



ROOTDIGGER

4th Quarter: October - December 2008

The Rootdigger is a publication of the Marion County Genealogical Society, a division of the non-profit Historic Marion County/ Ocala Preservation Society. Annual membership fee is \$15.00.

THE LONG VIGIL

By Gene Gallant

The night of August 16, 1871, fell with startling swiftness over the Big Scrub country of Central Florida. All that day, heavy gusts of wind and intermittent rain squalls had buffeted the Lake Kerr- Salt Springs area without letup. Now with the coming of darkness, the hurricane struck with all its destructive fury.

Throughout the long night, jagged lightning flashed' across the, black void of space and thunder rolled across the forest like an artillery barrage. The rending crash of falling timber could be heard above the hellish shriek of the wind. Cattle and horses hovered in dumb misery within their confines. Chickens and turkeys helpless in their fright, drowned where they stood. Hogs splashed through the deepening puddles and squealed in fear at the stinging lash of the rain. Crops in the fields were flattened and ruined. Destruction and desolation rode rampant over the wilderness while men sat in the uncertain shelter of their homes and refused to think of the morrow.

In one such home on the shores of Lake Kerr, the fury of the storm was all but ignored. A far greater and more powerful foe was stalking his prey. Death was even then reaching out for his victim.

In an upstairs bedroom, one of Marion County's most honored and valiant Confederate warriors was riding his last mission. William H. McCardell, ex-First Lieutenant of Dickison's famed Florida Cavalry, and pioneer plantation owner was dying. The terrible splendor of the angry elements was in a sense, a fitting, final tribute to one who had ridden the dark trails of Civil War and had stood in the midst of death and destruction through the long years of conflict.

Legion was the exploits of this man. Throughout the length and breadth of Florida he had galloped into battle with his famous Captain. Palatka-Gainesville-



Roadside Marker

4th Quarter 2008

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THE LONG VIGIL

continued



Season's Greetings

The simple headstone that marks the site bears the short but significant inscription; "Dickison's Company, C.S.A." (see page one for picture of the headstone)



In memory of the Civil War Fallen.

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Finegan's Ford-Picolata, to the very gates of Saint Augustine, itself. He had played an important part in the capture of the Federal Gunboat the COLUMBINE, on the Saint John's River. His numerous skirmishes with the enemy and his daring raids into their territories placed him high on the Union's most wanted list of rebels. His singular devotion to duty and his willingness to volunteer for hazardous missions was ample proof that he served his country honorably and well. Perhaps his most unusual assignment of the entire war was in escorting General John C. Breckenridge, Confederate Secretary of War, to the waiting vessel that carried him to Cuba and safety after Lee's surrender at Appomattox Court House.

When the rain-swept gray of morning broke over the shattered fields of the plantation, Lieutenant William H. McCardell was no more. Only his deeds and his memory would live on. As was the custom of that time, the funeral arrangements were made without delay. His neighbors fashioned the rude, pine coffin that was to be his final shelter and began the long journey to **Indian Lake Cemetery**, many miles away.

The storm, still raging in all its unchecked fury, made the journey all but impossible. Giant oaks and pine, lashed by the screaming winds fell all around them. Lightning blazed its silver path across the skies and the thunder still echoed up and down the corridors of the forest. Finally, the little procession could go no further. The oxen pulling the unwieldy cart came to a halt and refused to move again. The road, now thoroughly barricaded by fallen timber, threatened to entrap them. A hasty conference was held and the coffin was lowered to the muddy ground.

Quickly digging a shallow grave beside the road, the Lieutenant's mortal remains were committed to God's care without benefit of eulogy or prayer and his mourners turned toward the safety of their homes.

No reason has ever been given as to why the coffin was not disinterred later and given proper burial. Perhaps his family thought that the wild country that he loved so well and had fought to protect was a fitting and proper final resting place. Perhaps the awful destruction left in the wake of the ten day storm made it necessary to forgo the obligation. Whatever the reason, for more than ninety years the grave of this soldier and patriot has stood in solitary seclusion beside the old road that once led from Lake Kerr to Sharpes Ferry on the Oklawaha River. The simple headstone that marks the site bears the short but significant inscription; "Dickison's Company, C.S.A." Three words that sum up a mans most valued possessionpride.....

Editors note: In the next issue of the Rootdigger will be "The Rest of the Story"

My Great-Greats

By Joan Greenwood

It has taken me two years to ascertain that my great-great grandparents are buried in Lister Lane Cemetery, Halifax, England. I went there in 2007, with just names. The day I was there, the cemetery was having an open house. I met the man who runs the cemeteries in Halifax, and he told me that I needed birth/death dates to confirm. He gave me his e-mail address. When I finally found the birth and death dates back in March, 2008, I e-mailed him right away. Bingo! I had a match.

Both great-greats were buried in Lister Lane. William in 1899, and Matilda in 1905. She died in Blackpool, but was returned to Halifax to be buried with her husband. I had remembered as a child hearing someone mention Blackpool and Liverpool. I discovered in 2006, when I visited Liverpool, that most people in Northern England left for the US from there.

The train to Halifax from King's Cross left at 6h30 AM. That meant getting up at 5 AM, and no breakfast at the hotel (dining room opens at 7 AM). I bought another umbrella at the tube station near my hotel the night before. I thought that I had lost the one that I had bought in Paris. Not. I think my house trolls must have traveled with me, because things went into hiding in my gear. Besides, the broly at the tube station was clear plastic. Hadn't seen one of those in ages. Wanted it. Bought it!

Weather on the Jane Austen tour had been iffy, but today it was lousy. I walked to King's Cross train station using my new broly. The rain was not hard, just aggravating. My head felt as if it were stuffed with cotton, hay, and rags. There are three or four rail companies. Each has its own territory. Virgin is the best. Do you think that any of my travels necessitated taking Virgin. Of course not. On Virgin, they feed you-free. Or at least they did in previous years. These other lines make you pay. I bought a bacon sandwich and juice for 5 £ 20. The tea was free however. It was good.

Got to Halifax about 9h45 AM. Went straight to the town hall to look for the cemetery man. Oups. His office is not there, but at the crematorium outside of town. The receptionist was very kind, and called his office. Mr. Stubbs answered, and told me that he had a funeral that day, and could not meet me. However, a member of the cemetery board had offered to meet me with the information concerning the graves. Fine. He told me that a lady named Harriet would meet me at the cemetery gates at 11h30 AM.

I then went to the bus station to see if I could get there by bus. The only bus that morning left at 10h35. It was 10h15, and I hadn't bought any flowers yet. The rain was still coming down, not hard, but enough to make the day miserable. In the middle of town is a good sized grocery store called Tesco. They sell cut flowers just like our stores do. I bought a nice bouquet. By now it was 10h45 AM, and the rain was coming down harder. It was way past the time when I should have had my snack. There is a tea room called the Old English Tea Shoppe not far from the grocery store. I went there and had a cuppa and a scone. It was 11h05 AM.



Standing at the foot of my great-great grandparents graves!

The only bus that morning left at 10h35. It was 10h15, and I hadn't bought any flowers yet.



Halifax, England

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My Great-Greats

continued

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The cabs line up outside the grocery store, so I went back there and asked how much it would cost to go to the cemetery. A foreign driver (Asian) told me about £ 3. I would have walked, if the weather hadn't been so inclement. It took all of about 3 minutes to get to the cemetery. Cab cost 3 £50. They always tell you a lower price than what it will actually cost. I stood in the rain for 15 minutes. At precisely 11h30, Harriet pulled up to the gate.

She told me to get in her car (some kind of a small Ford). She had to get her keys out. The gate was supposed to be open, but the person in charge that day hadn't shown up.

Harriet had a plastic folder containing the information about the graves. She read the name to me, "Let's see, Pennywhistle." "No!" I roared, and just about shouted her out of her seat. I apologized for shouting, but I just couldn't believe that she didn't have the correct information. I leaned back in the seat and sighed loudly. All this way, and she didn't have the right graves.

I had met this lady the previous year, and finally remembered who she was. She didn't remember me, as she had been leading groups around the cemetery. She kindly offered to take me back to her house, where she would call the crematorium and find the correct information.

The great British panacea for everything is a cup of tea. She provided me with tea and shortbread cookies, while she called. Well, the secretary at the crematorium couldn't find the Greenwood folder! I felt like crying. All this way, and trolls had been here before me.

"Wait," said I, with a flourish, "I have the information that Mr. Stubbs sent me in my purse." I had some information all right, but I had left this indispensable piece of paper back at the hotel. I've become very remiss these past few years. Previously, I would have double checked the papers that I would have taken with me. Bad girl.

Another thought exploded in my brain. "Harriet," I said, "please put me on your computer. I can check the e-mails that Mr. Stubbs had sent." No problem, she put me on line. The only problem being that I had copied the information in Text Edit, and filed it in my genealogy file. Strike two.

She asked me if I could remember the years that my great-greats had died. I told her that I did. We could go out to the crematorium and look up the information ourselves. By this time, my head felt like it was going to explode. My sinuses were backed up. I had taken my meds, but they weren't working. "No," I told her, "I'm just not up to doing that. We'll go back to the cemetery, I'll lay the flowers on some unmarked grave. I know that they are there, somewhere. "

Just then her phone rang. It was the secretary. She had found the site numbers. Oh, happy day. We went back to her car, and returned to the cemetery. She offered to lend me a pair of Wellington boots, but I told her that I

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Countryside near Halifax

*I'll have to lay the flowers on
some unmarked grave. I
know that they are there,
somewhere!!!*



A Cemetery in Halifax

Cracking the Code on Cemetery Ciphers

by Renee Huskey

Grave markers reveal not only names and dates, but often offer data that in many cases can be found nowhere else; ethnic origins, occupations and affiliations, beliefs and values, manner of death, names of relatives, even personal traits that survivors held dear. However, not everything is clearly etched in epitaph – gravestones can hold intricately carved hidden clues. Use the following list of common cemetery symbols to decipher your family gravestone ciphers:

1. Anchors often mark the graves of sailors, but they were also employed as a clever deception by early Christians, used by to guide one another to secret places of worship, or to disguise a cross.
2. Animals of all kinds are depicted on tombstones, and each has it's own connotation:
 - A Dog signifies the loyalty, or that the deceased was worth loving.
 - A Fish indicates faith.
 - A Hart (male deer) represents faithfulness or thirsting for God.
 - Horses stand for courage or generosity.
 - Lion recalls the power of God and guards the tomb.
 - Lambs are used to identify the grave of a child, and represents innocence.
 - A Squirrel with a nut implies religious meditation or spiritual striving.
 - Angels symbolize spirituality. Depending upon what they carry, or how they are posed, angels suggest many different ideas.
 - Birds often represent the flight of the soul to heaven.
 - Doves, for Christians, embody the Holy Spirit. On Jewish graves, a dove represents a symbol of peace.
 - Eagles (one-headed and two-headed) are often featured on Military and imperial graves as a nationalist symbol. On Native American graves, it can represent a spirit guide.
3. Bibles may indicate the deceased was a cleric, or a religious lay person.
4. Books frequently indicate that the deceased was a scholar. Arabic characters signify that the book is the Koran.
5. A Broken Column can mean an early grief; a life cut short.
6. Butterfly The three stages of a butterfly's life - caterpillar, chrysalis, and butterfly – correspond to the three stage of Christ's life – birth, death and resurrection. A butterfly can also indicate that the deceased lived only a short time.
7. A Candle carved onto the gravestone stands for the spirit or the soul. Chains reflect a medieval belief that a golden chain bound the soul to the body. Severing the chain meant the release of the spirit from the body. The International Order of Odd Fellows also uses a chain as their insignia. If the letter IOOF or FLT (Friendship, Love, Truth) is found inside or near the chain, you can be sure of the association.
8. A Chariot Wheel with six or twelve spokes is an emblem of the Buddhist



There are many, many different grave markings.

A Candle carved onto the gravestone stands for the spirit or the soul.



What do the clasped hand signify???

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Cracking the Code on Cemetery Ciphers

Continued

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faith. The U.S. Veterans Administration uses the Wheel of the Law to mark the graves of Buddhists.

9. Cherubs mark the graves of children.

10. The Circle is universally known as the symbol of eternity and never-ending existence. Extremely common on grave sites, it is usually depicted surrounding a cross. Two circles, one above the other, represent earth and sky. Three interconnected circles represent the Holy Trinity.

11. A Cross symbolizes Christianity.

12. A Crescent indicates that the deceased was a Muslim in life.

13. Doors and gates are passages into the afterlife.

14. Drapery over anything indicates sorrow and mourning.

15. Flame represents eternity.

16. Hands, whether clasping, praying, pointing, or blessing, show that the deceased's relationships involve human beings. Clasping hands often symbolize a marriage or other close bond.

17. Harps may be found on the graves of musicians, and represent the joy to be found in Heaven.

18. Hearts stand for the affection of the living for the dead. Two joined hearts on a stone mark a marriage. (The Sacred Heart is found only on the graves of Catholics, and represents the suffering of Jesus for our sins.)

19. An Hour Glass is symbolic of time passing.

20. Keys stand for spiritual knowledge or, if held in the hands of an angel, the means to enter heaven.

21. A Lamp stands for knowledge and the immortality of the Spirit.

22. The Menorah is an emblem of Judaism that predates the Star of David.

23. A Pitcher is a traditional Jewish (Levite) symbol.

24. Plants & Trees of numerous species are depicted on headstones, and each has its own meaning. Here are a few of the most popular:

- The Dogwood represents Christianity, divine sacrifice, triumph of eternal life, resurrection.
- Roses can mean many things, including love, beauty, hope, unending love.
- Rosebuds are normally reserved for a child under the age of 12.
- A partial bloom normally indicates the grave of a teenager.
- A rose in full bloom normally signifies the death of someone in their early to mid-twenties.
- A broken rosebud represents life cut short, usually found on a young person's grave.
- Grapes and Leaves indicate Christian faith.
- Lily of the Valley means a return of happiness, purity, humility.
- An Oak tree signifies honor, strength and liberty; often seen on military tombs.



A Grieving Angel.

A broken rosebud represents life cut short, usually found on a young person's grave



May your NEW YEAR be filled with many "broken" brick walls!!!!

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Cracking the Code on Cemetery Ciphers

Continued

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- Shamrocks are a sign that the deceased was most likely from Ireland.
- 25. Scallops were a symbol of the Crusades, and a traditional symbol of the Puritans.
- 26. A Scroll is a symbol of life and time.
- 27. Ship marks the grave of a seafarer.
- 28. The Star of David is used as a symbol of Judaism.
- 29. Stars represent the spirit, piercing the darkness as an expression of their triumph against the overwhelming odds of oblivion. Five pointed stars represent the spirit rising to heaven.
- 30. A Sword signifies a military career. Crossed swords indicate death in battle.
- 31. Serpent, when shown swallowing its own tail it, represents Eternity.
- 32. A Winged face is an effigy of the soul of the deceased.
- 33. Wheat sheaves often represent the aged.
- 34. Wreath or Garland is most often a symbol of the victory of the redemption. (A Bridal Wreath may signify the grave of a young bride or groom.)
- 35. Woman hanging onto Cross epitomizes faith. Also portrayed as a woman clinging to pillar or anchor. This is a common motif on Masonic grave memorials.

A final word of caution; take these explanations with a grain of salt. While headstone carvings can provide valuable insight into the deceased's life and death, they should not be taken as incontrovertible evidence.

Article Source: <http://www.familyhistoryarticles.com>

My Great-Greats

continued

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would just throw my tennis shoes in the washer when I got home. I only had one more day in England. The rain had stopped, but the ground and the grass were soaking wet. The cemetery is kept locked, but not too well tended. The grass around William and Matilda's grave was knee high. Harriet told me that Matilda would have been buried on top of William's grave. She had a camera with her, and asked if she could take my picture. I also had her take my picture with my camera.

I asked about perhaps putting a bronze plaque over the graves. She said that she had never heard about anyone doing that. She is a very nice lady, but she is not very forthcoming with information. However, she wanted any information that I had about my great grandfather, but was reticent to give me her e-mail address! I asked her if she would get me in touch with someone from their local genealogical society. She said that she would, but I have not heard back from her.



Just a reminder of what our relatives in the North will be experiencing.

A Sword signifies a military career. Crossed swords indicate death in battle.



Why are some cemeteries fenced and locked? No one can escape!



**Marion County
Genealogical Society**

Mission Statement

The Marion County Genealogical Society is dedicated to creating and promoting an interest in genealogy, focusing on research in Marion County, Florida and in supporting members in their research.

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Caskets Found as Workers Demolish Mausoleum



We had no clue anyone was buried there!!

It's from a newsletter circulated at the Idaho National Engineering and Environmental Laboratory (INEEL). It was picked up by a local newspaper, the Idaho Mountain Express, and highlighted in a Tonight Show segment (1998)

BYLINE: William R. Wineke Wisconsin State Journal .

(Ed note: It would be interesting to read the entire story but I was unable to find the original article and enlarging the picture does not make the text readable.)

We had no clue anyone was buried there.

Tough times: As seen in a newspaper for sale column!!!

