in romantic mood, some stirring passages from either "Marmion" or "The Lady of the Lake."

He had a remarkably retentive memory and could repeat pages of his favorite poems. A popular pastime with him was capping verses, and he always led his class in declamation.

He entered the fourth class at the V. M. I. at the same time that Marshall entered the third, and like his brother, he contributed his full share to the diversions of the cadets. Though gifted with talents of a high order, and maintaining a good class-standing throughout, he too, very often had more demerit to his credit than was safe to risk. Then would come the beseeching letters to his father, to intercede with "Old Specs," and have the dangerous de-



CRAIG WOODROW McDONALD

merit cancelled, always with promises of future improvement in that line.

Notwithstanding his frequent escapades, Col. Smith said that he evinced talents of a very high order during his cadetship at the Institute. A short time before he left the V. M. I., there was a great religious revival among the cadets and the following letter from Wood to his sister will show the effect it had upon him:

V. M. Institute, May 31st.

DEAR SUE:

You may perhaps have heard that I am trying to be a better boy. Yes, dear Sue, I am so happy to tell you that your wayward, wild, wandering brother has, by the grace of God, at length found a home in Christ Jesus and that I humbly hope that the prayers of my dear mother have been answered and that God will help me to live for him and then meet her in Heaven.

I cannot express to you how good (yes, good in the full Methodist sense of the word) I sometimes feel when I can in some degree realize the pleasure of the high destinies which God, I hope, has called me to fill; high in its very lowliness, that of a weak, stumbling follower, but thank God! still a follower of Jesus.

And, my dear Sue, little can you imagine how much pained I feel, that some of my dear brothers and sisters will persist in refusing to be happy. You are not happy, Sue, I know it. I care not how gay and exuberant your spirits are, you, too, feel that there is a hollowness in every seeming pleasure, which when thought makes it apparent, poisons all enjoyment. And thus it is with all of us, we go on in the pursuit of these merest shadows, disregarding

the sweet tones of the voice which His infinite mercy sounds constantly in our ears, to woo us back to happiness and call us home.

But I am afraid my dear sister, will think I want to lecture her. I assure her that nothing is farther from my purpose, but I will simply ask her, in God's and then in our Mother's name, not to disregard the warning which God has sent her in my conversion, but to come home now. Why Sue, there is nothing in the world to prevent it. There is no real pleasure that you will have to give up, nothing that you will be expected to resign, and recollect what a precious and kind Saviour you are slighting.

* * * * I hope and pray you will think about it. Please do.

Your devoted brother,

WOOD.

He entered the University of Virginia in the Fall of 1857, at the same time that Marshall did, and two letters which follow, written to his father, while there, give an excellent idea of his aims and aspirations.

University of Virginia.

January 14th, 1858.

DEAR PA:

I have really been so busy in the last month, that I have not had time to write. My examinations are very near now and it keeps me hard at work preparing for them.

My ticket is quite a heavy one (Math. Latin, and Modern Languages) and requires a great deal of very hard labor. I still have every reason to hope that I will graduate on the entire ticket, but French is so uncertain a thing however, that no man can tell till after his examination is over, how he stands.

I had a little quarrel with Schele, too, the early part of the session, about a remark of his in the lecture room, and I would not be surprised, if in order to vent his spite (he is a malicious little man), he should try to pitch me. But his decision is not final and if I am anywhere near the standard, I think I shall certainly appeal.

My standing on Math. and Latin is as good, I believe, as that of any man in those classes.

Marsh has made quite a reputation here as a man of talent. His ticket is such a large one and he does so well too, that I don't wonder at it. He can study, or rather learn more, in a shorter time than any man I ever saw. I suppose he will certainly (though no man can be certain) graduate on his ticket.

Old Mr. Allen's son is a smart fellow, and a very hard student. Archie Smith will, it is supposed, take the degree this year.

I joined the Jefferson Society some weeks ago, but have not spoken yet, nor do I intend to do so till after my intermediate examinations. I hardly think I will make more than one speech this session. I only joined because when I have the time to give attention to it, the fact of my having been a member for sometime, will give me position.

I was nominated for monthly orator the night I joined (on account, I suppose, of some little reputation, as a speaker, that I brought with me from the V. M. I.), but declined for the reasons I have given you.

I do not desire to speak much now. I need a vast deal more of education, both of mind and sentiment. I believe that eloquence is the language of passion and that no man can be eloquent unless he warmly and zealously loves what he advocates. Some men are so gifted by nature, that they can become enamored of abstractions and be zealous in their advocacy, but that is not the case with myself. Unless

a subject assume some tangible shape that touches me in some vital point, I cannot arouse myself to warmth in its cause.

It is this defect which I hope to remedy by education and I believe it can be done. I would study truth and learn to love it, not become merely a cold admirer, but an ardent and enlightened worshipper at her shrine, and then I know that I cannot help but be an orator. * * * * I have a plan for next year, which if it meet with your approval, I want to carry out, that is to try and get a situation as teacher in one of the numerous schools here. If I graduate on my ticket, I could get, I think, a situation in some one of these schools close enough to allow me to attend lectures.

And I believe I could command a very good salary, at least enough to live on. Please write me immediately whether this plan meets with your approbation, as, if I conclude to make the effort, I shall want to make application on the spot. I don't believe it will do me any harm to be thrown on my own resources.

Do not consent to Marsh's doing anything of the sort, he has not got the time to spare and will, I think, be pretty certain to take the degree in two years.

Tell them all that I intend to write as soon as I get time. With love to all and yourself, I am,

Your affectionate son,

WOOD.

The next one was written the following year and shows that his father evidently did not agree to his proposed plan of taking a school:

University of Virginia.

June 5th, 1859.

DEAR PA:

Mother wrote me in her last letter that you would probably be at home by the last of May, and I hope that this letter may reach you there.

I am very busy now, right in the midst of my examinations. I have stood Latin and Moral Ph. and feel very confident that I have done well and shall graduate in both. I have two more to stand. Math. will not come off before the 21st of the month. This is my most important examination and takes a vast deal more work to prepare for than any other.

I submitted my Latin examination papers to Bronaugh and Thompson directly after I came from the Hall and they were both of the opinion that I need have no fear. Latin was Thermopylae, and I think I am safe on my entire ticket.

Part of my object in writing this morning, is to ask your influence with Randolph Tucker, who you are aware is a member of the Board of Visitors, to procure his vote for Baker Thompson, as Professor of Latin, the chair being now vacated, as you probably know, by the resignation of Prof. Harrison. Will and I both know him well and to both he has been a staunch friend.

I do not, of course, urge this as one of his qualifications for office, but only to enlist your kindly feeling towards him. He is certainly, in my judgment, one of the ablest men in the State (of whom I know anything) of his age; his scholarship, both for profundity and accuracy is irreproachable. Will you not write to Mr. Tucker in his favor?

I remember now that you have some acquaintance with him yourself and can testify to his ability. There is another way in which you might advance his interests, and that is by speaking to Senator

Mason, who can have a good deal of influence over Muscoe Garnett, who is a member of the board. The election will take place on the 25th of June and if you decide to do anything for him it should be done quickly. I have had a strong idea of writing to Mr. Tucker myself, but thought it might look like officiousness, and preferred to write to you.

The time is fast approaching when the session will be over and I will be at home. I am very glad it is so near, though, I confess that just now I should like to have the power of commanding the sun and moon to stand still, until I had finished preparing for Math.

I shall need, in order to pay my debts, and bring me home, \$200 dollars. This will make the amount spent this year, traveling expenses from Winchester here included, \$510.00 and when you remember that my matriculation fees, as sent you in Proctor's receipt, were \$145.00 and that I paid \$25.00 additional for another ticket, making in all for matriculation fees \$170.00, you will not think me extravagant.

I would like to have the money as soon as you can conveniently send it, for I think it highly probable that I shall come home as soon as I stand all my examinations, as all lectures will be suspended by that time, and there will be nothing going on here except stupid celebrations, dinners, etc., of which I got my fill last year.

I hope Will will be at home soon. An old friend of his—Joseph Anderson—will be married on the 30th, and seems very anxious that Will should be here. I expect, however, that they have been in correspondence before this. If Will comes, of course I shall stay until he goes home. My love to all at home.

Your affectionate son,

C. W. McDONALD

After leaving the University of Virginia, he taught in the family of Mr. James Beckham, of Culpeper County, Virginia, and was teaching there at the beginning of the war, and at the same time studying law with his brother-in-law, Mr. Jas. W. Green, riding to the court house every week to stand his examinations. He promptly resigned his position and enlisted in the Brandy Rifles—a volunteer company of the county—at the first call to arms, and participated in the capture of Harper's Ferry.

Soon after that, he was commissioned as Lieutenant in the P. A. C. and assigned to duty on General Elzey's staff, and in all the contests in which he participated—in the Shenandoah Valley, as well as on the historic plains of Manasses—he won the highest encomiums of praise from his commanding officers. After the battle of Cross Keys, he performed a most hazardous and dangerous service in firing the bridge at Port Republic, for which daring act, he was promoted to a Captaincy.

A very short time before he was killed he came to Lynchburg on a short furlough to replenish his wardrobe and to visit his sisters, who were there as refugees. All of them had noticed a marked change from his usually buoyant, gay manner, to a more sedate and serious frame of mind, and one of them, in a teasing spirit, twitted him about it, he replied that the life of a soldier was calculated to make one either altogether reckless or very thoughtful, and he was glad that he inclined to the serious side. The early teachings of a Christian mother seemed ever present with him and had a marked influence in the formation of his character.

Just before he was to start back to his command we were all together discussing the all-absorbing topic of the time, when Wood proposed that we should sing a hymn which had always been a favorite with him, "My Days are Gliding Swiftly by," which, in the light of the sad event following so closely upon the visit, seemed almost a promonition, for it was only a few short days before he was killed at the battle of Gaines' Mills.

During the progress of this battle, he was sent with an order to the 13th Va. Infantry, instructing them to occupy a certain position in the line of battle. The officer in command of the regiment said he could not understand from the order, just where he was expected to go, and Wood volunteered to lead the regiment to the point himself, which was exposed to a raking fire from both infantry and artillery. Before reaching the position, however, he had his horse shot under him and he was obliged to secure another, and had advanced but a short distance, when he received a fatal wound in the breast with grape shot, killing him instantly.

In the heat and confusion of the engagement, which ensued, his body lay where it fell, until found later by his brother-in-law, Judge Thomas C. Green, then a private in the Botts Grays, 2nd reg. Stonewall Brigade. A scrap of paper was found pinned to his breast bearing the following inscription:

"Lieut. C. W. McDonald, Aid on General Elzey's staff. Killed in the battle of the 29th of May, 1862. A noble man and a brave soldier. He died valiantly fighting for his country."

(Original paper in possession of Mrs. J. B. Standard, his sister Sue.)

He was buried in Holliwood Cemetery, Richmond, Virginia, in the lot belonging to Mr. William Sherrard, but since the war removed to a section occupied exclusively by Confederate soldiers.

“Fame’s eternal camping ground.”

In the brief sketch I have given of the life of “Wood McDonald” which was brought to such a sad and untimely end, I have had very little data to rely on, and felt that a better idea might be gained of his personality from some of his own letters than from anything I might say. These letters have not been selected, however, from among many others, but are the only ones I could find that had escaped the ravages of the war, and one might gather from their tenor that he was of a much more serious turn of mind and disposition than he was in reality.

He was richly dowered by nature in both person and mind and added to that was a most magnetic and engaging manner and these attractions, together with a rich melodious voice in singing, made him very much sought after in society.

CHAPTER XX.

SUSAN LEACY McDONALD

Susan Leacy McDonald, third daughter and eighth child of Angus W. McDonald and Leacy Anne Naylor (his wife), was born in Romney, Virginia, December 10th, 1839, and named Susan for her father's aunt, Mrs. William Naylor, and Leacy for her mother.

She attended the private schools in the town and later was sent away to "Ringwood," a popular boarding school for girls in Fauquier County, until the family moved to Winchester, when she attended the school taught by Mr. Charles L. Powell.

She was very pretty, with a fair complexion and blue eyes, and a wealth of glossy, brown hair. She was just verging on young ladyhood when the Diocesan Convention of the Episcopal Church in Virginia met in Winchester and among the guests that were entertained at her father's house on that occasion, was young Phillips Brooks, a student at the Virginia Theological Seminary, who paid "Miss Sue" marked attention during the entire time, and was evidently much enamored of her youthful charms.

Years later, when the writer met the famous Bishop Brooks at a Church Congress in one of our big cities, he asked the most minute questions about every member of that house party, even remembering the names of all who had composed it. The Rev. Dr. Yoakum, who had also shared the hospitalities of the McDonald home with Phillips Brooks, and

was also in attendance at this Congress, told the writer, very significantly, that if it had not been for the unhappy war, Phillips would surely have returned to Winchester.

Sue, too, had her "war experiences," in common with the rest of the family, one of which was quite thrilling. Early one Christmas morning, at "Hawthorne," a squad of the military appeared at the door and said they were going to take the house for a hospital and wanted possession at once. Mrs. McDonald, who by her quick decision and prompt action, had already warded off the threat several times before, said she would appeal to the General in command, to protect her, and without losing a moment in useless expostulation, left the house on her errand, charging Sue and the little boys to do all they could to prevent their gaining admission until General Cluseret could be heard from. Harry and Allan had gone on one of their trips outside "the lines."

The original squad began to increase in numbers until presently a large crowd had congregated. Sue and the little boys, meanwhile, with the assistance of the two servants who had remained faithful, fearing wholesale theft, began bringing their few stores from a store-room on the porch to an inside room, thinking they might be safer, when some of the soldiers began jeering and ridiculing, demanding that they be given something to eat. No attention whatever was paid to them and after every thing was brought inside, and the doors locked the crowd surged around to the big windows at one end of the

dining room, threatening to help themselves to the breakfast which was on the table.

Sue then, without a word to them, went to the windows and closed the Venetian shades in their faces, effectually shutting off all sight of the inside. There was perfect quiet for a short moment. Then, as if by concerted action, every pane of glass was shattered in both windows. And the rowdies outside began to make insulting speeches. Her apparent indifference to what they said seemed to infuriate them more and more, and presently one of the most ruffianly-looking among them, advanced towards her and said: "Let's steal *her*."

This was the climax, and Sue—feeling her utter helplessness—with sudden inspiration, turned to one who looked a little more civilized than his companions, and said:

"Isn't there *one man* in this mob who will protect a defenseless woman?"

Her appeal had its effect. In a moment two men left the crowd at a double-quick in the direction of the camp and presently returned with an armed guard, who promptly dispersed the crowd of ruffians.

Later, she was arrested with her sister Flora when they attempted to go South on a pass from Gen. Cluseret. Milroy, having superceded the latter, upon finding nothing "contraband" among their effects, offered them another pass, when Sue promptly declined it, telling him that the next pass that carried them up the Valley would be signed by General Jackson.

In the fall of 1864, when Sheridan went through the Valley of Virginia on his famous barn-burning

foray, Sue was on a visit to her brother Angus' family, who had been obliged to flee from their home in the more exposed part of the State and seek refuge within the Confederate lines. And when the rumour reached them that Sheridan was really advancing, spreading destruction and ruin on every side, their first thought was to try and get a guard. So Sue, having been among "them," and being somewhat familiar with the *modus operandi*, volunteered to "see the General" and try to get protection. Accordingly she went with the two little children to the headquarters of Gen. Wright, who was in command of the Eighth Army Corps, and camped about two miles from them. He was very polite indeed, not only giving the guard, but sending them home in his ambulance.

And it was with quite a feeling of security that they stood on the porch the next morning and watched the flames consume the large barn filled with wheat on the farm adjoining. Imagine their consternation then, when two troopers rode into the yard and coming to where they stood demanded some matches. Sue said, "You surely are not going to burn the barn on this place? It belongs to the gentleman whose barn you have just fired. Is that not enough?"

And without another word they rode out of the yard, leaving the barn intact. And Dr. Coffman, the gentleman to whom the barn belonged, always said he owed that barn of wheat to Miss Sue McDonald's presence of mind.

The two sisters, Sue and Flora, finally went to Richmond, where they spent most of their time with

their married sisters, until the close of the war, when both returned to the Valley and lived at Cool Spring with their brothers for the next three or four years.

Susan Leacy McDonald was married to Major John B. Stanard, of Culpeper, Virginia, at Lexington, August 6th, 1872. He had served throughout the war in the Confederate army. Later they moved to Berryville, where she now resides.

Major Stanard died on January 24th, 1898, and is buried in Green Hill Cemetery at Berryville. He was a son of Col. John Stanard of the United States Army and a nephew of Judge Robert Stanard of the Court of Appeals of Virginia.

The following letter was written to Sue by her father, when she was contemplating going as teacher into the family of Bishop Joseph Wilmer, of Louisiana.

Richmond, Aug. 25th, 1863.

MY DEAR SUE:

* * * * I do not wish you, my dear daughter, to go as an employee into the house or family of even the excellent Dr. Wilmer, for whose kindness in offering I am most obliged, but I cannot bear that your will and mind shall be subjected to the tastes or judgment of any other, however pure and good.
* * * *

My family is large, and as a whole are still able to provide for themselves and I do not think that one of them will shrink from their duty. * * * *

We must be prepared for perfect martyrdom of comfort and even life, rather than falter in the great cause of our country, but it is our duty to each other that not one member of the family shall be dwarfed





FLORA McDONALD
(Mrs. L. E. Williams)

in their social relations, whilst the others have a crust to divide with them. We must all stand upon the same platform, no matter how small and circumscribed, while it remains up to the level of the good, virtuous and patriotic standard you have been counselled to value and cherish.

I find that my mind as well as my hand is too feeble to protract my letter, or give it the tone which satisfies me. I hand it to Harry to give you the news.

Your devoted father,
ANGUS W. McDONALD.

CHAPTER XXI.

FLORA McDONALD.

Flora McDonald, the youngest child and fourth daughter of Angus W. McDonald and Leacy Anne Naylor (his wife), was born the 7th of June, 1842, and named for her illustrious cousin (many degrees removed) of the Clanranald branch. She lost her mother at the age of six months and was cared for, for the next eighteen months by her father's aunt, Mrs. William Naylor. This lady was also step-mother to Leacy Anne, to whom she was much devoted.

One of Flora's earliest and happiest recollections was when her new mother arrived and took her child's heart by storm, with her kindly words and affectionate manner, and in all the long years following, she had little cause to change those first impressions. She first remembers going to school at

Mrs. Meaney's, but after a year or so there her education was carried on in a very desultory fashion. With eight brothers and sisters older than herself and quite a number younger, it is scarcely to be wondered at that her opportunities were somewhat restricted.

At twelve years of age she was sent from "Wind Lea," where the family then lived to Charles Town, to live with her sister, Mrs. T. C. Green, and attend a private school, but a spell of illness lasting for some months seriously interfered with her educational progress, and at the end of her first term she returned to her home, and was permitted to do pretty much as she pleased for the next two years in order to re-establish her health. Much of her time, in open weather, was spent in the woods and on the banks of the streams in genuine enjoyment of this close contact with nature.

Nothing delighted her so much as being allowed to accompany her brother Marshall on his expeditions in quest of "specimens." And once when about nine years of age, he took her with him quite a distance to the house of a mountain woman, in order that she might be taught how to "net," so that she could make for him the little nets which were necessary to enclose each individual fish before he dropped them into the cask of alcohol, preparatory to despatching them to the Smithsonian. Soon she became so expert, that no other diversion gave her half such joy as weaving these little travelling jackets for the fish while, at the same time, performing this service for the brother she so dearly loved.

When the family moved to Winchester she was

placed regularly at school again, first at Mr. Charles Powell's and afterwards at Mr. York's. But, alas! that bugaboo, "the war" interfered this time. It was plainly evident that Flora was not intended to get information by the schoolroom route.

Not being a man, she could not enlist in the army, so she had to content herself with being a looker-on, though giving aid and comfort to those who *were* enlisted, whenever it came in her way. On one occasion, Sue and Flora obtained a pass to go through the enemy's lines to Richmond. The officer in command at Winchester, at that time, being a Frenchman (Gen. Cluseret), issued the pass unconditionally, but a day or so afterwards he was superseded by Gen. Milroy, who hearing that two "secesh girls" were going South with no restrictions, decided to allow them to go—thinking they would of course take advantage of the Federal generosity—and carry all sorts of contraband articles along. Accordingly they were not only allowed to start, but to get outside their double line of pickets, before a squad of cavalry arrested them and carried them back to Winchester. They were first taken to Cluseret's headquarters, who indignantly refused to receive them, saying: "Ze ladies have no offense, take zem away."

They were then driven to Milroy's headquarters, where they were detained for five or six hours, while the General himself superintended in person, the searching of all their baggage, and where a negro woman was on hand to search their persons. This the girls indignantly refused to allow and strange to say it was not enforced, and the pistol which Flora

carried was even returned, and another pass offered.

But nothing would have induced the girls to venture again and they calmly made up their minds to remain where they were, and wait for the advent of the Confederates, but the wait was a weary one.

Gen. Cluseret was so indignant that his pass to these girls had not been respected, that he resigned from the U. S. Army, saying that he had not joined it to war against women. Later, during the days of the Commune in Paris, he was "Delegate of War."

After the close of the war between the States, the two girls went from Richmond in August, 1865, under a pass and protection from Gen. Ord, commanding in Richmond, to Cool Spring, Clarke County, Virginia, where their brothers had settled, and where William had opened a school. Here they took their first lessons in housekeeping and here some of Flora's happiest days were spent.

After three or four years the home at Cool Spring was broken up, when William moved to Kentucky. On December 18th, 1867, Flora McDonald was married to Leroy Eustace Williams at Cool Spring, he being a native of Clarke County. Mr. Williams had been a student of law at the University of Virginia at the breaking out of the war, and on the eve of his graduation had left college to enlist in the Confederate army. He joined the "Clarke Cavalry" and served in that company throughout the war, until the battle of Trevilyan Station, when he received two painful wounds, one through his lungs and one in his bridle hand.

After living a year in Clarke, Flora and her husband moved to Culpeper, where Mr. Williams



HARRY F. McDONALD

entered into partnership with his brother-in-law, Mr. James W. Green, in the practice of law.

Mrs. Williams has been an active member of the Daughters of the Confederacy since its organization. She was first connected with the Stonewall Jackson Chapter of Staunton, Virginia, during her residence at that place and later with the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter of Louisville, Kentucky. For three terms she held the office of Treasurer General of the National organization, declining re-election for a fourth term.

After several moves they finally located in Louisville, Kentucky, and later at Anchorage, where they now reside. Four children were born to them, Leacy Peachy, Flora McDonald, Eustace LeRoy and Angus Edward, who died in infancy.

CHAPTER XXII.

HARRY PEAKE McDONALD

Harry Peake McDonald, the oldest son of Angus W. and Cornelia (Peake) McDonald, was born in Romney April 14th, 1848, and named for his great uncle, Harry Peake.

His first regular instruction was received at the old Winchester Academy where Peyton N. Clarke was the Principal. And his first military experience was as a member of a company of his school companions, called "The Selma Guards," in which company he held the office of corporal. Allan and Ken-

neth, his younger brothers, were also members of this distinguished organization.

The recent raid of John Brown and his vandals into Virginia had not only roused the military spirit of the men, but the young boys too had caught the infection, and with corn stalks for guns and bows and arrows for side arms, they marched and counter-marched, and held their dress-parade as regularly as their seniors.

It was not long after the breaking out of the war that the school which Harry attended was suspended, and his father and older brothers all having gone into the army, Harry was left sole protector of his mother and the younger children, though but thirteen years of age. Their home being within the Yankee lines, most of the time, they were in constant danger of a battle¹ being fought over their heads and living in such an atmosphere was well calculated to develop all sorts of unusual traits in any boy. In Harry, being naturally courageous and self-reliant, these attributes found ample opportunity for fruitful growth.

During the occupation of the town by the enemy, those citizens who had remained in their homes in the vain hope of protecting them, were sometimes reduced to the verge of starvation and on several of these occasions Harry would be sent through the lines, to a designated point where his father kept on deposit, for such anticipated emergencies, what was then called "Virginia" money, as that currency alone could be exchanged for "greenbacks," though at a

¹There were 27 engagements in sight of my father's home during the four years of the war between the States.

considerable discount, but the necessaries of life could be purchased with "greenbacks" alone.

The town was always surrounded with a double line of pickets but, on these expeditions Harry invariably "flanked" them successfully both going out and returning. I asked him once, on his return, how he managed to get by without being caught, and he replied: "Oh, well, I took a long whip with me and roamed around the field awhile and then as I got near the picket I asked one of them if he had seen a stray cow anywhere around, and he said that he had seen one shortly before, and pointed in a direction outside his lines, and I just walked deliberately by, without being challenged." That was only one time though, and he went on those missions several times. Such a life was well calculated to sharpen even a child's wits.

They—the three little boys, Harry, Allan and Kenneth—invariably found out when the Yankees expected the Confederates and at the risk of their lives always went up the Valley to meet them.

On one occasion, the Yankees having been surprised by the Confederates in their camp, in order to make good their escape, abandoned their camps and divested themselves of all superfluous articles, and the fields where they had bivouaced in the neighborhood of our home, were literally covered with muskets, side-arms, canteens, overcoats, knapsacks, etc. The three boys went industriously to work and collected every article which they thought might be of use to the Confederate army, working like beavers to accomplish it, and then, laborously lugging everything to the third story of the house,

they ingeniously removed a part of the flooring and tying a rope around the lightest one of the party (Allan) he was lowered to the only spot about the house which the Yankees had not already discovered and searched,—a large space over a closet on the first floor.

Each precious find was thus secreted and the flooring put carefully in place again, and when the Yankees did return a few days later, suspecting that these things had been picked up by the boys, they searched the house again and again for them but in vain, even though Harry, on one occasion, held a light most patiently for the searching party as they ransacked all the dark corners.

And the captured articles remained in uninterrupted security until the next advent of the Confederates, when the little fellows marched down to the quartermaster's office and reporting their capture, asked to have a wagon sent for them, and it was with considerable pride that they loaded the big army wagon with their trophies, and turned them over to the Confederate Government.

On another occasion Harry had converted some abandoned gun barrels into what he dignified with the term "field-pieces" and ingeniously mounting them on carriages he "fortified" a mound in the yard and trained them in the direction of the Yankee encampment, which occupied the fields and orchards surrounding our home. Unable to resist the temptation, one morning, he applied a match to one of them and the explosion which ensued made such a noise, that a detachment of "blue coats" from one of the

neighboring camps was soon observed approaching at a double-quick.

Harry was at once arrested and carried before the Colonel of an Ohio regiment camped near, and occupying as his winter quarters a stone hut, built of stones taken from the nearby residence of Senator James M. Mason. This officer was Col. Rutherford B. Hayes, after President of the United States. With a severe reprimand from the Colonel for "disturbing the peace," and an order to at once dismantle his fort, on penalty of arrest, Harry was dismissed without more serious punishment.

When the enemy finally took complete possession of the house (they had occupied a part of it for some time) and the family was forced to leave, they moved to Lexington and soon after that, Col. McDonald, being now almost helpless from rheumatism and unfit for active service, was given the appointment of Commandant of the Post. Harry, always sturdy and willing, now became his constant companion and nurse and I have heard my father say that Harry's rubbing did him more good than all the doctor's prescriptions.

When it was known that Hunter was approaching on his memorable raid through the Valley, Col. McDonald having no force suitable to defend the town, determined to leave Lexington in order to avoid capture, and seek some secure retreat, until the enemy should have passed. Taking Harry with him, they went to the spot where later, they were attacked and captured by twenty-two of the 1st New York Cavalry, though not until they had made considerable resistance (see full account in sketch of

Harry's father, Col. Angus W. McDonald). Harry's own account of his escape, as I heard him tell it the afternoon that he reached Lexington, is as follows:

"As soon as I found that I was to be separated from my father, I made up my mind to escape at the first opportunity, and at a given signal, I, and another fellow who had also agreed to attempt it, were to break through the guard and run with all our might, so when we reached what I thought a pretty good place to make the trial I gave the signal and starting down a steep embankment, I threw away blanket and canteen. I heard plenty of shots, but never looked back, till I had gone some distance, then to my surprise I found that my confederate was not along, and I never knew whether he had been recaptured or shot, or whether he had followed me at all. Feeling pretty safe after I had gone some distance, I took it more leisurely, though I was footsore and weary, and night coming on I soon crawled into the best place I saw and fell asleep. When I awoke the sun was just rising and the only living thing in sight was an old mule, which from its appearance had been turned out to die. I had no idea where I was, but it didn't take me long to mount the mule and by persistent urging I finally got him into a road, which lead to a small farm house, and there I got a meal and directions how to find my way back to Lexington."

There happened to be some "silver money"² in the house at the time my father left Lexington, and as a matter of precaution he had taken some of it

²A heavy silver ladle had been sacrificed to obtain it. The paltry sum of fifteen dollars being considered then a fair equivalent.

with him. Harry had been entrusted to carry it and notwithstanding he had been stripped and searched by the capturing party he had held the money tightly in his hand during the search and it had escaped their notice, so quite triumphantly, he now turned it over to his mother.

A few months later, Dec. 1st, his father died in Richmond and Harry remained with the family in Lexington until the following Spring, when he decided to enlist in the army, although not yet seventeen, and in order to provide him with a uniform, his mother found it necessary to part with a handsome crepe shawl.

Accordingly, he enlisted in Company D, 11th Va. Cavalry, April 6th, 1865. His service in the cause, however, had been active and continuous from the first.

Soon after the close of the war he entered Washington and Lee University and graduated in the engineering department in 1869. He then went West to Kentucky and was engaged for sometime with Mr. John McLeod in the construction of the Elizabethtown and Paducah R. R., now a part of the Illinois Central. He remained with the railroad until its completion and was made resident engineer. He finally resigned that position and came to Louisville and established himself as an architect, in which business he was eminently successful.

Among his first achievements in that line was the City Workhouse, under Mayor Jacob's administration. He later formed a partnership with his two brothers, Kenneth and Donald, in the business, and the firm, "McDonald Brothers," constructed some of

the most prominent edifices in the city. Among them, the old Southern Exposition building, which occupied more than four squares of space, and was especially unique in one feature of Exposition construction, viz: it was completed and in the hands of the committee two weeks in advance of the firm's contract. The Custom House is another building constructed by the same firm.

On April 14th, 1875, he was married to Miss Alice Keats Speed, of Louisville, daughter of Mr. Phillip Speed.

When the movement was inaugurated to build a home for the Confederate soldier, he took a deep and active interest in the matter, giving much of his time to the work and when the Home was finally achieved, he was the first Secretary of the Board of Trustees. In recognition of his services a memorial tablet has been placed over the door of a room in the hospital, dedicated to his memory.

Although he always took an interested and prominent part in politics, he never seemed ambitious to hold office, and had never been a candidate for office until a short time before his death, when he was elected as a member of the Legislature. And one of the first measures which he introduced was a bill increasing the per capita allowed the old soldiers in the Home from \$125.00 to \$175.00, and also for appropriating \$57,000 for a hospital and cottages.

Just before his death he had left Frankfort in company with other members of the Legislature to go to St. Louis in order to be present at the dedication of the Kentucky Building at the World's Fair. On arriving in Louisville, however, the condition of

his health became so serious that it was impossible for him to continue the journey. And in a day or so he developed a case of acute pneumonia from which he never rallied, and he died at his home on February 18th, 1904, leaving his wife and one daughter. He is buried in Cave Hill Cemetery. He lost one child, a most attractive little daughter, who died of measles at the age of six.

Though somewhat blunt-spoken, Harry was possessed of a warm and tender heart and whatever claimed his interest, always enlisted his warmest endeavors. He was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church and also a life member of the Knight Templars, of Louisville Commandry, besides being an Elk.

One of his colleagues said of him: "He was a brusque but a true man. Absolutely fearless and a useful legislator. No man in Kentucky did more for the Confederate Veteran than he."

A special from Frankfort to the *Courier-Journal* at the time of his death, said: "The news of the death of the Hon. Harry P. McDonald in Louisville was received here with profound sorrow. Representative Laurence Reichert had called up the house several times during the day over the long distance and the first news received was a message at 6:30 o'clock.

"The lobby of the Capitol Hotel was filled with members at the time and the deepest gloom was cast over every one, for no member of the General Assembly stood in higher esteem, or was more popular than Mr. McDonald. He was notable for his rugged honesty and the direct and sincere manner with

which he invariably treated both men and measures.

“Out of respect to one of the strongest characters in the body, the House will adjourn shortly after it assembles, and after a committee has been appointed to attend the funeral.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

ALLAN LANE McDONALD.

Allan Lane McDonald was born in Romney, Virginia, on October 30th, 1849, the second son of Angus W. McDonald and Cornelia Peake (his wife).

In reply to my letter, asking Allan for some reminiscences of his early life, he has sent me the following interesting narration, which I give in his own language:

“It is difficult to recall, without notes or memorandum, the happenings and incidents that made up one’s life fifty years ago, especially when that life took an active and observing part, within its sphere, in the momentous period of 1861-65; when there was something doing all the time.

“Early in June, 1861, I left Winchester to join my father at Romney, mounted on the horse which Jimmie Clark had presented to him, in company with Dr. Scott of Richard Ashby’s company. That ride of forty-two miles convinced me that I was a soldier, which conviction was materially strengthened, when I was assigned to headquarters as Pa’s personal orderly; and I at once assumed the duties of Inspector



ALLAN L. McDONALD

General of everything going on in camp. Pa began to be troubled with rheumatism shortly after that time and I became his assistant in dressing. When orders came to move at once to Winchester, we made a night march, my father riding in an ambulance and I at his side. We arrived at Manassas on the morning of July 22nd. From there Pa went to Richmond to arrange for supplies for a campaign in West Virginia. We stopped at the Spotswood Hotel, where he met many of his friends, among them Mr. Davis, General Winder and others. I remember many useful lessons he taught me at this time. One was not to whistle to the waiter in the dining room, and another was how to tie my cravat, in which he gave me a practical lesson one morning, standing behind me and performing the service with his own fingers.

On returning to the Valley again, Pa made his headquarters in Winchester for awhile, making daily trips to the camp of a part of his regiment, which was quartered at that time at Hollingsworth Mill, and it was during this time that the incident of old Col. Strother's arrest occurred.

About this time, Harry made a forced march from Charles Town to Winchester, when the Federal troops appeared near the latter place, and his decision and energy pleased my father so much that he almost decided to take him in the army. I remember at one time that Pa needed a map which had been sent among other things to Clover Hill for safety and he told me one morning to get a horse and go as quickly as I could and get the map. In making a short cut, I missed a ford and was carried down the river and came near being drowned, but I got to

Clover Hill about eleven o'clock at night, stirred up the Bucks, got the map, and started back to Winchester, arriving about 9:30 next morning. Pa was quite surprised at my prompt return and commended me much for my energy.

"The Confederates finally evacuated the Valley and I did not see my father again until about August, '63. When we heard the booming of the cannon at the battle of Kernstown, Harry and I made all haste to get on the scene and had many adventures. And while we saw all the battles that were fought around Winchester at pretty close range, no lack of care can be charged to Mother on that account. While she had every confidence in our resourcefulness and carefulness, and always commended our loyalty, she would never have consented to our undertaking some of the things which we did undertake, if she had been consulted beforehand. I was starting with her to church on the morning of the battle of Kernstown, she turned back at the door for something, and hearing the roar of the artillery, I made a break for the front gate and she did not see me again until late that night. I met Harry on the road and we joined teams and spent the day on the field.

"While the Federal troops camped on our place that winter, burned all the fences, killed all the animals and carried off everything they wanted, the vandalism was nothing to what came later. When Gen. White fled from Winchester one night and blew up the big magazine which set half the town on fire, I happened to be sick in bed, but Harry went down to the fire and performed many deeds of bravery in rescuing people and their goods from the flames.

About Christmas mother decided to send Harry and me to Front Royal to carry some things, and we started on old Kit, riding double. Before we had gotten very far on our way we met the advance of Gen. Cluseret's command, who halted us, and after searching and taking from us the things we were carrying, told us to stay where we were until the other soldiers came up, but as soon as the opportunity came we seized our saddle-bags containing our things and struck across the country for Front Royal. On our return, laden with provisions, we were stopped by the pickets and relieved of all our stores, and it was very pleasant to sit there and watch them roast and consume the two turkeys, which we had brought from Clover Hill, without being offered even a drum-stick. We were finally allowed to go home, only to find wreck and ruin on every side. The large pile of wood which Harry and I had hauled and ricked up, had entirely disappeared, as well as all the out-houses of every description. The main building alone was left standing.

"During this winter Harry made several trips outside the Federal lines. Flanking the pickets, swimming the river, and exposed to all sorts of dangers, as he usually brought in sums of money, sewed up in the back of his shirt. He was as brave, able and energetic as any man I ever saw, even when only a boy of fifteen.

"He never submitted to any assumption of authority over him, by any of the Federals, no matter whether the man was as big as a house, or wore the shoulder straps of a Lieutenant General. I remember our being ordered out of a cherry tree once,

by a Federal wagonmaster. Harry refused to move, but later when he was on a lower branch, the man jerked him down and proceeded to chastise him. Harry showed fight and presently had the man on his back and was pommelling him like fury, when a soldier stepped up and interfered.

“Many soldiers were encamped on our grounds, including the regiment of which Rutherford B. Hayes was Colonel. When they were tearing down one of the out-buildings, Mother stood by protesting against it, when one of the soldiers was very insulting to her. She complained of it, and an officer told her if she could identify the man he would be punished. The next day at parade I went along the line with Adj. William McKinley and identified the man by his wearing a checked shirt, when McKinley at once ordered his arrest.

“I well remember the trouble we had over the valentine that Mother painted and sent to Gen. Milroy. Two “colored ladies” were being offered seats by the General while two “white women” were being dismissed with the words, “out you d——d rebels.” They were constantly threatening to take our house for a hospital before they finally did, and Dr. Brown who made every effort to get it for a small-pox hospital, paid well for it afterwards when Brothers Ed and Will identified him among the prisoners that were afterwards captured.

“We had heard of the battle of Gettysburg and knew of the retreat, but little dreamed how much it meant until one day brother Ed rode up to the door and called to mother: “Mother, if you don’t want to spend another winter here with the Yankees,

get ready to leave at once. Gen. Lee is falling back." The next morning Brother Ed had two wagons at the door and we were ready to move. What things could be gotten together on such short notice, were loaded in the big wagon and with Harry as driver started out for Staunton. I, driving the other wagon with mother and the younger children, while Kenneth brought up the rear on old Bet.

"It was ninety-six long miles to Staunton and most of the way we were compelled to keep to the side of the road to avoid the long trains of artillery and wagons which were coming from Maryland. At Willow Spring we were overtaken by Sisters Sue and Flora and Miss Julia Clark, who were riding aristocratically in a carriage with Bishop Joseph Wilmer, of Louisiana, as their escort. After many adventures and vicissitudes we finally landed in Lexington. In September I went to Richmond to be with my father, and we had quarters at the corner of 11th and Broad streets at the house of Mr. Tabb, it being convenient to the church, where the Court Martial, of which Pa was president, was sitting. Here we began housekeeping. I was cook, nurse and messenger and learned to prepare many a dainty meal, though I spent a good deal of my time in the court room, listening to the proceedings, and well recollect when John B. Tighe was tried as a spy.

"In December, my father was ordered to Lexington to take command of the post. And our only means of transportation there was by way of the canal. When we had gotten some distance from Richmond we went into a very deep canal lock. The head of the boat got caught under the stringers of

the lock-gate and could not be dislodged at first, while the water came rushing in and threatened to drown the passengers. My father was sitting near the passage-way and as the people came rushing out of the rear door, he seemed to divine at once what had happened. He rose from his seat, and steadying himself on one crutch, he used the other to turn back the crowds that were rushing to the front of the boat, and thus by his alert and prompt action prevented a frightful accident.

“My father left Lexington on the morning of June 12th, 1864, to avoid being captured by Hunter, who was approaching with a large force, and as he left the house he put his hand on my head and said, ‘My son, I leave your mother and your sister and the younger children in your charge, and I am sure you will do your duty.’ Harry was to accompany him.

“It was during that summer that I went to work on Mr. Ruffner’s farm, and with chopping wood, hunting and fishing, in all of which I was assisted to the best of their abilities by my young brothers, we managed to keep the wolf from the door very comfortably.

“One evening as I was driving into town I noticed that the boys were regarding me with a good deal of attention, and presently one of them called out: ‘Harry has gotten back and he’s got a Yankee with him.’ I at once jumped off the wagon and ran down town and found that Harry had made his escape, and had brought a prisoner with him from Pochahontas County. The following Spring he

joined the army and was attached to Brother Ed's command."

Immediately following the war, Allan lived at Cool Spring and attended the school taught by his brother William, for the next two or three years, and from there entered Washington and Lee University.

He went west from there, finally settling in Louisville, where he married Miss Fannie B. Snead, daughter of Mr. Charles Snead, on Feb. 13th, 1878. They had five children, Charles, Harry, Angus, Ellen Snead and Frances. He was associated with his brother William for a number of years as teacher in the Rugby School and when William finally returned to establish the Shenandoah University School in Virginia, Allan maintained the Rugby in successful operation two or three years longer, when he decided to go into other business.

He left Louisville in 1896 and took up his residence in San Francisco. For a number of years he was on the editorial staff of the San Francisco Call, but after the earthquake there, he accepted a position with the California State Board of Development, as its Secretary, which he still holds.

Warm-hearted to a fault, affectionate and confiding, Allan was always easily susceptible to the influences surrounding him, and in his early manhood seriously contemplated studying for the ministry; he was for a long time, lay-reader at St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, under Dr. Shield's pastorate.

CHAPTER XXIV.

KENNETH McDONALD.

*Reminiscences.*¹

Fifty years have passed since the first things which this little sketch relates, happened, and as it is all from my rather imperfect memory, there will doubtless appear statements somewhat at variance with the facts touching the war operations around Winchester and Lexington (Va.).

When the war broke out between the North and South, our home was in Winchester, Va., on the Romney road, about a mile from the centre of the town, and in a unique position for taking observations as well as being exposed to the dangers usually surrounding non-combatants.

At the very first, all the grown brothers, Angus, Edward, William, Marshall and Woodrow, had gone into the conflict as Confederate soldiers, and with them our father also. This left Mother in sole command with Harry, fourteen years old, as her main protector. At that early age, Harry believed and often said that he, also, should be in the Confederate army; so he never allowed an occasion to pass, when he or any of us was insulted or imposed upon by the Yankee soldiers, that he did not resent it. Although

¹When I sent Kenneth some of the family sketches to read, his only criticism was that he thought I ought to write less of the war experiences and more of peaceful occupations. I proposed that he should write his own sketch, and his "reminiscences" are an amusing commentary on his own criticism.—(Ed.)



KENNETH McDONALD

I was five years younger than Harry, I was often with him. We were among the branches of one of Senator Mason's cherry trees one day, and two Yankees stopped and ordered us to come down. Harry at first refused, but when one of the soldiers raised his gun, he changed his mind. When he reached the ground, one of the Yankees struck him a heavy blow with his open hand, and received a very bloody nose in return, but Harry finally got the worst of it, and as usual in such encounters, we had to withdraw somewhat worsted. The Yankees would always start trouble by asking us if we were "Secesh," meaning Secessionists. The answer was always the same, that "we were." Then invariably followed some insult or violence. I was asked this question when I was alone one day, and gave the usual answer. The Yankee picked me up by the feet and dipped me head foremost into the spring till the water rose to my middle. I thought he was trying to drown me, but I can see now that he was exasperated at my impudence and only meant to give me a good scare.

It seemed to us, during these first years of the war, that the Confederates never tried to hold Winchester, but deliberately allowed the Yankees to take possession and lay up stores and ammunition to be taken from them by sudden attacks, which seemed to come at regular intervals. On one of these occasions, we saw by the hurried movements of cavalry, wagons, artillery, etc., through our place to and from the fort on a hill in the rear, to say nothing of the serious looks on the soldiers' faces, that trouble was brewing. The next morning about 9 o'clock,

we heard cannon in the distance and immediately went up on the roof of the house, and lay there watching for what might happen. On a hill just across the Romney road, and not 400 yards from us, a regiment of Federal cavalry was drawn up. All had fine black horses and looked to be a perfect body of soldiers. They were armed and equipped to the last detail, but we remarked to each other that they must be concealing themselves for some sudden movement against the Confederates. Less than fifty yards in front of them, there was a dense thicket which completely hid them from view. Suddenly, a long line of smoke and blaze burst from the thicket and about one-fourth of the horses were riderless. The rest wheeled and rushed down against the six-foot stone fence, and broke a dozen gaps through it, pouring out into the road, and scattering to any place of safety.

To make the picture complete, the "Louisiana Tigers" stepped out of the thicket in line, and continued to fire till the last Yankee was out of range. The rout may have started elsewhere, but we believed that this was the beginning. We came down from the roof and ran to the top of the hill and there beheld the entire Yankee army in full retreat, with the Confederates plainly in view, pursuing them. To make better speed, the Yankees abandoned wagons, sutler stores, everything, even their guns and knapsacks. We joined in the pursuit for a few miles, but were finally stopped by the load of things we had picked up. Allan's first prize was a lot of candy. He soon threw this away to load up with more oranges than he could carry. We all made

several such changes, but the most notable was Allan's. He started home with a sword bayonet and an immense cheese about four inches thick. He carried it on his head in the hot sun, till his head went up through it, and then he threw it down. We could have gathered enough supplies to have lasted us all to this day. We made many excursions and brought home arms and ammunition to be hidden away in a secret place we had in the house, to be for months afterwards a source of anxiety to Mother, as the Yankees were certain to come back and search the house, as they had already done many times. This occasion was the exit of General Banks.

When the Yankees came back the next time, Col. Rutherford B. Hayes' Regiment camped in our apple orchard. As soon as their tents were pitched, they seemed to move in a body to our house, and then started a scramble for chickens, turkeys, pigs and every living thing on the place except ourselves. This was Christmas Eve and there were rusks in the kitchen stove for us. A Yankee soldier walked into the kitchen, opened the stove, and started to take out the pan of rusks. Mother was, of course, angry and desperate at being so helpless, but she took hold of the intruder by the back of his collar, and with the rolling pin in her right hand, ordered him to put the pan back. He did.

Col. R. B. Hayes shortly afterward made his headquarters in our house, which while it was galling in the extreme to us all, was, nevertheless, a protection to us. He always behaved as a gentleman should. He was ordered elsewhere shortly, and then we had our home to ourselves again, but our posses-

sion was confined to the house only. Every out-building and fence on the place had departed to make fire wood, or serve some other purpose for the soldiers. One private out-building was carried bodily to the camp and served as cook shed.

I said every living farm animal was taken, but one cow escaped, and thereby hangs a tale. There was no shelter left for the cow, so we had to keep her in the cellar. She was let out at night to pick up what food she could. There being no fences, she would wander far enough to get grass. Harry's duty was to get up before day and find her before the Yankees had milked her. He was some times too late, and for the next three meals we had dry bread only, but there came a day in that winter when dry bread was almost a luxury. There were some real human beings among the Yankees. The man who had charge of the forage must have at least known that on several occasions a bale of hay dropped off the wagon right at our cellar door. It had hardly reached the ground before it had disappeared in the cellar. Nobody said a word, but that meant a certain supply of milk for at least a week or two. On one occasion, while the sergeant was sitting in the front door of the commissary tent, Allan and I lifted the rear flap, and softly withdrew a barrel of crackers which we hurried into our own scanty larder. I always believed that the sergeant knew what we were doing.

There were only two real battles around Winchester while we were there. The second was on the occasion of the exit of Milroy. After the Federals had occupied Winchester in comparative secur-

ity for many months, we one day noticed very anxious looks on the faces of the Federals, and suspected that something was about to happen. We heard of skirmishes further up the Valley, which gradually grew nearer to Winchester and finally, one evening about dusk, after some cannonading from the hills around the town, General Milroy, pale and anxious-looking, rode through our yard up to his big fort on the hill in the rear of our place. That night, about ten o'clock, shells were screaming through the air, and we could see their course by the light of the fuse. They all pointed to and from the fort. Finally, all was quiet and everybody in our house went to bed. About four o'clock in the morning, we were awakened by what seemed to be an earthquake. Every window-pane in the house was broken, and we looked out of the windows, and saw over where the fort was, a light in the heavens. As soon as daylight came, we went to the top of the hill and found that Milroy had blown up his magazines and departed. Milroy had been a perfect tyrant over the people of Winchester; at least, he seemed so. He had caused our house to be searched at least half a dozen times; had ordered Mother to vacate it at least that many times in order that the Federals might use it for a hospital. On each occasion, Mother would put on her bonnet, walk into Winchester, go to General Milroy's office, and plead with him to leave her in peace, as she had no other shelter for herself and children. Each time, he would rip out a storm of oaths, abusing the Confederacy, from President Davis down to the infants in the cradle, and finally wind up by telling her she could stay.

The man seemed to have had a heart in him after all.

During one summer while we remained in Winchester, the whole seven of us were sick with typhoid and scarlet fever. In the midst of this came the news of brother Wood's death on the battlefield of Gaines' Mill. I remember well how difficult it was in my fevered delirium, to fully realize what had happened, but a sorrowing household long afterward brought even the youngest to a full understanding of it.

During the winter of 1862 and '63, Harry made three or four trips to Front Royal to get money which our father would send there for us. He had to steal through the Yankee picket lines, both going and coming. He always succeeded but on one occasion came near being captured. He always took with him a whip, as if he were in search of the cow. He found that he was about to be discovered by an approaching squad of cavalry, and quickly crept in the hollow space left by two large logs being rolled together. He waited for the soldiers to pass on, but instead, they not only stopped, but camped right at those logs and built a fire against them. His suspense was long, but in a few hours they moved on, and he crept out and came home under the protection of the night.

On July 18th, 1863,—I remember because it was my eleventh birthday,—the Confederates were again about to withdraw up the Valley of the Shenandoah, and again leave old Winchester to the tender mercies of her enemies. Our father sent word to Mother that she must not risk passing another winter at our

old home and within the Federal lines. She started with little else beside a spring wagon load of children, and another of household goods. Allan drove the spring wagon containing Mother and the four smaller children. To my delight, I was selected to ride an old lame horse. Riding on horseback such a distance, from Winchester to Charlottesville, to me was full of adventure, but after the first day I learned a lot about riding a horse. I found that for an inexperienced horseman, it was next to impossible to ride bare-backed two days in succession in a sitting position. The second day I rode kneeling on the horse's back, lying across her back on my stomach, standing up on her rump—any way but the right way, and wound up by walking some miles.

After waiting for a few weeks at Amherst Court House for orders, Lexington, Va., was selected as our final stopping place, and there we arrived with little else than the clothes we had on. The entire lot of children's clothes had been stolen on the canal boat. We were "refugees," and they were not very welcome in communities which had not felt the real pinch of war. While Mother was sitting with us around her, in her room at the Lexington Hotel, where we had established ourselves, without knowing how the bill was to be paid, a noble woman, Mrs. McElwee, called to see us, merely from the kindness of her good heart, and before she left she had invited Mother to bring the children and "board" with her at her beautiful home just out of town. Though nothing was said, both of those women knew in their hearts that our "board" would never be paid, in all probability. It was paid,

though many years afterward, when we grew to be men.

A thing happened eight years afterward, while I was a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute, which nearly squared our account with the McElwees. I know that she thought so, at any rate. One cold winter morning when the ice on the North River was only one night old, the entire student body from Washington College and all the V. M. I. cadets were turned loose for a day's skating. As this scattered throng moved along the waving and snapping young ice, I remember noticing a spot which never froze, being over a spring. The ice got gradually thinner as it got nearer the hole. I had passed this place only a little while, when I heard a tremendous yell and looked around to find nearly everybody making for the shore,—anything to get away from that dangerous hole. A closer look showed me two little red mitts—all that could be seen—of some child struggling for its life in that bitter cold water. I must say that I forgot all about the danger, struck out for that hole, and when I was within about sixty feet of it, to avoid breaking in before I got to the child, I laid flat on my face and slid into the hole to find him gone under. I soon had him, though, and then had plenty of time to do a little thinking. It was a desperate struggle to keep that child's nose and mouth above the water, and with my military overcoat and skates on, I was soon nearly worn out. I had more than once decided that I would not let go of the child, though there was a strong temptation to try to save myself. Every other soul had gotten entirely off the ice, and were

lined up on the bank shouting advice as to what I should do, when I could do only the one thing, hold that child and attempt to climb on the thin ice, to get a fresh ducking for myself and burden every time. I had nearly given up when a tall young cadet, who had not been one of the skaters, stepped out of the crowd with a thin fence rail in his hands, and walked as confidently on that bending ice as he would on a dirt road. The water came nearly up to his shoe tops. I remember that because I was desperately afraid he would break in before he reached me with the rail. He didn't break in, and handed me the end of the rail and pulled me with my load up on the ice and dragged us up where it was stronger. I then looked at the child and found that it was Mrs. Elwees' youngest boy Will. The tall young fellow who helped us out was Henry Murrel, of Lynchburgh.

The war operations around Lexington were small compared with what we saw in Winchester. The only thing of note which occurred,—in fact the only time in which the Yankees appeared in force—was when General Hunter came through, having shelled the town from across the river. He burned the Virginia Military Institute, which had given to the Confederacy so many able officers, General Stonewall Jackson among the number; then he passed on, with hardly a stop, and on his way, overtook our father, who had been Commander of the post at Lexington, and captured him, carrying him to Wheeling as a prisoner. Which story is told elsewhere.

We lived in Lexington till the war closed. The

story of Harry's capture by the Yankees, when he was defending his father, is also told elsewhere. After long and anxious months of waiting, we were rewarded with his arrival home, hatless and shoeless, with two Yankee prisoners handcuffed. After he had made his own escape, he came upon these two soldiers asleep, and took away their guns, and having a pair of handcuffs which he had picked up, he could not resist putting them on the wrists of the two men, and marching them into Lexington in full view of the admiring throng of boys. Although Harry was only seventeen years old, he had the bodily strength of a mature man. I have seen him at that age pick up a barrel of flour and walk up the steps with it on his shoulder.

The six of us younger boys thought we were having a hard time in those awful days just after the war. It is painful while it lasts, but such an experience is not bad for a boy who must make his way in the world. We learned all about making and caring for a garden, raising four acres of potatoes a mile from home, in a field full of stumps. Cutting wood on shares four miles in the hills, the owner delivering to us one-half of what we cut.

Thus the real pinch of hard times came upon us after the war was over. Mother was at a loss to know what to do to keep us clothed and fed.² Grad-

²By some means or other, Mother got hold of a quantity of curtains, bedding, etc., which we had left at Winchester. They proved to be of inestimable value to us after the war, and during the latter days of it. Nellie was dressed in all manner of things made from the old curtains. The best clothes of the boys were made of bed-ticking. I had a letter only a few months ago from a man in Texas, who happened to find out where I was. He was a boy along with me in Lexington. In his letter he said that he remembered distinctly the first time he had ever seen me. He remembered the neatness and care with which I was dressed. In my reply to him, I said that he ought not to have any difficulty in recalling the particular circumstance of my dress, as it was a full suit of bed-ticking.

ually things began to brighten a little, when the two colleges at Lexington, Washington College (afterwards Washington Lee University) and the Virginia Military Institute, began to fill up with students. Mother saw an opportunity in the fact that all the Washington College students had to have a place to live, so she opened a boarding house, and for four or five years kept things going in that way. Harry went to Washington College and Allan went to Cool Spring, where Brother Will had a school and Brother Ed a farm. Afterwards, Allan came to Washington College. And upon leaving there he went to Texas. After spending a year and a half in Texas as a school teacher, he came to Louisville and taught with his brother William in the Rugby School. I was placed at the Virginia Military Institute; my brother Marshall defraying my expenses. I graduated there in 1873 and moved to Louisville to join Harry and Allan. The younger boys, Nellie and Mother coming with us. Louisville has been the family home ever since. With Harry's small experience as a civil engineer he opened an office as an architect, and after I came from the Virginia Military Institute (having graduated in civil engineering and what little they taught in architecture at that school), I went in with Harry as a partner, and with that start, the firm of McDonald Brothers, composed of myself, Harry and Donald, was organized, which firm practiced architecture for many years in the City of Louisville and the surrounding country. Roy naturally fell into the building profession as superintendent for us. He was appointed Inspector of Buildings for the City of

Louisville, but ill health overtook him, and after some years, entirely disabled him. Donald left our firm to become Receiver for the Kentucky Rock Gas Company. His management of this was so successful that out of it grew the prosperous corporation now called the Kentucky Heating Company.

Kenneth McDonald was born in Romney, Virginia, July 18th, 1852, being the fourth child of Angus W. McDonald and Cornelia Peake (his wife). After graduating at the V. M. I. he came to Louisville with the family and soon afterwards the firm of "McDonald Brothers, Architects" was launched and grew into a successful business, being responsible for many handsome buildings and artistic homes in and around Louisville.

On November 20th, 1879, he was married to Miss America R. Moore, of Louisville, Ky. They have three sons, Kenneth, Allan and Graeme.

He is still a resident of Louisville and senior member of the popular and prosperous firm of "McDonald and Dodd."



ELLEN McDONALD
(Mrs. James H. Lyne)

CHAPTER XXV.

ELLEN McDONALD.

Ellen McDonald, the first daughter and fifth child of Angus W. McDonald and Cornelia Peake (his wife), was born at "Wind Lea" September 30th, 1854, and named for her mother's sister, Mrs. Ellen De Camp.

Nellie's own statement of events and early impressions, which she sent me in response to my letter, is written in so happy a style and with such natural expression, that I give it as I received it, only regretting that it is so brief.

"I do not remember my birthplace in Virginia, but have often heard interesting stories of the great stone house called 'Wind Lea,' perched high on a spur of the Alleghany mountains, overlooking the north branch of the Potomac river.

"My first distinct recollections are of the sweet old home 'Hawthorne,' just outside Winchester. Here I can remember all my dear older brothers and sisters, my father, mother, and all of the younger ones, with lots of company, and life then seemed a long play day. I believe my most vivid recollection is when the Northern soldiers came and brought with them such devastation and destruction.¹

"Then came our hasty flight from Winchester with all the children and my brave, pretty mother,

¹Nell had never seen a donkey until they were brought to Winchester with the Federal soldiers, and when she first heard their frightful braying, she ran to her mother in great distress and said: "Mother, even the very old horses are laughing at us."

in a spring wagon, and my brother Harry following in another with a few household articles, leaving behind us all our possessions and the sweet little baby sister, Bessie, in the quiet church yard.

“After much journeying and many stops we finally landed in Lexington, Virginia, where we were welcomed by the sweetest, kindest people in the world. Here were the two colleges, V. M. I. and Washington College; and here after the war, came General Robert E. Lee to preside over the destinies of the last named institution.

“Around him all the life of the little town seemed to revolve. He was the ‘Chevalier sans peur, sans reproche.’ I, in common with the rest of the town, adored him. And still have a treasured memorial, a little prayer book which he gave me, with my name ‘Nellie McDonald, with the regards of R. E. Lee’ written in it.

“We left Lexington in 1873 with many tears at parting with our dear friends there, but in Louisville we found a happy home, which Harry, Allan and Kenneth had made for us. And here all together once more, were passed some of the happiest days of my life.

“In 1883, I was married to James Henry Lyne, of Henderson, Ky., and we have lived here ever since. We have had six children, nearly all of whom are grown now—Cornelia Peake, George, Kenneth, Henry, Virginia and Eleanor. Here we have had a quiet, happy life, full of the interest that a big family and a large circle of charming friends bring.

“In the last few years, though, sorrow has visited us. First, I lost my dear brother Harry, and then



ROY McDONALD

our own little boy, Henry, was taken from us. After that my mother, who was living with us at the time, was called to her final rest. Since then two of my children have gone from home to live, but we try to 'close up the ranks' and meet what comes to us with brave hearts, trusting in God and his ever ruling Providence, knowing that there will come a time when there will be no more separation."

CHAPTER XXVI.

ROY McDONALD.

Roy McDonald, the fifth son and sixth child of Angus W. McDonald and Cornelia Peake (his wife), was born at "Wind Lea" August 25th, 1856. He was almost too young at the time of the war for any very vivid memories, but I well remember that when the entire lower floor of the home at "Hawthorne" was "pressed" into their service by the Federals, and the United States flag suspended over the front door, nothing could induce the little fellow to walk under it. He invariably remembered to enter the house some other way.

He, also, attended the private schools of Lexington until old enough to enter Washington and Lee University, where he remained for two or three years and then went with the family to Louisville, Kentucky, where he engaged in various occupations for the next few years.

On November 23rd, 1882, he was married to Miss Nellie Caine, daughter of Mr. John Caine, of

Louisville. In 1886, he was appointed Building Inspector for the city of Louisville, holding the office for about eight years. Two children were born to Roy and Nellie—Amanda and Roy.

He lost his wife on October 1st, 1891, and married a second time, Miss Jean Martin.

As the result of a serious attack of inflammatory rheumatism in his early manhood, Roy's health has never been very robust, and for some years now he has been incapacitated by it for active participation in any business, having suffered a stroke of paralysis several years ago.

He has made his home in Pittsburg for the past few years.

CHAPTER XXVII.

DONALD McDONALD.

Donald McDonald, the sixth son of Angus W. McDonald and Cornelia Peake (his wife), was born in Winchester September 5th, 1858, and was given a name which had been in the family for many generations.¹

His mother being compelled to leave Winchester during its occupation by the Yankees, moved to Lexington, Virginia, with her family, where Donald attended a private school until the Fall of 1873, when he entered Washington and Lee University, be-

¹When Donald was a boy some one asked him where he got his pretty name from, and he replied, that he supposed the family names had run out when it came his turn and they had to begin doubling.



DONALD McDONALD

ing not quite fifteen years of age. He remained there for three years, obtaining distinctions in mathematics, chemistry and physics.

He was fond of all athletic sports and the last year of his stay at College he was captain and oarsman in the boat race which took place that year, the record reading: "Donald McDonald, Oar No. 3. Age, 16; height, 6 feet, 3 inches; weight, 175 lbs."

He came to Louisville at the age of seventeen and was employed in various capacities for the next two years. He finally entered the mechanical department of the L. & N. R. R., where he evinced such especial fitness for the work that he was promoted to Assistant Superintendent of Machinery. He resigned this position in 1881 and joined the firm of "McDonald Brothers," who at that time were among the most successful architects in Kentucky. They did not confine themselves to the State limits, however, as many handsome and substantial buildings were erected by them in other localities.

Donald remained with this firm for ten years, traveling around a great deal and superintending the work on many of their contracts.

He was located at Mt. Sterling, at one time, on business of this character, where quite an exciting occurrence took place in which Donald unwittingly took a very prominent part, and by fearlessly asserting his independent judgment, calmed a lawless mob and turned them completely from their blood-thirsty intentions.

He was attracted one night, by loud cries and noises on the street, and running out, saw a crowd of men and boys, many of whom he knew. Joining

them, he soon discovered that they were leading a negro by a rope, and dragging him rapidly through the streets. On reaching the outskirts of the town the mob halted and about thirty of them, Donald among them, went forward to a railroad trestle nearby. He there found that they had placed the negro on a barrel and thrown the rope over a beam of the trestle. And he realized that these grim preparations could mean but one thing.

The leader now came forward and went through the form of questioning the terror-stricken negro, who protested that his only intention of trying to force his way into the house, where the lady had been so badly scared, was to visit the cook. His story seemed plausible enough to Donald, but did not appear to have any weight whatever with the excited crowd. Presently, a voice cried out:

“You have talked long enough. Hang him! Hang him!”

Whereupon the leader promptly announced: “Those in favor of hanging, say aye.” “Aye, Aye, Aye,” rang out in almost a simultaneous chorus.

“Those opposed, say No,” again yelled the spokesman.

For one brief moment there was an impressive silence, when Donald, realizing that he was a part of the crowd, and necessarily sharing its responsibilities, called out, “No, No.”

An indignant voice inquired insolently: “Who in h—— are you?”

“I am Donald McDonald, of Louisville,” he responded, “and don’t propose to see a man hung on such evidence as this, if I can prevent it.”

After some parleying, a voice suggested that the vote be taken again, and the leader cried out once more: "Those in favor of hanging this man say 'Aye.'" Not a sound came from the crowd. "Those opposed say, 'No.'" And the air resounded with "Noes." The poor creature was then taken from his perch and returned to the gaol, and his trial resulted in nothing more serious than to crack rocks on the streets for two weeks. The result proving the value of even one cool head in an excited crowd.

It is often asserted that success in one's business is largely a matter of luck, but the following little episode will, I think, show that pluck and persistence are the main factors after all in any successful achievement. Knowing that a big building contract was to be let by Jackson County, Donald started out one Sunday morning, in order to be present at the meeting of the County Court the following day. McKee, the County seat, was his objective point, but finding that it was some distance from the railroad, he bought a ticket to Livingston, that being the nearest station to McKee, on the railroad. Reaching Livingston, he inquired when the stage would leave for McKee, to which the agent politely responded, "Where in h—— is McKee?"

After a short conversation with his assistant, the agent told Donald that he should have gotten off at Richmond instead of Livingston, and that there would be no more trains in the direction of Richmond before Monday at noon. This announcement was calculated to discourage a less courageous soul than Donald's, but nothing daunted, he asked if he couldn't hire a buggy.

"Buggy!" exclaimed the man, with a smile of pity, "there's no sich thing in this town."

When Donald then proposed to compromise on a horse, he returned, "Why, Mister, they ain't any road."

"Then," exclaimed Donald, not to be thwarted, "I'll walk! if you will only give me some idea of the direction."

"Why, man, it is twenty-seven mile acrost them mountains!"

"All right," returned Donald, "if you will be so good as to keep my valise, I'll be off right away."

The agent, much amazed, finally gave the desired directions and off Donald started. For quite a distance he found a well defined path, but on reaching the river about noon he discovered, to his consternation, that the boat was tied up on the opposite side, and only after considerable shouting, did he succeed in getting a response from the ferryman, who was on a hill, some distance away engaged in ploughing; but said he would come down at sun-set and put him over. Donald was unwilling to trust to such a contingency, and though it was early in December, he at once decided to swim to the other shore, and removing his clothes he tied them securely with his drawings and swam safely to the opposite bank.

The darkness soon overtook him and he wandered about for some time trying to find a human habitation. Finally he heard the welcome cry of a child, and his shouts penetrating to the cabin in the distance, a friendly door was seen to open and he made his way towards it. Upon inquiring if he was

anywhere near the town of McKee, the man replied: "You are in the very heart of it right now, sir."

And with a few more directions, Donald soon found the hotel, which was crowded with the mountaineers who had come to attend the session of the Court. The next morning he overheard two of them conversing earnestly about the big contract which the Court was to consider. One of them said: "I am not at all in favor of giving this job of ours to any damn city man. I want to give it to a mountain man." To which the other man replied:

"This fellow ain't no city chap. Them city fellows all come over from Richmond in buggies, and this one walked over the mountains from Livingston and swum Roundstone river in the winter time."

This conclusive testimony practically settled the question and secured the contract to his firm, which eventually proved a very lucrative one.

In 1890, Donald was employed to do some engineering by the Kentucky Rock Gas Co., and afterwards, when this company went into bankruptcy, he was appointed its receiver. Finally, when it was reorganized, he was made chief engineer. In 1892, he became the president of the Kentucky Heating Company, which position he still holds.

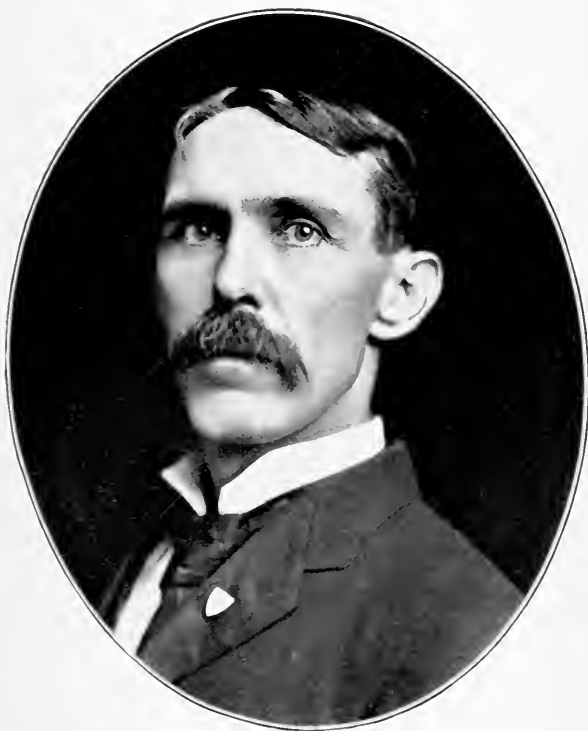
The company under his management has prospered greatly. Beginning as a small concern with only 200 customers, and losing money, it has grown to be the largest gas company in Kentucky, with more than 20,000 customers. The problem presented was a new one—that of supplementing natural gas with artificial gas—and everyone said that it could not be done. It was worked out by the Kentucky

Heating Company, and worked out very successfully.

Donald was also one of the organizers of the Kentucky Electric Company, and was the president of that company during the first two years of its existence. He is generally given the credit for the excellent location and good general plans under which the works of that company were constructed, and its dealings with the public inaugurated. The Kentucky Electric Company has also been very successful.

In 1910, Donald was elected President of the American Gas Institute, an organization comprising practically all of the gas engineers and managers of gas companies in the United States. He was also a director of the Louisville Board of Trade and a member of the Pendennis Club, and of the Country Club in the city of Louisville, and is a member, too, of Cavalry Episcopal Church.

On October 26th, 1887, he was married to Miss Betsy Breckinridge Carr, of "Oaklands," at St. John's Church, Roanoke, Virginia. Their children are, Laetitia Sorrell, Donald, Jr., Maria Carr, Cornelia and Angus.



HUNTER McDONALD

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HUNTER McDONALD.

Hunter McDonald, the seventh son of Angus W. McDonald and Cornelia Peake (his wife), was born at Winchester, Virginia, June 12th, 1860, and was named after a favorite cousin of his father's, Dr. Hunter McGuire, who afterwards became Medical Director of Jackson's Division of the Army of Northern Virginia.

He was at quite a tender age when the family were forced to leave their home at Winchester and take refuge in Lexington, Virginia, and among his earliest recollections is the bombardment of the place by the guns under command of General Hunter, and the burning of the Virginia Military Institute, with all the buildings connected with it. The family remained in Lexington for sometime after the close of the war, and Hunter's youth was passed in constant association with the students of Washington and Lee University and the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute. Some of his older brothers attended each of these institutions and he was often a spectator and sometimes a participant in their engineering field practice. He attended a private school taught by his mother until 1871 and after that, other schools in Lexington, until the summer of 1873.

Several of his older brothers having settled in Louisville, Kentucky, it was decided at this time that Mrs. McDonald and her younger children should

also remove to that city. Accordingly, one of the brothers, Allan, came on from Louisville for the purpose of taking the family back with him, bringing the necessary funds and tickets, but before leaving Virginia he decided to visit the Natural Bridge, taking with him young Hunter, who was then about thirteen years old. In leaning down and looking over the precipice, near the famous Cedar Stump, the pocket-book, containing the transportation and funds needed for emigration, dropped from Allan's pocket and lodged on a ledge of rock about one hundred and twenty feet below. This created considerable consternation, for even if the book could be dislodged from its resting place, the swollen creek below threatened destruction to its contents. A consultation ensued and Hunter consented to be lowered with a rope and make an effort to secure the lost treasure.

Accordingly, he was seated on a stick tied to the end of a rope and lowered over the precipice, but the rope unfortunately proved to be inadequate, and he, with remarkable fortitude, agreed to remain suspended until more rope could be procured. An hour probably was spent in this hazardous position, when the arrival of additional rope enabled him to reach the pocket-book, after crawling along the ledge for a distance of about sixty feet.

On his arrival at Louisville, Hunter was entered in the Louisville Rugby School, taught by two of his older brothers, where he graduated in 1878. He then returned to Virginia to study engineering at Washington and Lee University.

He came again to Louisville in 1879 and being compelled to find employment, he applied to the Louisville and Nashville R. R., and more to try his mettle than anything else (for it was not at that time considered an important matter), he was sent to re-locate the mile-posts on the road. The work consisted in measuring the distance of each mile-post from the initial point at Louisville, and also, that of all stations, switches, State and county lines and bridges, and it soon developed that the work was highly important. Measurements of record, at that time, were inaccurate on account of having been secured from original surveys of short sections of the road, the L. and N. Co. having absorbed and consolidated a number of shorter lines, so their correct measurements from a given point were very necessary.

Hunter started out with two of his young companions and a negro cook to help him, walking and carrying his camping outfit on a hand-car and camping wherever night overtook him. The weather was hot and the work became exceedingly disagreeable, and one of his assistants dropped out, his place was soon filled, however, and the work went steadily forward, lasting through a very hot summer, and extending over one thousand miles of road. Their only means of baggage transportation was a hand-car, which had to be lifted hastily from the track whenever a train was heard approaching, but one unlucky day this was not done quickly enough and the hand-car was smashed beyond repair.

With no way now of transporting the tent, it had to be abandoned and the rest of the trip was

made sleeping on the ground wherever the day's work ended and procuring food as best they could. The work was finally completed at Memphis while the yellow fever was at its height, on November 1st, 1879, and was well and faithfully performed. On December 1st, 1879, Hunter was made Assistant Engineer of the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railway under Col. R. C. Morris, M. Am. Chief Engineer, being the only assistant on the system at that time, and his service with the railway has been continuous since then. He has also filled various positions in the Maintenance of Way and Construction Departments, having had direct charge, or responsible supervision of the surveys and construction of all new lines, and the reconstruction of those lines acquired by purchase or lease; the mileage having been increased from 453 in 1880 to 1,230 miles in 1911, and the train mileage from 1,500,000 to more than 7,000,000 in the same period.

In 1884, Hunter had charge of the rebuilding of the Running Water Viaduct and in 1887-1888 he was engineer in charge of the construction of the Huntsville Branch and changing the gauge of the Duck River Valley, narrow gauge branch. On the completion of this work, he was appointed Division Superintendent of the Huntsville Division, and at the same time had charge of the surveys and construction of the Tennessee and Coosa Railroad and the extension of the Sequatchie Valley Branch to Pikeville. In 1891, he was appointed Resident Engineer of the Western and Atlantic R. R., which his company had leased from the State of Georgia. He

was stationed in Atlanta at the time, and had charge of the complete re-construction of the track, bridges and most of the other structures.

On the death of Col. Morris, in November, 1892, Hunter was appointed Chief Engineer, and still occupies that position.

His first work after being promoted to the office of Chief Engineer, was the re-construction of the drawbridge over the Tennessee River at Johnsonville, Tenn., which required the sinking of pneumatic foundations to a depth of forty-four feet below low water. Shortly after its completion he presented a paper to the American Society of Civil Engineers, with a detailed description of this work.

In 1882, he was elected a junior, and in 1887, a full member of the American Society of Civil Engineers. In 1889, he assisted in the organization of the Engineering Association of the South, and became its President in 1895.

He was the eleventh member enrolled in the American Railways Engineering and Maintenance of Way Association, and was made a director upon its organization, and President in 1904, serving two years. In 1900, he was employed by the Southern Railway to examine into and report on the cause of the disaster at Camp Creek, south of Atlanta, by which thirty-four persons lost their lives, due to the washing out of a large culvert. His report was made the basis of defense by the attorneys, and the first damage suit resulted in favor of the defendant, while the others were compromised.

In 1903, he was elected director for District No. 6 in the American Society of Civil Engineers, and in

1910, Vice-President. He is also a member of the National Geographic Society.

The above details of Hunter's activities in the pursuit of his chosen work, have been largely gathered from the pages of the *Railway Age and Engineering News*. And in view of the fact that his health has never been very robust, it seems wonderful that he should have accomplished so much.

In addition to all this, he is also responsible for the handsome structure known as Cummin's Station in Nashville, which cost half a million dollars, and is General Manager of the corporation which owns and operates it.

In 1893, he was married to Miss Mary Eloise Gordon, of Columbia, Tenn., a great granddaughter of Colonel John Gordon, one of Andrew Jackson's most trusted scouts. They have one son, Hunter, named for his father.

Two children of Angus W. McDonald and Cornelia Peake (his wife) died in infancy. Humphrey, the third son, born December 31st, 1850, died July 30th, 1851, and Elizabeth, born 29th October, 1861, died August 23rd, 1862.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Glengarry Today."

BY REV. PEERCE N. McDONALD.

History paints for us in vivid colors the old life at Glengarry, but time has brought radical changes to the land of the McDonalds'; and the old ruined castle, once the home of their renowned leaders, looks down upon a much changed country. With the setting of the star of the Stuart's hopes, darkness and vicissitude rested upon Scotia's fair lands. Over those moors and glens at Glengarry, which once resounded to the shrill call of the bagpipe, we see feeding to-day droves of deer and various kinds of game. They have little fear of a chance intruder, for the shooting on the estate is leased to Lord Burton of England, for which he pays \$25,000 a year, and any one who dares to touch one of the deer out of season will be severely dealt with. Glengarry can now be approached from two quarters, one by way of the Invergarry and Fort Augustus R. R., the time table of which bears on the outside an attractive picture of "Invergarry, Old Castle," and the other is by means of a popular line of steamers which runs from Oban to Inverness. In addition to this there are now splendid roads through this section which are very popular for motoring. But doesn't it seem like sacrilege to be motoring through such historic ground?

The postoffice at Glengarry is called "Inver-garry," and the castle of the famous clan of Glengarry is also called "Invergarry." It is located on Loch Oich ("Queen of Highland Lakes"), at the mouth of the Garry River which heads in Loch Garry five miles away. Glengarry properly speaking derives its name from the valley along the river of the same name.

The place is now owned by an English family named Ellice. Mr. Ellice told me that his family had made their money fur-trading in Canada, and that on one occasion when the Indians had attacked the home of his ancestors, the Glengarry men who were then living in Canada came to their rescue and saved their lives. In appreciation for what they had received at their hands, these Ellices bought Glengarry and have ever after that made it their home. Mr. Ellice himself is a charming man, has taken a great deal of interest in the place and its people and has written a book in regard to the traditions of the place. As the old castle is in ruins he has built nearby a handsome new home and has done much to improve and preserve the estate.

The main revenue from the estate is in the hunting and the fishing, both of which are leased to the English nobility. The numerous hills are entirely without trees, but during the month of August are purple with the blooming heather. Trees grow luxuriantly in the glens, and the proprietor is planting forest trees on a large scale and hoping eventually to have the hill sides covered with them. There are on the estate about twenty-five families, all employees of Mr. Ellice. They look after the

game and the fishing, also do some little farming and tree planting.

When I visited the old place I landed at the lock, in the Caledonian Canal, three miles below the castle and slowly walked up the banks of that beautiful lake. The water in these Highland lochs comes from the peat boggs, and is very dark, but it reflects most beautifully the sky and the overhanging trees. At times, so perfect is the reflection that it is difficult to tell where the land ends and where the water begins.

As I was walking up to the castle I saw a clear, beautiful stream of water springing up beside the road. Over the spring was a tall marble shaft. On the top of this shaft is carved seven heads, through which a dagger is driven and on which is resting a foot, also carved in the stone. It is called "The Well of the Seven Heads." On the four sides of the monument there is an inscription in Gaelic, English, French and Latin which tells its story. In the 16th Century, seven men murdered some of the McDonald Clan, they were speedily captured and as their captors led them to the castle, they beheaded them and washed the blood off the heads in this little spring. This monument was put here by members of the clan to bear witness to the "swift course of feudal justice."

The old castle itself is built on a huge rock above Loch Oich, and at the mouth of the Glen of Garry. It is this massive cliff at the foot of the castle called the "Raven's Rock" which gave to the men of Glengarry their war cry "Craggan fittich" or the "rock of the raven." The great heavy walls, pierced here

and there with port holes, show that the castle was built for a fort as well as a home. It must have been a very handsome place in its day, and still stands in stolid grandeur, towering above the trees and clinging ivy, like a great giant of the past, refusing to surrender to the frills and foibles of the present generation. Beneath the walls are dark dungeons wherein the chiefs were accustomed to place those who questioned their authority. 'Tis no wonder that the men who went forth from that environment were men of fierce, firey natures, who counted human life cheap, and who would rather die than surrender a principle.

I wandered along the shores of the Garry River until I came to Loch Garry. Mr. Ellice has made a good path along the river bank for almost the entire distance. There were several men fishing in the lake and from the character of the fish that they caught and their number I am inclined to think that the Englishman pays very generously for his fishing privilege.

Along the shore I found a rough, flat-bottomed boat and in this I rowed out into the lake. As I sat there on the bosom of those dark waters, and heard the low sighing of the wind in the trees on the shore, I thought of the changes that had come to that mountain glen; the passing of the old life, with all its fierceness and glamor, the incoming of the Lowlander who with his gold had conquered what he could never win with his arms.

On my way back to the hotel at Invergarry, I talked with some of the men who worked on the estate. They were pleased at my interest in the place

and told me many of its old traditions. They talked to each other in Gaelic when they had something to say that they did not want me to understand. They showed me the homes of the various retainers on the place. I visited Peter McClain, the chief forrester, in his home and found him a very intelligent fellow. His house was a one-story cottage, with cement floors. It seemed to me that it would be very damp in the long cold winters. However, his family seemed happy and said that the owner of the estate was very good to them. Peter McClain showed me a dark, rough-looking stool in which he thought I might be interested. He said that there had formerly stood, not far from the old castle, a large walnut tree which had always been known as "The Hangman's Tree." When this tree finally blew down, he had made this stool from the wood. I am sorry now that I did not bring that stool home with me, but perhaps it is best to remember our ancestors by what is best in their lives rather than otherwise and to let the "dead bury the dead."

I was struck with the small stature of the men whom I found on the place. I had expected to find great, sturdy giants, and when I spoke to Mr. Ellice of the fact, he said that the present generation at Glengarry no longer represented the old race of the past. After the battle of Culloden, 1745, practically all the strong, able-bodied men moved from there to America, and later there came in Irish laborers who intermarried with the people, and it is their descendants who are to be found to-day on the estate. The best blood of Glengarry emigrated to America and has entered largely into the life and history of that land.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A.

See American Archives, 4th Series, Vol. 1, page 391, for original:

“At a meeting of the Freeholders and other inhabitants of the County of Frederick, Virginia, and gentlemen practising at the bar, held in the town of Winchester, 8th day of June, 1774, to consider of the beste mode to be fallen upon to secure their liberties and properties, and also to prevent the dangerous tendency of an act of Parliament, passed in the 15th year of his present Majesty’s reign, entitled, ‘An Act to discontinue in such manner and for such time as are therein mentioned, the landing and discharging, lading and shipping of goods, wares and merchandise at the town and within the harbor of Boston, in the Province of Massachusetts Bay, North America,’ evidently has to invade and deprive us of the same.

“The Rev. Chas. M. Thruston, Moderator.

“A Committee of the following gentlemen, viz., C. M. Thruston, Isaac Zane, Angus McDonald, Alexander White, George Rootes, George Johnston and Samuel Beall, 3rd, were appointed to draw up Resolves suitable to the same occasion, who withdrawing for a short time, returned with the following votes, viz:

“Voted, 1st. That we will always cheerfully pay due submission to such acts of government as his

Majesty has a right, by law to exercise over his subjects, as a Sovereign of the British Dominions and to such only.

“2nd. That it is the inherent right of British subjects to be governed and taxed by Representatives chosen by themselves only; and that every Act of the British Parliament respecting the internal policy of N. America, is a daring and unconstitutional invasion of said rights and privileges?

“3rd. That the Act of Parliament above mentioned, is not only in itself repugnant to the fundamental law of natural justice, in condemning persons for a supposed crime, unheard, but also a despotic exertion of unconstitutional power calculated to enslave a free and loyal people.

“4th. That the enforcing the execution of said Act of Parliament by a military power, will have a tendency to raise a civil war, thereby dissolving the Union which has so long, happily subsisted between the mother country and her Colonies; and we most heartily and unanimously concur with our suffering brethen of Boston and every other part of North America, that may be the immediate victim of tyranny, in promoting all proper measures to avert such dreadful calamities, to procure a redress of our grievances and to secure our common liberties.

“5th. It is the unanimous opinion of this meeting that a joint resolution of all the Colonies to stop all importations from Great Britain and exportations to it, until the said Act shall be repealed, will prove the salvation of North America and her liberties. On the other hand, if they continue their imports and

exports, there is the greatest reason to fear that fraud, power and the most odious oppression will rise triumphant over right, justice, social happiness and freedom.

“6th. That the East India Co.; those servile tools of arbitrary power, have forfeited the esteem and regard of all honest men and that the better to manifest our abhorrence of such abject compliance with the will of a venal ministry, in ministering all in their power an increase of the fund of speculation; we will not purchase tea, or any other kind of East India commodities, either imported now or hereafter to be imported, except salt-petre, spices and medicinal drugs.

“7th. That it is the opinion of this meeting that Committees ought to be appointed for the purpose of effecting a general Association, that the same measures may be pursued through the whole Continent. That the Committees ought to correspond with each other and to meet at such places and times as shall be agreed upon, in order to form such general Association, and that when the same shall be formed and agreed on, by the several Committees, we will strictly adhere thereto; and till the general sense of the Continent shall be known, we do pledge ourselves to each other and our country, that we will inviolably adhere to the votes of this day.

8th. That C. M. Thruston, Isaac Zane, Angus McDonald, Samuel Beall, 3rd, Alexander White and Geo. Rootes be appointed a Committee for the purposes aforesaid, and that they or any three of them are fully empowered to act.

“Which being read were unanimously assented to and subscribed.”

In a foot note appears the following: “On Monday, the 6th instant, tickets were posted up in different parts of Frederick County, Va., signed by friends of liberty, asking the gentlemen, merchants, freeholders and other inhabitants of the County to meet at the Court House on the following Wednesday, at 3 P. M., to consider of the most proper measures to prevent the fatal consequences apprehended from the Act of Parliament mentioned in the votes and to defend and secure the rights and liberties of Americans. In consequence of which (though the notice did not exceed forty-eight hours) a great concourse assembled at the time and place appointed. The Court House being too small to contain the company, they adjourned to the Church, where the above votes were unanimously agreed to.”

APPENDIX B.

Mrs. Anne S. Green is of the opinion that our great-grandfather, Angus McDonald (emigrant), was a crown prisoner after Culloden and imprisoned in the Tower of London.

She visited the Congressional Library in Washington and from the “Reports of the Crown Cases” she made copy of the following:

“Mr. Skinner, King’s counsel in the prosecution of Angus Aeneas McDonald, gives account of the Pretenders advance into Scotland when he was first joined by the McDonalds and Camerons. First vic-

tory at Preston Pans, on to Falkirk, Inverness and Sterling, repulsed at Fort William, on then to Culloden. Mr. Skinner was McDonald's prosecutor. He was arraigned for high treason at St. Margaret's Hill, Southwork, Dec. 10th at the Court of the King's Bench, Easter term (George II), 1747. Charges had been preferred Jan. 1st, 1746, Angus Aeneas McDonald plead not guilty. His counsel claimed French citizenship (had been educated in France), McDonald's main defense of counsel.

"The prosecutor dwelt upon his being a citizen of Britian. Defense claimed he had been reared and educated in France. McDonald at same time was being tried for a debt he owed one Ramsey (who probably had given him aid when he was hiding from his pursuers and dodging the King's officials). McDonald was condemned to be executed along with Kilmarnock and was lying under sentence of death, when an order was given by the King to prepare a pardon for McDonald upon condition that he would retire from the country, from His Majesty's Dominion, during McDonald's life time.

"When the messenger came to release him, the Keeper refused to surrender him, giving excuse, alleging action by Ramsey. The Attorney General made motion that those charges be dismissed, he being supported in his position by John Strange, Solicitor General, considering the law, that a person under an attainder is *civiliter Mortuus*, and cannot be charged without the authority of the Court—thereby defeating the King's pardon.

"The same report cites that McDonald (notwithstanding the pardon) settled with Ramsey, his cred-

itor, and was delivered into the custody of a messenger, by virtue of a warrant from the Duke of Newcastle, one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State. Justice Foster, in describing High Treason, quotes the leniency of the sentence upon McDonald being right, and thought that his was an extreme case, being only twenty years old and that the law would be deficient if he could not discover any intermediate general limit, to relax, consistently with public safety in such cases.

"In McDonald's plea of defense, as reported, he never averred that he was born out of Britain, but that he was educated in France, which would not have freed him from responsibility, and some unforeseen and unknown influence was exerted in his behalf to obtain the clemency of George II."

APPENDIX C.

To Angus W. McDonald, from his grandmother, while he was a cadet at West Point.

Winchester, December 31st, 1815.

MY DEAR ANGUS:

This is the last day of the old year and your different cousins are here, and have been looking for you for some days, but have now given you out.

I should have answered your letter shortly after receiving it, but was so unwell and had such a sick family, with much other business, that I couldn't find the time.

I wish very much you could come home and prove your horses. And I want very much to see you, I cannot expect to last long. I am now in my seven-

tieth year, and that is a great age. As I have so little correspondence with my family, I can say but little about them. They were all well when I heard from them last.

Edward is here and has been for a week and is very hearty and grown very much. As I so seldom go out I can give you but little news, therefore, my letter will be short. Your Cousin Becky is expecting an heir and your Uncle John has one, and as I can think of nothing else worth writing, I will conclude.

Your ever affectionate grandmother,
ANNA McDONALD.

P. S. Anna Maria Holliday and Anna T., Jane and Betty Langham, Richard Holliday and Edward McD., are all here, and they make so much noise that I can scarcely write at all.

A. MCD.

Copies of letters of introduction, given Angus McDonald by his teachers at West Point Military Academy; originals in possession of Mrs. John B. Stanard, his daughter.

West Point, July 14th, 1817.

This will certify that the bearer, Cadet Angus W. McDonald, has been under my command at the Military Academy at this place nearly three years, during which time he has studied under my particular instruction, Geography, History and Ethics, and also Fortifications and the course of Infantry tactics established for the discipline of the Army of the United States, as far as the Evolutions of the line; in all of which I believe him to be well versed, as well as in Artillery duty.

I also further certify that during the time he has

been at the Military Academy, he has been attentive to his studies generally (in which he has made good progress), as well as to his other duties, and that his whole conduct has been that of the Gentleman and the Soldier.

As such, therefore, I confidently recommend him to all whom it may concern.

A. PARTRIDGE,
Capt. of Engs. Comdg.

The bearer hereof, Mr. Angus McDonald, has been a Cadet at the United States Military Academy for several years and has now completed the entire course of studies and military exercises as required by the laws and regulations.

As Mr. McDonald has been under my particular instruction in the higher branches of science, and as I have had the advantage of a thorough knowledge of his moral and intellectual character, it is with great pleasure that I can afford him the most satisfactory and ample testimony.

In regular performance of duty and the acquirements of science, few have been more assiduous and persevering; he has therefore passed through all the classes with credit and conspicuous distinction and excellence; but his merit is far from being limited to mental improvement; Mr. McDonald possesses a refinement in manners, an honorable delicacy in his moral conduct, which cannot fail to attract the attention and obtain the favour of all virtuous and enlightened men.

JARED MANSFIELD,
Prof. Nat. & Ext. Phil.

West Point, July 15th, 1817.

The next one is from Colonel Crozet, who had been one of Napoleon's most trusted engineers, before he became Professor at West Point:

Mr. McDonald succeeded, before I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with him, to acquire the esteem and approbation of the chiefs and professors of the Military Academy. It would be difficult for me to add to the testimonies which they have given him.

Mr. McDonald joins to his progresse in his studies an eminent military disposition et I am convinced that his country will find in him one of its best officers. I will hear with pleasure of his succeſſe in his career and will always be happy to have a share in his friendship.

E. C. CROZET,
Prof. of Eng.

West Point, 19th July, 1817.

APPENDIX D.

The following letter is from one of his associates in the Custom House at New Orleans:

New Orleans, August 15th, 1819.

DEAR McDONALD:

The Steamboat Alabama leaves here for your town to-day and I cannot suffer the opportunity to escape of writing you. From accounts which we received here, we were apprehensive that your journey would not be so pleasing as you anticipated, and that you would most likely be detained at the mouth of the river for some weeks.

I come now to speak of things highly important to you * * * * perhaps in no place more than in St. Louis is circumspection and prudence more indispensable. With the exercise of these and your natural abilities I trust and feel that you will do well.

Our country is open to the efforts of genius and enterprise, and its advantages are alike accessible to the lowly and the high. Your ambition, too, McDonald, is of that stamp whose eagle flight would soar above the cool and calculating fortune-seekers of the common world, that would pierce the almost inaccessible regions of fame and repose upon the pinnacle of glory. This passion of the mind, unless properly tempered is dangerous and if indulged without regard to a proper restraint, will, I think, prove detrimental to the good of its possessor.

To secure that high and respectable standing in society, which is the aim of every man, a coincidence of thinking and acting with the world is necessary and although it argues a sacrifice of independence—still to render that independence more lasting and independent, we must sometimes stoop to lower things.

There has been a reduction in the Custom House. Gorman Newman, Duplesis Hudgeons, Captain Lake and Lorrain are suspended. Your promise of writing, I hope you will observe, nor retain the opinion, I very well know you left me with, as a fellow of a cold and repulsive nature.

You have no friend in this world, Mc, more sincerely so than myself. My heart is susceptible of the warmest emotions, and the interest I feel in your welfare is as disinterested as it is affectionate. Take care of yourself, my dear fellow, and know that a happy accomplishment of your views, can give no greater pleasure to any friend you have, than to your

Sincere one,

JOHN D. ORR.

“Bellington wishes you to excuse him for not writing, but will do so soon. He is about leaving for Philadelphia.”

The following extracts from some of his letters while he was engaged in the fur trade, will give some idea of the life he led on the Western frontier.

The following is a copy of a letter written to Joshua Pilcher, Agent for the Missouri Company, at Fort Lissa, Upper Mo.

JOSHUA PILCHER.

Dear Sir:—I cannot let pass an opportunity without addressing you a few lines. The prospect of affairs is very much changed since you left here. This dam'd, turbulent band of the Sioux, it seems, cannot pass the winter in peace, though I cannot lay the blame entirely on them. Perhaps they have had sufficient provocation from the Mohawks to make war.

Not long since the Mohawks, or a band of them, came to the Lower Yanktons and stole nearly all of their horses and (Indians now say) wounded some of them.

This band have been through fear, confined to their village for fifteen days, since which they have not killed five buffaloes. At last, provoked and ashamed they all assembled and joined with the lower band and to-day marched to attack the Mohawks. Seventy-seven have left their village and there remain but eight or ten to provide for and take care of the women and children.

I have now fifty pack and in consequence of this war I cannot expect more than 20 or 25 additional this winter (illegible), so if I make 75 pack I shall exceed my expectations.

Notwithstanding we shall expend more, I do not conceive it to have been the best policy in you to establish the trade of this post at a cheaper rate than elsewhere. This band give you the whole credit of it and I do not doubt, should you winter here next

winter, but that they will come to your call where ever you may be.

The little soldier who stays, as he says, to take care of your boy and goods, never lights his pipe without a prayer for the little Chief. The mission to the 'rees having proved their disposition to amity, I presume an expedition will go there in the spring as they will get a great many robes. If it is not necessary to remain here with goods, next spring, I have thought that by accompanying the Little Soldier, I could be of service in procuring him a medal, which I every day conceive to be of more consequence. (Illegible) The impression you have made upon the Sioux will, I am convinced, give you an ascendancy over every other trader, and I doubt not but that you will have very vigorous opposition here next season.

That villian, Cy, has openly and loudly exclaimed against your inviting Indians down, and by some chicanery has prevailed upon one at the Tetons, who promised to come, to retract.

I think I could be most instrumental in procuring the L. Soldier a medal which I believe would be the most important service I could render the Company. It is the only reason in the world that inclines me to go down in the spring. If, however, I remain, I should like to make an expedition to the Grosvaunts * * * * provided I am furnished with an interpreter for the Grosvaunt language. Think upon it. It is not impossible and if possible, well worth the venture.

If I am to remain here a hermit all next summer, I hope you will have consideration to send me what books Dick can carry. It would reconcile me very much to a solitary life, and please write particularly

to Mr. Heampstead to send *all* my books up in the first boat.

Send me, too, some good tobacco, I am out.

Very respectfully,

A. W. McDONALD.

In another letter he says, "In the spring of 1821 I started with a small equipment and two men to visit the Mandans and Minnatarees and from there to go across the country to the northwest establishments on the Assinaboin, with the view of accumulating such knowledge as might better fit me for the business in which I was about to engage.

"I purchased from the 'rees three horses, informing them beforehand of the purpose for which I wanted them. When about to start, the Little Soldier informed me that the two young men intended to kill and rob me as soon as I got out of sight of the village."

In a letter written Sept. 14th, 1824, he says:

"After having exhausted in extravagant enterprise and perilous experiment seven years of my life, I find that I have achieved only a circle of difficulties and ended where I began."

APPENDIX E.

NOTES ON THE NAYLOR AND SANFORD FAMILIES.

Leacy Anne Naylor was a daughter of William Naylor, a prominent lawyer and legislator of his day, and was educated at Madam Capron's school at Carlisle, Penn.

The family were originally Quakers and came to this country about the same time that Penn did and located in Erie, Penn. William Naylor came to Virginia from Carlisle, about 1806. His mother was Miss Armstrong, the daughter of Jean Denison, who it is said, ran away from school in Edinburg to marry a dashing officer of the British Navy, Captain Armstrong. Mary Naylor, a sister of William Naylor, married Thos. F. Wilson, who represented the Erie district in Congress in 1816. Another sister married a Stevens and another a Johnston.

When William Naylor first came to Virginia he taught in the Rev. Dr. Hill's school near Winchester and later was a member of the famous Convention of 1829. He was a lawyer in extensive practice, and I have often heard it said that he would never take a case which he could not conscientiously advocate.

He married first, Anne Sanford, daughter of William Sanford and Penelope Thornston Sanford, both of Virginia. Of the Sanford genealogy, a letter from Dr. Douglas Forrest, Rector of Cavalry Church, Cincinnati (a Virginian, however), written to J. C. Cresap, Sec. of National Soc. of American Revolution, has this to say:

“Daniel French, Sr., of Fairfax Co., died in 1749, leaving a legacy to his loving god-sons, Daniel Sanford and Edward Sanford (spelt some times with a ‘d’). Richard Sanford was one of the executors. William Sanford died in 1801 in Hampshire County, leaving a wife, Penelope, and seven daughters and one son. Thomas Sanford, of ‘Sanford Court,’ married a daughter of Lord B——.” (Name illegible.)

The Sanford family bible is now in possession of the Cresap family. A letter from Daniel J. Cresap, of Logan County, Ohio, to Marshall McDonald, of date July 24th, 1890, says:

“Anne Sanford married Judge William Naylor; Theresa Sanford, Samuel Slicer; Matilda married Cephas Cresap; Eliza married Henry Myers, and Sidney married Joseph Cresap; Thornton married twice and the children of his first wife all moved South.”

A letter from Mrs. Anne Sanford Green, says:

“Captain William Sanford married Penelope Thornton. They had seven daughters and one son, who married twice. The first wife was a Miss Crane, of Loudon County. They had three children, Lawrence, Mary Eliza and John Theodore, all of whom married in Louisiana. Mary Eliza married a Compton, living on the Red river, also one of the sons. The Comptons were people of considerable prominence. Thornton married a second time, Elizabeth Tidball, a daughter of Nancy McDonald, whose father was Angus McDonald (emigrant). Their eldest son, Joseph Tidball Sanford, married Miss Orrick, of Maryland.

“Two of the seven daughters of William Sanford married Cresaps; another married a Slicer; another a Gaither, and another a Helm and *her* sons went out to Kentucky and settled in Bardstown. I distinctly remember when the brothers passed through Romney and stayed at my mothers for several days, en route to Kentucky. Anne married our grandfather, William Naylor, and the seventh and last married a Jolliffe, whose daughter Lavinia married Sam Hopkins, of Baltimore, who was either an uncle or a brother of the old bachelor who founded ‘Johns Hopkins’ Hospital.’ ”

A letter to Marshall McDonald from W. M. Stone, Asst. Comm. Department of the Interior, General Land Office, says:

“The Virginia Military records of this office show that seven warrants were issued for the representatives of William Sanford, for military services of said Sanford, as Captain in the Virginia Continental line, for the seven years and ten months war of the Revolution.

“Each of those warrants being for 746 acres. Said warrants were disposed of by patenting on entries and surveys in the Virginia Military district of Ohio.”

A letter from Lieut. James C. Cresap, U. S. N., to Marshall McDonald says:

Annapolis, Md., July 13th, 1890.

DEAR McDONALD:

Beyond question, your grandmother, Anne Sanford (Mrs. William Naylor), and mine (Sidney Cresap) were sisters. My father knew his aunt Anne and named my sister, Anne Sanford, after her. She is now Mrs. R. S. Bibb, of Beatrice, Neb.”

Besides Leacy Anne, there were two other daughters and a son of William Naylor and Anne Sanford (his wife). Jane, the eldest daughter, and Nannie. Jane married first Mr. Chichester Tapscott and second Mr. Campbell. She was quite a noted beauty, besides having many other attractions. Nannie married Dr. Jos. L. Bronaugh, of Loudon County, Virginia. William, the only son was highly educated, a graduate of Princeton and had just begun the practice of law a short time before his death.

It seems that he was deeply in love with Miss Mary Fairfax, of Greenway Court, a niece of Lord Fairfax, though there had been great opposition on the part of his family to their marriage. And when her death occurred very suddenly, he became inconsolable for days. It is said that he never recovered from the shock and died himself at a very early age. He was a skilled musician, playing on several instruments.

William Naylor's second wife was Susan McGuire, a sister of Mary McGuire who married Angus McDonald (2nd). They had three sons and one daughter. Edward Ralph who early moved out to Shelby County, Mo.; John Samuel, a physician, who followed him later, and James Naylor, who was a Presbyterian minister. James Naylor was a graduate of Hampden Sidney Theological Seminary, and married Miss Graham, daughter of Dr. Graham, of Prince Edward, who I believe was at one time President of the Seminary. He settled in Mississippi.

Millicent, the only daughter of the second mar-

riage, never married and went with her mother to Missouri, where both of them finally died. Though William Naylor himself was a staunch Presbyterian, I have always heard that his mother was a member of the Church of England and that her prayer book was carefully preserved in the family.

I have heard it related of my mother, Leacy Anne, that she was very fond of dancing, of which amusement her father, being an elder in the Presbyterian Church, did not altogether approve; so upon one occasion when she had been invited to a ball, which her father did not wish her to attend, Leacy Anne's desire to go was so apparent and her disappointment so genuine, that at the last moment he relented and consented to her going. Being too late to don the conventional evening gown she went, just as she was, in her simple home dress and family tradition has it, that she was the belle of the ball.

Her comparatively early death, left her children very little personal knowledge of her, but I have heard from many sources that she was a woman of most attractive and engaging personality. The following letter, written to Edward C. McDonald some time before her marriage to his brother, Angus, will give some idea of her early life.

Romney, August 21st.

MY DEAR EDWARD:

Ever since you left Romney I have been expecting a letter from you, but have not yet received a line, except a short postscript addressed to me, in one of Grandma's letters. In your last letter to Millicent, you said if I did not write to you first, that you were afraid we would never become correspondents.

Now you see by this letter, Edward, that I am determined you shall have no excuse and if you do not write now, I shall conclude that it is not your wish to do so.

One apology you offer is that you have nothing to write, which would be of interest to me. Now when I request my friends to write to me, I do not do it, that I may through them, hear from other people. It is because I wish to hear from them. Tell me what you and Angus are about, when we may expect to see you in Virginia again, and every trifling circumstance that occurs, be it ever so trivial, I can assure it will be of interest to your friends in Romney. So say no more that you can find nothing to say.

There have been few changes in Romney since you left, and we are pretty much as we were this time last year. No marriages, that I can hear of, on the carpet, except Emily Woodrow's to Mr. Kercheval. It is said that one wedding makes others, and I hope it may be the case in this instance. Romney is most outrageously dull, and perhaps this wedding may be the means of enlivening us up a little. Nor am I certain that the wish is not prompted by a little selfishness. Perhaps I expect to come in for a share; I tell you candidly that I do, but my ambition goes no farther, than merely to be second best. And in that, I shall be gratified, as I am to be Emily's bridesmaid.

Millicent is now at your uncle Holliday's and I shall join her there next week. But I do not expect the visit will be quite as memorable as the last week I spent there. Do you recollect the ducking I got in the creek? That alone was enough to distinguish it, to say nothing of the gigging excursions.

On the Fourth of July we had a dinner at the same place we had last year. The company was not quite so numerous as then, nor did we seem to enjoy

ourselves as much. Your voice was greatly missed, as every one seemed to be afraid to cheer. Every now and then some one would say "Don't you wish McDonald was here?" Your friends often inquire after you and appear to take great interest in your welfare.

I am delighted to hear that you have some idea of studying law. I think a profession is at any time, almost a fortune. My father, when he came to Romney, had nothing in the world but his profession, not a friend or an acquaintance, and you certainly know how he has succeeded; and he is not the only instance. He was twenty-four years of age when he began the study of law, and you have the advantage of three or four years over him.

There is a good deal of sickness here at present. Nearly every one has either bilious fever, or fever and ague. Though, so far, our family have escaped with the exception of some of the servants.

Now, Edward, I shall expect you to write to me as soon as you receive this. Give my compliments to Angus. Perhaps he thinks I ought to call him "Mr. McDonald," but I have always looked upon him as a relation and wish to treat him as such. The family all desire to be remembered to you and Angus. Adieu, Edward, and rest assured that you will always have the esteem and friendship of,

LEACY ANNE.

Mr. Edward C. McDonald,
St. Louis, Mo.

Though William Naylor owned slaves during his life, he gave their freedom to all of them who had reached the age of twenty-one at the time of his death (and in some instances made provision for their maintenance), and the younger ones as they attained that age. And I doubt not that this course would have been followed by all slave-holders in Virginia in the course of time.

APPENDIX F.

NOTES ON THE PEAKE AND LANE FAMILIES.

Cornelia Peake was the youngest child of Dr. Humphrey Peake and Anne Linton Lane (his wife), and was born in Alexandria, Virginia, where her father was Collector of the Port, under President Monroe's administration. With the election of Jackson, who was of a different political faith, he lost his position and soon afterwards decided to remove with his family to Missouri.

Besides Cornelia, Dr. Peake had four daughters and one son—Julia, who married George Tyler of Prince William County, Va.; Elizabeth, who married Mr. Thomas F. Buck of Frederick County; Susan, who married Edward C. McDonald; Ellen, who married James DeCamp, son of Dr. S. G. DeCamp of the U. S. A., and William Peake, who married Miss Nancy Glasscock of Missouri.

The records of Fairfax County, Virginia, show that two brothers of the Peake family came from England to America in 1654. One settled in Woodstock, Conn., and the other in the northern neck of Virginia.

William Peake (1st) lived near Alexandria, Virginia, and his "seat" was called "Mt. Gilead." It was separated from Mt. Vernon by Little Hunting Creek. He had two children, Mary, who married Abednego Adams, and Humphrey, who married Mary Stonestreet of Maryland about 1748. William Peake served in Braddock's expedition.

The children of Humphrey and Mary Stonestreet were John, who was a physician and educated in Edinburg, Scotland, and married Miss Bowie of Maryland; William, Anne, Harry and Humphrey. Anne married Francis Adams, her first cousin. Harry married Miss Moffett and Humphrey married Anne Linton Lane, in 1798, a daughter of Capt. William Lane, an officer of the Revolution.

Cornelia was about thirteen years of age when her father moved to Missouri and about sixteen when he finally concluded to settle in Hannibal, where the family of Sam Clemens (Mark Twain) then lived. And her reminiscences of the "Twain" family and "Huckleberry Finn" are well worth recording. "In the town of Hannibal were some very plain people, named Clemens, the head of the family being a magistrate was dignified with the title of Judge, and was also Deacon in the Presbyterian Church. He had several children, Sam being then only a little street boy, with an intimate friend named Ruel Gridly, whom he afterwards immortalized as 'Huckleberry Fin.'

"Sam always looked well cared for and comfortably dressed, but Ruel's apparel was remarkable because of an absolute divorce between his trousers and the part of his dress to which they were intended to be fastened, and his chief interest in life, apparently, was to keep them from falling off. He was the child of a pitiful old drunkard. I was at a friend's house once, and observing Ruel from the window in a very sorry plight, my friend ordered her servant to give him some dinner, and when a plate heaped with roast turkey and gravy, with other

good things was handed out to him he received it with great joy, and promptly emptying the entire contents into his hat he replaced it on his head and walked off."

Her first impressions of Angus W. McDonald too are interesting:

"Among the guests was a tall, fine-looking man,
* * * * Mr. Angus McDonald of Virginia. I was introduced to him, but was too much awed by his dignity and importance to have much to say."

She spent several winters in St. Louis and at Jefferson Barracks, after she grew up, and met many of the young officers stationed at the post, who afterwards became famous during the war between the States.

Among her acquaintances too were the wives of Captain Clarke and Captain Bainbridge of the Dragoons and Dr. Emerson of the U. S. Army, the three ladies being daughters of Capt. Jack Sanford and cousins of Leacy Anne Naylor.

THE LANE GENEALOGY.

William Lane married Miss de Menville in 16— in Prince William County, Virginia. Their sons were James de Menville and William; James married Patsy Carr and William married Mary Carr. The children of James and Patsy were William, Joseph and Ellen. William married Susan Linton Jennings, Joseph married Miss Prince of Princeton, New Jersey, and Ellen married Col. Simon Triplett of Virginia.

William's children were, James, who married Catherine Alexander, born Triplett; Anne Linton Lane, who married Humphrey Peake; Ralph, who married Susan Triplett; Patsy Carr, who married John Bailey; Elizabeth, who married Philo Lane, after John Wrenn; Catherine, Susan and Alfred never married; Harrison married Lucinda Carter; Sarah never married; Benedict Middleton married first Anne Adams, second Susan Cockerell.

Joseph's only child was a daughter, who married Peter Jett of Rappahannock County, Va.

(The above genealogical notes are copied from the family bible of Donald McDonald.)

APPENDIX G.

Following is a copy of a letter written to Marshall McDonald while at Vicksburg, by his father, Angus W. McDonald:

Richmond, April 11th, 1863.

MY DEAR SON:

I received yesterday, your kind and affectionate letter, and you cannot measure the comfort it imparted. It poured sweet balm into my wounded heart, and rekindled or revived the flickering lamp of hope, almost gone out.

Oh, I beg of you, dear Marshall, continue to write to me—write frankly, as you have done. * * * *
If you persevere in prayer, I have no doubt your petition will be granted. Communion with God by prayer and the contemplation of His infinite goodness and purity, with faith in the exercise of those attributes for your salvation, is certain,—from the

inevitable influence of such communion,—to elevate and purify the heart and reclaim it from sinfulness and folly. Such communion is sure to bring forth good fruit.

When you have confessed yourself to your Maker, you will feel no reluctance in opening your heart to your affectionate father on earth and you know that he will listen and give you comfort, if he can, in return. I know, too, dear Marshall, that unre-served and frequent communication with me cannot but have a happy influence upon a nature constituted as yours is.

I wish that you were with me. When Vicksburg is deemed safe, when it is no longer the post of honor, because the post of danger, I hope you will obtain a transfer to this city, where your attainments and favorite studies and experiments would be of the greatest service to our cause. I consider that your department has a head here which was originally wood or stone; carved into shape and character by some West Point artezan wound up like a machine, and set to running with a prescribed speed and in a particular groove, which he never has and never can leave, without imminent danger of ceasing to run at all, or running off altogether.

* * * * *

I feel, dear Marshall, that “all my young barbarians” still at home, within the tyrant’s rule and under his heel, will have to be educated and placed in the path to future honorable position. I cannot expect to live long (God grant it may be until the end of the war) * * * * * Think of this high task and duty and let it nerve you to conquer all the obstacles which lie in the path, which must be trodden to accomplish it. * * * * *

Harry, Allan and Kenneth were employed, when I last heard from home, in smuggling to their mother and the little ones, the necessary provisions

for their daily subsistence—Milroy not permitting even the necessaries of life to be sold to any citizen who had not taken the “Oath of Loyalty.” This, your mother having refused to take, she was not permitted to purchase even flour or meat. The boys, however, flank the pickets at night and bring supplies *sparsem* from the country people. I glory in them. They have taken the oath of loyalty to the South, administered by me before I left home and they will keep it.

* * * * *

Your most affectionate father,

ANGUS W. McDONALD.

EDWARD C. McDONALD, BROTHER OF ANGUS W.
McDONALD.

Edward Charles McDonald, son of Angus (2d) and Mary McGuire (his wife) was born in Winchester, July 26, 1803, and was named for the unfortunate Prince Charlie. Early family connections, besides an inherent loyalty, had made the McDonalds staunch supporters of the House of Stewart for generations and this was a loyal tribute to the dead dynasty.

He was the only brother of Angus W. McDonald and with him and the little sister he was taken by their grandmother, to her home at Glengarry after his mother's death. He went to school in Winchester until 1819, when he entered West Point, and while there, he seems to have had a lively time. His most serious escapade, it is said, was in assisting about twenty of his comrades to drown a flock of sheep in the Hudson River.

After they had been fed on mutton until the very sight of the dumb creatures themselves roused all their antipathies, it seemed that nothing but the wholesale slaughter of the innocent offenders could appease them. He was also charged with having committed several other minor offenses and while under arrest for some of them, as the records at West Point state: "Did accost the sentinel who was walking in front of his quarters and demand of him why he walked there; and further, that if he did not walk somewhere else, he would thrash him. And when the sentinel ordered McDonald to go to his room, and said McDonald refused to do so, the sentinel called the Corporal of the Guard, who McDonald also refused to obey, telling him that the sentinel had been walking in front of his door long enough and if the Corporal did not send him away he would be d——d if he wouldn't thrash him."

While this was certainly insubordination, it at the same time evinced on McDonald's part a spirit of wounded pride, which might have been appealed to more successfully, by other means than brute force; his entire after life proving his nobility of soul and his lofty standards.

The following letter written to his brother Angus, who was some four or five years his senior, in which he gives him some good advice is quite interesting in this connection:

St. Louis, October 6, 1824.

Dear Angus—For two weeks I had anxiously awaited your letter. And I assure you that its seasonable arrival has quite raised my spirits, especially as the enclosure is sufficient for my present needs.

I am much gratified to hear that it is your intention to accomplish your long and much desired object—the study of the law. You have now got your foot upon the step that leads to prosperity and fame. It depends wholly upon yourself now whether you mount or not. You well know the exertions necessary to accomplish it.

You surely will not relinquish your present opportunities (so long wished for) for your chimerical plans in Mexico, the accomplishment of which are more than commensurate with your means. And besides, I believe your associates are growing lukewarm themselves. Lewis Heampstead told me the other day that he could get no information respecting your business.

He starts with me next Monday to the Merrimac, where we have determined to spend the winter. And as none of us have sufficient funds to hire hands, we have come to the resolution of using our own by way of experiment. Before I seal this I will see Heampstead and let you know what his prospects are. But it will not do to procrastinate in your present situation.

When this reaches you, if you have not already forwarded more money do not do so, until I write again. I saw Heampstead last night, and he tells me he will not be able to raise funds for the expedition to Mexico, and that he has received no information with respect to the situation of the country.

William Mays has just returned from there and he says that the country is in a very peaceable condition. He brought back about \$1,200, which he has made since last spring. If another expedition *should* be put on foot next spring, however, and I should have the funds for an outfit, I think it more than probable that I shall try my luck.

You, though, had better turn your head in another direction and nothing under Heaven would give me

more satisfaction than to know that one of us, at least, had quit a life of adventure.

Give my respects to all my friends, and believe me to be your affectionate brother,

E. C. McDONALD.

It was not long after he left West Point that he went with his sister, Millicent, and her husband, William Sherrard, to Florida, for the latter's health, and remained there until his brother-in-law finally died, when he returned with his sister again to Winchester. From there he went West and joined his cousin, Major Elias Langham, who was Indian agent at Fort Snelling and also Surveyor General for Illinois and Missouri.

Here he found employment for some time as a Civil Engineer and during that time he traveled extensively through the West, sometimes going as far as Mexico. Later he studied law and after obtaining his license settled for a time in St. Louis, Missouri.

In 1833, he married Miss Frances Elizabeth Singleton, of Winchester, by whom he had three children, Mary Frances, Anne, and one son, Singleton. He finally moved to Hannibal, Mo., where he made his home until his death. He lost his wife in 1840, and in 1842 married a second time, Miss Susan Peake, a sister of Cornelia Peake.

In 1849, he, in common with many others, caught the California fever and made the journey there overland, where he remained three or four years, returning by the long Isthmus route.

At the breaking out of the war between the States, he at once offered his services; his early military

training proving a valuable asset, and he left Missouri, in command of a Regiment and went to join General Price. He was later sent, by Gen. Price, on an important mission to Richmond and while en route was stricken with pneumonia. He was taken to his brother Angus' home at Hawthorne, near Winchester, where he died after a brief illness.

It was the never-to-be-forgotten winter of 1862—when the bitter weather, which the people were so poorly prepared to endure, caused so much sickness and death. Col. Angus McDonald had been ordered to Romney and came into his brother's sick room to bid him farewell, and his grief, as he bent over the helpless form of the brother whom he had always loved so tenderly, was pathetic in the extreme.

Edward was propped with pillows, to assist his difficult breathing, and both realized in that supreme hour that it was to be their last meeting on earth. Not a word was spoken and the expression of each face, as Angus leaned over and kissed the brow of the dying man will never be effaced from my memory. It was a solemn and impressive moment.

He died the next night and his body reposes in the beautiful cemetery at Winchester, in sight of his native hills, near the spot where he was born, and not very far from where his mother is buried. He left besides his wife, five children of his second marriage, Edward, Thomas, Angus, Millicent and Ellen.

He was a man possessed of many noble traits of character. Of inviolable truthfulness and loyalty. And his Celtic lineage constantly betrayed itself in his romantic ideas, his earnestness and his tendency to hero-worship; traits which were doubtless fos-

tered by his reading. The Waverley novels were eagerly devoured as they came out and he was an ardent admirer and student of Shakespeare. Among the cherished relics left his children are some volumes of his camp library, a pocket and well-thumbed copy of Shakespeare, being among them.

Millicent, the only sister, married a second time, her first cousin, Richard Holliday, and she, too emigrated to Missouri, living first at St. Louis, and afterwards in Hannibal. She was again left a widow and finally made her home with her brother Edward's oldest daughter, Mrs. W. B. Corbyn, of Quincy, Illinois, wife of Rev. Mr. Corbyn, an Episcopal Clergyman.

