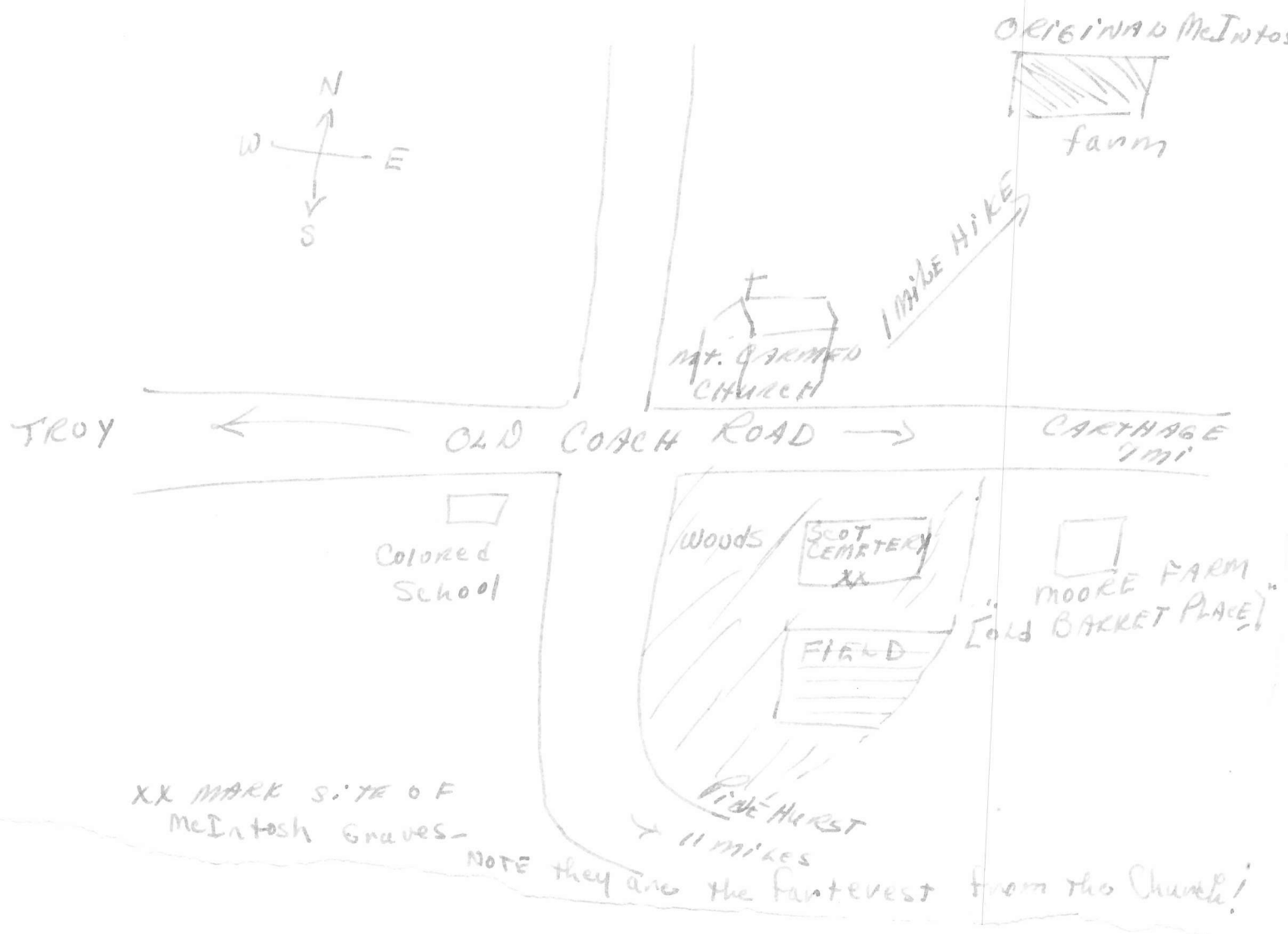


1936 LAYOUT of AREA surrounding  
Mt. CARMEL Church. [New church faces WEST - old  
church faced South.]



MEMORANDA OF THE  
MCINTOSH FAMILY\*

This is a short crude sketch of the ancestors of our people as I have been able to collect them, mostly from memory, as told to me by my parents and what I could gather from history reading.

As the records of the families that migrated West were taken when the oldest families moved to the western states before I was able to care or think of reading them, and as I have lived through periods of our country's history when other objects were preeminent in my life; namely, the struggle for things that were indispensable for our existence through three wars in which our country was involved with several depression periods interspersed, which made it impossible for a man of very limited means to obtain sufficient records of former ancestors. I beg to submit the following short sketch, which I am satisfied is correct, as far as it goes.

With apologies,

Alexander McIntosh

\* Written in Pawtucket, R.I., November 1933 while visiting my daughter Edith McIntosh Coburn.

## Early Family History

My great-grandparents sailed from the Isle of Skye in Scotland in the year 1772: Alexander and his wife Mary, and their two little sons Neill and John, bound on the long journey to America by sailboat. Another son, Alexander, was born during the voyage. He was my grandfather.

After five months of sailing they landed on the shores of North Carolina. They then proceeded to investigate the country to the west of the landing site, and located on a tract of land a hundred miles from the sea, in what is now Moore County, eight miles west of Carthage, the Moore County seat. They located a home site and made temporary necessities for protection from weather and other things in the uninhabited country. My great-grandfather, I have been told by my parents, went back to the landing place for some household goods that had been shipped to them. He was taken sick while there and died.

My great-grandmother was thrown upon her own resources with three small boys in a strange and sparsely populated country. We can only imagine the hardships she had to undergo.. It took nerve and rugged resolution. She braved the situation alone with her three boys for a time, we have no record of how long, until she procured some slaves and supervised the arrangement of the lands which she had procured from the government for agriculture, which in that day must have been a very difficult task. She must have had reasonable success considering the crude conditions of the country at that time, not yet considered wholly civilized, and settled by peoples from different countries in Europe. In that

section of North Carolina the people were mostly from Scotland, with scattering native tribes of Indians over the country.

To digress from the main intent of the subject of this text and refer to other settlers at that time, I will refer to the Jackson's in particular, who at about the same period settled about eight miles south of where my great-grandparents settled. The names of their two sons were Samuel and William. They reared families on a homestead on little Juniper Creek ten miles southwest of Carthage, near what is known today as Raleigh Road. Other families who settled about the same period were: Kelly's, McKaskill's, McCrimmon's, McQueen's, McLeod's, Morrisson's, McLean's, McNair's, McDonald's, McFadyen's McDougald's, and McIver's.

About the year 1800 my great-uncle Neill married Miss Jackson, daughter of William Jackson, and about 1804 my grandfather Alexander married Mary Jackson, daughter of Samuel Jackson. William and Samuel, as I have stated, were brothers.

My great grandmother had three sons, the two named above, and John\* who never married. He died in young manhood and is buried in what is known as the Scot Burying Ground on the Old Stage Road leading from Cartage to Troy seven miles west of Carthage. His grave is marked with an old Sand Clay marker cut by an old pioneer Sculptor.

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\* According to Mr. Alex this John was the strong man John McIntosh who it is said carried a 500 pound stone marker to the grave single handed there being no other means to transport the rock from the cart to the grave.

## The Mississippi McIntosh's

After talking to Allen's father and corresponding with his father's sister, Mrs. Lulu Garner of Wister, Oklahoma, I have gathered the following facts concerning the Mississippi branch of the clan McIntosh.

According to George William McIntosh, his father was George Washington McIntosh, born in Moore County, S.C. in 1818. George Washington McIntosh married Susanna Ritter, daughter of John and Mary Ritter also of Moore County. She was born in 1830. To this union several children were born. Allen's father, George William did not know how many, although he could name several. His sister Lulu also named several. George William was the youngest child and Lulu the next to the last. She is 70 years old and he is 68. Excluding these two who are the last ones living Aunt Lulu named Ruth, John, Martha, Neill, Mary, Alex and Jack. Allen's father said she omitted William, Asa, Spink and Wesley\* (The names Asa, Jack and Sam appear in the Neill line, William died in Civil War, and Jack at Gettysburg. Spink and Wesley sound like Ritter names. Since neither Grandfather or Aunt Lulu had ever seen their oldest brothers and sisters a mixup is very probable)

The family settled at Terry, Mississippi, below Jackson. It was there that Allen's father was born. Later the family moved to Lee County. George Washington died in 1885 and Susanna died in 1900. Both are buried at the Shiloh cemetery near Eggville, Miss.

George William, Allen's father was born at Terry, Miss. in 1870. He married Bulah Grissom of Red Bay, Alabama. She is buried at Oak Grove Cemetery near Ratliff, where they spent their early married years together. To them were born Allen (1893), Addie (1894), Willie Mae (1896?...1908?), Anna (1900), Sherman (1899), Ruby (1910-1928). Later George William married again and another daughter, Frances (Mrs. Sumner Carpenter) was born in 1923.

With the exception of Neill, all of George William's brothers settled in Texas. Alex, I was told, went first to Oklahoma, and later to Texas. His sister Lulu, who claims kinship with our Vice President, John Nance Garner, remained in Oklahoma although her husband went back to Texas and died there.

Neill had only one daughter, who lives on his farm near GunTown, Miss. and takes care of her mother. She married a DeVon and their children are grown. Neill died of Blood poison soon after he married. Aunt Della died in 1937.

.....July 23, 1936  
Gertrude E. McIntosh

\* They are listed in old letter Duane copied for us

\* I also have letters from Alex and Lulu

Neill and his wife had four sons and two daughters born to them, John, Samuel, Duncan, and George Washington\*, Martha, who married William Seawell, and Nancy who married Matthew Davis. Alexander and Mary had four sons, William, Duncan, Daniel, and Neill, and two daughters Christian and Peggy. All of the sons and their families except my father and his family moved West. Neill and Duncan settled in Alabama, Daniel in Texas, Christian, who married Duncan Black who was killed in the Civil War, moved to Mississippi after said war. My father settled on the old homestead of my great-grand mother, above mentioned as part of the lands purchased by her from the Colonial Government on arrival to the North American Continent in the State of North Carolina in the first years of 1770's.

My grandfather was the youngest of the three sons, and as I have stated before, he was born during the voyage coming to America. I have been informed by my mother that he grew to be a good Christian man, always held family worship, and of course was of the Presbyterian faith as were almost all who came from Scotland at the time.

William Jackson McIntosh, my father, married Margaret Smith in the year 1840. He was by trade a blacksmith, and worked on farming tools such as plows and wagons, and tools of steel and iron which were used on the farms. He also owned a farm which the family worked with two slaveswomen which my grandfather did not dispose of before his death. These slaves worked on the farm with the family until the outbreak of the Civil War, when my father sold them. He was a good peaceable man in the community, always attending to his own business, taking no part whatever in neighborhood disputes. He was a strict and moral man, had no bad habits, and never used profane language, nor would he allow any of his family to use it if he knew about it while they were under him. He would reprove his children in a mild but effective manner., and never had any real trouble in controlling his children. His family consisted of three daughters, Elizabeth, Mary Ann, and Martha Jane; and three sons, Alexander, Hohn, and Neill. Elizabeth married Linza Moore and moved to Mississippi in 1850, and in after years moved to Texas. Mary Ann married Malcom Morrison about the year 1860, but he only lived about two and one half years after the marriage. Later she married John Dowd. Their children live mostly in the area of Ben-Salem Church in the northwestern part of Moore County, N.C. Martha Jane married Hohn Monroe, a shoemaker by trade. He died in 1876, leaving her with two sons and two daughters at Wadesboro, Anson County, where she died in 1916. Her oldest son William, and her oldest daughter, married and left children, but both died young. Her two youngest children, James and Laura live near Wadesboro and Albemarl. My next oldest brother never married, but died about the year 1923. My youngest

\* Allen's and Sherman's grandfather

brother Neill, lives on the old home place, the birth place of my father and all his children.

I was born December 1, 1852 during a period in American history when all of our people were faced with great trouble. The Civil War which began in 1860 brought great sorrow to both the North and the South; and the South being conquered, of course suffered most from the aftermath which necessarily follows war.

The distress and demoralization which followed the war drew my attention to conditions in my own life. All of the systems of government were out of gear, and it was difficult for the youth of the day to get much help for the future. The school systems of the South were completely annihilated, as the schools had disbanded during the war, and after the war it took several years to get in order financially to re-organize. Consequently boys and girls of my age had a hard time to get any preparation for future life either as to property or education. There was no state aid for schools for several years. In the first of the 70's I got \$2.00: that was the first aid from the state I ever received.

My father was a fair scholar for that day, and he was interested in my instruction, and took time off the start me in the rudiments of school books available, until I was old enough to attend the neighborhood subscription school. In many respects this subscription school was inferior to my father's teaching.

When I was in the teens I attended an "old field school" six miles from home. The road leading to it was no more than a cow path through fields and across creeks, ditches, swamps, and fences. The school was taught by an old Scot, Hector McKinzie, who was a surveyor as well as teacher. He taught until the school burned down, about two months. There was no one to celebrate except the teacher and me the next morning. As he arrived on the scene some time before I did, he conceived in his mind that the perpetrator was an enemy to himself. and the idea had brought to the surface all the ire contained in his non too pocus heart. I will try to explain how things looked when I arrived on the scene. The teacher, was a man about fifty five to sixty years old and somewhat stoop-shouldered. Considerable smoke was rising from the site where the schoolhouse had stood, and my eye caught the teacher sitting against a blackjack waiting for some one to come on the scene to whom he could give vent to his feelings. Profane words poured out against the perpetrator, and he told of the punishment he had in store for him if he could get sufficient proof, which I doubted. He knew all the cuss words in the English language, and he used them perfectly.

The above is written to kindly convey the conditions under which I obtained my very limited education. I attended these little schools (about 2 - 4 months each year) until I was sufficiently advanced to enter high school.

Securing secondary education was almost as difficult as securing my primary schooling. There were no high schools near enough to us to permit me to board at home, so I rented



a room in the suburbs of Carthage and attended school there for one session. Then as a school had been established within 3 or 4 miles of my home #, I stayed home the next two years, and then attended at Jackson Springs, N.C. Then I applied for a certificate to teach in public rural schools, which was easy to obtain after standing a 3-day examination at Carthage Court House conducted by Professors W.J. Stewart of Carthage school, McLeod of Wilmington School, and A.J. Worthy, lawyer.

.....  
#Mr. Alex. showed us where the old school stood, and we had a drink of water from the spring. The water tasted terrible.  
.....

My first school was at Popular Ridge, Moore County, in a new settlement where the children were all beginners, and where I taught five months in the year for 3 years. I taught next at Bethlehem Academy a short term each for two years, and at several different places in the County covering a period of about 10 years from 1874 on.

In the meantime, on the first day of 1873 I married Elizabeth Puene Hancock, who's father was our nearest neighbor. Though she was only seventeen years old when we were married she was the greatest inspiration of my life. She, being reared on a farm, was trained to home work by an intelligent and well educated mother in the arts of homemaking; traits in the economy of homemaking my wife inherited and emulated all of her life. She was very efficient in the welfare and training of her children, which she made her life work. She was God-fearing, and spent much time instructing our children in the importance of serving God every day. She was smart and industrious as long as she was able to move about. There were 12 children, nine of which we were able to rear to man and womanhood. We started without any income, and at a time when the country was torn and devastated by war, and when it was doubly hard for a young couple to rear a large family, but she made very little complaint and strived the harder to keep her children comfortable and from want of clothing and other necessities. She was always respected and loved by her neighbors, and above all she was truthful. In all the 53 years of our married life I never thought she told me an untruth. She was as brave as any woman I ever knew, and did not fear any thing that came along, but instead tried to ward it off as best she could.

Teachers were paid very small salaries, and when some of the children became old enough to work, I went to hard manual labor working turpentine and farming on a small scale in order to support my family. After several years I was offered the position of overseeing the grading on a railroad: the Norfolk and Southern running parallel for some distance with the course of Deep River. I moved the family to a cotton mill on the road near my work. I was fairly successful for three years on that job, until my wife was stricken with Malarial fever and we knew we had to leave. I made arrangements to wind up my work, and the railroad offered me a job with a good salary. I had to refuse.



We moved to Roberdell Mill in Richmond County, near Rockingham, and bought us a home. We moved there the 27th day of December, 1899 and have lived there ever since. My wife died on the 18th of October 1931, which broke up my home. My children are all married except Clark, who's work has kept him away from home since he returned from the World War. Horace and Monty died since the close of the War. Both left families.

The most trying period of my life was after Elizabeth died. The future looked blank, though my children were exceptionally kind, and willing to help in every way. They have been my greatest comfort, helping me in every way they can to make my life worth living. The old home place at Roberdell and the memories and incidents connected with it, tho we saw much sickness and deaths during the 30 years we lived there, is still the most sacred to my memories of any place in this world.

We have little record of my wife's ancestors farther back than grandparents. They came from Virginia to North Carolina, two brothers, John and William Hancock, and settled on Deep River on the land known as Glen Mills, formerly Hancock Mills in the years before the Civil War owned by the Hancocks. John was my wife's father: Her grandfather's name was John. Her father said they came from Ireland and were Scotch-Irish in origin; evidently they are partly Irish because their descendants resemble the Irish very much. My wife's mother was Nancy Short, partly reared on Governor's Creek, N.C. eight miles east of Carthage. Her grandparents moved to Moore County some years before the Civil War.

Little else is known of more remote ancestors. They owned farms and slaves before the Civil War. They were educated and likable citizens, but they are either all dead or have moved away from these parts.

The Hancock's, William and John, my wife's grandfather and grand uncle informed her that they were descendants of John Hancock of Revolutionary fame, who's name is first on the Declaration of Independence, and whom King George excepted when he told the colonies during the war that they could lay down their arms and return to their homes, and he would give them full rights to their citizenship in the colonies, which they had forfeited in the rebellion, except John Hancock, who (he said) should be beheaded.

-----  
(# Told to me by Alex on way to cemetery

Our Children in June, 1936)

Ellis E....Roberdell farmer, lived next door to Alex, and brought him his meals after Elizabeth died.

William Rufus..Physician in Rockingham. His wife Pearl and Alex went with us to Scot cemetery. Their son Bill, plans to study medicine.

Lenore Agnes Wicker.. Married Presbyterian minister: lives at Gulf, N.C.

Horace... deceased. Rockingham shoe merchant, left 5 children

Clark.....Served in World War, unmarried.

Monty C....Deceased: two children near Hamlet.

Arthur T...Roberdell farmer: wife teaches: two children in High school

Annie G. Murtagh..Married W.W.Vet., stationed Norwich, N.Y.

Edith E. Cowburn..Married W.W.Vet., Pawtucket, R.I.

Odelia, Curtis, Joseph.. died in infancy.

My greatest problem, when my children were getting up in their teens, was how I could support them and give them a fair education with my limited financial circumstances. I took for my occupation a job in the mill (dye works), and worked my children at different periods while some of them attended school. My job though went on without breakoff for sixteen years, and during that time ~~I was for~~ my children attended high school and recieved training to compare with the average of that day. School facilities by that time had greatly improved since my own school days when I was forced to pick up bits of education under trying circumstances and conditions. We also tried to train our children in good morals and religion, as as to our success along that line, the people among whom they mingle will be the judges.

### My Mother

My mother was Margaret Smith before her merraige. She was the daughter of Samson Smith, who was born and raised in South Carolina. When he had grown to manhood, he came to North Carolina where he obtained the position of farm overseer (as it was called in slave days) with General Dowd on his slave plantation on the waters of Deep River in Moore County. In later years he married General Dowd's daughter. The Dowd's were generally public men in the affairs of local and state government years before the war between the states and for years after. Several were lawyers by profession. Clement Dowd, who after the war moved to Charlotte, was the father of W.C.Dowd present editor of the Charlotte-News and first cousin of my mother.

My mother lived until I was 38 years of age dying in the year 1893. In my boyhood she, like all good God fearing women and loving mothers, never tired of trying to direct her children in the paths of righteousness and right-living. I can never call to memory when she did not reproach us of all acts which she thought questionable, but did so in a quiet and loving way and in a spirit of love at which we all marveled.

### Incidents I Remember after the Close of the War

When General Lee surrendered at Appomattox on the 9th day of April. 1865, General William T. Sherman, Federal Commander, was invading the South in command of a large number of Federal troops and laying waste to the South as he went. He turned his forces and began his march toward Washington. When he reached Raleigh, he decided to go into camp and rest his army before proceeding farther. He decided to dispose of most of his stock of mules and horses. Many North Carolina farmers were free to lease these animals, I suppose with an agreement to turn them back to the government if called for, but as I recall, not many, if any, were demanded.

So while the yankee army was there, I a boy of eleven, went with my brother-in-law, John Dowd, and John Monroe, a boy about eighteen, to Raleigh to get stock, and while there I (at the age to want to see all incidents that go with the army) very deliberately took the privilege of walking over the camp grounds, and the soldiers would ask me questions and talk about the country. While I was walking around, I noticed several men standing looking at a pine tree. I heard one of them say, "Call the boy and see if he knows." I told them it was a lizzard hanging on the body of the tree. Apparently none of them had ever seen a lizzard before. The soldiers treated us courteously the several days we stayed, as we had arrived several days before they were ready to do business. Monroe and I went home driving an unusually large horse hitched to a one-horse wagon. We proceeded to the Haw River above where the Railroad crosses east of Moncure, and found that all bridges had been destroyed. We stopped at a farm and were told we might ford the river if we knew the route. A man said he would go with us in a little boat and show us the way. In the middle of the stream, which was flush, the horse bucked on us, and a colored man lead him to shore for us.

### My Visit to Rhode Island

In the fall of 1933 I visited my daughter Edith and her family in Pawtucket, R.I., and wrote this sketch while I was there. She and her husband, Ralph Cowburn, carried me over most of the historical places and cities in Mass., and through the Catskill Mountains in the northern part of New York State. In these mountains we visited the place where tradition says Rip van Winkle took his long nap of twenty years, a popular story in my boyhood days. We visited Plymouth, a city of 12,000 inhabitants and the resting place of Miles Standish ~~the~~ warrior of the Mayflower who brought the first settlers to the famous landing place in New England. The home of Standish is also there and the Rock is still to be seen, though now it is fenced in to protect it from vandals who would chip off souvenirs. I recalled to mind conspicuous names of early colonists; Miles Standish, Pricilla, and John Alden, who married, and lived and died in the early colony. One story of the day attracted my attention was an incident in the life of Pricilla connected with a trip to Alden's home to visit his people. The roads were rough and they put a blanket on John's white ox, and put Pricilla on him to ride, and all the other guests walked. We visited Provincetown on the extreme eastern point of Cape Cod which is the most eastern point of land on the Atlantic Coast; also Boston, scene of the famous tea party of Revolutionary days. The New England coast is rough and rugged. The inland cities are beautiful, clean, and well-kept: they show the pride and good taste of the inhabitants. Attleboro in the western part of the State, is a great jewelry manufacturing town. It is said more jewelry is made there than in any other city in the U.S. Broomfield, east of Attleboro has the largest shoe factory in the world.

On Narragansett Bay I visited Mount Hope which is the site of the home of King Phillip, Chief of the Indian Tribes, and

supreme in New England when the first white settlers arrived. His were the most warlike of all indian tribes in North America. There is a bridge being constructed across the neck of the bay near the mountain in the last few years. It is 180 feet above the water. The country along the highway in the part of the state is thickly populated: it seemed as if we passed through cities all the way. I saw the grave of Massasoit, another great Indian chief, which has a stone marker and inscription in a dialect which I did not know a word of.

Not far away I saw the old home and birthplace of Nathaniel Green. It was his army of brave americans who crippled the great army of Lord Cornwallis at the battle of Guilford Courthouse in Guilford, North Carolina on the 15th of March 1781, so that Cornwallis hurried back to Yorktown to surrender to George Washington.

### Why the Scots left Scotland

When the government of Great Britain became so oppressive in the sixteenth century as to dictate to its subjects the sacrifice of their creeds and their own opinions as to the worship of God, and then to decree that all its subjects should come under the creed dictated by the state to the people, the Presbyterians of Scotland, and many other creeds of Europe began to migrate to America where they could worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience. It was mostly Presbyterians of Scotland who settled in the bordering counties of North and South Carolina, and their descendants still almost exclusively inhabit the section. We cannot find a more loyal or contented people in our country or church, than these Scotch Presbyterians of Moore, Lee, Cumberland, Hoke, Scotland, Marlboro, Richmond, Anson, Union, Mecklenburg, and bordering counties. They are good Samaritans when conditions demand, and the string hangs from their door to a weary traveler on his way.

Their ancestors were the framers of the Constitution which assures equal rights to all its subjects, together with the privilege of worship God according to the dictates of our own conscience, and no one dares molest us or make us afraid.

There is no section of the country as congenial and peace loving as the section named above, free from racketeering and outlawery, and many other things one could name allowed to exist in other parts of America, almost without a restraining voice raised in protest.

.....

Thus I have recorded the notes of Alexander McIntosh exactly as he had them typewritten in his manuscript, together with his phrasiology and spelling. The only thing I have added were paragraph titles to help me find notes in his data to compare with notes I have gathered at the Library of Congress.

G.E. McIntosh

2/27/63

MY Own Notes on Scot Cemetery July 20. 1936

The McIntosh's are buried on the south side of the cemetery and slightly to the left of the center. Each family is in a group, with some space separating it from the adjoining plot. Alex's family is just to the left of ours, and as I recall the Kelly family is south of Alex's plot. I do not recall any family being south of our plot.

In our plot there are three rows of graves. John McIntosh is in the north row, his grave marked by a red-clay native sandstone with a crudely carved inscription. One would need a wire brush and a piece of chalk to remove the moss and trace the letters in order to read what was inscribed there. (This could be the original John from Scotland who never married). About the center of the middle row lies Neill with Mary his wife to the east of him. Nancy is west of Neill and in the same row. William Seawell, who married Neill's daughter Martha is in the third row south of her mother. There were other markers falled over, and a few markers of pine slab. Seveal inscriptions stated the person was born in Mississippi.

Alex  
McIntosh

Neill  
McIntosh

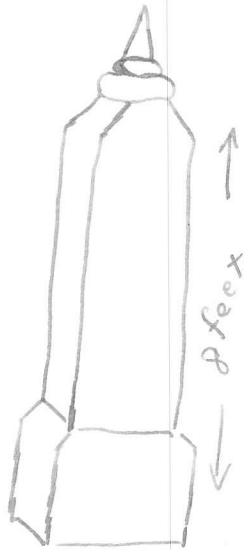
Kelly

.....  
Arrangment of Plots

Mr. Alex put up a modern stone marker about 8 feet high and 2 feet square to mark his brother John's grave. It is the only one of its kind there and easily seen through the trees.

It must be remembered that the cemetery is over 100 years old, and great trees have grown up between and about the graves. These are holly, cedar, and live oaks with a diameter of 2 feet or more. Every kind of marker is used and both head and foot of the grave is marked. The headstone inscription faces the foot of the grave, while the McI on the footstone faces the headstone. All footstones are marked McI. The inscriptions are crudely chisedled in early markers, then in what I call the middle period they seem to be in script, and the last ones are printed much as we do today. The early chiseddling paid no heed to spacing of letters or words: thus when the carver came to the edge of the stone the next letter follows on the next line. A storm was coming up fast so I did not hav time to copy any of these interesting inscriptions.

# Arrangement in plots



\* Alex's Br. John  
McIntosh

[EASY to spot in woods]

John - NATIVE RED SANDSTONE

NANCY

NEILL

MARY

MATTHEW

WILLIAM

SEAWELL

NEILL MCINTOSH PLOT  
[ALSO OTHER GRAVES]

## Inscriptions

When Allen and I visited the old Scot Cemetery in June 12, 1936 as the guests of Alexander McIntosh and Mrs. Rufus McIntosh, his daughter-in-law, I took time to copy these inscriptions from several markers in the Neill McIntosh Plot. Mr. Alex knelt on the Pine needles beside me as I copied line for line the following:

Sacred  
to the memory of Neill McIntosh  
was born Old Christmas 1772  
Scotland in the Isle of Skye  
and died the 29th of June 1846  
age 74 years 5 months and 23 days

Nancy  
wife of Matthew  
Davis and daughter  
of Neill McIntosh  
born June 6 1812  
d. Jan 5 1856

Mary  
relict of  
Neill McIntosh  
born Aug. 26, 1782  
died May 29, 1855  
age 72 years  
9 months 3 days

William Seawell  
b. Sept 25 1815  
d. Mar 7 1860  
age 44 years 5 mo 11 days

Most of the markers are tall narrow white marble slabs about two inches thick: they are 2 to 4 feet wide and 4 to 6 feet tall. The wider ones have more words per line than do the narrow ones.



According to your grandfather, G.W.McIntosh, of Miss., George Washington McIntosh was a "wagoneer" during the Civil War. The wagoneer and his team moved artillery. In wet weather when "the bottom dropped out of roads" field pieces sank to their muzzles and double and triple teams and many men had difficulty in moving them.

\*See story of Burnside's Mud March along Rappahannock, Jan 1863. The Confederate army on the other side of the same river was also in the same mud and both armies built corduroy roads in order to get out. Burnside lost command for this little venture and Gen. Hooker was given command.

Your Grandfather did not know which battles George Washington McIntosh was in. Allen says it was very likely Vicksburg. <sup>Ag</sup>