

Items in genealogy files of Ann Arnold Hennings

Letter from Ann Arnold Hennings to Kathryn Hobday Herbert 19 Jun 1995; letter from Kathryn to Ann 4 April 1995; letter from Kathryn to her sons Page and John; transcription of diary of Dr Thornton T Arnold regarding his experiences in the Civil War; photocopy of obituary of T. T. Arnold; photocopy of marriage announcement for Austin Arnold and Paul Hobday.

Robert Stoy 10 Nov 2020

June 19 '95

Dear Ann,

Please forgive me for being so long in answering your letter, it was good to hear from you. I have been to Kitty Hawk, N.C., Mathews and Maryland and am now catching up on mail etc.

Will enclose what I have on the diary, and the enclosed clippings may help.

Aunt Kate was quite a person in her time!

I was quite young when mama took me to "Willow Hill" and can't remember much more than the "letter" I wrote for the Reunion.

Hope this will help.

Love

Kathryn

April 4, 1995

Dear Kathryn,

I have decided to expand my Arnold genealogy to include family stories, hobbies, occupations, homes, etc. on those who lived in and around Willow Hill. I believe Julia Clews has a small book (perhaps a diary?) that Dr. Tom Arnold carried during the Civil War and I will be contacting her to see if I can get it copied.

Can you tell me if Dr. Tom kept a diary, journal, ledger during the War as well as afterwards when he was a physician in King George? If so, do you know what happened to it/them? Also, do you know how long he was a doctor? Did he hold any official positions in the community or at a church? *I am sure he did, but don't know what.*

I believe there is a story that either you or Julia told me about someone sitting at the piano and seeing the Union troops arriving through a reflection in mirrors on either side of the piano. Can you elaborate on this? Who was it, and which members of the Arnold family had to flee? ^{As} I remember reading about how the Confederate troops traveled back and forth across the Rappahannock to visit their homes.

If there is anything else that you can think of or anyone you think I should contact, please let me know.

Love,

Ann

Rec'd from Kathy
Hobday by 1994

HERBERT

My Dear Page and John,

AUSTINA ARNOLD HOBDAV

KING GEO.
VA

I remember the stories my mother told me when she lived at "Willow Hill", and when I visited there as a very small, little girl. This is where part of our "roots" started and I thought you would like some "memories" also.

To get to King George Court House from Mathews County, we had to go by car and steamer. It was around 120 miles, which was quite a distance then. I remember the special smell of smoke from the boat's stack and the purser gave me a whole stick of chewing gum!

"Willow Hill" was a large farm with orchards of apples, red, green, and yellow. There was an interesting apple press beside one of the buildings with a chute that the juice ran out of to be bottled.

Purple Concorde grapes were one kind that was raised. The house was painted white, weatherboard with tall columns that went from the porch floor to the roof of the second story. A brick walk led from the house to the main road.

I can remember visiting my Grandfather in the summertime and playing around the ice house. This was a small place below the ground with a door and enclosed roof. Sawdust was deep in the bottom.

In the winter the men would cut large blocks of ice from the pond or river and cover them with sawdust. The ice was used for ice cream etc. during the hot weather.

I stood in the doorway and jumped in the sawdust - Fun!

A small building stood adjacent to the main house. This was my Grandfather's office where he treated his patients. There was one large room on the first floor with a room above under the eaves. It was customary that if someone was caught on the highway after dark and could not make it to an inn, they could spend the night in this room.

The story goes that John Brown stayed one night on his infamous trip through the countryside. No one knew who he was!

There were two large mirrors in the parlor at Willow Hill on opposite walls. On facing one of them, the other one showed a clear picture of the walk from the main road. A lovely old rosewood square piano had one of the mirrors above it.

During the Civil War one of the girls was playing and on looking up saw Yankee soldiers coming up the walkway. Several men happened to be home, so she kept on playing and called to them to "run for the woods!" They did! She heard the soldiers knock on the door and they asked to search the house. She told them they could, but first had to sing the "The Bonney Blue Flag" giving the men more time to escape.

DR.
THOMAS T.
ARNOLD

There is a pond on the Willow Hill property which froze over during the cold winters. This was a meeting place for the young folks to skate and have skating parties. They had a big bonfire to warm by.

It must have looked like a Currier and Ives print.

Romance was there also as my ~~Grandfather~~ Hobday who was on a short leave from VPI was invited to skate with the group and met my mother Austina at the pond.

Grandfather Arnold married Mary Randolph Brockenborough June 14th, 1870. She was much loved and died when my mother was 12 to 13 years of age, leaving a saddened family.

Grandpapa married Miss Ella Coghill on June 22, 1894. She was known to us as "Little Birtie". I don't know where the nickname came from.

When I visited her in later years, she had her own house, which was a white two-story built on the Willow Hill property a short distance from the main house. She had been a school teacher - a nice lady!

Later still I went with my father and mother to a reunion at old "Lamb's" church. I really felt as though I had gone back in time.

Cousin Billy Mountjoy was there, a most gracious old Virginia gentleman who insisted that I try the delicious crabs that he had brought to be put on the tables with all the other good things to eat.

Mr. Billy Rose, brother to Nancy Byrd Turner, reminded me of Col. Sanders with his snow-white goatee.

Bishop Roy Mason, mama's good friend, presided and was most impressive in his robes.

I'm so glad that I've had a taste of what a true Virginian gathering was like.

Another day, at another time!

These are my memories of Willow Hill.

My love to you my Sons,

Mother

ALICE CATHERINE (KATHRYN)

HOBDAY

MRS. C. PAGE HERBERT

The fourth year was getting on---and yellow leaf, when that beautiful section of the county between the Blue Ridge and Allegheny Mountains was in the grip of that Yankee General Sherman who was carrying out his boast that when he was done with the Valley of Va, a "crow flying over it would have to carry his rations".

The blacken ruins of a mill here, the smoking remains marking the spot where once stood a fine barn, and ruined fences, destruction every where, bore unmistakable evidence of the thorough manner in which he was carrying out his hellish boast.

The Confederate General Early, was trying to check him in his plan of starving out the woman and children of the Valley, but his Army was inadequate equipped and whilst he would make some minor success it was evident that in the main he was playing a losing game.

These two armies were fighting in the Luray Valley, an arm of the Shenadoah Valley, to soon become evident that General Early was greatly out numbered and he started in retreat. Johnny was a soldier under General Early and in the retreat was with a small detachment, who took advantage of a piece of woods to try to stop the retreat.

Being thus delayed, when we got out of the woods the Yankees were in our rear.

A portion of us took to the Massanutton Mountains and thus escaped capture. The remainder of us tried to get with our Command and were captured and made prisoners.

A few yankees stopped to take charge of the prisoners and the others rushed on.

Among the numbers was a Doctor Parr from----Pa. who was an old Schoolmate of "Johnny's" and recognized him. He soon told "Johnny" that he must hurry up and that if there was anything he could do for him while a prisoner.

Being thanked for his proffered kindness and being assured by "Johnny" that he was alright, galloped off. Among the captured ones was a Capt. Cooper of Norfolk Va, an intimate friend and fraternal brother to "Johnny". The two of course stuck to each other in their transportation.

The prisoners gotten together were started on the march towards the Valley Pike, the prisoners afoot and their guards noticed "Johnny" still had on his spurs, a pair of Texan ones, these attracted the attention of the yank and he had--- application for them, one applicant went so far as to threaten to take them by force, but he made no attempt to carry out his threat. Finally he agreed to let one of his guards, an Irishman, to have them on condition that he might ride his horse. Pat was soon dismounted and his spurs jingling at his heels was a source of great pride, to Pat and a great amusement to his comrades!

Night coming on, halted. In the meantime Captain Bliss, Sheridan's Provost Marshal came up. He seemed to be much more of a gentleman than we expected to have found among the yanks. He expressed regrets at not being able to take better care of us. There were three of us who belonged to the same farternity with him.

To these he offered the privilege of going out to a private house and reporting again next morning, this upon consideration was declined with thanks. We spent an uninteresting night having neither shelter nor grub.

Our only comfort being a small campfire and our pipes.

When we were getting ready to start Pat true to his bargain reported with his horse, for "Johnny" to ride.

On our journey we came to a field of late corn and were allowed to stop and roast some of the ears for our breakfast.

Later we passed an orchard with the apples ungathered, now we were allowed to stop and lay in a supply of the fruit.

Soon after noon we reached the Valley Pike near Mt. Jackson. From here we are to travel by wagon. While waiting for the wagon train and laying down in line, we had some visitors, General Sheridan and Custor passed along and took a look at us. Sheridan was a fair looking man and it seemed strange that he should have such a cruel heart as to wage such a terriable warfare against the woman and children. To a person who became a prisoner it soon was evident that a common yankee soldier had no hatered for the Southern soldier. as the others had, as a general thing, it seemed to be a pleasure to do them a service when it did not conflict with their duties as a soldier or did not violite any orders that had been given by their officers.

A wagon train that had carried supplies up the valley to Sherdian Army was returning empty. The newly captured prisoners were loaded on this train and soon were on their way to Martinsburg. The Captain, "Johnny" and another prisoner with their guards were given a wagon to themselves.

The Guard proved to be a Southern sympathizer and prepared to give us all the information concerning Sheridan movements, the size of his Army etc. that he knew of.

Night comming on, the Wagon train halted and went into Camp. The prisoners were huddled together and a chain of soldiers put around them. In a short time the soldier who was our train guard, came inside the chain of soldiers and told the Captain and "Jonny" that if they could get through the lines that he would give us supper.

He was told that if he would stay near us that we thought we could get out. We went to that portion of the line where the Officers were stationed and where the prisoners were allowed to go out with a guard with them to insure their return. We applied to the officer in charge for permission to go out, he hesitated as he didn't like to have to detail his soldiers to go with us.

We then suggested that if we could find a Soldier who was willing to go, if that would be sufficient. Being answered in the affirmative the Captain asked our guard who was standing near if he would go with us? He replied that he was tired of waiting on damn rebels but that he would go. He shoulderd a musket and started out with us.

After getting off some distance our guard threw away his musket and being some one ---with, said he had "no business with a musket, that he was a cavellery man and the officer didn't know who he was."

We were soon among the wagon and a bright fire comming in view, we made for it. Around the fire was quite a number of teamsters and soldiers. Our guard introduced us by saying "well fellows here are two rebels I have brought up to take supper with us!" They replied by saying "well Johnnies how are you getting on?" we replied that we were getting on very well and "how were they?". One fellow remarked that he "wasn't so well, that he was about broken down running after the Rebels" The Captain replied that he was suprised to hear that, he supposed that we had given so much exercise at Bull Run, that they would never get tired of running again!

After a few pleasantries along this line we settled down to supper. Supperover, we had recourse to our pipes which was almost unusal in the Army. While smoking we commented on the curreat topics of the day.

The pipes smoked out and the crowd showing signs of being sleepy, we

asked the guard if it wasn't time to take us back? He replied that he wasn't going to take us back, that the officer didn't know him". The Captain and "Johnny" then strayed off among the wagons and began to make plans for our escape.

Passing through the Wagons we found that we were surrounded by a line of Sentinels about 5 yds apart, we soon found that we could make no terms with Sentinel for fear of being reported by his neighbors who couldn't help hearing what was being said.

So we took to a wagon that was partly filled with hay and soon made a comfortable bed in it. When we awoke in the morning the sun was well up over the top of the Blue Ridge.

There was nothing left for us to do but return to the line of prisoners. The officer in charge expressed satisfaction at seeing us and remarked that he had reported us as having escaped and was informed that nothing but the vigilance of his Soldiers prevented his report from being true.

We were soon started for Harpers Ferry, arriving there about noon. All the prisoners were confined in the top room of a large ware house. Cooked provisions were soon sent to us with orders that we divide it up, this we did, leaving out the deserters. When the officers in charge came and inquired if we had enough to eat, the deserters spoke up saying that they had nothing. We informed him that they should not eat with us, so to our relief he took them out of our room.

We remained here two days, and while here, we made the acquaintance of an older gentleman who belonged to the same fraternity with three officers.

Starting off sooner than expected our frat. brothers wishing to take some notice of us but had only time to get a bottle of whiskey for each of us. We excepted them with thanks, but the joke was on our brother, as neither of us used whiskey!

We had a pleasant run on the cars to Baltimore. There we were carried to the Soldiers Home Building. Here we learned our destination was Fort Delaware.

The next morning, being Sunday and learning that we would not leave until night, I asked the officer in charge to send a guard with me so that I could make arrangements to procure some necessary clothing. My idea was to find Mr W. Beran, father to our Charles, who I knew was a southern sympathizer. Going down the street we soon commenced meeting persons with Bibles and Prayer books evidently on their way to Church. After making some inquiring of the persons I met, I finally met an elderly gentleman who seemed to be interested but hesitated. I explained the situation to him, and being assured by my guard that it was alright expressed himself as being willing to serve. Upon inquiring about Mr. Beran whereabouts was informed that he lived a mile or more from there. My guard decided that was too far to go. I pencil ed a note to Mr. Beran which the guard examined and said there was nothing wrong in it. He agreed to deliver the note. My guard and I then retraced our steps toward the Soldiers home.

The Soldiers there seemed to be ill at ease, they evidently hadn't forgotten

Here it ended

A very old note about
T.T. Arnold

In a battle in Page Co. near Luray Cave, he was taken prisoner and carried first to Harper's Ferry, then to Baltimore Point Lookout and Fort Delaware. After a month's captivity he was pronounced by the Medical Boards of the two Forts as being physical unfit for service, was paroled, and landed at Askins(?) Landing below Richmond where he at once rejoined his command which was station at Winchester.

During his captivity the regiments being so depleted that his regiment was consolidated with the 5th Va. Cav., he served through the remainder of the disastrous Val. Campaign and was then ordered to Richmond and participated in the battle around the Cap. City until the battle of Five Forks when Gen. Lee's line was broken and the retreat began.

Mr. Lawrence Coghill was-----, then came the surrender of Co. H (or Co. 4?) 1891-1892, at Appomattox, April 9th, 1865.

The said Lawrence A Coghill was a member of Co. F, 30th Va. Infantry, Capt. Hudgins Co. Col. Chase's Regiment Corse's Brigade. He was taken prisoner near the High Bridge in April 1865, when the Army was on its last march to Appomattox.

Thomas Thornton Arnold, Lieut. Co. H, 5 Va. Cav. Volunteered at the beginning of the War, served in most of the battles around Fredericksburg. Later his command was sent to the Valley of Va. to serve under Gen. Early

Here it ends.

**TRIBUTE TO MEMORY
OF DR. T. T. ARNOLD**

The following tribute to the late Dr. Thomas T. Arnold, of King George, was delivered recently in an address by Mr. Wm. J. Rogers before King George Camp of Confederate Veterans.

I have been requested by the ladies of the King George Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy to pay a tribute to the memory of Dr. Thomas T. Arnold. I could wish, my friends, that this duty had fallen upon one more gifted with eloquence and learning. But these ladies wished that one of his old comrades should speak of him. And I am glad to come with my simple little wreath, not, as it were, of costly hot-house plants, but of the wild flowers with which nature clothes the fields to please the eye and gladden the heart of the poor of earth. In a large sense, my friends, we do not come to mourn our friend, but rather to point to those splendid qualities of mind and heart, that so distinguished him, and endeared him to us, and which are so worthy of emulation.

His was a long and useful life meeting each day's duty as it came, and I believe his going from us was much as he would have had it; had he been allowed to choose. I mean I do not believe he would have desired a helpless and useless old age. As I knew him, I think he would have been glad to live as long as he could be useful and helpful to others, and no longer. Death had no terror for him. He could as calmly look forward to the dissolution as to the ordinary duties of life and set, as it were, his house in order.

I last met him at Cleveland, the home of his neighbor and friend, Mr. H. A. Mason, on the 19th of January last, when we met there to celebrate the birthday of our great chieftain and I remember how whole heartedly he entered into the occasion and looked forward to this day and planned for the reunion in Washington in June.

In speaking to his memory, I will not dwell upon his life among us, as a Christian gentleman, his value as a citizen of the county he so much loved, his untiring labors as a school official, his great interest in education, and all that pertained to the young of the county, his fidelity as a friend, or his neighborly kindness, ever reaching out the hand to help those less fortunate than himself. Of him it may truthfully be said he rests from his labors and his works do follow him.

If I could speak of him at all I would love to dwell upon his life as a soldier in the days that tried men's souls.

Like thousands of other Virginia boys, he had been taught to love this old Commonwealth and to regard even the very soil as almost sacred. Was it a wonder that young men thus reared, when the tramp of an invading army upon the Long Bridge that spans the Potomac at Washington is heard reverberating, through the valleys and along the rivers of the old Commonwealth, that these young men with one spontaneous outburst of patriotism, unsurpassed in all history, should spring to arms to drive back the invader and defend with their lives the old mother State they loved so well? Do you blame them? Do not you young people honor their memory today because they did just that?

Who never to himself hath said
This is my own my native land?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him
burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there be go mark him well,
For him no minstrel raptures swell.
High thought his titles, proud his
name
Boundless his wealth as wish can
claim,
Despite those titles, power and self,
The wretch concentered all in pelf,
Living shall forfeit fair renown
And doubly dying shall go down
To that vile dust from which he
sprung,
Unwept, unhonored and unsung.

Among those who thus sprung to arms was a young physician, Dr. Thomas T. Arnold, of Willow Hill, King George county, fresh from the University with a diploma, telling with what honors he had graduated in his chosen profession. His ambition pictured a panorama upon which was success in his chosen profession and usefulness in ministering to the suffering. His was a military family. His father was a lieutenant in the war of 1812 to 1814. His grandfather was in the Revolution. His brother, Mark, was Col. of the King George militia, in my earliest recollection, an officer appointed by the Governor and of much importance in those days. As a soldier in the Confederate army, I believe he was absolutely without fear. He was a Lieut. in Co. H, 5th Va. Cavalry, in which I was a private. I have been with him when shot and shell fell thick and fast and I never knew him to show the least fear or excitement. But, like his gallant Col., C. R. Collins, than whom a braver man never drew a sword, and who gave his life for the cause, he seemed always more concerned about the safety of his men than his own.

In camp life he was plain, easily approached by the men. Always more mindful of the comfort of the men than of himself, always ready to be of service to any soldier. It was not an unusual occurrence to see him sitting on a log, writing a letter to the home, for some one of the men. There was no lack of proper dignity. But he was entirely free from what we used to call "swell head." Duty was to him all that his great chieftain had said it was, "the sublimest word in the language."

The war over he accepted the situation, returned to his home adapted himself to the changed conditions with the same courage and devotion as a loyal private citizen, that had characterized his life as a soldier. But in doing so, never yielding one iota of the principles for which he had given the best years of his young manhood, with no apology for the part he had taken in the purely defensive war in which he had so faithfully done his best.

I am glad he lived to see the day when he was no longer known as a "rebel," but as a Confederate soldier. And the cause for which he had given so much, and which he so ardently loved, was no longer a "rebellion" but The War Between The States, and when he could renew his devotion to the old flag of his fathers, and yield to none in his patriotism and loyalty to the U. S. Despite his more than four score years, when his President said a state of war existed between his country and Germany, as he thought of poor, little, bleeding, prostrate Belgium, a perfect parallel of what had once been the condition of his own loved Southland, he promptly offered himself to his country for any service he could render.

This my comrades and friends is the patriot, soldier, comrade, friend, neighbor and fellow citizen, to whose memory I have tried to pay a simple tribute, and upon whose grave I would lay my little flower.

On fame's eternal camping ground
His silent tent is spread
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

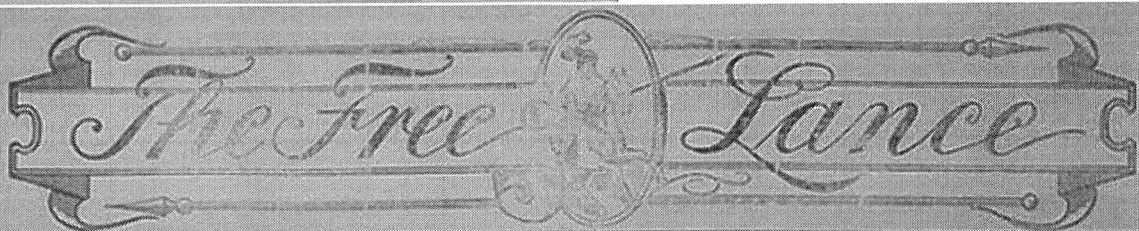
HOBDAV-ARNOLD

Evangelical Church Wedding in King George.

King George County, Va., Nov. 27, 1905.

A marriage of much interest was solemnized at 11 o'clock today, at St. John's church, when Miss Augusta Arnold became the bride of Mr. Paul Hobday. The church, prettily decorated with evergreens, chrysanthemums and potted plants, was darkened and lit with many candles. The bride and groom entered the church together to the inspiring strains of Lohengrin's wedding march rendered on the organ by Miss Edna Arnold, a cousin of the bride, and stood beneath a heap of white flowers, where Rev. W. T. Turner performed the ceremony. The bride was becomingly gowned in a going-away suit of dark blue cloth, with black mittens and light brown gloves. She was given away by her father. Immediately after the ceremony the bridal party repaired to the home of the groom's parents, where a delightful luncheon was served, after which they boarded the Rappahannock steamer en route to Bohannon, Mathews county, where they will reside.

The bride, who is a petite brunette, is a daughter of Dr. T. T. Arnold, of King George, and is an attractive young lady. The bridegroom is the only son of Rev. C. E. Hobday, pastor of the Methodist churches of King George. The young couple carry with them many good wishes for a long, happy and prosperous life in their new home. They will be much missed in King George.



Dedicated to the Agricultural, Commercial and Manufacturing Interests of Fredericksburg and the Tidewater and Piedmont Country.