

THREE CENTURIES
OF THE
ROCKWELL FAMILY IN AMERICA

1630-1930

PREPARED FOR

FRANÇOISE JEANNE ANNE LOULA ROCKWELL

AND

KIFFIN YATES ROCKWELL II

BY THEIR FATHER

PAUL AYRES ROCKWELL

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Dear Loula and little Kiffin,

In writing this booklet for you, I have tried to make it somewhat different from the ordinary family history. Instead of dry lists of names, I have put in here and there glimpses of the times in which your ancestors lived, to give you an idea of what the world about them was like, and the circumstances with which they had to deal. I hope that in reading my modest work, you may be inspired with a love of history. I give below a short bibliography of works that should interest you.

There are several books dealing with the Rockwell family, of which may be mentioned the painstakingly prepared *The Rockwell Family in America*, by Henry Ensign Rockwell (Boston, 1873); the excellent and valuable *The Rockwell Family in One Line of Descent*, by Francis Williams Rockwell (Pittsfield, Mass., 1924); also, the *Genealogy of the Family of John Rockwell of Stamford, Connecticut, 1641*, by James Broughton (New York, 1903); and *Eleven Centuries of Remote Rockwell Ancestry*, by Donald Shumway Rockwell (Berkeley, Calif., 1914).

For the general story of New England, read John Fiske's *The Beginnings of New England* (Boston ; Houghton, Mifflin & Company, 1930), and Palfrey's *History of New England* ; and for fuller knowledge of where and how your first ancestors in America lived, *The Memoirs of Captain Roger Clap*, published by the Dorchester Antiquarian and Historical Society, in 1844 ; *History of the Town of Dorchester, Massachusetts* (Boston, 1859), and Stile's *Ancient Windsor, Connecticut*.

A number of your ancestors fought in the American War of Independence, but as I have not their full records available here in France, you must look them up in other family histories. You will gain an outline idea of that struggle, and of the history of the United States as a whole, from Matthew Page Arnold's *American History and Government* (Philadelphia ; J. B. Lippincott Company, 1921), and John Fiske's *A History of the United States for Schools* (Boston ; Houghton, Mifflin & Company, 1895).

The Confederate War is the period in the history of the whole world that interests and moves me the most. I will name only a few of the many splendid works dealing with it : Guy Carleton Lee : *The True History of the Civil War* (Philadelphia ; J. B. Lippincott Company, 1911) ;

Jefferson Davis : *The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government* (New York ; D. Appleton & Company, 1912) ; the twelve volumes of the Confederate Military History, and especially Volume IV, *North Carolina*, by D. H. Hill, Junior, and Volume V, *South Carolina*, by Brigadier-General Ellison Capers (Atlanta, Ga. ; The Confederate Publishing Company, 1899) ; Edward A. Pollard : *Southern History of the War* (New York ; G. B. Richardson, 1867) ; Judge Walter Clark : *History of North Carolina Regiments in the Confederate Army*, in five volumes ; General A. L. Long : *Memoirs of Robert E. Lee* (New York ; J. M. Stoddard & Co., 1886) ; Allen Tate : *Jefferson Davis* (New York ; Minton, Balch & Company, 1929) ; James C. Young : *Marse Robert, Knight of the Confederacy* (New York, Rae D. Henkle Company, 1929) ; Joseph Hergesheimer : *Swords and Roses* (New York ; Alfred A. Knopf, 1929) ; John Estes Cooke : *Surrey of Eagle's Nest*, a historical novel, accurate in its background.

For the "reconstruction" years, by all means read Claude G. Bowers' *The Tragic Era* (Boston ; Houghton, Mifflin & Company, 1929), and Frank Dixon's historical novels *The Leopard's Spots*, and *The Clansman*, all of which give a true picture of conditions in the South between 1865 and 1876.

Captain S. S. Ashe, of the Confederate Army, has written the best history of North Carolina, in two volumes. Yates Snowden has edited a *History of South Carolina*, in five volumes, and I especially recommend William Gilmore Simms' *The History of South Carolina*, and his thrilling historical novels.

If you read all these books, you will have a splendid knowledge of the history of your people and your country.

Your devoted father,

Paul Ayles Rockwell

I

William Rockwell, founder of the Rockwell family in America, was born on February 6th, 1591, at Fitzhead, Somersetshire, England, the son of John Rockwell and Honor Newton, who were married at Fitzhead on July 19th, 1585. Besides William, John and Honor Rockwell had three other sons, Richard, John, and Roger, and a daughter, Joan.

According to the English history of the family, the Rockwells descend from Raoul or Ralph de Rocheville, a Norman Baron who crossed over into England with Queen Mathilda, the granddaughter of William the Conqueror, and aided her in her struggles against King Stephen to secure the throne of England for herself and her son Henry. When Henry II became King in 1154, he rewarded Ralph de Rocheville with "three knight's fees" of land. In the course of time, the name de Rocheville became anglicized to Rockwell*.

* The present spelling of the name dates from the early Seventeenth century. Before that time, the orthography of family names—and of almost all words, for that matter—was very irregular and often fantastic, as everyone who has studied

William Rockwell grew up in Somerset County, one of the fairest and richest shires of England. The climate is mild, and the land fertile. Agriculture thrives, and there is much cattle-raising and dairy-farming—Somerset is the home of the famous Cheddar Cheese—while many fine colorful apple orchards dot the landscape. It is the country of the oft-sung Exmoor Forest, where wild deer are to be found even today, and of wildly beautiful moors and boldly outlined mountains. Shakespeare's lovely river, the Avon, waters a great part of the shire, and many of its other streams still teem with trout and different fish.

old charts and records knows. Professor William Walker Rockwell writes :

“The earliest Parish register at Fitzhead in Somerset, where our William Rockwell was born, began with the year 1560 ; and the name is written indifferently, Rockwell or Rockewell in that book. Back of 1560 there is almost nothing to go on for family names at Fitzhead except royal tax lists, which are known as lay subsidies ; and there the lay subsidies beginning about 1522 list no Rockwells, but a family named Rockell, who are undoubtedly our people (1524-5 John Rockell ; 1542-3 John Rockull, John Rockull Jr. ; 1623 John Rockwell.)”

The land now known as Rockell's New Farm, at Arkesden in Essex belonged originally to a family named de Rokella. They also wrote their name de la Rochelle. One of them was an officer to Geoffrey de Mandeville, Eârl of Essex, and another was in the time of Henry III, Lord Justicier of Ireland. Sir John Rochvile distinguished himself during the wars of Henry V in France. There is a Rockwell College in Dublin, but I do not know of a branch of our family in Ireland.

Somersetshire is an ancient fighting ground. In the Sixth century it was the bitterly contested borderland between Welsh and Saxons, where yearly battles were fought as the latter stubbornly pushed their way westward. The Danes invaded the shire many times during the Eighth, Ninth, and Tenth centuries. William the Conqueror divided almost the entire county into seven hundred fiefs, which were distributed among his followers, and from then on it is almost without political history.

It is a country of great parish churches with mighty towers, and one of the richest in England in fine stone houses, many of which, large and small, dating from the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth centuries, still exist.

In William Rockwell's time, Somerset was strongly Puritan. The Puritans felt that the Church of England established by Henry VIII had not gone far enough away from the Roman Church, and demanded greater strictness of life and simplicity in worship. Puritanism had made great headway throughout England from the time of Henry VIII, and by the end of the Sixteenth century most of the country gentlemen and wealthy townsmen had embraced it. The Puritans at first did not desire to break away from the Established Church, but tried to gain control

of it. They were no more liberal-minded than the orthodox churchmen, however, and were continually involved in doctrinal wrangles and disputes.

William Rockwell married Susanna Capen, daughter of Bernard and Joan Purchase Capen*, on April 14th, 1624, at Holy Trinity Church, Dorchester, in the County of Dorset. The Reverend John White, rector of Holy Trinity Church, was an ardent and prominent Puritan, and was greatly concerned as to the future of the members of his faith. He and the other Puritan leaders became more anxious than ever, after Charles I ascended to the throne on March 27th, 1625, as they suspected Charles of being even more hostile to their creed than had been his father, James I. John White meditated over the ruin that had overtaken the Protestants in France and in Germany, and called upon his followers to learn wisdom from their fate; he urged them "to avoid the plague that is foreseen, and not to tarry as they did until it overtook them".

An English-speaking colony—not founded by Puritans—was flourishing in Virginia since 1607,

* Bernard Capen and Joan Purchase, both of Dorchester, were married on May 31st, 1596, and their daughter Susanna was born on April 11th, 1602.

and various attempts had been made to found colonies in New England ; all of them had failed, except the one planted at Plymouth by the Pilgrims in 1620, and after careful study White decided that the efforts had come to naught because "a multitude of rude ungovernable persons, the very scum of the land", had been taken over to America. Pamphlets were written, calling attention to the success of the Plymouth Colony, and it was urged that "what had been done at Plymouth by a few men of humble means might be done on a much greater scale by an association of leading Puritans, including men of wealth and wide social position*."

After much discussion, the schemes of White took definite shape, and on March 19th, 1628, a grant to a tract of land was secured from an English corporation of forty members which held a Royal grant from James I, and styled itself "The Council for New England." The tract granted by the "Council" extended from three miles north of the Merrimack River, to three miles south of the Charles River, and west to the ocean. (The Pacific Ocean was still supposed to be not a great distance west from the Atlantic coast.) John Endicott took out a party of men,

* John Fiske : *The Beginnings of New England*, page 93.

arrived in America in September, 1628, and founded the town of Salem, whose population was increased in 1629 when six small ships brought over from England three hundred men, eighty women, and twenty-six children, with a supply of cattle and goats, and abundant arms, ammunition, and tools.

William and Susanna Rockwell by now had two children, a daughter, Joan, born on April 25th, 1625, and a son, John, born on July 18th, 1627. Another daughter, Mary, had died in infancy. One easily imagines that it must have been only after many earnest talks with their spiritual leader and much discussion and serious reflection, that they finally made up their minds to leave their relatives, comfortable home, and pleasant surroundings, and join the Puritan exodus that was just beginning to unknown America. Never was the desire for material gain a less important factor in a migration than with these early settlers who crossed the ocean to seek a place where they might worship God freely after their own fashion. They desired, as John White put it, "to raise a bulwark against the kingdom of Antichrist", and to found in the New World an English-speaking commonwealth which should have all that they liked best of the institutions of their home land. They

had the courage of their convictions, and were willing to face privations, dangers, and even death, for their faith. In no way must they be compared with the hordes of immigrants who have come to America since the early Nineteenth century, to seek their fortune in a land where the way was made already easy for them.

William and Susanna Rockwell joined themselves to a body of Puritans which was preparing to go to New England. It is well to quote here extracts from a discourse delivered on July 4th, 1830, by the Reverend Thaddeus Mason Harris, pastor of the First Church in Dorchester, Massachusetts, and recorded in the Memorials of that Church, which relates the formation and voyage of that band :

“In the beginning of the year 1630, some pious people, chiefly from the counties of Devon, Dorset and Somerset, having come to a determination to emigrate to North America, held a meeting at Plymouth, and setting apart a day for solemn fasting and prayer to seek divine approbation and assistance, convened in the New Hospital, and united in church fellowship. In the after part of the day they called and chose those godly ministers, the Rev. John Maverick and the Rev. John Warham, to be their spiritual guides, who expressed their acceptance, and were

set apart to that special service. The Rev. John White of Dorchester, a very influential promoter of the proposed emigration, being present, assisted and preached in the fore part of the day ; and in the after part, the newly installed pastors performed the religious services of the solemn and interesting occasion.

“Arrangements had already been made for their emigration ; a vessel chartered for their transportation ; and such provisions and effects as they deemed necessary put on board.

“They sailed, on the 20th of March, in the ship *Mary and John*, of 400 tons, Captain Squeb. The parting with relatives and friends, was very affecting : but their purpose was fixed ; and they relinquished those affinities and attachments which bind the affections to native home, resolved, with great magnanimity, to seek, across the wide ocean, though on a foreign shore and in a dreary wilderness, an asylum where they might be ‘ beyond the interference and annoyance of those who would restrict that liberty wherewith Christ had made us free.’

“They encountered, indeed, a violent storm on the passage ; but reached at length the harbor in safety ; and they thronged the deck, to look out upon the pleasant shores and verdant islands of the Massachusetts Bay. It was the last day

of the week ; the season delightful ; the wind favorable ; and they fondly hoped to be landed at their place of destination, while yet the sun, which they saw declining in the west, spread over it its lingering rays. But the Captain, fearful that there might not be depth of water for his ship, and not knowing the channel, cast anchor for the night ; and on the morrow, being Lord's Day, May 30th, in violation of his own engagement to bring them into Charles' River, and in disregard of their conscientious veneration for the sanctified observance of the day, and heedless of all their remonstrances and entreaties, put them and their goods ashore on Nantasket Point. Not only had they great reason for dissatisfaction with this treatment, as it respected their not reaching the port to which they were bound ; but also, as it disturbed the expected quiet and the due devotions of the sacred day.

“Thus ‘left to shift for themselves,’ they succeeded in procuring a boat from an old planter ; probably John Oldham, who had left the Plymouth people, and resided some time at Nantasket, and appears afterwards to have attached himself to these new comers ; and, on Monday forenoon, commissioned Captain Southcoat, ‘a brave Low Country soldier,’ Roger Clap, and eight able men, to go to Mishawaum, at the

mouth of Charles' River, and ascertain whether they could be accommodated there. On the next day others made exploratory visits to the neighboring region ; on the third they made choice of Mattapan as the place for settlement ; and during the remainder of the week were busily employed in removing from Nantasket thither. They then rested from their labours, that they might hallow the Sabbath, and unite in praising God, who had brought them safely over the ocean, and found a place for them to dwell in, and furnished ' a table in the wilderness.' They sung a portion of the 90th Psalm. It was ' the Lord's song in a strange land' ; and the air was freedom, and the symphony joyous. Devoutly, too, did they implore the divine blessing on the settlement which they were forming ;—that it might prove a safe and quiet habitation, and that the work of their hands might be prospered, and the gracious desires of their hearts accomplished.

"This first Sabbath which they spent here was the sixth of June, answering to the sixteenth, as the style is now reckoned ; and *this* is marked in our calendar as the birthday of our town.

"The following week was devoted to the ' setting up of cottages, booths, and tents,' for the shelter of their families. A sad contrast these to the ceiled houses and commodious

habitations in which they had heretofore resided !

“Early on the morning of the following Saturday, the report of ordnance announced the arrival of the *Arabella*, Admiral-ship of the New England fleet, bringing Governour Winthrop, Deputy Governour Dudley, and many others, who came to lay the foundation of the Massachusetts Colony, of which they brought the Royal Charter ; so that the succeeding day of rest returned to them with new and increased themes of gratitude and joy, and inspired a more gladdened song ‘ in the house of their pilgrimage ’ ; and, as our people came over a regularly organized Church, the sacrament of the Lord’s Supper was this day administered.

“This it is believed, is the only instance, in the first planting of North America, of the emigration thither of an embodied Church, with its pastors and officers.

“The new comers, after a visit to Governour Endicott, and those who had made a settlement at Salem, located themselves at the place which they afterwards called Charlestown ; and soon the whole fleet was in port, having brought fifteen hundred passengers ; on account of whose safe arrival, the 8th of July was observed as a Public Thanksgiving in all the Plantations.

“At the Court of Assistants, held at Charles-

town, September 7th following, this town was incorporated, and received the name of Dorchester, because several of the settlers came from a town of that name in England, and also in honour of Mr. White, their former Minister, who bore the title of 'the Patriarch of Dorchester,' and was so active an instrument in promoting the settlement of New England, and in procuring the Charter, that he was called 'the Father of the Massachusetts Colony'."

What an amazing experience must have been that crossing of the Atlantic and arrival in a strange land for little Joan Rockwell, who celebrated her fifth birthday in mid-ocean, for her brother John, not yet three years old, and for the other children of the colonists. There were one hundred and forty passengers aboard the *Mary and John*, and they must have been woefully cramped during the seventy days the little boat was at sea.

"There came many godly families in that ship", wrote Captain Roger Clap in his *Memoirs*; "sound and learned men", — "men leaving gallant situations", — "men of rank and influence", — "very precious men and women."

The Dorchester settlers had arrived too late in the season to plant corn and vegetables, and the supplies they had brought with them were quickly

exhausted. They could not get help from the settlers at Salem, and there was much suffering from want and sickness caused by hardships and lack of proper shelter.

“In our beginning”, wrote Captain Roger Clap, “many were in great Straits for want of Provisions for themselves and their little Ones. Oh the Hunger that many suffered, and saw no hope in an Eye of Reason to be supplied, only by Clams and Muscles and Fish. We did quickly build boats and some went a fishing. But Bread was with many a very scarce thing, and Flesh of all kinds was scarce.” The situation was helped by friendly Indians, who brought maize, and venison and wild turkeys, and a ship arrived with supplies that had been ordered from Ireland by the foresight of Governour Winthrop, and relieved the colonists’ necessities.

Edward Everett, in an oration at the Dorchester Festival in 1855, gave a vivid picture of “the nature that frowned upon the fathers and mothers of New England, harsh, austere, wearisome, often terrific. On the seaboard,” Mr. Everett said, “broad marshes cut up with deep oozy creeks, and unfordable tide-water rivers,—no dykes, no bridges, no roads, no works of friendly communication of any kind ;—in short no traces of humanity in the kindly structures for travel, shelter,

neighbor-hood, or defense, which raise the homes of man above the lairs of wild beasts. In fact the aboriginal tribes in this respect hardly went as far as the beavers who in their small way were very tolerable engineers for wet meadows. Such was the coast ; as you retreated from it you entered the terrific wilderness, which stretched from ocean to ocean, the abode of the savage and wild beasts, — gloomy, — awful ! No civilized foot had penetrated its depths,—no surveyor's chain had measured its boundries,—no Christian eye had searched its dismal shades. In the ignorance that prevailed as to the real character of the new and unexplored country,—imagination naturally added fictitious to real terrors. Unearthly cries were sometimes heard in the crackling woods ; glimpses were caught, at dusk, of animals, for which natural history had no names ; and strange footmarks which men did not like to speak of, were occasionally seen in the snow. Even amidst the multiplying settlements, the hillsides were alive with rattlesnakes, a reptile unknown and much dreaded in Europe, and the ravening bear and wolf were heard by night around the farm-yard. Humanity lost the kindly links of intelligible language ; and was seen only under the aspect of a strange race, whose numbers and strength were unknown and whose disposition towards

the new comers remained to be learned from experience.”

The Indians were not quite so powerful and so dangerous at first as the colonists imagined them to be. Early in 1617 a terrible plague, probably brought by some European fishing or exploring vessel, had swept over New England and killed more than half the Indian population between the Penobscot River and Narragansett Bay. Many of the Indians attributed this calamity to the slaying of a party of sailors the year before. Few of them had ever seen a white man, and in their superstitious dread of the strange visitors that came up out of the sea in great white winged boats, they believed that the strangers held the demon of the pestilence at their disposal and loosened him whenever they were angered. The Massawachusetts tribe, which held the country all around Dorchester, was weak in numbers, and looked forward to friendly relations with the new comers, with the hope of enlisting their aid against the Tarratines, their hereditary enemies.

The first occupation of the Dorchester settlers was to build houses, which were arranged primarily for defense. The home lots were of half an acre each, in order that the settlement might be compact. Each settler “had liberty to choose his own homestead, but the other lands were

distributed by grants. A large portion of the houses were built of logs, and covered with thatch which grew upon the salt marshes"* . Those occupying home lots were privileged to let their cattle graze on the commons.

The *Dorchester Town Records* mention several grants of land to William Rockwell :

"It is ordered that William Rockwell shall have half an acre of ground next Mr. Stoughton's neere the fish house to build him a house..."

"It is ordered that Nicholas Upsall and Will. Rockwell shall have all that marsh next the Rocky Hill, and Mr. Rossiters fish house equally divided." (Nicholas Upsall had married a Capen, and was William Rockwell's brother-in-law. He was afterwards fined for befriending Quakers.)

"It is granted unto Nicholas Upsall, 8 acres of upland upon the Indian hill by Thomas Tilestone, also William Rockwell hath 8 acres to his former, as inlargements to there former lotts."

The *History of Dorchester*, on page 79, mentions another grant of land to William Rockwell, near what is now Savin Hill. There is a tradition in the family that William Rockwell brought over his family coat of arms among his household goods, and had it painted on the panels of his house at Dorchester.

* *History of Dorchester*, page 387.

The government of the new town was a theocracy, with the ministers and officers of the church at the head, and only church members allowed to vote. William Rockwell and William Gaylord were chosen as the two deacons, when the Dorchester Church was organized just before they left England. Mather's *Magnalia* tells of the qualifications and duties of the deacons :

“Sometimes they are called *helps*. The Scripture telleth us how they should be qualified. Grave, not double-tongued, not given to much wine, nor given to filthy lucre. They must first be proved, and then use the office of a deacon, being found blameless. The office and work of a deacon is to receive the offerings of the church, gifts given to the church, and to keep the treasury of the church, and therewith to serve the tables, which the church is to provide for ; as the Lord's table, the table of the ministers, and of such as are in necessity, to whom they are to distribute in simplicity... The office, therefore, being limited unto the care of the temporal good things of the church, it extends not to the attendance upon, and administrations of the spiritual things thereof, as the word, the sacraments, and the like.”

As a deacon, William Rockwell signed with the two ministers, John Maverick and John Warham, and Deacon William Gaylord, all the first land

grants of the Dorchester Plantation, until this system was changed after 1635. He was exempted from bearing arms : except church officers, all males above sixteen years of age were ordered to take turns at "bearing arms, watchings and wardings."

William Rockwell served on the jury at the first trial for manslaughter in Massachusetts Colony : he appears as the second of the twelve jurymen "impannell for the Tryall of Walter Palmer concerning the death of Austin Bratcher." The case was heard on September 30th, 1630, on October 19th, 1630, and finally on November 9th of the same year, "the Jury findes Walter Palmer not guilty of manslaughter, whereof he stooede indicted and the Court acquits him."

The first Sabbath services of the Dorchester colonists were held under the open sky, but as soon as it was possible they prepared a place for public worship. This first church or meeting house was fortified with palisades as a place of refuge from Indians in case of danger. Military supplies were stored there, and every evening the people brought for safe keeping their silver plate and most valued possessions. A sentinel was kept at the gate every night. The Reverend T. M. Harris, in his *History of Dorchester*, wrote :

"The first meeting house erected in Dorchester,

and the first in the Bay, was built on Allen's Plain, near the corner of Pleasant and Cottage Streets, in 1631, and the first settlers of Roxbury united themselves with the Dorchester church and worshiped here with them. Mr. Warham held a lecture on the fourth day of every week, by an understanding with the other plantations. This building was made a depot for military stores and before the apprehension of attack from Indians subsided, was palisoed and guarded at night. Winthrop mentions that on the 19th March, 1632, Mr. Maverick accidentally set fire to a small barrel containing two or three pounds of powder, in the new meeting house at Dorchester, which was thatched, and the thatch only blackened a little. The meetings of the inhabitants of the plantation were held in this building. It continued to serve the plantation for the first fifteen years of the settlement."

The Reverend Charles Brooks, quoted on page 393 of the *History of Dorchester*, described the dress of the founders of Dorchester :

"The common every-day dress of our ancestors was very plain, strong, and comfortable ; but their Sunday suits were expensive, elaborate and ornamental. The men, in their Sunday attire, wore broad-brimmed hats, turned up into three corners, with loops at the side, showing full

bush-wigs beneath them ; long coats having large pocket-folds and cuffs, and without collars, the buttons being plated or of pure silver and of the size of half a dollar ; vests, also without collars, but very long, having graceful pendulous lappet-pockets ; shirts, with bosoms and wrist ruffles, and with gold and silver buckles at the wrist united by a link ; the neckcloths or scarfs of fine linen, or figured stuff, or embroidered, the ends hanging loosely. Small-clothes were in fashion, and only reached a little below the knees where they were ornamented with silver buckles of liberal size ; the legs were covered with grey stockings, and the feet with shoes, ornamented with straps and silver buckles. Boots were sometimes worn, having broad white tops ; gloves, on great occasions, and mittens in the winter. A gentlemen, with his cocked-up hat and white bush-wig ; his chocolate-colored coat, buff vest, and small-clothes ; his brown stockings and black shoes ; his ruffles, buckles and buttons, presented an imposing figure, and showed a man who would probably demean himself with dignity and intelligence.

“The best dress of the rich was very costly ; the scarlet coat, wadded skirts, full sleeves, cuffs reaching to the elbows, wristbands, fringed with lace embroidered bands, tassels, gold buttons ;

vests fringed with lace ; and small-clothes with puffs, points, buckles, etc. ; a sword hanging by the side.

“The coiffures of the ladies were so high as to bring their faces almost into the middle of their bodies ; their black silk and satin bonnets ; their gowns so extremely long waisted ; their tight sleeves, which were sometimes very short, with an immense frill at the elbow ; their spreading hoops and long trails ; their high heeled shoes, and their rich brocades, flounces, spangles, embroidered aprons, etc.

“Their dress on the Sabbath was simple, secure and modest ; a cheap straw bonnet, with only one bow without, and no ornament but—the face within ; a calico dress, of sober colors, high up in the neck with a simple white muslin collar just peeping round the top ; a neat little shawl, and a stout pair of shoes—these presented to the eye the Puritan costume of our ancestral and pious mothers.”

Dorchester prospered, and by 1633 had more than two hundred houses and was leading the other settlements. William Wood described it, in his *“New England’s Prospect,”* published in London in 1634, as “well wooded and watered, very good arable ground and hay ground ; fair cornfields and pleasant gardens with kitchen

gardens. In this plantation is a great many cattle, as kine, goats and swine."

Josselyn, writing at about the same time, spoke of Dorchester as "a frontire Town pleasantly seated, and of large extent into the main land, well watered with two small Rivers, her body and wings filled somewhat thick with houses to the number of two hundred and more, beautified with fair orchards and gardens, having also plenty of corn land." Some of the Dorchester men were good seamen ; they fished in the bay, and coasted as far north as the shores of Maine, trading with the Indians for fur.

William Rockwell shared in the general prosperity. Two children had been born to him since his arrival in America, Samuel, on March 28th, 1631, and Ruth, in August, 1633. The *History of Dorchester*, on page 17, names him in a list of "several gentlemen past middle life with adult families and good estates." His role in the affairs of the settlement was continually active and prominent. He executed, with William Gallard, what appears to be the first administration of a will recorded in Massachusetts Colony. The *Massachusetts Colony Records* state :

September 3rd, 1633 : "There is administration granted to Willm Gallard and Willm Rockwell, of the goods and chattels of John Russell of

Dorchester, whoe desceased August 26th, 1633.”

August 4th, 1635 : “Willm Gallard and Willm Rockwell executors of John Russell, hath exhibited into court an inventory of the goods and chattels of the said John Russell, disceased.”

Meanwhile, dissention was rife in the Massachusetts Colony. Some of the settlers were adverse to breaking away from the Established Church in England, as the majority had insisted upon doing soon after arrival in America. Differing views as to forms of worship were held, and theological quarrels arose. Then too, the provision that none but church members should vote or hold office was not unanimously approved, and many felt that too much temporal power was in the hands of the clergy. Dissatisfaction was strongest in Dorchester, Newtown, and Watertown, which settlements insisted that representatives chosen by the towns should have a voice in the general government of the colony.

Finally, under the leadership of the Reverend Thomas Hooker, a distinguished graduate of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and pastor of the Newtown church, the three plantations of Dorchester, Newtown, and Watertown, resolved to remove to Connecticut. John Oldham had first explored the Connecticut valley in 1633, and had returned with glowing descriptions of its beauty

and fertility. In October, 1634, a band of men from Plymouth sailed up the Connecticut River, and fortified themselves on the site of Windsor, as an outpost against the Dutch who were settling the New Netherlands. The first group of pioneers from Dorchester made its way through the forest and across the mountains to Windsor in 1635, and many others followed the next year. The people from Newtown founded Hartford that same year, and those from Watertown settled Wethersfield.

In the spring of 1637 William Rockwell with his family made the "tedious and difficult journey of fourteen days, through deep forests over swamps and rivers, mountains and rough places", and joined his old friends at Windsor. He had delayed his departure from Dorchester until he might be sure of proper shelter at Windsor for his wife and four little children. He was granted a home lot near the fort at Windsor, and a tract of land across on the east side of the Connecticut River. A third daughter, Sarah, was added to his family on July 24th, 1638.

William Rockwell's brother John, who had married Wilmet Cade at Fitzhead, on February 22nd, 1619, came out from England and also settled in Connecticut. Besides his own wife and children, he brought with him the older

children of his and William's brother Richard, who had died in England. William Rockwell's parents died at Fitzhead in 1637; his father was buried in the calm churchyard there on February 23rd, and his mother on August 21st. Honor Newton Rockwell's will is still preserved at Somerset House, London; in it she bequeaths sums of money "to all my grandchildren in New England, both sonnes and daughters of Richard Rockwell William Rockwell and John Rockwell." The will was probated in London by oath of Roger Rockwell, executor, on January 26th, 1638.

The early days of the Connecticut settlements were filled with hardships and dangers. The powerful tribe of Pequot Indians, furious at the invasion of their country, first tried to unite the neighboring tribes against the colonists, and failing in this started hostilities alone. Settlers going to their work were attacked and killed, girls were kidnapped, and the Connecticut towns were kept in a continual state of alarm. Men going outside the fortifications were obliged always to carry arms, and a virtual state of siege existed for months. At last, aided by seventy friendly Mohegans, under their chief Uncas, and four hundred Narragansetts and Nyantics, the Connecticut men attacked the stronghold of the

Pequots on the Mystic River, destroyed it, and exterminated the tribe.

The Connecticut settlements were governed at first by a board of commissioners from Massachusetts, but finally the three towns chose representatives and held a General Court, which opened at Hartford on May 31st, 1638, and set up self rule. On the 14th of January, 1639, all the freemen of Windsor, Hartford, and Wethersfield, assembled at Hartford and adopted a written constitution, which was largely inspired by Thomas Hooker.

“It was the first written constitution known in history, that created a government,” wrote John Fiske, in *The Beginnings of New England*, “and it marked the beginnings of American democracy, of which Thomas Hooker deserves more than any other man to be called the father. The government of the United States today is in lineal descent more nearly related to that of Connecticut than to that of any of the other thirteen colonies.”

William Rockwell participated in the Hartford Assembly, and he also enjoyed the first Thanksgiving Day in Connecticut, on September 18th, 1639. Worn out by the trials of two migrations and the efforts of helping found two new settlements, he died at Windsor on May 15th, 1640,

in the very year that the Puritan exodus to America came to an end. During the ten years he had been in America, he had seen the population of New England grow from less than a thousand to twenty-six thousand souls. He had seen clamorous and prosperous towns, and cultivated fields, take the place of forest in which, when he set sail from England, had been heard only the cry of the Indian huntsman, the howl of the wolf, and the call of the deer, turkey, and other wild things. He had seen, in 1638, the seamen of Marblehead, Massachusetts, lay the basis for the African slave trade of New England, which was to cause finally such trouble throughout all the land of America. These, and many other strange and stirring things which made our history he saw ; and perhaps wondered over them, or maybe took them as a matter of course.

William Rockwell's widow, Susanna*, was remarried on May 29th, 1645, to Matthew Grant, the Recorder at Windsor, and first Grant ancestor in America of General U. S. Grant, the eighteenth President of the United States ; she

* Bernard and Joan Capen, her parents, also came out to America, and settled at Dorchester, where land was granted to Bernard Capen on August 5th, 1633 (*Dorchester Town Records*, page 2). Bernard Capen died at Dorchester, Massachusetts, on November 8th, 1638, and his wife Joan on March 26th, 1653.

died at Windsor on November 14th, 1666. General Grant wrote in his *Memoirs*, Volume I, page 18:

“I am of the eighth generation from Matthew Grant. Matthew Grant’s first wife died a few years after their settlement in Windsor, and he soon after married the widow Rockwell, who, with her first husband, had been fellow passengers with him and his first wife, on the ship *Mary and John*, from Dorchester, England, in 1630. Mrs. Rockwell had several children by her first marriage, and others by her second. By inter-marriage two or three generations later, I am descended from both the wives of Matthew Grant.”

William Rockwell’s five children all grew up at Windsor. Joan was married on November 15th, 1642, to Jeffrey Baker; John married, first, on May 6th, 1651, Sarah Ensign, of Hartford, who died in 1659; and, second, on August 18th, 1662, Deliverance Hawes, of Dorchester; he died at Windsor on September 13th, 1673. Samuel married on April 7th, 1660, Mary Norton, of Saybrook, Connecticut, and died at East Windsor in 1711. Ruth was married on October 7th, 1652, to Christopher Huntington, and Sarah became the bride on March 22nd, 1658, of Walter Gaylord, son of her father’s old friend and fellow deacon.

II

From Windsor the descendants of William and Susanna Rockwell have spread forth until today Rockwells are found in many States of the Union, in Canada, England, France, and other foreign lands. Not many of the Rockwells have gone into business. They have been most prominent in the service of Church and State, and as land-owners, educators, and professional men. A surprisingly large number have been ministers of the gospel, and officers in the Army and Navy. The records of the leading Protestant denominations in America list many Rockwells as clergymen. Rockwells served in all the Colonial Wars, and at least seven of them were officers in the American Armies during the War of Independence. The name has appeared on the officers' rolls of the United States Army and Navy ever since those two forces were organized, and several Rockwells have risen to the rank of General or Admiral. During the Confederate War, Rockwells held commissions or served in the ranks on both the Southern and on the Northern sides. There were Rockwells serving in the French, British, Canadian, and American Armies, in the

World War. Several won fame, especially in the aviation. This one family alone furnished two of the thirty-eight pilots of the immortal Lafayette Escadrille—Kiffin Yates Rockwell and Robert Lockerbie Rockwell — and a third Rockwell, George, started training to become a Lafayette pilot, before he changed to the United States Army as an aviator.

Scores of Rockwells have served their country as Representatives and Senators in State and National Legislatures and Congress, and as diplomats and jurists. The chief originator of the United States Court of Claims was Judge John Arnold Rockwell. Other Rockwells have distinguished themselves as artists, writers, educators, physicians, and lawyers. One can get an idea of the varied and prominent activities of members of the family by looking up the name Rockwell in such works as the *Biographical Dictionary of the American Congress*; Allibone's *Dictionary of Authors*; Appleton's *Cyclopaedia of American Biography*; the *National Cyclopaedia of American Biography*; the *Abridged Compendium of American Genealogy of the First Families of America*; the files of *Who's Who in America*; the *Year Books* of the United States Army and Navy; the *Alumni Records* of Yale, Harvard, and other universities; etc., etc.

Four towns in the United States have been named in honor of members of the family : *Rockwell, Iowa* ; *Rockwell, North Carolina* ; *Rockwell City, Iowa* ; and *Rockwell's Mills, New York*. The chief United States Army aviation field on the Pacific Coast is named *Rockwell Field*. Streets, Avenues, Boulevards, and Places, in many American towns and cities bear the family name.

While the Rockwells have increased in America, they almost seem to have disappeared in England. According to Professor William Walker Rockwell, the historian, most of those now living there are descendants of American Rockwells who returned to the Mother Country. The family coat of arms is found in an English heraldic dictionary as late as 1828, when it was given in William Berry's *Encyclopaedia Heraldica*, published that year in London.

III

Joseph Rockwell, son of John (elder son of Deacon William) Rockwell* and Deliverance Hawes, was born on July 8th, 1668, at Windsor. He settled at Middletown, Connecticut, in 1693, and on February 1st of the following year, married Elizabeth Foster, of that town. He died on October 28th, 1742, at Middletown. His son,

Edward Rockwell, born on July 25th, 1707, married on July 5th, 1735, Hannah Robbins, of Wethersfield, Connecticut. He died on November 7th, 1792, at Middletown. His son,

Noadiah Rockwell, born on October 21st, 1759, at Middletown, married on May 29th, 1782, Alice Hall. He died on February 9th, 1835. His son,

Chester Rockwell, was born on November 13th, 1802, at Middletown. He migrated to North Carolina in 1830, and settled at Whiteville, Columbus County, in the south-eastern part of the State near the South Carolina border. His great-grandson, Paul, remembers hearing as a

* Henry Ensign Rockwell's *The Rockwell Family in America* gives full lists of the children of John, Joseph, Edward, and Noadiah Rockwell, and other information concerning them.

little boy a story that Chester Rockwell was on a visit to North Carolina, when a citizen asked him why he did not settle in the State to live.

“I will, if your daughter will marry me,” he was said to have replied.

He married, on December 29th, 1830, Mary Anne Smith*, who was born on March 9th, 1813, of a family that had lived at Whiteville since early colonial days ; bought a large plantation—on part of which the town of Chadbourn now stands—and a number of negro slaves, and set up as a cotton and tobacco planter. Another member of the family, at about the same time, settled in North Carolina not far from what was then the frontier of the Cherokee Indian country, and founded the town of Rockwell.

Chester Rockwell prospered as a planter, and within a score of years was one of the richest men in his part of North Carolina. His wife bore him five children : Julia Anne, born on April 5th, 1832 ; Henry Clay, born on July 2nd, 1834 ; Sarah Anne, born on December 11th, 1836 ; Benjamin Franklin, born on November 1st, 1838 ; and William Harrison, born on November

* Great-granddaughter of Jonathan Smith, who in 1742 went from Nansemond County, Virginia, to North Carolina, where he married Sallie White, and settled near Elizabethtown, on the Cape Fear River.

28th, 1840. She died on April 30th, 1842. He remarried, on February 9th, 1843, Caroline M. Yates, of Whiteville, and by this marriage had two children, Mary Anne, born on February 13th, 1844, and Robert Gouldsberry, born on August 6th, 1845. He was too old to enlist when the Confederate War began in 1861, but he was heart and soul with his adopted State, and used freely his fortune and influence to help the cause of the Southern Confederacy, for which all his sons were fighting. As happened to everyone else in the South, his wealth was swept away by the War, and when the struggle came to an end in 1865, all that was left to him was his land. Caroline Rockwell died at Whiteville on October 19th, 1867, and Chester Rockwell four years later, on October 6th, 1871.

IV

Henry Clay Rockwell, who like his father was a cotton planter, married Sallie J. Powell (1), of Whiteville, on May 28th, 1860. Their first child, William A., was born on April 23rd, 1861, just as the clouds of War hanging over the South were about to burst. South Carolina, champion of the rights of the South for decades, had seceded from the Union on December 20th, 1860, after the election—entirely by Northern and Western votes—of Abraham Lincoln as President of the United States made it clear that the freedom and prosperity of the Southern States were imperilled. In withdrawing from the Union, South Carolina did something the New England States had often threatened to do, notably Massachusetts when discontented over the admission to statehood of Louisiana and Texas.

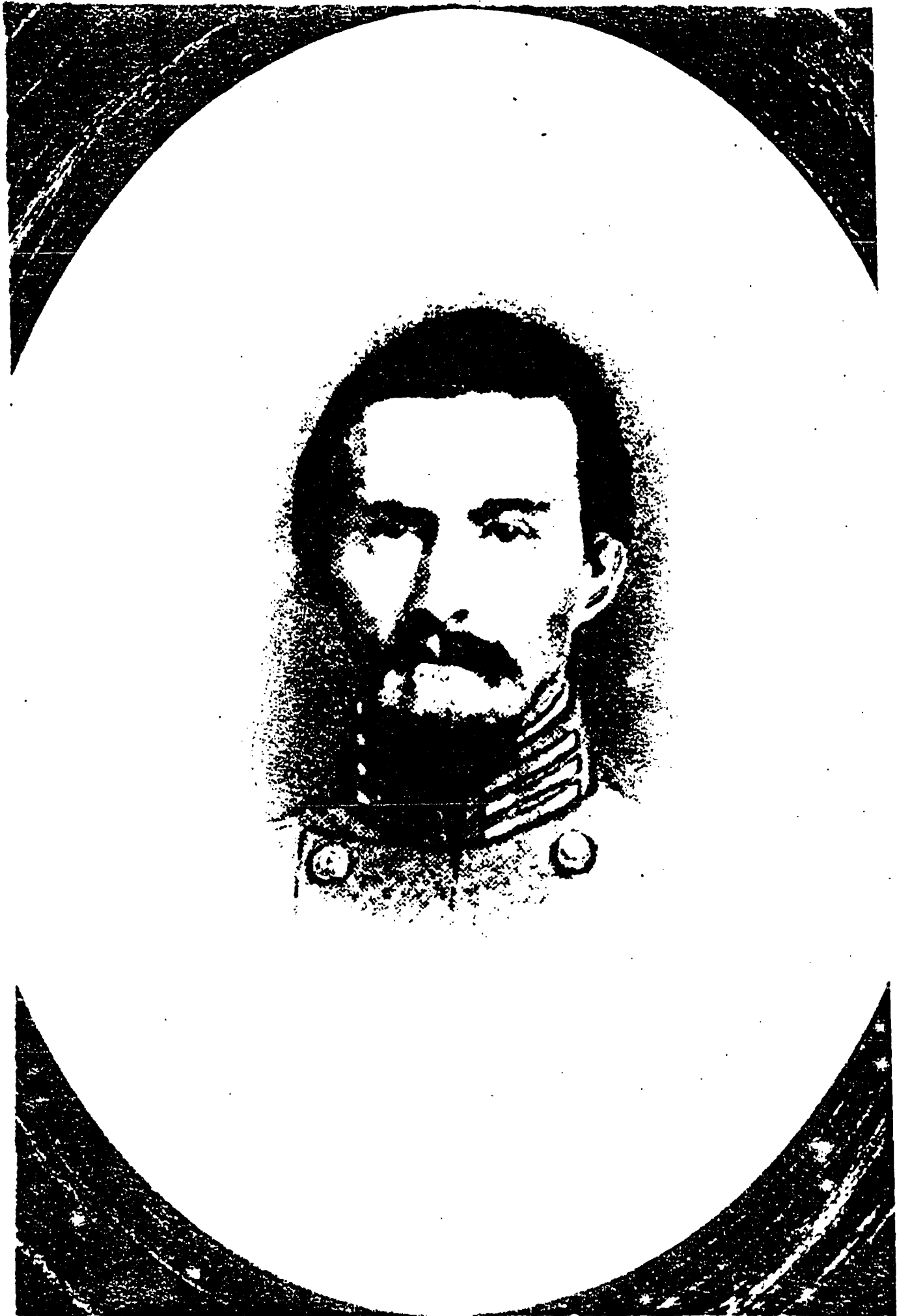
North Carolina seceded on May 20th, 1861, and joined the Confederacy of Southern States which was now formed. Lincoln called for troops to invade the South and force it back into the Union. Henry C. Rockwell left his wife and

(1) See page 75.

baby, volunteered to defend his home land, and was commissioned a Captain in the Fifty-first North Carolina Infantry Regiment, composed of men from around the Cape Fear district.

Captain Rockwell's regiment first formed part of the forces opposing the Northern Army which had captured Roanoke Island, and from that base with the aid of the Northern fleet was threatening the North Carolina coast towns. Wilmington, one of the principal ports of the Confederacy, was the main objective of the invaders, but all their moves in that direction were headed off effectively.

In the early summer of 1862, Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy, was seriously threatened by the Northerners, and Governor Vance of North Carolina hastened all his State troops, except a mere handful of men, to Virginia. General Robert E. Lee, the marvelous Southern leader, utterly defeated General McClellan, the Union commander. Of the 174 regiments of infantry under General Lee's command during this campaign, 36—one out of every five—were from North Carolina. After winning victory after victory in Virginia, General Lee carried the War into Northern territory, but lost so many men on September 17th, 1862, at Antietam, in one of the bloodiest one-day battles ever fought on American



soil, that he was obliged to recross the Potomac.

In December, 1862, the Federal troops on the North Carolina coast again became active, and among the Confederate regiments sent from Virginia to oppose them was the Fifty-first North Carolina. The Federals invaded the interior of North Carolina, with the intention to capture Goldsboro and burn the important railroad bridge there. Six Federal regiments attacked the Fifty-first and Fifty-second North Carolina regiments, which were guarding the bridge; after a heated action, in which the Federals lost 591 men and the Confederates 339, the invaders were forced to fall back to New Berne.

General Clingman's brigade, of which the Fifty-first was one of the regiments, was ordered to South Carolina in July, 1863, for the defense of Charleston harbor, now vigorously assailed by Northern Army and fleet. The Fifty-first and Thirty-first North Carolina regiments garrisoned Fort Wagner, where they endured many hardships, suffering a constant cannonade from land batteries and ironclads, and exposed to an alert fire from sharpshooters at all hours. In addition, the water was bad, food insufficient, and the heat in the pits and bombproofs almost intolerable. Lieutenant McKethan, one of the

heroic officers of the Fifty-first, afterwards wrote :

“Battery Wagner was a field work of sand, turf, and palmetto logs, built across Morris island. From north to south it varied from twenty to seventy-five yards. Its bombproofs were capable of holding from eight hundred to one thousand men. Its armament was far inferior in range to the guns of the Federals, and so we had to submit to the hail of iron sent upon us by the superior and larger range guns, from sunrise to sunset.”

On July 18th the Federals made a stupendous attack on Fort Wagner, from land and sea. The garrison that day consisted of the Charleston Battalion, assigned to the right of the defenses ; the Fifty-first North Carolina, posted at the center ; the Thirty-first North Carolina, which held the left of the work, and four companies of artillery.

General Seymour, of the Federal Army, stated : “From about noon until nightfall the fort was subjected to such a weight of artillery as has probably never before been turned upon a single point.” Lieutenant McKethan described the experience of his regiment inside the fort : “During the bombardment we had concentrated upon our little band forty-four guns and mortars from the land batteries, distant about 1,200 or 2,000 yards, and the heavy guns from the iron-

sides, five monitors and five gunboats... The sand was our only protection, but fortunately one shot would fill up the hole made by another, or we soon should have been annihilated."

Near dusk the artillery fire slackened and the land troops made ready for the assault. Six Federal regiments advanced to the attack, with the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, a negro regiment commanded by white officers, leading the charge. The Southerners, though still under heavy shell fire, emerged from the shelters which had protected them from the bombardment, and calmly waited until the negroes reached the ditch at the edge of the Fort. Then the Charleston Battalion and the Fifty-first North Carolina sent a hail of lead into the ranks of the attackers. Colonel Shaw, the leader of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts was killed, with many of his men, and the surviving negroes "rushed like a crowd of maniacs back to the rear." General Seymour said : "They fell harshly upon those in their rear." The other regiments attacking the center of the Fort, badly affected by the panic of the negroes, were routed in their turn, and their brigade commander, General Stone, was mortally wounded.

The brigade under Colonel Putnam, which attacked the left of the Fort, gained a foothold in the work, and some of the Northerners maintained

themselves there for over an hour. Then men of the Fifty-first charged with the bayonet, killed Colonel Putnam, and, with the aid of some Georgia troops which had arrived during the battle, captured his men. General Taliferro, who commanded Fort Wagner, cited the Fifty-first North Carolina : "Colonel McKethan's regiment, the 51st North Carolina troops, gallantly sought their position, under a heavy shelling, and maintained it during the action."

The Federals lost 1,515 men in the action ; the Confederates, 181. Many of the Northern attackers were from Massachusetts and Connecticut. As one pictures Captain Henry C. Rockwell directing the fire of his men upon the assailants, one cannot help wondering how many of the latter were descendants of those Puritans who crossed the Atlantic in 1630 on the *Mary and John*, and one realizes more acutely the sad folly of men of Anglo-Saxon race attacking other Anglo-Saxons because of negroes fitted by nature only to serve white masters.

The fighting around Charleston continued throughout the summer and fall of 1863, but it was evident that the Federals could not succeed in their endeavors to capture the city. In November General Clingman's men gladly received orders to return to their native State. Condi-

tions in Eastern North Carolina had become very gloomy. Major Moore, of the Third North Carolina Cavalry, described them :

“The condition of Eastern North Carolina grew hourly more deplorable. Frequent incursions of the enemy resulted in the destruction of property of all kinds. Especially were horses and mules objects of plunder. Pianos and other costly furniture were seized and sent North, while whole regiments of ‘bummers’ wantonly defaced and ruined the fairest homesteads in eager search for hidden treasures. The ‘Buffaloes’, in gangs of a dozen men, infested the swamps and made night hideous with their horrid visitations. They and their colored coadjutors, by all manner of inducements, enticed from the farms such of the negro men as were fitted for military duty... To the infinite and undying credit of the colored race, though the woods swarmed with negro men sent back on detailed duty for the purpose of enlisting their comrades in the Federal army, there were less acts of violence towards the helpless old men, women and children than could have been possibly expected under the circumstances.”

General George E. Pickett was sent to North Carolina with a division of troops at the beginning of 1864, to co-operate with the Confederate

forces already there. Energetic action was taken against the Federals; Plymouth was captured from them, and they were forced out of Washington, North Carolina, on April 28th. The latter town was looted and burned by the Federals when they evacuated it, and General Palmer, their commander, in an order condemning the atrocities committed by his troops, said :

“It is well known that the army vandals did not even respect the charitable institutions, but bursting open the doors of the Masonic and Odd Fellows’ lodge, pillaged them both and hawked about the streets the regalia and jewels. And this, too, by United States troops ! It is well known that both public and private stores were entered and plundered, and that devastation and destruction ruled the hour.”

The situation in Virginia was again bad, and Confederate operations in North Carolina were halted, while all available troops were ordered to the defense of Richmond. May, 1864, found the Fifty-first North Carolina at Drewry’s Bluff, on the south side of the Confederate capital, where a great victory was gained over the Federals. The Fifty-first, always part of Clingman’s brigade, was next transferred to the north bank of the James River, and on June 1st and the succeeding days, at Cold Harbor helped smash one of the

most desperate attacks made by the Federals during the entire Confederate War. General Ulysses S. Grant, the Northern commander-in-chief, heartlessly hurled his men forward in repeated assaults against the unbreakable Confederate line : the resultant losses were 9,948 men for the Northerners ; 1,500 for the Southerners. The ground in front of the earthworks held by the Fifty-first North Carolina was littered with dead and wounded Federals, before the North Carolinians had lost a single man ! General McMahan, of the Federal Army, said : "In the opinion of a majority of its survivors, the battle of Cold Harbor should never have been fought. It was the dismal, dreary, bloody, ineffective close of the lieutenant-general's first campaign with the Army of the Potomac, and corresponded in all its essential features with what had preceded it."

Clingman's brigade next hurried by forced marches to Petersburg, and on June 16th took over the left flank of the five-mile long line of trenches there. The Confederate Army engineers had estimated that 25,000 men were necessary to properly man the works ; General Beauregard, commanding the defense of Petersburg, had only 10,000 men at his disposal. The Federals attacked the Confederate works all through the day

of June 16th, and despite tremendous losses, returned to the assault throughout the days of the 17th and the 18th. This obstinacy cost Grant's Army 8,150 men, with not one foot of ground gained.

General Longstreet arrived with reinforcements for the Confederates. "Then followed the dreary, suffering, starving months in the trenches around Petersburg," wrote D. H. Hill, Jr., son of the famous Confederate general, in his splendid volume on the North Carolina troops in the *Confederate Military History*. "Soldiers have never been called upon to endure more than the Confederate soldiers were there forced to stand, and to stand with a full knowledge that their distant homes were being ruthlessly desolated, and that the pangs of hunger were pressing cruelly upon their unprotected families. What Captain Elliott says of Martin's North Carolina brigade was, changing only the numbers, true of every brigade that there lived in the ground, walked in the wet ditches, ate in the ditches, slept in dirt-covered pits. He says : ' At the beginning of the siege, June 20th, the report of Martin's brigade, occupying Colquitt's salient, showed 2,200 men for duty. In September, when they were relieved, the total force was 700 living skeletons. Occupying the sharp

salient, the work was enfiladed on both flanks by direct fire, and the mortar shells came directly down from above. Every man was detailed every night, either on guard duty or to labor with pick and spade repairing works knocked down during the day. There was no shelter that summer from sun or rain. No food could be cooked there, but the scanty provisions were brought in bags on the shoulders of men from the cook yards some miles distant. The rations consisted of one pound of pork and three pounds of meal for three days—no coffee, no sugar, no vegetables, no tobacco, no grog—nothing but the bread and meat. No wonder that the list of officers was reduced to three captains and a few lieutenants, with but one staff officer (spared through God's mercy) to this brigade of 700 skeletons. But every feeble body contained an unbroken spirit, and after the fall months came, those who had not fallen into their graves or been disabled, returned to their colors, and saw them wave in victory in their last fight at Bentonville.' ”

General Clingman was permanently disabled by a wound received on August 19th, and on September 30th his brigade lost more heavily in a terrible assault upon Fort Harrison than in all the weeks of trench warfare.

The Federals were closing in upon Wilmington,

and the Fifty-first North Carolina was among the regiments belonging to General Hoke's division, detached from the Army of Virginia by General Lee for the defense of that vital sea port, through which passed most of the supplies that now reached the Confederacy from abroad. Hoke's division reached Wilmington on December 24th, 1864, and for weeks opposed the mighty Federal Army and fleet. The Confederates were under ceaseless fire from huge marine guns and from sharpshooters, but their morale never once flagged. Finally reinforcements came for the Northerners, and after a gallant struggle the Southerners fell back inland.

General Joseph E. Johnston arrived in North Carolina, and began to unite the scattered Confederate forces in North and South Carolina, with the hope of resisting the hordes of Northern invaders that now poured in from all sides. He concentrated his forces at Bentonville, and on March 19th, 1865, inflicted a signal repulse upon Sherman's Federals. The Junior Reserves of North Carolina—boys aged from twelve to sixteen years—won undying fame by their gallantry in action on that day.

Although his Army outnumbered many times the Confederate forces, Sherman was unwilling to attack the Southerners again after his defeat

at Bentonville. General Robert E. Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox, on April 9th, 1865, and the Fifty-first North Carolina and the other regiments under General Joseph E. Johnston were surrendered at Durham, on April 26th, 1865.

The Southern Confederacy came to an end, not because its spirit was crushed, but because its Armies, starving, barefooted, ragged, poorly equipped, were outnumbered more than ten to one. All the Southern males, from the ages of twelve to sixty-five, who were able to bear arms, had been called to the defense of their country, and they had been decimated by battle and disease. No aid from the outside world could reach the South, whose ports had been blockaded by the Northern fleet since the early days of the War, while the North drew men and supplies from all parts of the world. Hundreds of thousands of infamous mercenary soldiers, lured by high pay and promises of free land, were recruited for the Northern Army in Europe, especially in Germany and Ireland. There were more Germans and Irishmen alone in the Federal Army, than there were men in all the Confederate forces.

North Carolina had been

“First at Bethel

“Last at Appomattox.”

Its devotion to the Confederacy had cost it all its wealth, except its land ; its social system was overthrown ; its homes had been plundered or destroyed ; its sons had been killed in battle or enfeebled by wounds and privations.

Henry C. Rockwell returned to Whiteville, where the ravages of War were evident on every side, and began the struggle to restore his fortune and help upbuild his ruined State. Old inhabitants of Whiteville and Columbus County still remember and relate his kindness and generosity to less fortunate comrades and fellow citizens. North Carolina, like the other States of the old Confederacy, underwent for more than ten years a "reconstruction" period of nightmare far more hideous than the darkest days of the War. The people of wealth, culture and education were disfranchised, and the government was given over into the hands of carpet-baggers, negroes, and scalawags—the very dregs of humanity—who were backed up by Northern bayonets against which the unarmed Southerners were powerless. Life, liberty and property of the men who had fought for the South were unsafe : land belonging to ex-Confederates was confiscated on flimsy pretexts, and Southerners never knew at what moment they might be thrown into prison or even murdered.

Before the War, Henry Clay Rockwell, like his father and most of the other slave-holders in the South, had been an old-fashioned Whig in politics, but he now realized that the only hope of the former Confederacy for redemption from barbarism lay through the Democratic party. He joined the Democrats, and engaged in the brave and determined struggle against Radical Republican plunder and misrule, which had its first success in 1870, when a Democratic Legislature was elected in the face of armed carpet-bagger and negro "militiamen".

During this terrible "reconstruction" period four children were born to Henry C. and Sallie J. Rockwell:

Lucy Syrena (1), on February 23rd, 1866 ;

James Chester, on January 21st, 1868 ;

Robert Alexander (2), on May 28th, 1871, and

Henry Clay, Junior (3), on April 6th, 1873.

Captain Henry Clay Rockwell died on February 24th, 1874, three years before his fellow North Carolinians finally overthrew carpet-bagger and negro domination, and regained full control of the State government. His wife survived him for almost seventeen years.

(1) Died March 10th, 1879.

(2) Died May 9th, 1906.

(3) Died November 5th, 1877.

Captain Rockwell's first-born son, William A., died on March 12th, 1886.

James Chester Rockwell spent his boyhood at Whiteville. His early education was received in the local schools and under the late Professor W. G. Quackenbush, of Laurinburg, North Carolina. He was an accomplished student and inveterate reader, and at an early age began to write essays and poetry, which were published in various periodicals; he was encouraged in his work by the splendid South Carolina poet, Paul Hamilton Hayne. Professor Eugene Clyde Brooks used as a foreword to his book, "North Carolina Poems," which contains a biographical sketch of James Chester Rockwell and several of his poems, part of a poem written by James Chester Rockwell at the age of eighteen years :

"If we have weal, if we have woe,
 "If we have rights, if we have wrongs,
 "The world must all our feelings know—
 "We tell our stories in our songs."

While spending the summer of 1886 at Old Fort, in the Western North Carolina mountains, James Chester Rockwell met the Reverend C. M. Murchison, who converted him to the Baptist faith. Always whole-souled in everything that

interested him, he decided it was his mission in life to preach the gospel, and he entered the Southern Theological Seminary, at Louisville, Kentucky.

On February 29th, 1888, James Chester Rockwell married Loula Ayres (2), of Marion County, South Carolina. His first child, Paul Ayres, was born at the Ayres home, "Beechwood", in Marion County, on February 3rd, 1889. James Chester Rockwell's health broke down under his studies at Louisville, and he was ordered to live in the mountains. He went first to Morristown, Tennessee, in the foot-hills of the Great Smoky Mountains, where a daughter, Agnes, was born on September 5th, 1890, and then higher up into the Tennessee mountains to Newport, where a second son, Kiffin Yates, was born on September 20th, 1892.

James Chester Rockwell died on September 14th, 1893, at Newport, of typhoid fever, and was buried at Morristown. His funeral was attended by thousands of friends and admirers from all over East Tennessee and other parts of the South. He was loved by all who knew him, and his memory still lives in many a heart. His oldest child remembers him as a gentle, kindly-faced, hand-

(2) See page 77.

some man, very tall—he stood six feet four inches, who spent much time in his generously-stocked library, but was also very fond of outdoor life.

He was a man of great physical and moral courage. His home at Newport was near the outskirts of the town, not far from the main road leading off into the mountains. One day a number of drunken men belonging to two enemy mountain clans began fighting in front of the Rockwell house. James Chester Rockwell went out amongst the combattants, remonstrated with them, and tried to stop the battle. At first the mountaineers struck him, and threatened to kill him, but finally his efforts to make peace between them succeeded, and they went away.

A few days later, men belonging to one of the clans appeared at the Rockwell home with a supply of chickens and eggs. They did not know how to apologize for their recent blows and threats, so they brought a good will offering to the peace maker.

VI

Paul, Agnes, and Kiffin Rockwell were brought up with unusual care and devotion by their mother, who personally supervised their early education. They divided their time between Newport and their Grandfather Ayres' place in South Carolina.

The favorite pastime of the small boys at Newport was playing at War. The lowest class of East Tennessee mountaineers turned traitor to their State during the Confederate War, and sided with the North. Not many of them served in the regular Federal forces, however, but forming gangs of bushwhackers they stole the horses, cattle, and poultry of Confederate sympathizers, attacked the women and plundered the houses of men who were away fighting in the Southern Army, and murdered Confederate soldiers who were home on leave. In the 1890s feeling still ran high in East Tennessee against these scoundrels, and the War between the States was fought over again frequently by the lads of Newport, the descendants of Confederate veterans on one side and sons and grandsons of bushwhackers on the other. Paul and Kiffin

Rockwell's mother finally forbade their playing with any but a selected group of boys of loyal Southern parentage.

Both at Newport and at their Grandfather Ayres', Paul and Kiffin were much out of doors. They went fishing and swimming, rode horseback, and at an early age learned to shoot. Agnes spent much of her time reading; she often locked herself away in a room with a book for entire afternoons. Paul also read a great deal; he collected Indian relics, bird eggs, tobacco tags, postage stamps, picture post cards, and various other things. Kiffin was the better fisherman and marksman. The children had dogs and many other kinds of pets, such as opossums and raccoons; a lamb; birds; a pair of ducks called "Jack" and "Jill", who followed after them quacking; and even turtles and harmless snakes.

The family moved to Asheville, North Carolina, in 1906. Paul Rockwell attended Wake Forest College in 1907-1908, and Washington and Lee University, where he specialized in history and modern languages, from 1908 to 1910. Agnes entered Wellesley College in the fall of 1908, and took her A. B. degree there in 1912. Kiffin attended the Virginia Military Institute in 1908-1909; he was appointed to the United States Naval Academy in 1909, and in September of

that year entered the Werntz Preparatory School at Annapolis to take a preliminary course for the Naval Academy entrance examinations. He did not admire the boys he met at Werntz ' who were going to be in his class at the Naval Academy, and he also began to fear that in the Navy he would be doomed to an inactive life, so he resigned his appointment and in the late fall of 1909 joined his brother at Washington and Lee University. He became a member of the Virginia Epsilon chapter of the Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity there, to which his brother already belonged. He remained at Washington and Lee until 1912.

After leaving Washington and Lee University, Paul Rockwell spent some time in Asheville, and the winter of 1911-1912 at Washington, D. C., with an idea of preparing for the diplomatic or consular service. The Republican party was in power, however ; there was small hope of an appointment, so he returned to the South, and engaged in newspaper work at Atlanta, Georgia. Kiffin Rockwell, after a long trip through the Western part of the United States and Canada, joined his brother in Atlanta early in 1914.

On August 3rd, 1914, Paul and Kiffin Rockwell wrote to the French Consul-General at New Orleans, and offered their services to France

in the event of a War between that country and Germany. From much reading about the *ancien régime* and the Napoleonic epoch, and from real appreciation of the services rendered their country by Lafayette, Rochambeau, and other Frenchmen during the War of Independence, they were filled with a romantic admiration for France, and were eager to fight for her. They learned that they could get passage on the American Line steamship *St. Paul*, so without waiting for a reply from the French Consul-General they left Atlanta on August 5th, stopped off between trains at Washington and got their passports, and sailed from New York for Europe on August 7th.

Twenty days later, after having landed at Liverpool and spending some time in London waiting for the French authorities there to give them a visa to enter France, they enlisted at the Hôtel des Invalides, Paris, in the French Army for the duration of the War, and were assigned to the Second Marching Regiment of the Second Regiment of the world-famous Foreign Legion.

Kiffin Yates Rockwell's War letters tell at length of their experiences in the Foreign Legion. During the winter of 1914-1915, in the Aisne and Champagne trenches, they lived and labored and

fought under very much the same conditions their grandfathers had known in 1864-1865, in the trenches around Petersburg. Paul Rockwell was wounded in the shoulder, and invalided out of the Legion in May, 1915. After a long convalescence, during which he did War propaganda work, and helped his old comrades whenever he could, he returned to the front in 1917 as official War correspondent attached to French Army Grand Headquarters, where he served until after the Armistice. He was cited in Army Orders* and decorated with the *Croix de Guerre*, and was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

Kiffin Rockwell was shot through the leg on May 9th, 1915, when his regiment charged La Targette, north of Arras, and after his wound healed transferred to the Aviation. He was one of the four original members of the renowned

* "Le Lt-Colonel ROLLET, Commandant le Régiment de Marche de la Légion Étrangère, cite à l'ordre du Régiment, le militaire dont le nom suit :

"2^e Régiment Étranger : ROCKWELL, Paul.

"Jeune Légionnaire plein d'ardeur, d'énergie et d'enthousiasme, engagé dès le début de la campagne. Grièvement blessé à Craonnelle en Décembre 1914 au cours d'une patrouille en avant les lignes.

(Signed) "Le Lt-Colonel Cdt le Régiment :
"ROLLET."

Escadrille Américaine, later known as the *Escadrille Lafayette*. On May 18th, 1916, over the Alsace battlefield he attacked and shot down the first German aeroplane destroyed in combat by an American aviator, and was cited in the Order of the Army and decorated with the *Médaille Militaire* and the *Croix de Guerre** by General Joffre. Sent to the defense of Verdun, he was wounded in the face, on May 24th, 1916, by an explosive bullet, during a combat with an enemy aeroplane, but refused to enter a hospital and continued his service. With a rare devotion, during four months of the spring and summer of 1916 he exerted himself to the utmost extent of his strength and ability, in the bitter aerial warfare over Verdun ; he won numerous victories, another

* "La Médaille Militaire a été conférée au militaire dont le nom suit :

"ROCKWELL, Kiffin Yates, Mlc 34805,
Caporal à l'Escadrille N° 124.

"Engagé pour la durée de la guerre, a été blessé une première fois le 9 Mai 1915, au cours d'une charge à la baïonnette. Passé dans l'Aviation, s'est montré pilote adroit et courageux. Le 18 Mai 1916, a attaqué et descendu un avion allemand. Le 24 Mai n'a pas hésité à livrer à plusieurs appareils ennemis un combat au cours duquel il a été atteint d'une grave blessure à la face.

"La présente nomination comporte l'attribution de la Croix de Guerre avec palme.

(Signed) "JOFFRE."

citation in the Order of the Army*, and a promise of promotion. Ordered back to Alsace at the end of the summer, to protect the huge bombing raids planned in that sector, on Saturday, September 23rd, 1916, during a battle high in the air with a German two-manned aeroplane he was shot through the chest by an explosive bullet and instantly killed. His aeroplane crashed to earth in a field of flowers between the first and second line French trenches. French artillerymen braved an intense enemy fire, rescued his broken body from the wreckage of the aeroplane, and it was taken back to the Escadrille's field at Luxeuil-les-Bains and buried in the cemetery there with military ceremonies worthy of a General.

Captain Georges Thénault, commander of the

* "Le Général Commandant la 11^e Armée, cite à l'Ordre de l'Armée :

"ROCKWELL, Kiffin Yates, Pilote à l'Escadrille N^o 124.

"Engagé pour la durée de la guerre. Entré dans l'Aviation de chasse, s'y est classé immédiatement comme pilote de tout premier ordre, d'une audace et d'une bravoure admirable. N'hésite jamais à attaquer l'ennemi quelque soit le nombre des adversaires qu'il rencontre, l'obligeant le plus souvent par sa maîtrise, son mordant, à abandonner la lutte. A abattu deux avions ennemis. A rendu les plus grands services à l'Aviation de chasse de l'Armée en se dépensant pendant quatre mois sans compter devant Verdun.

(Signed) "R. NIVELLE."

Escadrille Lafayette, said of Kiffin : "The best and bravest of us all is no longer here," and General Joffre announced his death in a third citation in the Order of the Army*. His promotion to the rank of *sous-lieutenant* was signed shortly before he was killed, and he was awarded posthumously the Cross of the Legion of Honor**. Aviation camps and fields in France and America were named for him ; when the Asheville, North Carolina, Post of the American Legion was organized after the War it became the Kiffin Rockwell Post ; a memorial tablet to him was

* "Le Général Commandant en Chef cite à l'Ordre de l'Armée, ROCKWELL, Kiffin Yates, Mle 8048, Sergent à l'Escadrille N° 124 :

"Pilote américain qui n'a cessé de faire l'admiration de ses camarades par son sang-froid, son courage et son audace. A été tué au cours d'un combat aérien, le 23 Septembre 1916.

"Au G. Q. G., le 4 Octobre 1916.

"Le Général Commandant en Chef :
(Signed) "J. JOFFRE.

** "La Croix de Chevalier dans l'Ordre National de la Légion d'Honneur a été attribuée à la mémoire

du Sous-Lieutenant ROCKWELL, Kiffin Yates,
du 2^e Groupe d'Aviation,
mort pour la France.

"Pilote américain qui n'a cessé de faire l'admiration de ses chefs et de ses camarades par son sang-froid, son courage et son audace. A été mortellement blessé au cours d'un combat aérien, le 23 Septembre 1916. Déjà médaillé pour faits de guerre.

"(A été cité.)

(Signed) "Louis BARTHOU."



placed by his fraternity in the Général Robert E. Lee Memorial Chapel at Washington and Lee, and in many other ways his memory has been honored. Many beautiful poems have been dedicated to him, and in newspapers, magazines and books almost the world over tribute has been paid to him. Ex-President Theodore Roosevelt called him a "Lafayette of the Air."

Some of Kiffin Yates Rockwell's War letters were translated into French, and published by Jacques Mortane in his book, *La Guerre des Nues Racontée par ses Morts* (Paris : *L'Édition Française Illustrée*, 1918); they were all collected, and in 1925 were printed, with a memoir by his brother, in a memorial volume for private distribution (*War Letters of Kiffin Yates Rockwell, Foreign Legionnaire and Aviator* : The Country Life Press, Garden City, New York, 1925).

Although Kiffin ROCKWELL had already been decorated with the *Médaille Militaire*, this honor was again bestowed upon him posthumously by the Foreign Legion, with the following citation :

"Est inscrit au tableau spécial de la Médaille Militaire, à titre posthume, le militaire dont le nom suit :

"ROCKWELL (Kiffin Yates), Mle 34805, Sergent-pilote : sous-officier pilote. Aviateur remarquablement brave. Tombé glorieusement pour la France, le 23 Septembre 1916, en Alsace, au cours d'un combat aérien. Croix de Guerre avec étoile d'argent.

(Signed) "ROLLET,

"Le Colonel Commandant le 1^{er} Régiment Étranger."

VII

Agnes Rockwell married on December 9th, 1916, the Reverend Leonidas Braxton Hayes, of Granite Falls, North Carolina. They had four children:

Kiffin Rockwell, born October 8th, 1917;

Mary Elizabeth, born May 13th, 1920;

Agnes, born November 16th, 1922; died February 19th, 1923; and

Leonidas Braxton, Junior, born May 17th, 1926.

Agnes Rockwell Hayes died on Monday, May 17th, 1926, at Winston-Salem, North Carolina, and was buried at Greensboro, North Carolina. In the tribute paid her at her funeral, the Reverend Charles C. Weaver said in part:

“No, life is not measured by extent but by its contents. Not by its length but by its fullness. This blessed fact comforts us today.

“Agnes Rockwell Hayes may so measure her days. Born in a home of Christian culture, she gave her young life to days of preparation for great living. She graduated from Wellesley College, one of America’s great colleges where her intellectual achievements were outstanding even in a college where the test of scholarship is notably high. She was the peer of the best—

not narrowly specialized was her training but the whole college course was at her command. She faced life's active duties with the quiet confidence of certain achievement.....

“On December 8th, 1916, she was married to the Rev. L. B. Hayes.

....Born for leadership, with a deep sense of the essentials in religion, she fast developed a capacity for spiritual leadership that found a ready response in the hearts of many. All too few are there among us who can offer such a combination of brains and heart to the service of the church and religion.

“ ‘ Help-meet ’ is a good old fashioned word we once used, and how fine it is and with what accuracy it may be used of her ! Helpful indeed she was. Without show or ostentation but quietly she gave herself to her tasks. How well she did the work is evident by the high regard in which she was held by members of the congregation where her husband served.

“Brilliant in intellect she was, but this brilliance was made to shine on so-called common tasks till they glowed with a radiance not their own. The routine of church and home is not such as to catch the imagination, but she made them live with a meaning they hold for but few of us. Her home was her throne and every member a loving and loyal subject.

“The adjustment to home duties was made so easily and naturally that few even of her friends realized how great the change was. But as she glorified everything she touched, so she made the home to shine with a new meaning for many who saw her there. Husband, children, these were home to her and no Roman matron could have shown more devotion than she did—nor more pride in her task. Reading, music, conversation that was not trivial nor foolish, this was part of the menu of her household ; and with it all such a fine spirit of cheerfulness and quiet humor that no monotony ever dared to cross her threshold.

“But that’s hard work, I hear you say. True, and it takes courage to carry on sometimes, but courage she had. The blood of the brother who died for his land was in her veins also and right bravely she showed it. No whining, no shirking, no evasion, she faced life with a smile and met it with a valor worthy of the best traditions of all womanhood.

“What rare privilege it is for children to be born of such a mother and to have felt for a brief period her influence. The love of good reading, high spiritual instruction, womanly example, these have been theirs and constitute a legacy that will grow more precious as the years pass. Narrow life—Oh no, eternity is in it and only eternity can measure all the greatness.”

VIII

Paul Ayres Rockwell married on December 4th, 1916, Marie-Françoise-Jeanne Leygues*, of Paris and Villeneuve-sur-Lot. Their daughter,

Françoise-Jeanne-Anne-Loula, was born on November 19th, 1917, at 2, rue Solférino, Paris. They were divorced in July, 1923.

During the 1925 War in Morocco against Abdel-Krim and the Rif tribes, Paul Rockwell served as captain-observer in the French Army Aviation, 37^e *Régiment d'Aviation du Maroc*. He accomplished twenty-seven bombing and scouting missions over enemy territory, and was decorated with the *Croix de Guerre T. O. E. (Théâtre des Opérations Extérieures.)*

On January 30th, 1926, he married Prue Durant Smith**, of Brooklyn, New York. Their son,

Kiffin Yates II, was born on February 3rd, 1928, at the American Hospital of Paris, Neuilly-sur-Seine.

* See the article on her father, Georges Leygues, in the Encyclopaedia Britannica, Thirteenth and Fourteenth Editions.

** A history of her family, which went from England to Connecticut in the Seventeenth century, has been published.

Paul Ayres Rockwell has contributed numerous articles to the *Chicago Daily News*, the *New York Globe*, the *New York Times*, the *Atlanta Constitution*, *Ex Libris* (of Paris), *La Guerre Aérienne*, and other French, American and English publications. He wrote a chapter on the Foreign Legion for *Kenneth Weeks, a Soldier of the Legion* (London : George Allen and Unwin Ltd., 1916) ; nine chapters for the *Anthologie des Écrivains Morts à la Guerre 1914-1918* (Amiens : Bibliothèque du Hérisson, 1924), and a history of the American Volunteers in the Foreign Legion during the World War (*American Fighters in the Foreign Legion, 1914-1918* ; Boston : Houghton, Mifflin and Co., 1930). He is a reserve officer of the French Army, *à titre étranger*, attached to the First Regiment of the Foreign Legion.

APPENDIX

(1) Sarah Jane Powell was descended from William Powell, who came in 1688 to America from the Isle of Wight, and settled in the Virginia Colony, at Powell's Point, on the Elizabeth River. His grandson,

John Powell, went in 1740 from Virginia to North Carolina, and settled in Bladen (later Columbus) County, at Lake Waccamaw. He married Catherine Wilkinson, whose father owned all the "high" side of the lake—the Waccamaw Indians still held the "low" or swampy side of the lake—and had four sons: John II, Absalom, Barnabas, and Isaac.

Absalom Powell was born on May 19th, 1752, and married Mary Stephens. They had eight children, of whom Absalom Yancey Powell was born on May 8th, 1790. Absalom Powell was a captain in the American Army during the War of Independence, and later served two terms in the North Carolina Legislature. He died on October 14th, 1834.

Absalom Yancey Powell married, on November 20th, 1810, Susan Elizabeth Yates (born March, 1789; died January 13th, 1846). She bore him ten children, the eldest of whom, John Calvin Powell, was born December 12th, 1812. After the death of his first wife, he remarried, on January 26th, 1847, Experience Lennon (born October 10th, 1811; died April 11th, 1898), and by her had four more children. Absalom Yancey Powell promoted the railroad from Wilmington to Charleston, and at first found it difficult to get people to use it, as they were suspicious of novelty, and for a long while preferred horses and stage-

coaches to steam-drawn carriages. He made a large fortune, and gave each of his sons a plantation, well stocked with slaves and cattle. He died on December 25th, 1864, his last days saddened by the misfortunes to the Confederate cause.

John Calvin Powell married, on September 1st, 1839, Lucy Elizabeth Baldwin, daughter of David Baldwin, who served as an officer in the Mexican War, and Joanna Smith. They had nine children, seven boys and two girls. Sarah Jane Powell was the eldest; she was born on June 15th, 1841.

Sarah Jane, always called Sallie J. by her family and friends, graduated from Salem College, an old Moravian school at Salem, North Carolina, in 1859. She was one of the "belles" of Eastern Carolina, an unusually beautiful girl, with wavy chestnut hair, an oval face with cheeks delicately tinted with rose, chestnut brown eyes, gracious, red lips, and gentle poise. She was married from her father's home, "Western Prong" (so-called from its situation on a small fork or "prong" of the river), and her grandson Paul as a child often heard old people speak of what a charming bride she was.

When the Confederate War came on, John Calvin Powell was too old for active service at the front with the Southern Army, but he belonged to the community militia which was formed to guard the homes in Columbus County, and he took part in several engagements with Yankee raiders. His old homestead, "Western Prong", a big, rambling, *ante bellum* plantation house, the piazza covered with old-fashioned roses, honey-suckles, and fragrant cape jasmines, stands today, and still bears scars from the bullets with which the Northerners riddled it. He managed to hold on to his house and lands during the trying "reconstruction"

years, and died, honored and loved, on January 6th, 1889.

Only two of John Calvin Powell's sons, Alexander Franklin and David Baldwin, were old enough to serve in the Confederate Army. Alexander Franklin Powell joined the 36th North Carolina Artillery Regiment, in a company commanded by his uncle, Captain Oliver Hazzard Powell (son of Absalom Yancey Powell, born May 30th, 1827). This company was recruited by Captain Powell largely from his relatives and friends, and it was said of it that every one of its members was qualified to be an officer. After having fought valiantly from the very outbreak of the War, Captain Powell, Alexander F. Powell, and all the other survivors of the company were captured by the Federals on January 15th, 1865, when Fort Fisher, near Wilmington, fell after a desperate and prolonged defense, and were held as prisoners-of-war at Governor's Island, New York, until after the War.

(2) Loula Ayres was a daughter of Enoch Shaw Ayres and Samantha Tyler, who were married on December 12th, 1865, at the Tyler home in Horry County, South Carolina.

Enoch Shaw Ayres was born on January 23rd, 1835, in Marion County, South Carolina, a son of the Reverend William Ayres and Mary Shaw, both of whose families had been in South Carolina since Colonial days. The Ayres are of English descent, and first settled in Virginia, a branch of the family moving from that Colony to South Carolina before the American Revolution. The Shaws descend from a Scotch supporter of the Stuarts, who was forced to leave his native land after the final overthrow of that unfortunate dynasty. The Reverend William Ayres was a celebrated circuit rider in the Pee Dee district of South Carolina, and owned a big plantation, which had

been in his family for generations, near Nichols, Marion County, on which with the labor of a number of slaves he grew cotton, tobacco and rice.

The South Carolina Legislature on December 17th, 1860, provided for the raising of ten regiments for the defense of the State, as secession was in the air and War with the North seemed inevitable. Enoch Shaw Ayres was one of the first to volunteer, and was made a sergeant in Company I, Eighth South Carolina Infantry, in which regiment were also his brothers Thomas, Dwight and John. The story of his military service is the whole story of the Confederate War, as his regiment was one of the finest in the Southern Armies, and was always where the battle waxed fiercest.

The Eighth South Carolina, forming part of General Bonham's brigade, was sent to Virginia in April, 1861, and held the line facing Alexandria and Washington. The Federals on July 17th attacked Bonham's troops, who established and held themselves behind Mitchell's Ford, on Bull Run. At noon on July 18th the Northerners again tried an artillery and infantry attack, which was repulsed by the South Carolinians. The real battle of Bull Run, or First Manassas, began on the morning of July 21st, when the Federals vigorously attacked the Confederate left wing, and gained a position on the great plateau behind Bull Run. The Second and Eighth South Carolina regiments arrived with other troops at two o'clock in the afternoon to reinforce the endangered Confederate left, charged the Federals, recaptured the plateau, and drove the enemy back across Bull Run in great disorder. Panic seized upon the Northerners, and they fled terror-stricken back to Washington, mixed in with a mad rout of Union Congressmen and other civilians who only a few hours earlier had driven out gaily

from the Capital to see the Southern "Rebellion" crushed. The Confederates pursued the fleeing enemy until they were too tired to go further.

After this great victory, in the first battle of the War, Enoch Shaw Ayres marched and skirmished with his regiment up and down Northern Virginia, as South and North prepared for a bitter strife. In the campaign of 1862, his regiment especially distinguished itself on May 4th, at the battle of Williamsburg, where the troops "waded in mud and slush" in a region completely over-flooded by rains, and at Savage Station on June 29th. The regiment moved north into Maryland with General Lee in September, and on September 13th, as a part of Kershaw's brigade, captured Maryland Heights, overlooking Harper's Ferry. The latter town, with over 11,000 prisoners and an enormous War material, was captured on September 15th by General Stonewall Jackson.

At the terrible eighteen-hour battle of Antietam or Sharpsburg on September 17th, the Eighth South Carolina covered itself with glory, but lost over half its effective. "Without a supply of rations from Monday to Wednesday ; constantly under arms, marching, or in action during that period, no sleep and but brief halts for rest, Kershaw's gallant command fought at Sharpsburg as if they had come to the field from a well-provided camp," wrote Brigadier-General Ellison Capers, in his excellent volume on the South Carolina troops, in the *Confederate Military History*.

The victory at Antietam was so costly to General Lee that he led his men back to Virginia. At Fredericksburg on December 13th, the Eighth and Second South Carolina regiments smashed the assault of an entire Northern division and drove the Federals back in confusion, thereby helping gain a great Confederate victory.

Enoch Shaw Ayres always remembered the terrible winter of 1862-1863, when he did picket duty on the Rappahannock, along the banks of which stream the Southern and Northern Armies lay watching, with their camp fires in sight of each other. He also was impressed vividly by the battle of Chancellorsville, in May, 1863, where he heard the volley fired which mortally wounded the noble Stonewall Jackson, of whose death he never could speak in unbroken tones. He marched into Pennsylvania with General Lee and fought at Gettysburg in July : his brigade, commanded by General Kershaw, advanced under a murderous rifle and canister fire and stormed a rough, wooded rocky hill, held the position against heavy Federal counter-attacks, then charged across an immense wheatfield and drove the Northerners back onto a steep mountain. Among the many men of Kershaw's brigade killed at Gettysburg was Enoch Ayres' brother Dwight.

September of 1863 found the Eighth South Carolina in Tennessee with General Longstreet's corps. Enoch Shaw Ayres took part in the bitter, desperate battle of Chicamauga, on September 19th and 20th. In early November he went with Kershaw's brigade up the Tennessee Valley to take Knoxville from the Federals, and was in the charge on November 18th which drove the Northerners from the breastworks of fence rails and barbed wire they had erected before Knoxville. "With occasional fighting and continuous suffering from want of shoes, clothing and rations", wrote General Capers, with his brigade Enoch Ayres "passed the inclement winter in rugged East Tennessee."

Kershaw's brigade was back in Virginia in May, 1864, and with it Enoch Ayres engaged in the bloody Battle of the Wilderness ; he fought at Chaffin's Bluff ; along the Long Bridge Road ; and elsewhere around Richmond and

Petersburg throughout the summer ; in October he was with General Early in the Shenandoah Valley. His brother John was wounded at Petersburg and sent home on a furlough.

Sherman's Army, after utterly devastating Georgia, was threatening Charleston and the rest of South Carolina, and on December 25th, 1864, Governor Magrath of South Carolina, in a letter to President Jefferson Davis requesting immediate aid, said : "Of any force which you may send, I am very anxious that the brigade of General Connor (Kershaw's old brigade) should be part of it, and sent as soon as possible." The Eighth South Carolina and the rest of Connor's brigade reinforced General Hardee at Charleston in January, 1865. There was an engagement with Sherman's Northerners on February 11th near Orangeburg, and the advance of the enemy was momentarily halted. But the Southerners were too overwhelmingly outnumbered, and although their spirit was indomitable, they were almost entirely without ammunition and other supplies. Charleston was evacuated on February 18th, and the Confederates fell back towards North Carolina. Enoch Shaw Ayres fought at Averasboro on March 16th, and at Bentonville on March 18th to 21st ; his regiment was surrendered with the rest of General Joseph E. Johnston's forces on April 26th, 1865.

When Enoch Shaw Ayres heard that his regiment had been surrendered he did not wait to be paroled : he got on his horse and, at considerable risk of being assassinated by pillaging gangs of Sherman's "bummers", made his way back to his home in Marion County. There a sad scene of desolation awaited him : his father, mother, brother John and all his sisters and younger brothers had died during an epidemic of smallpox just before the close of the War. For days their bodies lay unburied, as there

were no able-bodied white men left in all the region, and Sherman's "bummers" had carried off all the negro slaves except tiny children and aged women. Faithful old negresses finally managed to dig graves in which to place the bodies of their beloved "buckruh*".

Enoch and Thomas Ayres divided their father's plantation between them, and with the aid of negroes who gradually made their way back to their homes after the first madness of "freedom" was over, began to cultivate the land. Rice-growing was abandoned, as labor could not be found for it, and the neglected low-lying rice fields returned to swamp land or second growth pine woods, but cotton and tobacco thrived as before the War. Going over to Horry County to visit relatives, Enoch met Samantha Tyler, fell in love with her, and married her.

Enoch Shaw Ayres never took the oath of allegiance to the United States nor was "reconstructed", and to the end of his days never allowed a "damned yankee" to come on his place. He was one of the organizers in Marion County of the Ku Klux Klan, the secret society which put down negro and carpet-bagger domination and saved the South from becoming what Haiti and San Domingo are today. He took an active part in the political campaign of 1876 which recovered South Carolina for white civilization and put General Wade Hampton into the governor's chair. His daughter Loula still tells of that election day in 1876; although but a small child at the time, she sensed the terror with which her mother sat at home all day long, expecting to hear at any moment that "Marster Enoch" had been murdered by the negroes. He marched all his blacks into town to the polls, and told them they could either vote for General Wade Hampton or get off his plantation. And so

* Negro dialect word, meaning "white people" or "master".

great was his authority that they all voted for the white candidate. He often was urged to run for public office, but steadfastly refused, although he always took a keen interest in County and State politics. He was a man of rare integrity, and his prestige was such that people often came from a distance to submit differences to his arbitration rather than carry them into court. He was a great sportsman, very fond of shooting and fishing, and the great delight of his grandsons was to be taken by him on fishing excursions to the Lumber River, several miles from his home. He was a deeply religious man, although not bigoted, and every night before bedtime called everyone in his house together, read a chapter of the Bible, and offered up a prayer. He died on July 26th, 1914, survived by his wife and eight children.

Samantha Tyler was born on January 25th, 1846, in Horry County, South Carolina, a daughter of Elias Tyler and Charity Grainger. The Tylers came to South Carolina in pre-Revolutionary days from Virginia, where the family has given to the United States its tenth President, John Tyler. The Graingers are descended from French Huguenots who settled in South Carolina after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. One of Loula Ayres Rockwell's great-grandmothers, Julia de Jarrelle, was brought to South Carolina by her parents, French Royalists who fled from France to escape massacre during the Reign of Terror. She was renowned for her beauty, wit and charm; she married a Grainger, and lived to a very old age. Her great-granddaughter Loula remembers being taken as a little girl to see her at her home in Horry County. Loula Ayres was born on September 16th, 1866; her early education was received at home under private instructors, and she took her A. B. degree at Chowan College, an old school at Murfreesboro, North Carolina, in 1886.

