

# IN DEFIANCE



THE MACBRAIR FAMILY ASSOCIATION  
McBRAYER / BRIER / MAKBRAR

VOLUME 8, NO. 1

JANUARY 1997



## From the Chief ●●●●●●●●●●

The Joyous Season of Thanksgiving, Christmas, ( Boxing Day if you want to celebrate a Scottish holiday) and New Year's are over and we're "back to auld claes and porridge" as we wait for the long winter to leave and spring once again to break forth. The words in quotes are a Scottish saying. "Claes", pronounced *klaze*, are clothes and the saying means a return to normality after a period of celebration.

It is time for dues again for those that pay on an annual basis. Quite a few have already sent in their dues for 1997; THANK YOU! Dues are, of course, important for the family association. What are they used for? The main expenditure is for the newsletter which means printing, envelopes, labels, printing supplies and postage. In addition to this is registration for our incorporation in the State of Georgia, bank fees and some additional postage for correspondence. Nobody in the family is reimbursed for work they do, for computer time and maintenance, or for telephone, fax or

e-mail charges. We expect that there will be some charges that we will have to pick up for the upcoming family reunion in June. The amount depends upon the participation of our members.

On the mailing envelope, you can determine the status of your dues as recorded in our files. There is a number/letter such as "96A", "96S" or "L". The number indicates the year dues are paid for and the letter lists the class of membership as shown on the dues notice sent with this newsletter. If there is any question regarding your dues, please let me know.

Due to some problems with scanning and inserting photographs in the newsletter, no photos are included this time. I hope this will be resolved by next issue. I am sure that the computer buffs in the family will understand how these so-called inanimate objects sometimes seem to have minds of their own.

Chief Bob



## To Our New Members

We welcome two new members in this issue.

*Toni E. Samaniego* (M 454/4, 7th) lives in Mansfield, TX. She

is the daughter of William Mosley and Neta Evans McBrayer. She joined after learning of the Association at the Texas Reunion last Labor Day.

*Melinda Dennis*, her husband Michael and son live in Richardson TX. Melinda is the great-great-granddaughter of Elizabeth Ann McBrayer Curry (M 11/13, 3rd). Those who attended the last National Reunion in Dallas will remember Melinda for the treasure trove of family mementos she has from her grandmother's home. She planned to share some of those items with us, but due to a bout with cancer (she says it is now under control), the death of her father and the birth of her son, she has just now been able to get back to that task. We certainly can look forward to seeing some interesting items highlighting the families early days in Texas.



## INTERESTING BOOKS

Some more books that may interest you:

Collins Pocket "Scots Dictionary", Harper Collins Publishers, Glasgow, 1996. This is a fascinating little book (the saying on the first page came from it). It is described in the introduction as a dictionary of living Scots. By that "living" means the words or terms are defined in current everyday spoken or written use, or are readily familiar to the Scottish people. "Scots" is the language of Germanic origin spoken by most Scots which is neither standard British English or slang. Covered is everyday language; official and technical terms; literary Scots; a brief history of Scots, the dialect; vocabulary and pronunciation hints. There are so many words we share, but the meanings may be quite different. For

example, "bummer" in American slang is something that is not good; in Scots, "heid (head) bummer" in informal speech is someone who holds a position of power or authority and "bum (something) up" is to claim that it is very good or to be better than it really is. Be sure that this book will be referred to often.

"Rob Roy MacGregor - His Life and Times" by W. H. Murray, Richard Drew Publishing Ltd., London, 1982, Canongate Press Ltd., Edinburgh, 1993, reprinted twice 1995. On the cover of the book is a notation "The book that inspired the film". While that may be, the book and film share little other than the main characters. The film severely distorts the story of Rob Roy. The book is very well referenced to official documents and books. Of particular interest to us as a family is that Rob Roy lived (1671-1734) at the time our ancestors probably left Scotland. The normal life of people is explained in some detail. Rob Roy was considered an outlaw much of his active life and he was forbidden to use his own last name. He was known as Rob Campbell. The book is very readable and information from the book will be used in later articles in *IN DEFIANCE*.

"The Myth of the Jacobite Clans" by Murray G.H. Pittock, Edinburgh University Press Ltd., Edinburgh, 1995. This is a history book for historians and is not an easy read. It assumes that one is very familiar with both English and Scottish history. Never the less, if you wade through it you can pick up a lot of information about the conflicts in Scotland in the 1700's between the religious and political factions. There may be a clue here also why our family left Scotland. Between this book and the one on Rob Roy, you could draw the conclusion told by the Editor's grandfather (see Vol. 6, No.3) regarding horse theft and/or religious problems as the reason for leaving Scotland could well be true. Stock theft was a way of life in Scotland at the time and there were religious conflicts.

“Scotland - Myths & Legends” by Beryl Beare, Parragon Books Ltd, Bristol, UK, 1996, U.S. edition by Chartwell Books, Edison, NJ. This is a small “coffee table” book full of beautiful pictures all around Scotland with brief stories of the myths and legends. The book is divided into the various sections of the country. The following Lowland Legend is repeated as an example of what the book contains:

*The Secret Recipe for Heather Ale*  
from the Mull (headland) of Galloway, Dumfries & Galloway

“The last home of the Picts was the lonely Mull of Galloway coast. They were very fond of ale, which they brewed from heather - the recipe being handed down from father to son with great secrecy.

After their final battle with the Scots, only two Picts survived, a father and a son. They were brought before the King of Scots who wanted to learn the secret of heather ale. When he threatened him with torture, the father - who feared his weaker son would reveal the secret - told the king he must kill his son before he would give him the recipe.

After the youth had been put to death, the father cried out that the king could do with him as he wished, for he would never hear the secret from his lips. And so the secret of heather ale seems to have died with the last of the Picts.

However, a similar recipe may have survived until recently in the Shetlands. An old woman there remembered being sent out at four o'clock on a summer morning as a child, to gather the green heather tops for a 'special' reason. Unfortunately, she no longer remembered what that special reason was!”



*“When you steal from one author, it is plagiarism; if you steal from many, it's research”*

Wilson Mizner 1876-1933

## **FAMILY MEMBER NEWS**

*Jim* (M 335/1, 8th) and *Bonnie McBrayer* are still on the trail with their RVICS (Roving Volunteers in Christ's Service) work. They were commissioned as project leaders in the fall and are now deciding if they should accept a project as leaders. During September and October, they worked in Illinois putting an addition on both sides of a lodge. Because they were there for such a long time, they were able to see a project completed. While they are on a special project team that does not schedule the women to work, Bonnie says they usually find something to do. Until the end of February they will be in Smithville, Texas, first at a RVICS Village working on an addition to the meeting hall. When that is finished, the men will go down the road a few miles and put up a building at a boys camp. Their next project is uncertain; there is a possibility that they will head up a project next. Bonnie reports that their latest medical checkup gave good reports. They plan to go to the RVICS 20th Anniversary in Kansas City the 9-13th of June with hopes then on to the MacBrair Family Reunion in Chambersburg.

*Patricia Ann McBrayer* (M 351/5, 9th, daughter of Chief Bob and Betty McBrayer) was married to Patrick Jude Harshman, son of James Harshman and Mrs. Marylou Killian, on December 30, 1996 at the Brazilian Room in Tilden Regional Park on the outskirts of Berkeley, CA. Patricia was attended by her sister Ann Miazgowicz, and Patrick was attended by his brother Chris Harshman. Patricia and Patrick are both graduates of the University of Florida and the University of California - Berkeley. Patricia has a Master's Degree in Architecture and is employed by Seidel, Holzman, San Francisco as a Project Architect. Patrick has his Doctorate in Electrical Engineering and is employed as a Product Manager at Harmonic Lightwaves, Sunnyvale. Their home is in San Francisco.

The Editor's apologies go to *Garnet Sherman* (M 370-1/6E, 8th) whose name was omitted from the caption to the picture on page 6 of the last issue. Garnet is in the front row between Karen King Dubish, her niece, and Eugene King, her brother.

Garnet writes that she and her husband Richard are animal lovers and animal rights activists. They do not believe in buying dogs, but they rescue them from shelters. One of their current dogs is a West Highland White, Missy, a beautiful and friendly little dog. Until 1995 when they lost him when he was past age fifteen, they had a Cairn Terrier, Spirit, who traveled about 100,000 miles with them. While both of these dogs are of Scottish heritage, they are not partial, they also have a toy French poodle and a Shih Tzu.

## ⊕ **GEORGE FRANKLIN McBRAYER, JR.**

*George Franklin McBrayer Jr.* (M 127/1, 7th), 75, of Phoenix, a retired Carnation Dairy milk processor, died January 5, 1997. George had been in a nursing home for the past two years as a result of a long term illness involving his kidneys. He was born August 8, 1921 in New Albany, MS and was a World War II Navy veteran. He is survived by his wife, Alma; daughter Georgeann; sons Cleve Lee and Dave F.; and four grandchildren. His Memorial Service was held at Eastside Baptist Church in Phoenix with Pastor Steve Beck officiating. George was cremated and his ashes are interred at the Phoenix Memorial Cemetery. While he did not know George, family association member *Arthur McBrayer* (M 29-6, 8th) attended the memorial service. He reports that about 50 people were in attendance, many of them former co-workers who spoke highly of him as did members of the church. Also in attendance was *Hazel McBrayer*, the widow of Hugh Thomas McBrayer (M 154, 7th).

## **1997 NATIONAL FAMILY REUNION**

As announced in the last two issues of *In Defiance*, the Family Association National Reunion is scheduled for the weekend of June 20-22, 1997 in Chambersburg, PA. Planning is continuing and while it was expected that a full program would be ready for this issue, Murphy's Law triumphed again. A Special Issue of *In Defiance* will be sent out as soon as possible with details. If you know of family members who are not members of the family association, but who may be interested in attending the reunion, please inform Chief Bob and the special newsletter will be sent to them. We welcome all the family, be they members of the association or not.

The headquarters location will be Wilson College which has suitable meeting rooms, lodging and dining facilities available for our use. The rooms at Wilson College are dorm type rooms; low cost with no air conditioning. Since some of our members may need air conditioned rooms for health reasons, information will be provided later for local motel accommodations. Further, since some of our members enjoy travel in RVs, three campgrounds have been contacted. One is 5 miles outside of Chambersburg and the other two are in Gettysburg, about 35 miles away.

Events planned to date are placement of memorial plaques in the Old Brown's Mill Cemetery with a picnic the same day, a dinner featuring Mr. Robert Harrison who is an expert on the local history, a short business meeting and hospitality sessions. Available to us will be a large screen TV with VCR. The movies "Rob Roy", "Braveheart", "The Bruce" and "The Battle of Bannockburn" will be shown at the wishes of the group. We also have a video historical series and a travelogue available. The historical series begins with the Romans defeat in 180 A.D., continues through

the rise of the Stewarts and the tragic life of Mary Queen of Scots, and finishes with the evolution of Edinburgh and Glasgow into great cities. You will discover how the past has influenced the present of the land of our forefathers.

The area around Chambersburg is filled with vacation locations such as Gettysburg, Hershey Park, whitewater rafting sites and other battlefields of the War Between the States. Plan your vacation now with the Family Reunion as an integral part.

If you would be interested in assisting the committee during the reunion with tasks such as check-in, accounting and the like, please contact:

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Do you know what Boxing Day is? It is a holiday on December 26 where English traditions prevail. It comes from the custom of giving boxes, which may be tips or other gifts, to servants and tradespeople after Christmas.

## **WARNING!**

In the last issue, members were warned regarding the sham that is "The McBrayer

Family News". Now the same company is offering "The McBrayer Archives" with a return address of "The Family Archives" in Denver. As praise for this report, "The McBrayer Family News - Fall 1966 Issue" is quoted "The McBrayer Archives represents our total knowledge about the McBrayer family - past and present." This means they can send anything they want with the McBrayer name, however incomplete and inaccurate as it may be. The coat of arms on the reduced cover of this report given in the ad, is nothing like our coat of arms, and not even like the sham coat of arms offered by Halbert's.

Suggestion - don't buy it and save your money towards going to the Family Reunion this year.

## ***family tartan available***

*Dr. Duffy McBrayer* (M 97-7, 8th) reports that he has word from Scotland that there is still available our family Dress Tartan in a heavy worsted fabric and our Hunting Tartan in a light weight. Either are available for £ 25 per yard by writing:

The Lady Hillhouse  
Magdalene House  
Lochmaben  
Dumfries DG11 1PD, Scotland

Duffy says that the price is very good compared to others he saw last year when he was there. He had a Dress Tartan kilt made in Dumfries and he would be glad to provide details to anyone interested. Lady Hillhouse has also sent to Duffy a lady's Dress Tartan kilt which was made up but never purchased about 5 years ago. It is made from about 6 yards of material and will fit a woman of medium build about 5'6" tall. The price is \$ 300.00. If you are interested, contact:

Duffy McBrayer  
145 N. Texas Street  
Hereford, TX 79045  
Phone (806) 364-4655

While on the subject of tartan, it might be a good idea to define what is meant by tartan. Both the American Heritage and the Scot's dictionaries agree in the definition of tartan as a distinctive pattern of colored bands and lines which cross each other at right angles. Also they agree that tartan refers to a cloth or garment having such a pattern. Tartans originated in the Highlands and what we see today are usually associated with specific clans even though there is little historical evidence for this. The earliest tartans were colored with whatever natural dyes were available in an area, hence they were area rather than clan tartans. Since most people in an area were, however, of the same clan, the distinction may be moot. Following the failure of the 1745 Jacobite Rebellion, the wearing of the tartan was forbidden as part of an effort to destroy the Highland way of life. Tartan re-emerged in the early 19th century and its use extended into the Lowlands.

Of course we know that tartans are made into *kilts*, pleated skirts now worn by both men and women. Other clothing made from the tartan includes *trews*, close fitting trousers, and *plaids*, long pieces of tartan cloth worn over one shoulder. In the U.S. at least, plaid (rhyming with ad) is what most people associate with the tartan. The plaid (rhyming with laid) in the Scot's sense is a garment. In the old days, the tartan cloth in a long strip served as both the cover over the shoulder and the kilt. It was put on by laying the cloth on the ground, with the wearer then rolling it on and fastening it with a pin then adding a belt at the waist. The plaid also acted as a sleeping bag of sorts when needed. The plaid covered one shoulder so as to free the other for free use of a sword. Kilt comes from an old word meaning to tuck up, which the plaid was into the belt. Women with longer skirts also kilted them up when working in the fields. The kilt was a very practical garment in the Highlands where there were a lack of roads and bridges. It was easier to clean, or at least dry mud and

water from the legs than it would have been with cloth. It can also be added that shoes or boots were not a common garment for the early rugged Highlander.

## ROBERT THE BRUCE

Last issue told the story of The Bruce's heart and mentioned that his bones are buried at Dumferline. In his book "Dead Men Do Tell Tales - The Strange and Fascinating Cases of a Forensic Anthropologist", Dr. William R. Maples gives more of the story abstracted below:

"On February 17, 1818, a large tomb was found on the grounds of Dumferline Abbey. Sandstone slabs concealed a shallow vault, barely 18 inches deep. Fragments of oak and nails and tatters of gold cloth were found around the form of a tall man, encased in lead. Immediately speculation arose that this was the long-lost grave of King Robert the Bruce. The Bruce's death had always remained a mystery, coming only one year after he had forced the English to sign the Treaty of Northampton in 1328 which relinquished their claim on Scotland. He died, apparently in the grip of a mysterious wasting disease, at the age of 55 on June 7, 1329.

The rediscovered grave was hastily closed up again and remained locked and barred until it was officially reopened on November 5, 1819. The lead was peeled back from the limbs and sawed from the skull of the skeleton, which belonged to a man which in life stood about five feet eleven inches tall. The breastbone was split, as if the heart had been forcibly removed after death. The body was examined and an exact cast was made of the skull. The upper jaw was curiously eroded and worn away. The skull cast still reposes at the Anatomical Museum of the Medical School of the University of Edinburgh and copies are at Dumferline Abbey and the Museum of the

Royal College of Surgeons of England in London. The skeleton was then reburied with great pomp and ceremony, and a copy of John Barbour's 1375 epic poem, *The Brus*, was interred with the bones. Most certainly the skeleton was that of Robert the Bruce.

The story did not end with the reburial. The unexpected revelation of the skull enabled the investigators to settle once and for all a rumor about King Robert, put forward by the French chronicler, Jean Le Bel. Le Bel said that King Robert died of *la grosse maladie*, a medieval euphemism for leprosy. The degradation of the upper jaw would be characteristic of one type of leprosy.

The Danish doctor Vilhelm Møller-Christensen began in the 1930s the study of medieval skeletons. Over the years he developed and verified a thesis regarding the effects of leprosy, a deformity he called *facies leprosa*, the "leprous face". In 1968, he examined the skull cast of King Robert and quickly came to a conclusion, King Robert ended his days as a leper."

It must be said that the diagnosis of leprosy is not shared by all historians. Ronald McNair Scott in his book "Robert the Bruce - King of Scots" writes that while medieval writers referred to Bruce's final illness as leprosy, it is highly unlikely because throughout the Middle Ages the segregation of lepers was so strict that even kings were cut off from their fellow men. Bruce continued to his death with his family, including his heir. Scott states that Bruce's symptoms suggest recurrent and increasingly severe attacks of scurvy.

"It will aye be a dirty dub between them." A Scottish Proverb meaning it will always be a point of contention between them.

At least they agree that the bones of Robert the Bruce rest today in honor at Dumferline!



## FAMILY ASSOCIATION OFFICERS

Our Family Association Constitution specifies three year terms for our officers. The officers consist of the Chief (currently Bob McBrayer), the Vice-Chief (currently Terrell McBrayer), the Secretary-Treasurer (Currently Deborah Reiser) and a Director (now vacant). These officers were elected at our last national reunion in Dallas. While the Constitution calls for a 5 person nominating committee from diverse areas, following this procedure became very cumbersome and the current officers were nominated and elected at the reunion. It should be pointed out, however, that those nominated had given prior approval to the nominator. Unless there is some objection submitted to the current officers prior to the reunion, the modified procedure will again be followed. If you wish to nominate someone, please get their approval prior to the call of the meeting at the reunion. If at all possible, we should have two candidates for each office.

## STONE OF DESTINY

Most of you probably know now that the Stone of Destiny, also known as the Stone of Scone has been returned to its home in Scotland after an absence of 700 years (except

for a four month period in 1950 when it was smuggled back by a group of Scottish Nationalists). Its return last November was delayed at Coldstream Bridge because a bomb squad had to check a package left on the English side; it turned out to be an empty shoe box. It then proceeded to the handover ceremony featuring a specially composed tune played by an Army piper. Scottish Secretary Michael Forsyth and the piper then enjoyed a celebratory dram of whisky. The 458 pound block of red-gray sandstone will be displayed in Edinburgh Castle. Scone (rhyming with spoon) is also the name of the village where the stone was the coronation throne of the Scottish kings from 839 until Edward I stole it in his battle with Richard the Bruce.

Interestingly, an old time comic strip "Prince Valiant" concurrently with the return of the Stone, has featured it in the story line. "Prince Valiant" is subtitled "In the Days of King Arthur". Sometime we may explore King Arthur more as to his possible connections in Scotland. In the current comic, the story of the origin of the Stone and its use as a coronation place is related essentially as we know it. But then it veers from history. It has the Stone stolen from the Picts by thieves and the theft is blamed on King Arthur. The Picts began then to raid across Haidrian's Wall in retaliation. Of course this makes a fine story, but it has little to do with the truth.

Not to be confused with the Scone above is the scone (rhyming with own or gone depending where you are) which is a small, rich, biscuitlike pastry or quick bread baked on a griddle or in an oven.

## CIVIL WAR TIMES

During the U.S. Civil War, or the War Between the States if you prefer, members of our family served on both sides of the conflict. Member *Arthur McBrayer* (M 29-6, 8th) has

been researching this period in history, looking for stories of the family. Last summer, he came upon the following story regarding *Solomon McBrayer* (M 371-7, 5th) who served on the Union side. Many members are related to "Uncle Sol" in addition to Arthur. Solomon's younger brothers *James Riley* (M 194-7) and *Lewis Parker* (M 282) also were in the War, Lewis in the same regiment and company. Army Records in the National Archives show that Solomon died on April 13, 1864 at the Regimental Hospital in Louisa, KY. His exact burial place is unknown.

This story is from the book "The Big Sandy Valley - A History of the People and Country From the Earliest Settlement to the Present Time" by William Ely, first published in 1887.

### A CLOSE CALL

In the latter part of the Summer of 1862, the Ohio and Sandy Rivers at Catlettsburg were extremely low. The Sandy at the ford at the Mouth was not over nine or ten inches deep, with a well beaten track, over which teams, horsemen, and even footmen, by stepping from rock to rock, could cross with perfect ease and safety. Catlettsburg at the time was the depot of vast quantities of Government stores, as well as having located a corral, where many government horses and mules were kept to supply sudden demands for horses used by the army of occupation in the Sandy above. At the time the general stores of the place carried large stocks of goods, especially in the line of ready-made clothing. Not a soldier was on hand to guard the Government stores, much less to protect the private property of the town. Ten armed men could have come in and captured the place, including the rich Government treasures.

At about eleven o'clock A. M., on the day indicated, the few persons who happened to be passing up Front Street were attracted by a dense cloud of dust a mile or two distant on the road leading to Ceredo, West Va. By the

time the first observers had called to others to come and look, it was discovered that the great cloud of dust was put in motion by the feet of several hundred horses, whose riders carried the colors of the Southern Confederacy, and wore the gray, the emblematical uniform of that party. From the time the flying dust was first noticed, not more than five minutes had elapsed when it was apparent to all beholders on the banks that a large force of Confederate cavalry in a few minutes would be in Catlettsburg, capturing rich government stores and private booty, and, perhaps, would not stop at carrying away as much stores as they might choose, but would burn the town as well. But when the troopers had come within three hundred yards of the ford over Sandy, all stopped as suddenly as if a thunder-bolt had struck both horse and rider dead. The soldiers remained sitting on their reined-in steeds as if in a short consultation. Their halt or check-up added consternation to the few denizens of the anticipated ill-fated town at the Mouth. The consultation of the troopers was at an end in less than two minutes, when the whole regiment turned about and rode away in the direction from which they came. Both joy and wonder filled the hearts and minds of every beholder who viewed the maneuvers of the troops.

Why they came so near the town with no obstacle to their coming or staying, and why, when within two minutes' ride of all that would gladden the hearts of men half fed and clothed, was a profound mystery, but was made plain within less than twenty-four hours. On the morning in question Solomon McBrayer, a citizen of the Fast Fork country, who had moved into town for a temporary purpose, was living with his family in the old Catlett house, since torn down. McBrayer had persuaded two young men, refugees from Virginia, to accompany him that morning on a squirrel-hunt in the dense forest lying between the Sandy River and Ceredo. Having no guns, they by some device procured each a

government Enfield rifle. The trio walked to Hampton City, an upper suburb of Catlettsburg, crossed the Sandy, and went up to near the upper end of the woods near Ceredo. They were in sight of the troopers as they passed down the road, and the men believing capture, and, perhaps, death would be their fate if they returned to town before the Confederate soldiers had left, and fearful that their lurking-place might be discovered on the return of the troops, concluded to seek a safer retreat, and also one from which they could view the force on its return from sacking Catlettsburg, discovering thereby the result of the raid. They hastened toward Twelve Pole Creek, keeping near the hill which reached from the Sandy to almost Twelve Pole, so they might not be observed. Coming to the Creek, they easily crossed over, and ran up the hill by the residence of Fred. Holden, who was a brother-in-law of Congressman Eli Thayer, who founded Ceredo. Immediately on the top of the hill, or rather cliff, a dense growth of trees and underwood were interlocked, making it impossible for any passer-by on the road, which lay at the foot of the cliff, to see any one within two hundred feet of him.

A soldier living nearly opposite Ceredo, in Ohio, was at home on a furlough, and had his Enfield with him. Seeing the troops passing down in the direction of Catlettsburg, and expecting their return after they had sacked the town, he took up his gun and walked down near the edge of the water in the Ohio River, a dense willow thicket having grown up, and a large pile of drift accumulated in the preceding Spring freshet. Behind the drift-pile he placed himself, and, concealed by the willows, awaited the return of the raiders. They returned much sooner than he had anticipated. When the man took his position in the willow thicket, he intended to fire into the ranks of the soldiers as they passed back on the highway. But when the cavalymen reached a point where at that time stood a large mill, and perceived a road leading down the river bank

(just below Ceredo), they turned in that direction, and kept on to the river for the purpose of watering their horses. The man in the thicket took aim and slew one of the troopers, who fell into the river. Two of his comrades jumped from their horses, hastily raised the dead man from the water, and, placing him before another soldier, the whole party, carrying their comrade with them, scampered away. Ten minutes brought them to the place where Sol. McBrayer and his companions were lying in ambush. Riding in haste, and greatly chagrined at their ill-undertaken expedition, they were not looking for any more danger ahead, as they were beyond the range of a ball from a gun fired from the Ohio shore. But how often is it that the very moment we feel most secure is the one we are in most danger! When the troops were immediately opposite the ambush, the three concealed hunters all fired at once, yelling at the top of their voices to an imaginary main body of troops to come to the front and fire in companies, leaving the impression on the minds of the surprised raiders that a large Union force had collected to cut off their retreat. The men in ambush discovered that two of the fleeing raiders had been wounded by their shots, and news reached Catlettsburg afterwards that they had both died.

The Confederates hastened on to Guyandotte, to meet the frown and receive the rebuke of the colonel of the regiment, who had given strict orders to his men to keep away from Catlettsburg. Many of the men had been recruited in the neighborhood of Guyandotte, and the colonel had permission to go with them there, that the men might visit their families, and procure, if possible, a better outfit of clothing and camp equipage. On the morning of the attempted raid some of the officers and men told the colonel that it would be a good thing to go down to Catlettsburg and sack the town. But the commander forbade it in the most positive terms; "for,"

said he "I have many friends in Catlettsburg, some of whom are Union people, and I can find it in my heart to inflict an injury on them, especially so when it is probable that if we should go down there and raid the government stores, a greater calamity would be visited on us than we might scourge them with." But, the colonel being absent from his command for an hour or so, the restive subordinate officers resolved to go, in disobedience to the order of their chief. On returning to head-quarters the colonel was overwhelmed with anger to find the men away, and, on learning where they had gone, hastily wrote an order, and put it in the hands of a safe courier, mounted on a fleet charger, commanding the messenger to travel with all speed, and, if possible, overtake the men before they reached Catlettsburg; but if not so successful, to go into the town and bring the men away, and to tell them to leave their plunder behind.

Sol. McBrayer, two or three days after these stirring events, went to Louisa and volunteered in the 39th Kentucky Infantry, and a day or two after, while sitting on a dry-goods box, a rusty nail projecting through the wood scratched his thigh, causing a slight abrasion of the skin, producing gangrene, which terminated in his death within twenty-four hours. His widow's pension runs back to the day of his death.

