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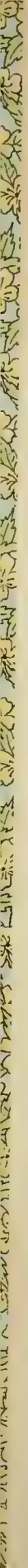
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INDEX

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Charles Edgeworth Jones writes from Augusta, Ga.: "In looking over back numbers of the VETERAN, I came across an inquiry in the number for January, 1898, as to who were the 'Gwinnett Cavaliers.' Although more than a decade has passed since this question was asked, I will venture an answer. The Gwinnett Cavaliers were a company which went out from Gwinnett County, Ga., between 1861 and 1865, and the banner which was captured doubtless belonged to that company."

Mrs. Margaret S. Akens, of Riesel, Tex., desires to hear from some one who served with her husband, J. A. Akens, in the Confederate army. He went from Port Sullivan, Milan County, Tex., in March, 1862, as a member of Capt. Alf Johnson's Spy Company. Mrs. Akens will greatly appreciate any response from surviving comrades, as she is old and feeble and wishes to get a pension.

Pat Dooling, of Gilmer, Tex., is anxious to hear from any surviving members of the 1st Missouri Artillery, as he wishes to make application for a pension and needs proof of his record.

C. W. Strother, R. F. D. No. 7, Athens, Tex., was a member of Graves's Brigade, 23d Alabama Battalion of Sharpshooters, wishes to hear from some of his old comrades in order to make proof of his service. He enlisted at Midway, Ala., in May, 1862. Doubtless there are some comrades surviving who can testify in his behalf. He mentions Maj. Nick Stallworth and Capt. J. W. Daniels.

W. E. Parham, of Benton, Ark., writes that his neighbor, Sam T. Scott, has in his possession a pair of gilt epaulettes said to have been taken from the dead body of General Lyon or that of Colonel Mulligan, who, it is thought, fell at the battle of Oak Hill in 1861 or 1862. Doubtless some relative or friend of these gallant officers would like to secure these relics.

Confederate Soldiers

their widows and children, who have claims for horses and equipments taken from the soldier by Federal troops, in violation of the terms of his surrender, must file same before **May 30, 1909**, or they will be forever barred. The undersigned prosecutes these claims; makes no charge unless the claim is allowed; 25 per cent if collected.

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W. H. Morris, 124 Main Street, Johnstown, Pa., seeks to ascertain the regiment in which his father, Ebenezer Morris, enlisted for the Confederate service. He was living near Pottsville, Pa., at the time of the war, and went to Baltimore and there enlisted. It was reported that he was killed at the battle of Gettysburg. Some comrade may be able to give some information of his service, which the son will appreciate.

J. N. Ohlwine, of Cromwell, Ind., wrote recently: "For many years I have been a subscriber to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and wish to renew same, so herewith inclose one dollar for myself and a like amount for a new subscriber, J. H. Swigert, of Wawaka, Ind. Both of us were Union soldiers, serving more than four years in the ranks of the 30th Indiana Regiment, Army of the Cumberland."

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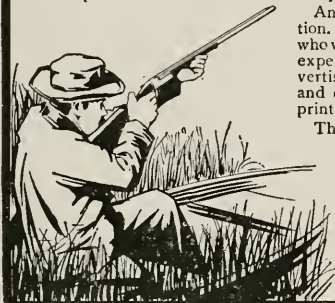
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Anyway, let's talk it over.

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William E. Clinkinbeard, 804 P Street, Sacramento, Cal., writes of having been in the fight at Dranesville, Va., in December, 1862, as a private in Col. Tom Fagan's 1st Kentucky Regiment. While falling back through the woods he caught up with a young soldier wounded in the arm and bleeding dreadfully. He stanchied the flow as best he could with a handkerchief about the arm and helped the soldier to a small branch of water; but as the enemy was pressing close he had to leave him, and is now anxious to learn his fate. The young soldier belonged to the 6th South Carolina, but he did not learn his name.

Caleb T. Smith, of Lansing, Mich., who was of the 9th Michigan Cavalry, notes the item appearing in the *VETERAN* about the Confederate veteran aged one hundred and three years, and says: "During the last days of the Sixtieth Congress Mr. Sulloway moved an amendment to a bill granting a pension to Henry Dorman, of the 7th Michigan Cavalry, 'from \$30 to \$40 per month, as he was one hundred and nine years old,' which was granted. (See 'Congressional Record,' p. 2864, March 2, 1908.) I became acquainted with Mr. Dorman in 1875. Later he went to Missouri."

W. M. Robinson, Verona, Tenn., writes of seven Confederates buried at Betherie Church, four miles northeast of Lewisburg, Tenn., whose names are sought for the purpose of placing marble slabs at their graves. They belonged to General Walthall's Brigade, and were buried there while his brigade was camped near Lewisburg, in May or June, 1863. There is a movement on foot to have this place well cared for.

PUT ON YOUR BADGE.—E. Scott Carson, of Sumter, S. C., urges the more general use of badges at Reunion time, saying: "I have noticed at Reunions a marked absence of badges showing to what command one belonged. It is customary to go there with a badge of one's Camp, but that does not answer at all. The badge should show the regiment and brigade. Without a badge we could not expect to recognize each other after the lapse of forty years. A badge showing regiment and brigade is what is needed."

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The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted. The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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VOL. XVII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1909.

NO. 1.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR

JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION.

To All Camps of the U. C. V. and All Confederate Soldiers, Sons and Daughters: I write earnestly in commending the movement to establish the appropriate memorial as set forth in the appeal of the Jefferson Davis Home Association. I say emphatically that there can be no memorial, however grand it may be, that can have greater significance, nobler aims, and loftier inspirations to stir the patriots of our country than that which is now projected by the Association to be founded at the birthplace of that great American citizen who became President of the Confederate States of America.

The institution contemplated by this movement will perpetually call to mind the characteristics of Jefferson Davis, who was opportunely reared and who acted throughout his long life under the influences of the rare social, patriotic, and religious conditions existing in our Southland during the nineteenth century.

The memorial will also call into just, generous, and fruitful contemplation those remarkable virtues possessed by the great men and the remarkable people of our lovely Southland who contributed vastly to the growth of the United States and to the preservation of the principles of our constitutional government.

It will furthermore be a lasting memento of the pure and radiant fame of the people who bravely, virtuously, and intelligently sought to establish and confirm for themselves and their posterity their own ideal constitutional government without bringing on any conflict or engendering any animosity by their peaceful assertion of their right.

In doing all this valuable service to the people and times of the past its voice will be heard in inviting solid fraternity throughout the Union and steadfast devotion to all the interests of our great country.

These and many other grounds authorize me to urge every Camp, every Confederate, and all people to carry out quickly the plans proposed by the Association.

Faithfully your comrade,
CLEMENT A. EVANS,
Commander in Chief U. C. V.

REVIEW OF OFFICIAL PAPERS U. C. V.

Gen. W. E. Mickle, Chief of Staff to Gen. Clement A. Evans, Commander in Chief U. C. V., has issued various special and general orders to which brief reference is given.

Col. George C. Porter, who commanded the 6th Tennessee Infantry, C. S. A., was made Brigadier General to fill the vacancy caused by the promotion of the late Clay Stacker to the command of the Division—a most worthy appointment.

Comrade H. T. Davenport, of Americus, Ga., was made Commander of the West Brigade to fill the vacancy made by the death of Brig. Gen. James E. D. Vaughn.

Official notice is given of the death of Gen. Alex P. Stewart. He was born at Rogersville, Tenn., October 2, 1821, and had therefore almost reached his eighty-seventh birthday. His death occurred on August 30, 1908. General Stewart was chosen to the West Point Academy in 1838, and graduated in the class of 1842, in which were so many distinguished officers in the Southern and Northern armies. He was made assistant instructor of mathematics at West Point. Later, on account of ill health, he resigned, and was chosen professor of mental and moral philosophy in Cumberland and Nashville (Tenn.) Universities. His career as a Confederate officer has been given in the VETERAN. After the close of the war he returned to Tennessee and resumed his educational work. He was afterwards unanimously elected to the chancellorship of the University of Mississippi, and held this office from 1874 to 1886. He had for several years been one of the Commissioners of the Chickamauga National Park, a position he held at the time of his death, although he had declined to accept the salary for several years—\$12,000.

Comrade J. T. Evans, of Roswell, N. Mex., was appointed Brigadier General of the New Mexico Brigade on October 5.

Comrade Charles Patton, of Greenvier, W. Va., was appointed on October 24 Brigadier General of the First Brigade, West Virginia Division.

Responsive to request of the L. M. A. a General Order states:

"Owing to the fact that many schools were closed on June 3, the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Jefferson Davis, and that for this reason the Jefferson Davis Centennial was not as generally observed by the school children as it would have been had the schools been open; and as one of the principal objects of this Confederation is to impart to the children of the South a true and impartial history of that cause for which their fathers fought and their mothers suffered and to instill in their minds a love and reverence for the memory of Jefferson Davis, the only President of the Confederate States of America; therefore be it

"Resolved: 1. That we do invite all Confederate organizations to unite with the Confederate Southern Memorial Association in observing the 6th day of December, which date marks the nineteenth anniversary of the death of the distinguished leader of the Confederacy.

"2. That the schools be asked to have the children prepare sketches of the life of Jefferson Davis as soldier, statesman, patriot, and Christian gentleman; and, furthermore, that his picture be placed in all the schools of the South on this solemn occasion.

"3. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Gen. Clement A. Evans with the request that he embody it in a general order calling upon the people of the South, and the school children in particular, to observe the day with appropriate exercises."

The General commanding most heartily indorsed this movement, and he most earnestly urged all the Camps of the Federation to lend their aid in carrying out the wishes of these noble women so beautifully expressed, and he hoped for a ready compliance with this order.

THE JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION.

Special Orders No. 4 refer to the Jefferson Davis Home Association and state that during the session at Birmingham June 10, 1908, Gen. S. B. Buckner presented resolutions adopted by the Confederate Veterans of Kentucky, proposing the purchase of the historic Davis home in Kentucky, which was the birthplace of the illustrious Jefferson Davis. General Buckner favorably urged the Convention to acquire this memorable spot of Southern ground, and on motion of Gen. Bennett H. Young the Convention ordered the appointment of a committee of fifteen, of which the Commander in Chief should be chairman *ex officio*. This committee was charged with the duty of inquiring into the feasibility of acquiring, improving, and preserving the Davis home site and making suggestions concerning the great objects which will be secured by its acquisition.

The following committee was appointed: S. B. Buckner, Bennett H. Young, S. A. Cunningham, H. C. Myers, W. A. Montgomery, K. M. VanZandt, V. Y. Cook, Stith Bolling, John H. Bankhead, T. W. Castleman, Basil W. Duke, Julian S. Carr, Thomas D. Osborne, J. P. Hickman, John H. Leathers.

The subcommittee appointed is as follows: Gen. S. B. Buckner (Chairman), Basil W. Duke, Thomas D. Osborne, John H. Leathers, Bennett H. Young, John P. Hickman, S. A. Cunningham. The chairman will report the action of the committee to the *ex officio* chairman of the general committee of fifteen.

The *ex officio* chairman of the general committee will call that body together at Nashville as early as practicable after he has received the report of the subcommittee, and after due consideration the report will be prepared for the next U. C. V. Convention.

MOORMAN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

An annual meeting of the Moorman Memorial Association is to be held on Monday, January 11, at Memorial Hall, New Orleans. Contributors will be pleased that an early completion of this memorial in Metairie Cemetery is expected.

An official note states: "We have no unpaid bills or liabilities save the contract with the Albert Weiblen Marble and Granite Co., \$675, against which we have in the Hibernia Bank \$234 and uncollected subscriptions of \$25. At the annual

meeting the charter, title to the lots, and the Weiblen contract will be read as well as a general review of the work be considered. Each member and contributor will be entered on the roll of those enrolled as members, and a prompt response from any one not approving will be invited."

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

FROM PRESIDENT GENERAL MRS. CORNELIA BRANCH STONE.

The fifteenth year of our organization was completed at the General Convention held in Atlanta, Ga., and was celebrated there with all of the pomp and splendor befitting this "Crystal Anniversary."

The reports all showed gratifying progress along all lines of work both in the General Association and in the State Divisions. The entire corps of general officers were reelected and three new offices were created. These were: Third Vice President, Mrs. L. C. Hall, Dardanelle, Ark.; Historian General, Mrs. J. Enders Robinson, Richmond, Va.; Registrar General, Mrs. James Britton Gantt, Jefferson City, Mo.

"The Revision of the Constitution and By-Laws," which came by inheritance from the last to the present administration, was carefully reconsidered by the Committee on Revision, to which membership Mrs. Alexander B. White, of Tennessee, had been appointed, Mrs. Nelson Poe, Jr., having resigned. This was again printed and sent out in the requisite time before the General Convention, and was acted upon by that body in detail and adopted in the form recently sent out to you. Much misconstruction has arisen in regard to the clause touching the eligibility of "Wives and Veterans." This remains unchanged and just as it has been since the organization of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. An amendment was offered on the floor of the Convention restricting the eligibility of the "wives" to "women of Southern parentage," but this was lost by more than a two-thirds majority. But the clause giving eligibility to nieces of veterans was amended so as to greatly enlarge the collateral membership by giving it to nieces and grandnieces of every degree not only of veterans, but of "women of the sixties" whose personal service and material aid to the Confederate cause can be proven.

Change was made in the date for payment of annual dues to the General Association, U. D. C., fixing this on March 1 instead of October. Therefore the dues for 1908 having been paid in October, 1908, the dues for 1909 will be paid on the 1st of next March, and on that date for each succeeding year.

The union of the Indian Territory and Oklahoma Divisions was harmoniously accomplished during the year, and this married couple now takes the name of the "Oklahoma Division." A Division was formed in the State of Washington, where the requisite number of Chapters had existed for some time. A new State was entered by the organization of a Chapter in Minneapolis, Minn., by Mrs. Joseph Johnson, of St. Louis.

Reports were made of the widespread observance of the centennial year of the birth of President Jefferson Davis and the splendid ceremonies had by the Chapters on June 3, our chieftain's birthday, together with the earnest study in the public and private schools and by the people at large of his life, service, and character, all giving expression of the love, honor, and confidence of the people of the South. Portraits of Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee were placed in the schools throughout the year, and it is again urged that the work of so placing the pictures of Southern heroes shall be continued during the coming year as a stimulus for the youth of the South to nobility of character and patriotic citizenship.

The Shiloh and Arlington monument funds were increased greatly, notwithstanding the panic in financial circles, and it is hoped and believed that during the coming year these amounts will grow into much larger proportions.

Portraits of Gen. Robert E. Lee, "Lee and His Generals," and a beautifully illustrated booklet, a history of the Confederate banners by Mary Lynn Conrad, can be ordered through the State Directors of the Shiloh Monument Association, and fifty per cent of the amount of sales will be given to the Shiloh monument fund.

Another standing committee on education was provided by the Convention, of which, it is needless to say, it will be the duty to foster all educational interests. Your President would urge that such effort shall take practical course, such as influencing manual and industrial training whereby the children of our land may be equipped with the knowledge of right living and the means of making an honest living. State Divisions not having a committee on education will provide for this by appointment, so as to coöperate with the General Committee in this work.

A great impetus and interest has marked the year 1908 and the organization of the Children of the Confederacy, and this work should be earnestly pushed, for the perpetuity and progress of the Daughters of the Confederacy are largely dependent on the success of such effort. In this connection it is well to call attention to a booklet by Mrs. C. M. Tardy, of Birmingham, Historian of the Alabama Division, "Programmes for Children of the Confederacy," which also contains selections of patriotic song and verse. This is sold at thirty cents each copy, and the proceeds will aid in placing Alabama's window in Blandford (Petersburg, Va.) Church. Mrs. Tardy is an active worker in the organization of children.

In direct line with the objects and purposes of our organization we heartily indorse the efforts of the United Confederate Veterans in their determination to preserve the truth of the history of the Confederate navy and its commanders, this work having been inaugurated by Commander A. O. Wright, Confederate navy veteran.

It is recommended that every Daughter of the Confederacy shall promptly become a member of the "Jefferson Davis Home Association," which is formed for the purpose of purchasing the birthplace of President Davis in Fairview, Ky. Such membership will cost but one dollar. Send this at once to Mr. S. A. Cunningham, and this will be a fitting close of his centennial year. The property will be used for some philanthropic purpose connected with the Confederate cause. In view of the value of the historic work already accomplished and being done by Mr. Cunningham through the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, your President asks that you will give this publication your support by annual subscription.

I trust that each of my "Daughters" will realize the great value of individual responsibility in the zealous advancement of our endeavor, remembering that it is the unit that makes up the whole, bringing to the coming year fruitful and glorious results.

BATTLE OF NATURAL BRIDGE, FLORIDA.

The battle of Natural Bridge was fought on the 6th of March, 1865, the Confederate forces commanded by Brig. Gen. William Miller, formerly colonel of the 1st Florida Cavalry, and the Federals by General Newton.

Natural Bridge is located about ten miles south of Tallahassee, Fla., the capital, on the St. Marks River. (Tallahassee holds, so I have been informed, the unique position of being

the only Confederate State capital that did not surrender until after the close of hostilities.) The Federals landed from gunboats near the lighthouse on the St. Marks Bay and marched up the east side of the St. Marks River and attempted to cross the river at Newport on the evening of the 5th; but the Confederates had burned the bridge (Newport is about five miles from the Natural Bridge), and during the night they marched to the Natural Bridge, where they were met by the Confederates, and the battle commenced about six o'clock in the morning. The cannonading was heard distinctly at Tallahassee.

The corps of cadets of the Florida Military Institute was commanded by Capt. V. M. Johnson—a graduate from the Virginia Military Institute—assisted by the corps captain, J. W. Weatherington.

The Federals were repulsed and driven back to the gunboats, which they reached during the night. [See page 21.]

CONFEDERATE CHOIRS—TITLES AND UNIFORMS OF MEMBERS.—

In printing "The Confederate Choirs" from that gifted, charming patriot and gentleman, Colonel Stewart, the VETERAN feels impelled to comment briefly. All agree with Colonel Stewart that the Confederate Choirs are a charming addition to Reunion spirit and joy. It voices gratitude from the veterans and the United Daughters of the Confederacy. But while the sentiment is widespread in favor of our beautiful, patriotic, and enthusiastic young women who want to do all that is possible to maintain "the story of the glory of the men who wore the gray," there is revolt against women dressing as men and being designated as Generals, Colonels, and Captains. Pray induce these charming girls to avoid all masculine costumes and see if other titles than those given to Lee, Jackson, Forrest, and the Johnstons to designate rank cannot be used. Colonel is a sure-enough colonel, and yet among veterans the title now sounds very commonplace. The VETERAN honors every comrade who labors to maintain Confederate organizations, but it realizes painfully the confusion that is coming to the unborn in determining who were the officers in service. Then to place these titles before Mrs. and Miss So and So cannot add to the dignity of Confederate official characters.

JUDGE J. M. WRIGHT, OF GAINESVILLE, TEX.—A. P. Richards writes from Jack, La.: "On page 655 of the December VETERAN is notice of the death of Judge J. M. Wright, of Gainesville, Tex., which contains errors. I was one of his comrades and knew him from boyhood, and we served in the same company. J. M. Wright enlisted in the first company organized in St. Helena Parish, about April 1, 1861, which became Company F of the 4th Louisiana Regiment, and was mustered into the Confederate service in May, 1861, at Camp Moore (now I. C. R. R.), in Tangipahoa Parish, La. From the ranks Comrade Wright was promoted to color bearer in 1863. In a night attack on the Federal left at New Hope Church, Ga., May 27, 1864, he was wounded in the arm near the wrist, from which wound he suffered many years. After the war he studied law and practiced in his home town, Greensburg. About the year 1878 he removed to Amite City, being elected attorney for that district, composed of St. Helena, Livingston, Tangipahoa, Washington, and St. Tammany Parishes, with Judge William Duncan on the bench. His wife was Miss Dilla S. Womack, of this parish. His sister, Mrs. Jesse Pitkin, still lives in his home town of Greensburg."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

SIXTEEN VETERAN VOLUMES COMPLETED.

Gratitude rather than vanity prevails in recalling sixteen years of successful labor under the banner of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. It is certainly not "love's labor lost" and in no spirit of boasting that the promoter asserts that he has done what he could in every issue for sixteen years to tell the truth in behalf of a people who are ready for the eternal judgment upon their deeds.

A large majority of those who contributed to its rectitude and prosperity have answered to the "last roll," and no testimony has been left behind by any one of the great number of regret at their course. Even the lukewarm apparently have asked for their old gray coats to be put upon them and that the Confederate flag be used to decorate their coffins.

Comrades, let us stand together, keeping in closest touch to the end. The only way—at least, the best way—now is to have the VETERAN in every home. Many can't pay for it; but the management will cooperate liberally with all who may undertake to aid in the distribution.

JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION.

The address of Gen. Clement A. Evans, Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, herein published, is commended most earnestly to every Southern man and woman. It may seem small that so little is asked of all the South as the procurement of the small area at the birthplace of the man who honored the nation in which he was born and then suffered for millions of the people who dared maintain the principles inculcated by their fathers, while in the same State, Kentucky, hundreds of thousands of dollars are now being contributed to memorialize the birthplace of the other distinguished man in that titanic struggle.

Do let us cooperate now to procure the small area of land necessary, believing that our children and their successors will see to its proper memorial character.

The men in charge of the undertaking are worthy of public confidence. They are not only doing the work gratis, but are contributing of their own funds to the procurement of what is sought—some twenty acres of land around the birth spot of Jefferson Davis.

Membership certificates will be forwarded to all who pay \$1 or more. Address this office or Capt. John H. Leathers, Treasurer, Louisville, Ky.

AN OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS GREETING.

The following letter from Knoxville, Tenn., December 24, 1908, and addressed familiarly to the given name of the editor, will entertain and encourage thousands:

"There are everywhere cards with pleasant greetings for the season which friend may post to friend; but I pass them and send you a line from my own faithful pen, inclosing also best wishes for the holiday and for the new year.

"Just an hour ago I put down in a letter to an old friend at Atlanta some thoughts which are always coming to me now

in these swift years which I find comforting like this: 'Though we miss the good sought in youth, yet if we have been true to self and have not suffered the failures and cares of life to embitter and narrow our feelings, we have nevertheless been successful.'

"It is a most helpful reflection and in accord with Scripture teaching that in the race for an earthly prize not all may win; but for the higher and heavenly we may all so run as to obtain the crown. One's faith in God and in whatsoever things are good and true and beautiful if held fast to the end must bring, and 'tis the only thing which can bring, the quiet, calm mind under all conditions and in the final change. So I strive to stronger things and higher in my thought and reading, growing day by day, I trust, broader and more all-embracing in my interest and sympathies. I can well believe you by your life and work likewise so grow.

"I saw the beautiful lines from your greatly loved and noble boy, Paul, in the last VETERAN, and I cannot close this holiday letter without saying bitter, more bitter than pen can tell, was his loss to you; but you have hope and are comforted. Somehow we must believe that good is the final goal of ill."

SAVE YOUR COTTON STALKS.

The VETERAN commends to its patrons who are cotton planters the propriety of saving cotton stalks for use in the manufacture of paper. The demonstrated value of the cotton stalk promises rich returns for the expense of baling and housing this valuable product. It might be well to investigate the value of the cotton stalk for this purpose and be convinced whether the probabilities are not extraordinary for compensation at an early day. The importance of this is, of course, the greater to cotton planters who have spare barns and easy access to railroads. Cotton stalks baled and housed could be held until the demand is established. Anyhow, the project is worthy of attention.

ADVERTISING NOT SOLICITED.

The small amount of advertising in the VETERAN causes the business public to underestimate its influence. It is not from lack of enterprise that this department has been apparently neglected. There is an erroneous sentiment that its patrons are poor as a class, and Northern advertisers are disinclined to strengthen the cause for which it is published. They know not what they do—they are not censured for this.

The VETERAN has always prospered by its subscriptions, and there is pressing demand for every inch of space in every issue. Its advertising rate is so low that advertising agencies do not seek business for it. Besides, it is very exacting in the character of advertising. It will not accept much that goes into reputable journals.

While not soliciting business for paid-for space, it will continue to accept at \$1 per inch such advertising as it can commend to its patrons.

DISCOUNTS ON SUBSCRIPTIONS.

A concession is made to subscribers who send direct to the office as follows: Three years, \$2.50; five years, \$4. This reduction will be made to any in arrears. For instance, if a patron is a year or more behind, the sums indicated will extend the time from expiration for three or five years.

Friends of the VETERAN would often place neighbors under obligations by calling attention to it. Sample copies free.

OFFICERS ELECTED TEXAS DIVISION, U. D. C.

At the annual Convention of the Texas Division, U. D. C., held in Terrell, Tex., the Gen. J. S. Griffith Chapter as hostess, which Convention was largely attended with much enthusiasm manifested, the following State officers were elected: President, Miss Katie Daffan (reëlected); Vice Presidents, Mrs. Mary Hunt Affleck, Brenham, Mrs. J. D. Guinn, San Antonio, Mrs. Kate Gerald Weaver, Waco, and Mrs. J. A. DeGaugh, Terrell; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. W. A. Hassell, Dallas (reëlected); Recording Secretary, Mrs. Beulah H. Dimmitt, Georgetown; Treasurer, Mrs. M. Wheeler, Victoria (reëlected); Historian, Mrs. M. L. Watson, Alta Loma (reëlected); Registrar, Mrs. R. C. Shindler, Dalhart (reëlected); Custodian, Miss Nannie Wilson, Austin (reëlected). Mrs. N. P. Baugh, San Antonio, and Mrs. M. Murdock, Oak Cliff, were reëlected members of the Executive Board, and Mrs. J. L. Hazlett, Hearne, Recorder of Crosses of Honor.

CHAPTER U. D. C. NAMED FOR PRIVATE ALEX. B. POSTON.

Alexander Bosley Poston, a private in Company D, 8th Regiment Kentucky Infantry, C. S. A., was born at Cadiz, Ky., September 25, 1844, and was killed on the field of Fort Donelson February 15, 1862, in his eighteenth year.

He was descended from one of the most prominent families in Southern Kentucky, was a high-toned Christian young man, and stood high in the esteem of his neighbors. He was the first man from Cadiz, and perhaps the only one, to be killed on the field of battle; and when the local Chapter U. D. C. cast about for a name, none so appropriate occurred to them as his; hence the Alex Poston Chapter, No. 387, U. D. C. But few of his family are now living, and they are widely scattered. This tribute is offered by one of his appreciative comrades, of whom but three now survive.

LOCATION OF THE WIRZ MONUMENT.

[Another change is undertaken in regard to the place of erecting the monument to Major Wirz. Happily, Andersonville was abandoned; then Americus, Macon, and Atlanta were considered. Then Richmond, Va., offered a place for it, which was accepted. Now the matter is up again in Georgia. The Constitution reports:]

A number of the officials of the Georgia Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, together with prominent members of the society, have issued a letter to the Chapters of the State requesting that they join in a call for a special convention to reconsider the action of the Savannah Convention awarding the Wirz monument to Richmond. The list is headed by Mrs. C. Helen Plane, of Atlanta, Honorary President United Daughters of the Confederacy. The letter is as follows:

"To Every Chapter, Georgia Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy: At the recent session of the Georgia Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, in its closing hours, when the representation was greatly depleted, a resolution to offer to the city of Richmond the monument to Captain Wirz, which all the women of Georgia had helped to build, was carried by a majority of only two of the voting power present. So much dissatisfaction is expressed at this result throughout the State and by interested delegates from the various States at the general convention in Atlanta that we feel impelled to protest and ask you to unite with us in a call for reconsideration of the question, which can be done only by a request from two-thirds of the Chapters in the State addressed to the President of the Division.

"The representative of Richmond's veterans stated at Atlanta November 14: 'Richmond and her veterans will offer a site through chivalry, hospitality, and loyalty to the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and to stamp their approval upon the purposes for which the Wirz monument is erected; but they stand ready to withdraw from any connection with it, believing in Georgia's right to it, if Georgia signifies a desire to retain her own.'

"In order that this question may not again swamp other good projects of our Division as it did at the Savannah Convention, we ask your signature to the accompanying form, voicing the call of your Chapter for prompt action in this matter. Respectfully, Mrs. Helen Plane, Honorary President United Daughters of the Confederacy, Atlanta; Mrs. J. K. Ottley, Georgia Chairman Shiloh Monument Commission, Atlanta; Mrs. R. E. Park, Georgia Chairman Richmond Museum Commission, Atlanta; Mrs. J. C. Olmstead, Atlanta; Mrs. James Jackson, Atlanta; Mrs. A. B. Hull, Chairman Committee on Arrangements Wirz Monument, Savannah; Mrs. Lee Trammell, State Registrar, Madison; Mrs. A. O. Harper, Elberton; Mrs. R. L. Nisbett, First Vice President Georgia Division, Marietta, Ga.; Mrs. P. H. Lovejoy, Hawkinsville; Mrs. P. H. Godfrey, Auditor Georgia Division, Covington, Ga.; Miss M. B. Sheibley, Recording Secretary, Rome; Miss Ida Holt, Macon; Mrs. T. O. Chestney, Macon; Mrs. W. D. Lamar, First Vice President, Macon.

"Forty delegates at Savannah offered the Wirz monument to the city of Richmond. The city of Richmond, in acknowledgment, offers them a site at Hollywood Cemetery."

"To the President Georgia Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy: The ——— Chapter calls for an extra session of the Georgia Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, as soon as practical to reconsider the site for the Wirz monument, believing that same should be located in our State.

"It is recommended that one delegate from each Chapter be allowed to cast the full vote of said Chapter at proposed session."

This paper should be signed by the Recording Secretary and President.

MEMORIAL PARK AT PRAIRIE GROVE, ARK.

BY DAVID W. ADAMS, PRAIRIE GROVE, ARK.

The Prairie Grove Chapter, U. D. C., has undertaken the establishment of a Confederate Memorial Park on a part of the battlefield at this place. On Sunday, December 7, 1862, this village was the scene of a spirited and hotly contested engagement between the Confederates under troops of Gen. Thomas C. Hindman and the Federals under — Herron, reinforced by Blunt during the day. It is maintained that Hindman carried the day, his men acquitting themselves with great credit. Although they took up their march southward during the succeeding night, they withdrew leisurely, and their adversaries showed not the slightest disposition to risk the hazard of pursuit.

Our people are determined in behalf of the Prairie Grove Confederate Memorial Park. * * * This town of some twelve hundred souls has just cause for self-gratulation in the fact that our Daughters of the Confederacy have inaugurated this park scheme and are meeting with remarkable success. Last August they bought nine acres of the battlefield at \$100 per acre, and they have made and paid on this purchase all but \$390, more than one-half of the purchase price.

The Prairie Grove Memorial Park Association has been chartered by the State of Arkansas. Its Board of Trustees is composed of Dr. W. B. Welch (Chairman)—this grand old man was in attendance upon the wounded during this engagement, and by his skill and zeal made everybody his friend, and he still stands humbly yet grandly true to every righteous impulse—Hon. R. O. Hannah (Commander Prairie Grove Camp, U. C. V.), Mrs. Margaret Mock, Mrs. J. H. Zellner, Mrs. M. Parks, all daughters of Confederate soldiers. The officers of the Association are: President, Mrs. Laura E. Becton Hildebrand; Secretary, Mrs. J. P. Edmiston; Custodian of the Fund, Mrs. W. T. Neale. All are interested and zealous.

All the officers are efficient, the Chapter is burning with zeal, sharpened and spurred on by enthusiasm, and the noble work in hand is sure of completion. It will be a happy realization of the lofty aims and purposes of its projectors.

This is the only Confederate Memorial Park west of the Mississippi River; and when enlarged, improved, and embellished, as it surely will be, it will be a consummation, an attraction, a hallowed spot like unto none in our Western Southland. The movement deserved success; its managers and helpers will wear crowns of victory like as the ones whose deeds are to be commemorated.

There is a large Confederate park, it will be remembered, near Fort Worth, Tex., and there are other Confederate properties; but the correspondent at Prairie Grove, Ark., evidently claims distinction as a "memorial" park.

LAST OFFICIAL ESCORT OF PRESIDENT DAVIS.

The escort with President Davis when captured in May, 1865, was composed as follows:

Capt. Given A. Campbell, from McCracken County, Ky. (not captured), now living in St. Louis, Mo.

First Lieut. Hazard P. Baker, Trigg County, Ky., now living near Canton, Trigg County, Ky.

Private Harvey C. Sanders, Trigg County, Ky. He has a \$20 gold piece received while on this duty. Post office, New Boston, Tex.

Minus C. Parsley, Trigg County, Ky. (not captured).

James T. Walbert, McCracken County, Ky. Dead.

Harrison Smith, Lyon County, Ky. Dead.

W. N. Ingram, Trigg County, Ky. Dead.

Tom S. McSwain, Paris, Tenn. (not captured). Dead.

W. L. Heath, Corbin, Ky.

W. A. Howard, Trigg County, Ky. (not captured). Birmingham, Ala.

All of the above were of Breckinridge's 2d Kentucky Cavalry, Company B.

In sending the above from Cadiz, Ky., F. G. Terry writes: "I have seen frequent mention by various comrades of President Davis's escort from the vicinity of Charlotte, N. C., to points in Georgia, and it seems to be the generally accepted statement that that escort dwindled down from three brigades to a selection of ten men, who stayed with him till that fatal morning when the curtain over the great drama was finally rung down. I have never seen the list of the gallant and devoted men who composed that escort; but now I have from the lips of the gallant young (?) lieutenant who was with that escort the names of that illustrious band, their places of nativity, etc. It will be seen that five of the number were from Trigg County, Ky., which county furnished something like four hundred men to the Confederate service."

MARYLAND DIVISION, U. D. C.

The annual meeting of the Maryland Division of the Daughters of the Confederacy was held recently at Lehmann's Hall, and several subjects of interest were considered. Mrs. F. G. Odenheimer, President of the Division, presided at the meeting. She was reelected President for another term.



MRS. F. G. ODENHEIMER.

The other officers elected are: Honorary President, Mrs. D. G. Wright; President, Mrs. Frank G. Odenheimer; Vice Presidents, Mrs. John P. Poe, Mrs. G. Smith Norris, Mrs. L. Victor Baughman, Mrs. R. A. Hammond, and Mrs. E. T. B. Egee; Treasurer, Mrs. Winfield Peters; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Neilson Poe; Recording Secretary, Mrs. August Weber; Historian, Miss Mary Hall; Recorder, Mrs. Samuel T. Brown.

Mrs. Odenheimer made her report on the session of the United Daughters of the Confederacy at Atlanta, urging that the Division make a large appropriation for the monuments which are to be erected in the Confederate division of the Arlington Cemetery and in the cemetery at Shiloh. Each monument will cost something like \$50,000, and \$10,000 has been raised for the former.

A suggestion also indorsed was for the erection of a Confederate monument on Monocacy battlefield. Two monuments to the Union dead have been placed there; and as the battle was a Southern victory, it was thought desirable that a Confederate shaft should be placed there.

The Harford Chapter is also endeavoring to erect a monument at Belair in memory of Harford's soldiers and sailors.

William H. Reading, 1228 Avenue C, Galveston, Tex., desires information of Capt. William Ellis, Company A, 1st Regiment Regular Artillery of Louisiana. Mr. Reading's father served in that company from Terrebonne Station, La. Any one who can furnish information to Mr. Reading will greatly oblige.

THE CONFEDERATE CHOIRS.

BY COL. WILLIAM H. STEWART, PORTSMOUTH, VA.

"The sacred hymns of the Christian nations of the world have been one of the strongest forces in breaking the chains of paganism and infidelity and in enthroning Christianity. The highest exaltation of the soul is felt and the clearest conception of God is borne in on the mental vision through the divine outbursts of poetical inspiration which illumine the pages of the sacred writings. Every land has its native airs and songs, which are more effective than its armies and navies in guarding the liberties of the people and which more than all other forces fill their hearts with hope and courage." So were spoken the sentiments of a distinguished Mississippian, which we can all approve.

As the "Marseillaise Hymn" inspires the Frenchman, as the "Watch on the Rhine" arouses the German, as "God Save the King" exalts the pride of the Englishman, so the old songs of Dixie Land bring memories of love and joyful emotions to Southern Americans.

After Appomattox the songs and airs of the Confederacy were silent for many years, and they were fast fading out of the memory of men. On the 19th of January, 1907, a little band commenced the work of gathering in the lost songs and singing again the airs of Dixie Land, and they came like a vision of the past to fill the hearts of the veterans of the South "with hope and courage."

I heard the "Rebel yell" on many battlefields when victory came to the star-set cross of the South. I heard the "Rebel yell" when Jackson passed his troops marching to the front. I heard the "Rebel yell" when "Marse Robert" rode in review of his "people." I heard the "Rebel yell" come back when the "Girls in Gray" sang the old songs in the auditorium at Birmingham, Ala., last June (1908) from five thousand throats of veterans with the same zest, vigor, and enthusiasm as that which came from the young soldiers who whipped Hooker at Chancellorsville, drove Grant from the Wilderness, and made his legions disobey his orders at Cold Harbor. Who will place a stumbling-block in the way of the sweet singers of the South? Five hundred patriotic women and men, vocalists of the South, have already enlisted "to revive the old-time war songs." Shall they not be allowed to manage the affairs of their organization in their own way? Shall they not be invested with the principle of self-government for which the Southern armies fought from 1861 to April, 1865?

If I can judge from what I have seen and heard, the work of this organization is an invaluable asset of history, and has touched the hearts of veterans more deeply than any other feature of any other patriotic organization of the South! Where are the veterans who disapprove the Confederate Choirs? Let me as a humble soldier appeal to the Daughters of the Confederacy not to erect barriers, but place stepping-stones for the talented musicians who desire to revive the old songs! Your President General, Mrs. Stone, is reported as approving the protest of "certain influential Camps who are opposed to the wearing of Confederate uniforms by Southern women and the assumption of military titles." This is unfair, with an apparent purpose to place a stumbling-block in the way of the independence of the federation of Confederate Choirs. Do let these soul-stirring people manage their own vestments and voices in the way which they deem most effectual! We see that when they sing the old songs happiness comes to the hearts and the highest exaltation of the soul is felt by the old soldiers who stood upon the firing line and

made the rushing charges which gave glory to the battle flag of the South. The Grand Camp of Virginia welcomed the Confederate Choirs at Charlottesville in no uncertain sound, and that glorious soldier and chivalrous gentleman, Gen. Thomas T. Munford, commended them with the eloquence of heart inspiration. He said:

"Ladies of the Confederate Uniformed Choir: It is with unfeigned pleasure that I, on behalf of the Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans, greet you with a soldier's welcome and thank you from our hearts for your soul-stirring music, which recalls scenes when our hearts throbbed not only at the sight of our old flag, but when the notes of the shrill bugle or the roll of the kettledrum was echoed from regiment to regiment calling us to arms, and the pleasanter hours when at the call of the sweet tattoo the band played the familiar old tunes of 'Home, Sweet Home,' 'Auld Lang Syne,' 'Then You'll Remember Me,' 'The Vacant Chair,' 'Old Folks at Home,' 'Suwannee River,' and 'My Old Kentucky Home.' These were household songs in our army, and with good voices music rose to its sublimity."

I wish space would allow all of the beautiful tribute of this gallant cavalryman, who rode with Stuart on many fields, to be printed herewith. Suffice it to say that I believe he echoed the sentiments of more than nine-tenths of the living veterans who have heard the uniformed Confederate Choirs sing "Dixie" and the other old songs dear to their hearts.

God bless the uniformed Confederate Choirs, and may the organization live as long as the Mississippi flows into the Gulf of Mexico!

JACKSON'S BRIGADE IN BATTLE OF NASHVILLE.

BY CHARLES B. MARTIN (FIRST GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS, C. S. A.),
SHUBUTA, MISS.

There are no doubt many survivors of Hood's army who remember that forty-four years ago, on December 16, 1864, we met with disastrous defeat in front of Nashville, Tenn.

Gen. H. R. Jackson's Georgia Brigade, Bate's Division, Cheatham's Corps (of which I was a member), was part of the force which met disaster. I give a short sketch of the movements of the brigade from our discomfiture in front of Murfreesboro, Tenn., to the one in front of Nashville.

After the battle of Franklin, Bate's Division was sent to co-operate with General Forrest in an attack on the garrison at Murfreesboro, which resulted in failure.

On account of some dissatisfaction caused by a speech of General Bate the day after the attack Jackson's Brigade was ordered to report to General Hood at Nashville. Our march to that point was without incident except that we halted long enough at the Tennessee Insane Asylum to cut and haul eight or ten cords of firewood for the inmates of that institution, the superintendent having reported to General Jackson that they were without anything to make fires or to haul wood.

When we arrived at Nashville, Cheatham's Corps was on the extreme right of the Confederate line, the right of which rested on a deep cut on the railroad between Nashville and Murfreesboro. Our brigade was assigned a position about a quarter of a mile in the rear of the line and about half a mile from the railroad, a small hill hiding our camp from the road. This position we occupied for several days, on one of which Brig. Gen. Henry R. Jackson, our brigade commander, had a narrow escape from death. He and several other generals, their staffs and escorts, had assembled on the top of a knoll just in front of Fort Negley on the enemy's fortifications.

The group were viewing General Thomas's works and presented a very enticing target for the guns of Fort Negley, which the gunners took advantage of, and one of the shells fired struck the ground under General Jackson's horse, exploding as it struck and killing the horse without injury to the rider. Of course the group quickly sought a safer position.

A day or two after this event the enemy commenced massing artillery in front of Cheatham's Corps, which still occupied its position on the right. The initiated at once predicted an assault on that part of the line, and began to prepare to meet it; but just as the batteries commenced firing, a body of troops was observed on our right moving in the direction of the rear of our position. When first seen the distance was too great to tell whether they were white or black; but half an hour later it was known to be a division of negro troops. Every man was on the alert, as this was the first time our corps was to come in contact with negro soldiers. Seeing that their route of march would bring them across the railroad below the end of the cut, it was decided to make a trap for them, and they were allowed to come on unmolested. After crossing the railroad the darkies formed a line of battle, and, thinking they had not been discovered, prepared to surprise the men in our works by an attack in the rear. Poor fools! little did they dream that every step they took toward the breastworks was watched by angry eyes and twitching fingers on gun triggers, men only awaiting the signal to exterminate them.

When they had moved forward far enough to enable our brigade to form in their rear, one of the divisions in the works about-faced, and the other did likewise and wheeled to the left. We had the negroes in our trap; and when we commenced firing on them, complete demoralization followed. All that remained on the ground were good niggers. Many jumped into the cut, and were either killed or crippled. We took no prisoners. Not a single white man was seen among the killed. Where were their officers?

About the 14th of December our division was moved (the other brigades having joined ours) to the center between the Franklin and Granny White Pikes. We remained in this position one day and part of a night. Our entire corps was then placed on the left of the Granny White Pike, Bate's Division on the right of the corps, Jackson's Brigade on the right of the division, his right resting on the Granny White Pike, and Gen. Edward Johnson's Division across the pike on our right behind a stone fence as breastworks. Finley's Brigade was on our left, with a small hill between us.

On the morning of the 16th, being in need of some blank reports, which were in the headquarters' ambulance, I was going to obtain them when I noticed artillery being massed in front of General Johnson's position. I had just started to return from the ambulance when fire was opened on Johnson's Division, many of the shells passing to the rear and exploding in and about the ambulance. Our driver, named Sigmund, went to the top of the hill to witness the fight, when his head was shot off by a shell.

When I reached the front, every vestige of stone that was in the fence in front of Johnson's men had been knocked down, and the line had sought a safer position a little to the rear.

The firing had by this time become general along our entire line. The ground in our front was so rough that no assault was made on us, but our pickets had a lively time with the enemy. We had a fine view of the different assaults on our right, but had no idea that the end would be so disastrous.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, while seated on the

edge of the ditch in the rear of our works engaged in conversation with Capt. Alfred Bryant, our assistant adjutant general, and very near to General Jackson, a loud hurraing was heard in our rear; and turning to see what it meant, we saw a large body of bluecoats, who had broken through our line at the position held by Finley's men. General Jackson at once instructed Captain Bryant to go down the line to the right and order the regimental commanders to move their men out by the right flank, at the same time sending me to the left with the same instructions. I hurried to the 1st Battalion Georgia Sharpshooters, who were on our extreme left, delivered the order to Lieutenant King, who was in command, and hastened to rejoin General Jackson. Assisted by Lieutenant Colonel Gordon, of my regiment, the General was walking to where his horse had been sent; but the ground was thawing and the walking slow and tedious. At every step our feet became encumbered with two or three pounds of stiff mud. The enemy were trying to cut us off, and, though at some distance, were firing at us and calling out: "Surrender!"

The General was becoming exhausted, and requested the colonel and myself to leave him. Being near the pike, Colonel Gordon told him that he thought we might get away. The General's horse was in the edge of the woods just beyond, and we felt he could reach the animal. I remained with the General, however. After crossing the pike and while getting over the stone fence it rolled from under him and threw him into the ditch beyond. I assisted him out, and persuaded him to pull his heavy boots off, as they were so loaded with mud that he could scarcely walk. He got one off, and was trying to remove the other when we heard the cry: "Surrender, d— you!" Looking up, we saw the muzzles of four guns aimed at us across the fence not more than seventy or eighty yards distant. "They have got us, General," I said, and called out: "We surrender!"

The General commenced to pull on his boot, and I turned his coat collar down to prevent our captors from discovering his rank, as I hoped we might be recaptured.

The men—one corporal and three privates—sprang over the fence and came up to where we stood just as General Jackson succeeded in getting his boot on, and in pulling at it his collar assumed its natural position. The corporal walked around the General once or twice, then, standing in front of him, said: "You are a general." "That is my rank," was the reply. The corporal, taking off his hat, waved it around his



THE ELEGANT BERRY RESIDENCE ON BATTLE LINE.

The Confederates fortified in its front—about the nearest point to Nashville.

head and cried out: "Captured a general, by G—. I will carry you to Nashville myself."

At a command in German from the corporal two men took charge of the General, and with the corporal crossed the fence to the pike and started with him toward the city, leaving me in charge of the other man, who in very strong language informed me that if I tried to run he would shoot my head off. I told him not to worry, I had run as far as I could. Then he started with me toward Nashville.

We were on the edge of the ground over which Johnson's Division had fallen back, and blankets, knapsacks, etc., were scattered very liberally over it. The Dutchman told me to go to a very large knapsack. When reaching it he proceeded to open and examine the contents. In kneeling to open it he let his gun fall into the hollow of his left arm, the muzzle almost touching my body. The temptation to knock him in the head took hold upon me; and while he was unbuckling the straps to the knapsack I jerked his gun and, whirling it, struck him back of the head. He fell across the knapsack, when I stepped over him and made off in the direction of the Franklin Pike.

Just as I entered the woods I met Lieutenant Colonel Gordon with General Jackson's horse. He asked me for General Jackson, and I reported his capture. "Mount his horse," said the Colonel. "We must get away from here, as the Yankee cavalry are trying to gain the pike in our rear." We rode to the Franklin Pike, where we saw demoralization in the extreme. Riding down the pike about a mile, we saw General Hood, with other commanding officers, trying to rally the men, but in vain. I saw one man who had been stopped by General Cheatham dodge beneath the General's horse and continue on his way while the General was trying to rally others.

The Colonel and I crossed the Harpeth River at Franklin after dark that night, and after finding the General's servant, Jim, turned the horse over to him and instructed him to take the other effects and make his way home to Savannah, Ga., if he could get there.

The next day we started for the Tennessee River, which we crossed on the 23d of December, 1864.

The VETERAN has been complimented with a piece of tobacco preserved from war days. There is no odor, but the color is good still. It had been hidden away for thirty odd years.

HOOD'S TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN.

ATTENTION OF GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS SOLICITED.

The Nashville Board of Trade, a splendid business and patriotic organization of about two thousand members, is considering the subject of marking noted places on the battlefield of Nashville. The great battle of Franklin is so connected with this historic event that discussion of the subject here includes both. The awful blunder at Spring Hill and the awful defeat at Nashville are in a sense redeemed by the heroism displayed in the awful carnage at Franklin.

Passing from Spring Hill on the morning of November 30, 1864, toward Franklin, the Confederate army witnessed evidences of much confusion. The editor, marching in the line, recalls counting thirty-four wagons abandoned on the pike, and in many instances all the mules attached, usually four to a wagon, were killed. Whether they were killed by the Federals to avoid their capture or by the Confederates fighting the Federals, he does not know.

The first show of resistance appeared on the south side of a range of hills—prominent among which is "Winstead Hill"—to the right of the pike, as may be seen in the picture. A command of infantry with fixed bayonets appeared as if intending to resist our further advance, but it soon withdrew to the two lines of works in front of and near Franklin. The advance line of temporary, or very inferior, works was held until the Confederates were close enough to follow close after the retreating Federals to their main line. But for this the broad plain would have been covered with Confederate dead, so there could have been very little resistance where the awful carnage occurred.

Survivors of the battle of Franklin who were in the midst of the carnage, although much of the fighting was done in the night, are indelibly impressed with the dreadful events that occurred. It was a fight to the death, as illustrated by the response of Gen. O. F. Strahl a few minutes before his death to the editor, posted on the outer slope of the Federal breastworks, who, seeing that nearly all were dead and acting upon the theory that there was no rule of warfare whereby all men should be killed, asked, "What had we better do?" and the response was quick and emphatic, "Keep firing."

But it is not intended to write now especially of the battle, but to show the merit of the appeal which should be made in behalf of procuring a small area, including the cotton gin, the Carter House, and extending over the location of the



THE LOCATION OF FEDERALS INDICATED ABOVE WAS ON THE RIGHT. WINSTEAD HILL IS TO THE LEFT.

locust grove, for a national park and the erecting of a monument to the valor of the men who fought on both sides.

BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

[Capt. J. M. Hickey, of Washington, D. C., writes to Mr. J. K. Merrifield, of St. Louis, Mo.]

I notice in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for November, 1908, your very interesting article from "The Other Side" at Franklin, which reminds me so forcibly of what I saw and heard myself on that bloody battlefield November 30, 1864. I was captain of Company B, 2d and 6th Missouri Infantry, General Cockrell's Missouri Brigade.

In the famous charge made by the Missouri Brigade I was seriously wounded in my right leg, which was amputated next day on the field near the Federal breastworks close to the cotton gin and not far from the Carter House. My wound was so serious that I could not crawl or get away, and while thus prostrated on the ground I was shot through the fore arm, the ball shattering both bones, and a few minutes thereafter I was again shot in my left shoulder.

In this awful condition, with my clothing saturated with blood and with hundreds of dead and wounded Confederate soldiers lying almost in a heap about me, I beheld the dead body of Col. Hugh Garland, commanding the 1st Missouri Regiment in the battle, who was killed by a second shot while prostrated on the ground. Many other Confederates were shot all around me, and died weltering in their own blood. I was within six feet of Colonel Garland when a Federal soldier gave him water from his canteen and straightened him out on the ground, relieving him somewhat from the weight of other dying or dead comrades. The reading of your narrative makes my heart thrill with emotion and calls to mind so vividly the awful, heartrending, and bloody scenes witnessed by me and other wounded soldiers for twenty hours prostrate on that bloody battlefield, where over six thousand Confederate soldiers were killed and wounded.

I know all about the cotton gin and the Carter House. About ten o'clock at night, when the battle was somewhat over, the roar of cannon and small arms had in a measure ceased, and nothing could be heard but the wails of the wounded and the dying, some calling for their friends, some praying to be relieved of their awful suffering, and thousands in the deep, agonizing throes of death filled the air with mournful sounds and dying groans that can never be described.

While in this pitiable condition and shivering with cold and almost dead from the loss of blood I beheld a sight that I can never forget. Colonel Carter, whose home was at the Carter House (as I afterwards learned) and who commanded a regiment in the Confederate army, was shot and killed in sight of his own home, and his sisters in some way had heard of his sad fate and went out on the battlefield about one hundred yards from his home with lanterns in hand and found him dying. They carried him to his own sweet home amid the groans, the weeping, and the wailing of thousands of wounded Confederate soldiers, and he died just as they reached the house. The battle of Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864, was the worst slaughter pen and the most bitterly contested of all of our battles, with greater loss of life on the Confederate side for the number engaged than any battle of the Civil War.

Franklin has an interest that no other battlefield possesses in the record of the carnage which raged there from four in the afternoon until eleven at night. The heroic Confederacy was about to terminate in gloom and defeat with the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox, yet the battle of Franklin added another star to the shining crown of her achievements.

Many Confederate and Federal soldiers are anxious for the government to erect a monument to the valor of the soldiers of both armies in the battle of Franklin.

Edward Hayward writes from Hayes Center, Nebr., his wish that a national park be established on the battlefield of Franklin. He says:

"I was in Colonel Opdyke's Brigade, 88th Illinois Infantry, and was in that charge after the Johnnies had broken our line. The left of our regiment was by the cotton gin, and the right of the brigade was at the pike. It was a hard old fight. I can see it yet as if it had occurred but yesterday.

"I helped a Confederate major over the breastworks into the cotton gin that night after the fight. I made a bed of cotton for him and gave him a drink of water. He expressed his gratitude beautifully. I would like to have a talk with that Johnny if he lived, but he said he was mortally wounded. I think he belonged to the 45th Georgia.

"I have not been South since I was discharged from the army. I had rather live about Franklin than any place I know."



CARTER HOUSE AND SMOKEHOUSE AT FRANKLIN. COTTON GIN TO THE RIGHT AND LOCUST GROVE TO THE LEFT.

<http://stores.ebay.com/Ancestry-Found>

MAKE A NATIONAL PARK AT FRANKLIN.

T. C. HARBAUGH, IN NATIONAL TRIBUNE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

I have just returned from another visit to the battlefield of Franklin, Tenn. I found much there to interest the old boys who took part in that desperate struggle November 30, 1864, and they would enjoy visiting the place. The old cotton gin has vanished; but the bullet-marked Carter House, around which the tide of battle rolled with varying fortunes that bloody day and night, is still extant, and marks a historic spot. The ground over which the Confederates charged up to the Union breastworks is in about the same condition as during the battle, and the landscape is as lovely as then.

I know of no more historic battlefield in the land than Franklin, with the quaint Tennessee town for its setting. I talked with many soldiers of both armies who took part in the battle, and they gave me many interesting facts concerning it. An attempt was made some years ago to mark the spot where Gen. "Pat" Cleburne fell at the head of his men, and a small tablet tells where General Adams died. The heroism of both armies at Franklin was not surpassed in any battle of the war. The death of six Confederate generals there shows the desperateness of the fighting, and the resistance of the Union soldiers is a halo of glory.

I cannot see why the national government has taken no steps toward marking the battlefield of Franklin. This is something that should be done, and done before the last of the gallant men who fought there have passed over to rest

"under the shade of the trees." The cost would not be great, as not much land would have to be secured, and I understand that the necessary area could be purchased at no exorbitant figure. It is the desire of every Franklin participant whom I met to have the field marked.

Other battlefields of no more importance than Franklin have been tableted, and it should not be left unmarked. I understand that a movement is on foot looking to the proper marking of this place, but it must be pressed before it is too late. The bravery displayed there should have a monument to the soldiers of both armies; not a costly shaft, but one that would reflect the heroism of all who were at Franklin. It was the last desperate battle of the war, fought when the Confederacy was without hope and when Appomattox was in the near distance.

The kindly feeling that has grown up since the war by the blue and the gray who stood on the "firing line" calls for a memorial at Franklin that would forever keep green their gallantry. I hope something will be done in this direction. Let the Union soldiers take it in hand, and I am assured that their old foemen, now their friends, will meet them halfway and help to carry out the project. I would suggest that every Union soldier who fought at Franklin write his views on this matter to S. A. Cunningham, of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, at Nashville, Tenn., and see if Franklin cannot have its memorial to American heroism. Mr. Cunningham was one of the Confederates who charged the Union works at the Carter House, and will do his part toward seeing that this great battlefield is appropriately marked, as it should be.

[This article in the National Tribune has created much interest. The VETERAN seeks accounts by Union soldiers.]

FROM "THE OTHER SIDE" AT FRANKLIN.

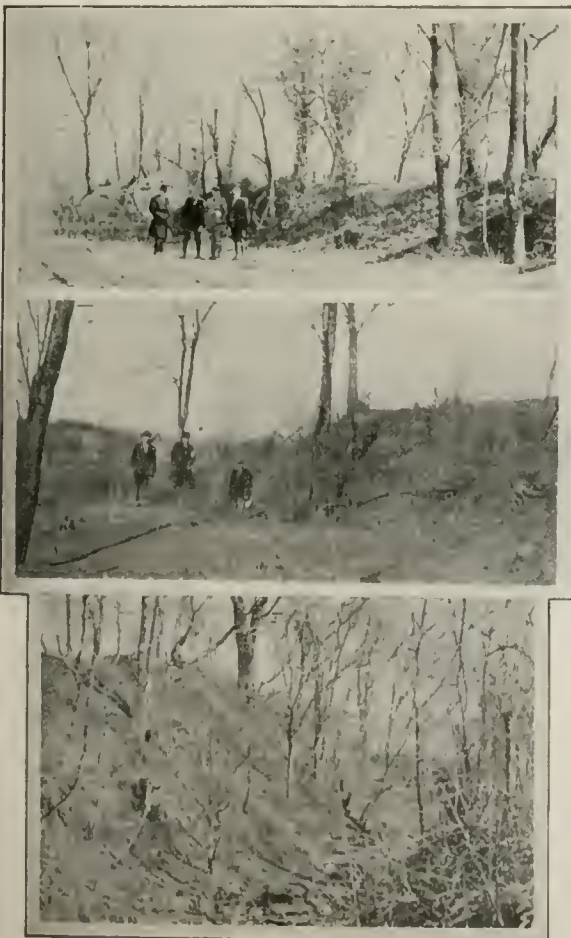
S. C. Walford writes from Lone Tree, Iowa: "I served three years in the 97th Ohio during the war, and was in all the battles from Stone's River to Lovejoy Station and back to Franklin and Nashville except Chickamauga. I consider Franklin the hardest fought of any I was in. We were on the advance line that broke and made a hasty retreat for the main line. I am in favor of the government marking the battlefield, and I believe that every Confederate living who was in that battle will be in favor of it."

S. A. Dammer, of La Cygne, Kans., late of Company D, 8th Iowa Cavalry, 1st Brigade, 1st Division Cavalry, Army of the Cumberland, also writes:

"Seeing your name mentioned as a committeeman to further the effort to make the battlefield of Franklin a national park, I am in perfect sympathy with such a move. I was in the battle, stood between the river and the pike, and was in Croxton's Brigade of Cavalry.

"How well I remember forty-two years ago (November 29, 1864) when we were at Columbia, on Duck River! I was one of ten men sent down the river from Columbia to watch a crossing. We were ordered to stay there until 10 p.m., and then, unless informed, to come in. We did not receive orders, and on our way back we ran right into Confederate camps; and when we got to the pike, it was lined with wagons, so we had to go single file.

"You can put my name down as one who wants to see the battlefield of Franklin made a national park. I expect to see that battlefield again and go over the same road on which we retreated that night and see the same ground on which we camped at Shoal Creek."



VIEWS OF THE FORT ACROSS HARPETH RIVER FROM FRANKLIN.

"What surprises me is why Hood did not capture the whole command or drive us west in place of letting us go to Franklin. That is surely one of the most remarkable retreats ever made, for we passed the Confederate camps that night without being molested. The 8th Iowa was camped on Shoal Creek between Pulaski and Florence when Hood crossed his army over the Tennessee River. * * * We were camped, I think, ten miles from Florence. Four companies were stationed at Florence. The regiment was about four hundred strong. How well I remember when the word came that the Confederates were crossing! Major Root, in command of the regiment, dashed down toward the river. Before we got halfway there we met the Confederates in full force. It is needless to say that we only tried to save ourselves.

"A week or so before Hood crossed the river we were at Florence. A squad of ten or twelve was sent to watch a crossing on the river. It was a beautiful Sabbath day. There was not a building at the landing; it was simply an open place on the bank of the river. We tied our horses back in the timber, and were just lounging around on the grass when two men on the south side went down to the river, got in a skiff, floated out toward us, and waved their handkerchiefs. Sergeant Hoyt, in command, called us up and said he had no orders to receive them; but if we would promise never to tell, we would let them come. They rowed over, got out, and lounged on the grass with us for nearly two hours. I think they were a captain and a lieutenant. They said they were sent to notify us that a certain lady was to pass up the river and to come inside the Union lines that afternoon; but we never saw the lady referred to. With the captain and lieutenant we had the most agreeable time that

could be imagined, talking all our difficulties over in the most friendly manner. I would like to meet either one of them, would go ever so far to do so. I think I must be the only one surviving of our party. Florence is about a mile from the river. I stood guard several nights on the bank at the old railroad bridge. There were some old buildings there, too, and it was one of the gloomiest places I ever stood guard."



BATTLE OF NASHVILLE.

BY M. B. MORTON, MANAGING EDITOR NASHVILLE BANNER.

The battle of Nashville, which marked the failure of the last aggressive movement of the armies of the Confederacy, was fought a few miles south of this city December 15 and 16, 1864.

Gen. A. P. Stewart wrote to Col. A. P. Mason, assistant adjutant general of the Army of Tennessee: "I deem it proper to say that after the fall of Atlanta the condition of the army and other considerations rendered it necessary, in my judgment, that an offensive campaign should be made in the enemy's rear and on his line of communication. It is not my purpose nor does it pertain to me to explain the reasons which prompted the campaign, but simply to express my concurrence in the views which determined the operations of the army."

For the details of the battle of Nashville contained in this article the Banner and the writer are indebted to Gov. James D. Porter, as the people of Tennessee and the South are indebted to him for a lifetime's service in peace and war, as the generations of Tennesseans yet unborn are indebted to him for his volume in the military history of the South devoted to the Tennessee soldier, and the part he took in the great Civil War.

And just one word for the private soldier of Tennessee, the private soldier of the Confederate States of America. No better soldier ever shouldered musket or marched to battle. History tells of no braver man, none with greater powers of endurance, with nerves of iron and sinews of steel, none with more intelligence, none more devoted to duty, and none with a higher conception of Christian manhood. In the aggregate he made the greatest fighting machine the world has known. He often won his battle under the most adverse circumstances. Name any battle in which he participated where his force came anywhere near equaling the enemy in numbers, and you name a Southern victory.

Governor Porter is particularly well fitted to tell the story of the battle of Nashville. As a young man he was a member of the Legislature and "helped take Tennessee out of the Union." He at once enlisted in the army, and remained in the field until the end, first as adjutant general and chief of staff of Cheatham's Division and then as adjutant general of that army corps. He was with Hood in his march into and out of Tennessee, and was an active participant in the battle of Nashville during both the days of the battle.

The map on page 16 gives a good idea of the fortifications in and around Nashville at the time of the battle and the disposition of the forces in the field. The position of the fortifications and lines of battle and troops during the two days' engagement are copied from a map made by Maj. Wilbur F. Foster, who was chief engineering officer of Gen. A. P. Stewart's Corps, serving before, during, and after the battle of Nashville until the surrender at Greensboro, N. C.

The Federals had two permanent lines of breastworks, the inner line running from Fort Negley, their strongest fortification, in a northeasterly direction to the river, and from Fort Negley in the other direction by Fort Casino, on what is now Reservoir Hill, to Fort Morton, and thence in a northwesterly direction, via Fort Gillem, in North Nashville, to the Cumberland River not far from the present Hyde's Ferry bridge. The outer line began at Fort Casino and ran in a southwesterly then westerly and then northwesterly direction to the Cumberland River, a short distance below the present Tennessee Central Railroad bridge. This line included part of Belmont Heights, went beyond Vanderbilt University

grounds, and crossed the Harding Pike near the present Acklen Park. Within the inner line, near the intersection of Sixteenth Avenue (Belmont) and Division Street, was Fort Houston, on the present site of Maj. E. C. Lewis's residence and adjacent lots. Besides the permanent lines of fortification, a number of temporary breastworks were built south of the city immediately preceding and during the battle.

Few of the many thousands of people who annually visit Glendale Park realize that this beautiful and peaceful bit of woodland is almost the exact geographical center of the battle of Nashville and that it was raked by shot and shell when the two armies, the one commanded by Gen. J. B. Hood and the other by Gen. G. H. Thomas, met in deadly conflict. General Hood's headquarters during the battle were near the present palatial residence of Mr. Overton Lea, southwest of Glendale Park. Previous to the battle General Hood's headquarters were at Col. John Overton's residence, 'Travelers' Rest, where his son, Mr. May Overton, now lives.

On the first day of the battle the Confederate lines extended east and west near what is now the northern extremity of the Glendale car line loop. Going east, it crossed the Franklin Pike and passed on near the A. V. Brown residence to Rains Hill, now on the west side of the Nolensville Pike. From there it extended in a northeasterly direction to the N., C. & St. L. Railroad, from which point a thin line of cavalry extended in a northeasterly direction to the Cumberland River.

On the left wing Chalmers's and Rucker's Brigades of Forrest's Cavalry were thrown out in a line of observation extending in a northwesterly direction to the Cumberland River. It will be remembered by his old comrades that General Rucker, who is now a prominent capitalist of Birmingham, Ala., lost his arm and was captured south of the Overton Knobs, on the Granny White Pike, after the battle. Gen. A. P. Stewart commanded the left, Gen. Stephen D. Lee the center, and Gen. B. F. Cheatham the right.

From near the center an advance line was thrown out at an angle with the main line extending to the left in a direction a little north of west across the Granny White Pike and across Belmont Terrace, then the Montgomery homestead, and on across Mr. Walter Stokes's farm to the Hillsboro Pike near where it is now crossed by the Tennessee Central Railroad belt line. For several days before the battle the soldiers in their intrenchments, which were only a few hundred yards from the Federal outer line of works around Nashville, were constantly under fire. The old Montgomery homestead, which occupied the crest of what is now Belmont Terrace and which was right in the line of the Confederate works, was destroyed by Federal shots, and the old overseer's house for the Montgomery homestead, now owned by Smith Criddle, was riddled by shot, the marks of which may still be seen. It was at first intended to make this the main Confederate line of battle on the left; but it was afterwards determined to make the main line, as already described, about half a mile south of the crest of Belmont Terrace. Just before the battle of December 15 the troops in this line were withdrawn to the main line, the original line being held as a skirmish line.

During the fight December 15, the first day of the battle, the left flank of the Confederate army was turned, and General Stewart re-formed his line, now augmented after nightfall by Cheatham's troops, in a position almost parallel to the Hillsboro Pike on the east side of the pike.

The next day, December 16, was the second and main day of the battle. The Confederate army had been formed during

the preceding night in line of battle extending east and west from a point in the hills west of the Granny White Pike, extending east across the pike and through the northern edge of the present Overton Lea woods pasture, across the present Van L. Kirkman farm and the Franklin Pike to Overton Hill, a short distance north of the John Overton home. The line crossed the Franklin Pike a few hundred yards north of the present Van Leer Kirkman residence.

On the second day of the battle Cheatham's Corps was the left of the army, General Stewart held the center, and General Lee the right, facing General Steedman across the Franklin Pike.

It may be seen by reference to the map that the Confederates were faced in front by an unbroken line of foes and that the Federals had effected a lodgment in their rear near the Granny White Pike, so that their only feasible line of retreat was by the Franklin Pike. The advance on and the retreat from Nashville were over the Franklin Pike.

After the battle of Franklin, Gen. William B. Bate and Gen. N. B. Forrest were detached from Hood's army and sent to Murfreesboro with five or six thousand men to take that place if possible and to destroy the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railroad, so that reinforcements could not be brought to the Federals over that road. They performed the latter mission with reasonable success, but were unable to take Murfreesboro. General Bate was then ordered to Nashville with his troops, and took part in the second day's fight; but General Forrest and some of the infantry that had been sent to Murfreesboro did not again join Hood's army until Columbia was reached on the retreat.

When asked as to the number of men General Hood had at the battle of Nashville, Governor Porter said: "The ordnance officer, who had charge of the ordnance stores, used to tell me we had fifteen thousand infantry in line. Of course we had more troops than that: we had some at Murfreesboro and some on detached service that did not participate in the action."

"What estimate did he make of the Federal force in and around Nashville at that time?" was asked.

"You know," was the reply, "they had between eighteen thousand and twenty thousand men in line at Franklin, and they were constantly receiving reinforcements. There were five or six thousand troops in Nashville who never went to Franklin. We were in front of Nashville nearly two weeks, and from Rains Hill I could see the reinforcements coming in every day from toward Louisville. I could see them cross the river. Gen. J. H. Wilson had ten thousand cavalry horses. Counting all sorts of men under arms, the Federals had at least seventy-five thousand."

"How many do you estimate they had actually in the fighting?"

"They did not have that many; but they had them in supporting distance, and that is the same thing as having them there. Their fights were made in detachments. For instance, they attacked us on the right. Steedman came out with his division; he was feeling us to see what was there and to see whether he could turn that flank or not, and we beat him very badly."

Describing the first day of the battle, Governor Porter said: "Cheatham's Corps was thrown across the Nolensville Pike, with its center at Rains Hill (it used to be spoken of as Ridley's Hill; we called it Ridley's Hill then, but it belonged to Rains, and we got to calling it Rains Hill). Nixon's

cavalry was on our right in open order, running across to the river, and was more in observation than anything else.

"On the 15th of December General Steedman came out with his division (and, by the way, he had with him Shafter, who afterwards made such a conspicuous failure in Cuba). General Shafter was commanding a negro regiment. General Corbin, afterwards commander of the United States army, was there also in command of another regiment of negroes. They came out against us in rather handsome style. I do not suppose they had ever been in action before. We fired but one volley. We knocked down over eight hundred of them, and that was the end of it—they retired. They left in disorder—a bad case of disorder.

"We had no serious action there except with one little brigade. The left of Cleburne's Division of Cheatham's Corps rested on the east side of the Nolensville Pike, held by Govan's Brigade. We had but two divisions, and the other—Cheatham's old division—was west of the pike. On Govan's right, east of the pike, was Granberry's Brigade, General Granberry having been killed at Franklin. The brigade occupied what the soldiers called a lunette—a little open work—with three hundred men. They were attacked by the Federals and gave them a bloody repulse, though themselves sustaining a loss of twenty or thirty men, mostly killed and wounded by sharpshooters. The whole line opened on the Federals, and they left in great disorder, and that was the end of the first day's fight on Hood's right. When we made that fight, we were already under orders to go to the left of the line of battle, where General Stewart's left flank had been forced.

"When the enemy turned Stewart's left flank, he had to drop back three-quarters of a mile and make a second formation parallel with and on the east side of the Hillsboro Pike. He was in this formation when we arrived there late in the evening of the 15th. When the fight began, Gen. Stephen D. Lee held the center of the line of battle; but when Cheatham's Corps was moved to the extreme left to support Stewart, Lee's Corps became the right flank of General Hood's army.

"So far as that day's fighting was concerned, Lee's Corps sustained itself all along its line. He beat the enemy and drove them back. In fact, there was but little vigor displayed by the Federals. There was no enterprise, no push, no energy, and Lee, especially Clayton's Division of Lee's Corps, repulsed every assault that was made upon him. Some of Lee's troops were, however, loaned to Stewart to help him on the extreme left, which was all the time supposed to be in jeopardy, and these left the field."

After Stewart made his second formation on the Hillsboro Pike, where he was joined by Cheatham's Corps, there was practically no further fighting on that first day of the battle.

During the night the Confederate lines were withdrawn and re-formed in front of the Overton Knobs, as already pointed out, extending from the hills on the west side of the Granny White Pike, across the pike and through Overton Lea's woods pasture and Van L. Kirkman's farm and across the Franklin Pike to Overton Hill on the extreme right. In this new formation Cheatham's Corps was on the left, Stewart's in the center, and Lee's on the right. Cleburne's old division was the extreme left of Cheatham's Corps and the extreme left of the Confederate line. Next came Cheatham's old division, under command of General Lowry, and then Bate's Division of Cheatham's Corps. All of Cheatham's

Corps was on the left flank, except Gen. J. H. Smith's Brigade of Cleburne's Division, which General Hood had ordered to support Lee. Walthall, of Stewart's Corps, came next to Bate's Division on the right, Walthall also being west of the Granny White Pike.

On the afternoon of the 16th, when the main battle was fought, the Federals made a general attack all along the Confederate line. There had been constant fighting but no general attack during the morning. When they made the general attack, they received a bloody repulse from Lee and all along Stewart's line, part of which was protected by a stone fence on the northern boundary of Overton Lea's farm. On the extreme left the Federals hunched a heavy column of cavalry, and there they pushed Govan, on the left of Cleburne's Division, from the field. Speaking of this, Governor Porter said: "There was no panic about it; they overwhelmed him. It was in a little pocket down there. General Cheatham and I were standing together by a big white oak when a ball passed between us, coming from behind. The enemy had gone in there and got behind us. Govan was shot down, the colonel next to him was shot down, and the command devolved on a major. Colonel Field, of the 1st Tennessee, in command of what was formerly Maney's Brigade, but which at that time was known as Carter's Brigade (General Carter had been killed at Franklin), was ordered to retake the position on the extreme left from which Govan had been forced. This he did, being joined immediately by Gist's Brigade, under command of Col. John H. Anderson, of the 8th Tennessee."

Thus it will be seen that the Federals along the whole line were repulsed and the ground lost on the extreme left had been regained. The Federal troops had, however, passed around the left wing of the army and, until Field advanced, regained and held the ground, reinforced by Anderson, were in the rear of Cheatham's Corps. Then a demonstration was made on Bate's Division, which was on the west of the Granny White Pike, joining Walthall of Stewart's Division. Bate's Division gave way on Shy's Hill, and the Federal army poured through the gap thus made, cutting Hood's army in two and isolating Cheatham's Division from the rest of the army. The enemy was in front on both sides and in the rear of Cheatham's troops, and was in the rear of a part of Stewart's Corps. It was then that Cheatham's troops were ordered to break ranks, each man to look out for himself, and this they did successfully, and Cheatham's Corps assembled that night on the Franklin Pike, joining Lee and Stewart, and marched in order to Franklin. Stewart's Corps retired in like manner, as did part of Lee's.

This was an absolute necessity, as it was impossible to lead an organized body of men through the Overton hills.

Speaking of the conclusion of the action on the extreme left, which practically ended the battle of Nashville, Governor Porter said: "The enemy, seeing our army cut in two, poured through the gap in the rear of a part of Stewart's Corps and in the rear of Cheatham's Corps. It required very prompt action to save the brigade commanded by Colonel Field, of the 1st Tennessee, and Gist's Brigade, commanded by Colonel Anderson. They held the extreme left of our army; and when about to follow the stampede, Cheatham ordered Colonel Field to resume his position and open fire on the enemy. This was done, causing the enemy to fall back, and then the order was given to retire. This order meant for the men to climb the hills in their rear and reach the Franklin Pike. It was done promptly, but was not attended by anything like a panic. If our retreat had not been forced at that hour, we would have retreated that night, as it was impossible to maintain the position we occupied; and if Grant had been in command of the Federals, our little army would have been captured. Our army should have been in Georgia fighting Sherman; but if it was resolved to make a campaign in Tennessee, the fatal delay of a week on the Tennessee River should have been avoided."

The retreat to the Tennessee River was not a rout. It was well conducted, and there was almost constant fighting between the rear guard and General Wilson's cavalry, which conducted a vigorous pursuit almost to the Tennessee River.

"Wilson," said Governor Porter, "had organized a corps of ten thousand, and had right here in Nashville the best-appointed cavalry the Federal army had ever had. In fact, the Federal army never had a cavalry corps that amounted to much until just about that time."

On the evening of the last day of the battle Lee covered the retreat of the army on the Franklin Pike and also the next day to Franklin. An incident of Lee's defense of the army is given by Governor Porter. He said: "Lee told me about the attack that was made on him near Brentwood. Old Pettus was with him there. The Federal cavalry was led by a colonel whose name I have forgotten, an officer of the regular army with white flowing beard. Lee formed a square to receive the charge. The Federal colonel formed his troops in column the width of a company, and the impetus of the charge carried them right through the Confederate square; but they never got back. It is very difficult ordinarily to break a square properly formed, and that one was properly formed by fine soldiers. I have heard Lee and Pettus both



SHY'S HILL, WEST OF GRANNY WHITE PIKE, WHERE THE STAMPEDE OF THE CONFEDERATES BEGAN.

tell about it as a magnificent charge and very magnificently led. They were killed, wounded, and disabled in every way."

The weather was bitter cold during the stay at and following the battle of Nashville. Preceding the battle General Cheatham and staff spent the nights at Wesley Greenfield's home, on the Nolensville Pike about a quarter of a mile in the rear of the Confederate lines. The soldiers were half clad and not half shod, thousands being entirely without shoes. When this is considered and the rough, rocky ground over which most of the fighting took place, in many places covered with briars and a thick growth of prickly pear or cactus, some faint conception of the hardships endured by these heroes of the Southland may be formed.

"On the retreat," said Governor Porter, "we had as few desertions as was ever the case with an army under similar circumstances. The presumption would naturally be that most of the desertions would be on the part of Tennesseans, because they were going right by their homes, many in sight of them; but they stayed with the army.

"A private soldier got permission through me to visit his mother. When he got in sight of home and saw the Yankees were there, he turned around, came back, and fell in line. That illustrates how the fellows would do. Barring our real losses in battle, we were as strong when we got to Tupelo as when we crossed the river going into Tennessee. We had practically no desertions.

"General Thomas and his officers promulgated the idea that after the fight our army was a mob and not under the control of the officers; but there was as good discipline during the retreat as I ever saw. We had with our command the rear of Cheatham's Corps; we skirmished with the enemy nearly all day before reaching Columbia, and our soldiers never behaved better in their lives.

"At Columbia General Hood put Forrest in command of the rear guard and ordered Walthall to select an infantry command to support him, and he selected two brigades from his own division, two from Cheatham's, and two or three others. He had fifteen or sixteen hundred men. These troops had fierce combats, but no soldiers ever behaved better than they. They had battles on a small scale, they punished the enemy, captured prisoners and captured artillery.

"We had one of the handsomest little combats the first day out before we reached Columbia. I was there at the action of the artillery. We had four guns with the rear brigade. And I will tell you what we did have too (it was a pitiful sight): we had many barefooted men, and there were ice and snow and sleet. The soldiers would kill a beef, divide the skin, and tie their feet up in the raw hide.

"A little story will illustrate the condition of things. We had reached the hilly country in Giles County, beyond Pulaski. It had snowed and sleeted the day before, and the ground was as slick as glass. We reached a steep hill, and I rode on to its top with the troops. General Cheatham remained at the foot of the hill, and he knew they were going to have terrible times with that train of his approaching with ordnance stores, quartermaster's stores, etc. He sent word to me to pick out a hundred well-shod men and send them to help push the wagons up. I dismounted and gave my horse to the courier. The fellows soon found out that I was after men with shoes on, and they were highly amused. They would laugh and stick up their feet as I approached. Some would have a pretty good shoe on one foot and on the other a piece of rawhide or a part of a shoe made strong with a string made from a

strip of rawhide tied around it, some of them would have all rawhide, some were entirely barefooted, and some would have on old shoe tops with the bottoms of their feet on the ground. I got about twenty or twenty-five men out of that entire army corps, and we got the teams up the hill.

"No, we did not use oxen, as Dr. Wyeth says in his life of Forrest, to move the ordnance from Columbia to the river. I did not see an ox during the entire trip. We used horses and mules, and we had enough to do the work, doubling teams with heavy things like pontoons for bridges. We had the worst roads ever seen.

"The skirmishing began immediately after the battle and lasted until we got almost to the Tennessee River."

"Did the negro troops figure in the battle after the attack upon Cheatham on the first day of the battle of Nashville?" was asked.

"No. We saw no negro troops after that, but some of them were with General Steedman when he attacked Lee on the second day of the battle."

The official record shows that December 10, 1864, General Hood had an effective force of 18,342 infantry, 2,306 cavalry, 2,405 artillery, making a total of 23,053. Two brigades of this force were at Murfreesboro during the battle of Nashville.



RESIDENCE OF MR. OVERTON LEA, HOOD'S HEADQUARTERS
ON THE DAY OF THE BATTLE.

The ordnance officer issued ammunition for 15,000 infantry in line of battle.

Governor Porter furnishes the following list of Tennessee troops as participating in the battle of Nashville:

Cheatham's Corps, Maj. Gen. B. F. Cheatham; James D. Porter, chief of staff and assistant adjutant general.

Field's Brigade, Col. Hume R. Field; 4th (P. A.), 6th, 9th, and 50th Tennessee, Lieut. Col. George W. Pease; 1st and 27th Tennessee, Lieut. Col. John F. House; 8th, 16th, and 28th Tennessee, Col. John H. Anderson.

Strahl's Brigade, Col. Andrew J. Kellar; 4th, 5th, 31st, and 38th Tennessee, Col. L. W. Finley; 19th, 24th, and 41st Tennessee, Capt. D. A. Kennedy.

Gordon's Brigade, Col. William M. Watkins; 11th and 29th Tennessee, Maj. John E. Binns; 12th and 47th Tennessee, Capt. C. N. Wade; 13th, 51st, 52d, and 154th Tennessee, Maj. J. T. Williams.

Bate's Division, Gen. William B. Bate; 2d, 10th, 20th, and 37th Tennessee, Lieut. Col. W. M. Shy.

Cleburne's Division; 35th Tennessee, Col. B. J. Hill, detached.

Lee's Corps, Gen. Stephen D. Lee; Palmer's Brigade, Gen. J. B. Palmer; 3d and 18th Tennessee, Lieut. Col. William R.

Butler; 23d, 26th, and 45th Tennessee, Col. Anderson Searcy; 32d Tennessee, Col. John P. McGuire (at Murfreesboro).

Stewart's Corps, Quarles's Brigade, Brig. Gen. George D. Johnston; 42d, 46th, 49th, 53d, and 55th Tennessee, Capt. A. M. Duncan; 48th Tennessee, Col. William M. Vorhies.

When the Army of Tennessee reached Tupelo, Miss., from the 5th of January, 1865, to the 12th (the last date was the time of Cheatham's arrival), the effective total of the infantry was 14,870. Deducting this from the effective infantry on the 10th of December, 1864, which was 18,342, the result will show the losses sustained at the battle of Nashville and the combat in front of Murfreesboro, less the absence of the 4th, 5th, 31st, 33d, 38th, 6th, 9th, 12th, 47th, 73d, 51st, 52d, 154th, 46th, and 55th Tennessee Regiments, furloughed at Corinth by Cheatham by command of General Hood. Two thousand covered all losses at Nashville. This includes killed, wounded, and missing. A large per cent were slightly wounded and never left the ranks, and many of the missing walked across three States and joined their colors in North Carolina and were paroled with their comrades. General Hood, in his official report, said: "The Tennessee troops entered the State with high hopes as they approached their homes. When the fortunes of war were against us, the same faithful soldiers remained true to their flag, and, with rare exceptions, followed it in retreat as they had borne it in advance."

BATTLE OF NATURAL BRIDGE, FLORIDA.

Mrs. Estelle T. Oltrogge, of Jacksonville, writes a historic poem founded on fact after diligent search of the history. The story of the battle so cleverly told is hardly known except by those who participated in it or who lived in that section at the time. The poem commemorates the heroism of the West Florida cadets on March 6, 1865.

It was read by Miss May Kinney in a particularly pleasing manner to the U. D. C., and it elicited generous applause.

Tallahassee, unprotected town, what power
Could save her homes, her women, and her children, when
One day in March, full two score years ago, there came
The word: "The enemy is near, six thousand strong?"

Age extreme and tender youth were there, but all
The gallant strength of valorous Floridian arms
Had to the broad Atlantic and the western Gulf
Marched to defend their State's remote and threatened coasts.

Brave hearts, brave men, brave officers! Their names we
hold

As dear and proudly now as then—McCormack, Scott,
Houston, Daniel, Dunham, Miller, Jones commanded
Troops, some hundreds and some scores of miles away.

Dispatches flashed to distant ports and scattered camps,
The nearest of defenders summoning in haste;
While, scarce one hundred strong, a squadron rode to meet
In brave but hopeless combat all that blue-garbed host.

On the East River's bank they soon were put to flight
And back to Newport fell the intrepid little band;
A bridge they guarded there, and when the foe advanced
They found the wooden timbers wreathed in smoke and flame.

Twilight closing in, the baffled enemy
Their evening meal on yonder river bank prepared;

On hither side our men awaited night with dread,
And scouts to reconnoiter trod the darkening woods.

Pursued and faint, our jaded horsemen faced alone
The exultant army camped across the narrow stream.
No organized battalions came to cheer and aid
That handful of devoted, weary men and youths.

But singly and in groups throughout the night old men
And loyal overseers into the trenches came
Straggling, with what ancient weapons they could find—
Shotguns, old squirrel rifles, pistols, muskets, swords.

Foremost amongst those resolute but aged men
Who forth to desperate conflict brought their waning strength
Was Bishop Rutledge, seventy years and more his age,
An old and disused shotgun in his feeble hands.

And now the enemy, their progress balked, essayed
At midnight quietly to reach a favored point
Where St. Marks River's deep and rapid tide was spanned
By Nature's prank, a firm and graceful natural bridge.

But watchful scouts their purposes divined and brought
The rumor quick to camp, and ere the night had passed
Brave Miller pushed his little band of horsemen on,
And forty armed civilians followed silently.

Before the dawn of day they halted on the west.
While on the eastern bank the Federal troops appeared.
But when did danger's summons ever die unheard
By dauntless Southern souls? Yea, courage spoke that day!

For see: Before the rise of sun who hither comes?
A corps of young West Florida Cadets; none more
Than sixteen years could boast, and some eleven were—
Mere children, who with little sisters lately played.

Yet gladly, eagerly, like warriors of old,
Those heroes young with gallant Johnson in command
That morning rushed to battle, and with bayonets
And unused hands an excavation quickly made.

Upon a slight incline throughout the day, behind
Their shallow trench ensconced, continuously they fired
With telling shot against the surging foe, and held
The bridge till Dunham and bold Houston came to save.

This is the record of that day so long ago:
While Tallahassee's women heard ten miles away
The cannon's dismal boom, and wept and prayed for those
High-hearted boys who dared to check the foe's advance,

Two six-gun batteries, a hundred horse, two score
Of light-armed volunteers, and seventy-five cadets
Dire slaughter made of those six thousand seasoned troops,
While of our men but valiant Simmons met his death.

O may our much-beloved Southern land be spared
The clash of war! and may its conflict-hallowed soil,
Where peaceful tillage prospers and the roses bloom,
Be never redly drenched with sacrificial blood!

But to their country's call forever may there be
Courageous souls to hearken and strong hearts to swell,
Like that undaunted company of Southern lads
Whose spirit in their worthy sons shall never die.

REMINISCENCES OF R. E. NORFLEET.

An incident was given the writer during the summer of 1907 by Mr. R. E. Norfleet, of Suffolk, Va., who was just seventeen years of age when he enlisted in Company A (R. O. Whitehead, captain), 16th Virginia Regiment, Mahone's Brigade, Anderson's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps.

I listened with keenest interest to his thrilling story, the scene of which was in the old historic town of Suffolk, on the winding Nansemond River, during the reconstruction period.

Mr. Norfleet was small in stature. He had a bright intellect, a penetrating eye; in movement and action was as quick as an Indian trailer. He was fearless and full of humor, which gave a snap to all of his interesting conversation. But, alas! ill health had robbed him of that elastic, military step and the good cheer that were the marked characteristics of his earlier life.

Reluctantly he began his story with the usual preliminary "Well," looking straight at me with one eye (he lost the other from the effects of a wound in battle). "I went all through the war. I was wounded at Malvern Hill and in the second battle of Manassas; was in the fight at Crampton Gap, Md.,

in the battle of Fredericksburg, the battle of Chancellorsville, in the Crater fight, and was wounded for the third time in the battle of Spottsylvania C. H.

"I was captured in Southampton County, Va., in April, 1865, and imprisoned at Old Point Comfort, then called 'Camp Hampton,' and released the following June.

"In prison I was covered with army lice, and spent much time trying to free myself of that pest. I had been sentenced to be shot; but, thank Heaven, by the persistent efforts of one of God's finest women I was saved." When this was said, his eye sparkled and showed the old-time gleam of fire.

"After the war I came home without the least interest or aim in life, for I was yet young and a little wild; but when I looked around and saw the devastation of the country, once palatial homes destroyed by the torch, and those carpetbag officers, I grew desperate. One morning during the summer of 1866, after I had been to the courthouse with two friends, Corbin and Andrew Kerr (I should like to know what has become of those boys), to attend the reorganization of the militia for home protection, we met about a half dozen negroes, and three of them deliberately shoved us off of the pavement. Quicker than I can tell you a fierce battle followed and pandemonium reigned, for we rushed through the streets after them, throwing brickbats and yelling, 'Kill them, kill them,' and it was not long until one of the negroes was pleading at the bar of justice and another left in a very precarious condition. After this we felt apprehensive of the burning of property. That was uppermost in our minds. * * * Capt. Al Holladay advised me to arm myself because there was danger of being attacked at any moment. The whole town was excited, and no one could tell what would be the



R. E. NORFLEET.

outcome. As I went home I met Major Stone, then the provost marshal, and he tripped up to me and asked if I knew any man who had insulted a 'colored gentleman' on the street that day. I feigned indifference. Then he braced up, shook himself, pulled the lapels of his coat together, and brusquely said: 'I repeat, sir, do you know any man who insulted a colored gentleman on the street to-day?' 'Well, sir,' I replied, 'if you are referring to the man who pelted a d—nigger with a brickbat, I'm the gentleman, sir.' 'Consider yourself under arrest,' he said. 'Who is going to do it?' I asked. 'I am, sir,' replied the Major. With profanity and indignation I pulled out my pocket knife and gave the little carpetbag Yankee officer a lively chase to his office, occasionally slashing his coat tail.

"It was then growing late in the day, and I went home. My sister was greatly excited, and she locked me in an upper chamber; but I made my escape from the house through a window and slid down the columns of the porch. My uncle tried to detain me in his house in a similar manner, but I made my escape and went on up the street. This time I encountered a mob of about fifty negroes armed with old pieces of railroad iron, butcher knives, old pistols, and clubs. Capt. Leroy Kilby, as brave a soldier as ever drew breath (God bless him!), came to me and said: 'Bob, I believe they will kill you. Will you stand your ground?' 'Yes,' said I, 'until I lose my last drop of blood.' 'All right, I am with you,' he said, and then rushed to his room for his pistols and ammunition, and each of us with two pistols in hand patrolled the street at Kilby's corner. After a while Captain Kilby stepped to the edge of the sidewalk and in the most peremptory tone said: 'Now if you think it your duty to take Captain Bob, come right on; but remember many of you will bite the dust before you do so. It has been quite a while since I smelled powder, and I am anxious to smell it again.'

"It was like casting oil upon troubled waters: a calm after a storm. Things became intensely quiet; and after a few words from the leader of the negro mob, the crowd dispersed.

"Not long after this scene I spied a file of men under command of a corporal with Major Stone coming toward me to identify the man who had insulted a 'colored gentleman.' Certainly my identification was not difficult after my previous altercation with the Major; so I instantly stepped out to the front, drew my pistol on the little crowd of Yankee officers, and said: 'You have not men enough to take me.' In his falsetto voice he said: 'I'll have you yet if it takes everything in Norfolk City.' They then about-faced and marched away.

"That night Major Stone telegraphed to Norfolk for a company of cavalry. I knew trouble was coming; so in one of my cooler moments I decided to go direct to my mother's, five miles in the country on the Providence Road. The next morning my mother sent me up to Newsom's, a small station on the Seaboard, then the Raleigh and Gaston road. A few hours after bidding my mother a tender good-by a cavalry company fifty strong were in the yard and searched residence and barn, but the bird had flown. I then went to the far West, where I spent seventeen years."

On September 24, 1908, Mr. Norfleet, familiarly and fondly known as "Uncle Bob," died in Nansemond County, Va., of which county he was Deputy Sheriff for eighteen years, in which office he won the esteem of all law-abiding citizens.

He was a member of Tom Smith Camp, U. C. V., and will be greatly missed by his old comrades, for he was genial of nature and very fond of association with his comrades.

"RECORD OF A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER."

BEING THAT LEFT BY LIEUT. C. E. CANTZON, WHARTON, TEX.

A volunteer and veteran of the Civil War, Charles E. Cantzon, was born in New Orleans, La., on March 18, 1841, son of H. F. Cantzon and Eliza Ann Paxton. He was educated in the public schools of his native city and began at once a practical business life. His first position was with Edwin Lewis, a prominent notary, for ten months. Subsequently he got a position with Speake & McCreary, wholesale grocers and steamboat agents. He left them for a more lucrative position with James H. Dudley & Co., wholesale grocers. Upon the death of Mr. Dudley Mr. George W. Manson continued the business and made Mr. Cantzon a bookkeeper, which position he held until the commencement of the Civil War. He joined the Orleans Cadets, under Capt. Charles Drux. This was Company C, Louisiana State National Guard, which took part in capturing the United States arsenal at Baton Rouge and other government property. His paper states:

"On June 19, 1861, I enlisted for the war in the Orleans Cadets for service to the Confederate government. In October, 1861, it became a part of the 18th Louisiana Volunteer Infantry. This regiment was sent in February, 1862, to the relief of Fort Donelson; but as the fort fell while *en route*, we were detained at Corinth, Miss. On February 28 we were sent to the Tennessee River to watch the movement of the enemy, who was massing a large army on its opposite side at Savannah. Sherman soon moved up the river on a transport with a brigade of infantry under convoy of two gunboats, the Lexington and the Tyler, and succeeded in landing. Soon a fight took place in which they were signally defeated and forced to retire down the river. For this victory we were given a battle flag and highly complimented by General Beauregard.

"On April 6 and 7 the regiment took part in the memorable battle of Shiloh. On the 9th of May, 1862, we fought in the battle of Farmington, Miss. (?), defeating Gen. John Pope, after which the regiment took part in the defenses of Corinth, which was invested by a very large army, while we had but thirty thousand troops. This investment lasted fifty-four days (?). When General Beauregard evacuated Corinth, we fell back to Tupelo, Miss., forty miles in the interior on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. At Tupelo Bragg reorganized the army, consolidating skeleton regiments. Col. Marshall J. Smith's famous crescent regiment was consolidated with the 18th Louisiana, after which it was sent to Pollard, Ala., between Montgomery and Mobile, and remained there until October, 1862, when we were sent to Louisiana to recruit.

"We were next under Gen. Alfred Mouton in Dick Taylor's army. On January 2, 1863, we fought a battle on Bayou Lafourche at a little place called Texana, between Donaldsonville and Thibodauxville. On April 13 and 14, 1863, we fought the battles of Bethel and Bisland, on Bayou Teche. In August, 1863, we took part in the battle of Fordoche, capturing a battery of artillery and a brigade of infantry. On May 8, 1864, we took part in the battle of Mansfield, which was a most brilliant and signal victory, completely

routing Franklin's Corps, a part of Banks's army. On the 9th of May we fought the battle of Pleasant Hill, which was also a victory for the Confederates.

"After burying the dead and taking care of the wounded from both battlefields, we resumed our pursuit of Banks's defeated army, which had fallen back to Grand Ecore and fortified, where he remained until his gunboats reached him. We remained at Grand Ecore until Banks retreated from there, and followed him down the river, harassing his army and gunboats on the way until he reached Alexandria. Banks remained in Alexandria until he succeeded in damming the river up and getting his boats over the falls, which was about the middle of July. In the latter part of July we met Banks's army again at Marksville on their retreat from Alexandria, and fought a battle on the open prairie in which we defeated them and drove them toward Simpsport. The next day we fought the battle of Yellow Bayou, hastening their departure down the river a thoroughly whipped army. This was the last battle of the Civil War in Dick Taylor's district of Western Louisiana.

"Our army did but little after that but harass and annoy gunboats and transports as they passed up and down the Mississippi River."



C. E. CANTZON.

On September 10, 1864, Charles E. Cantzon was elected second junior lieutenant of his company to fill a vacancy occasioned by the death of his captain, John T. Lavery, who was mortally wounded in the battle of Mansfield. This relieved him of carrying a gun, which he had carried and fought with from the beginning.

On the 6th of June, 1865, the army surrendered to Maj. Gen. E. R. S. Canby, commanding Department of the Gulf, U. S. A. Cantzon's parole was signed by Brig. Gen. Joseph A. Mower, of Canby's Division, at Grand Ecore on Red River. After the surrender, Cantzon did not avail himself of transportation to New Orleans, which he could have done, but footed it up Red River to Blair's Landing, the battlefield on which Gen. Tom Green, of Texas, was killed. It was owned at the time by his cousin, James D. Blair, who was a colonel of the 2d Louisiana Cavalry, and who was there at that time a prisoner on one of the Yankee transports.

Cantzon took up the avocation of a cotton planter, and tried to solve the problem of making free negro labor profitable. He remained at Blair's Landing, on Red River, and continued to farm until December, 1873, when he left for Texas. He arrived in Matagorda County on January 8, 1874, and in 1875 purchased a plantation within one mile of Hardeman, on Caney Creek. He was attacked with paralysis in June, 1891, which rendered him incapable of attending to his place, and, finding tenants unprofitable, sold out. He was living in Wharton, Wharton County, Tex., September 27, 1902, at which time he wrote the foregoing. He was proud of his record, and well could he afford to be.

Mr. Cantzon died January 17, 1908, in Wharton, Tex.

Don't forget that the best New Year's present to an old Confederate is a year's subscription to the VETERAN. Think of how much satisfaction to send to five or ten old men who can't pay for it. They are reminded continually of the favor. The importance of Confederates keeping in touch with each other cannot be exaggerated, and the VETERAN is the best medium possible for this service.

THE WASHINGTON ARTILLERY OF AUGUSTA, GA.

BY W. A. PICKERING, TELFAIRVILLE, GA.

The Washington Artillery of Augusta, Ga., was organized in the year 1854 under the command of Capt. Daniel Kirkpatrick, who served through the war with Mexico as a captain of volunteers. The Washington Artillery was one of the prides of old-time Augusta, and its monthly parade on Broad Street was always looked upon with great pleasure, not only for the handsome display, but also for the sweet music rendered by the company's brass band under the leadership of John A. Bohler. The command was composed largely of Germans and Jews. The ball that followed the parade made an event of pleasure enjoyed by the citizens generally.

In those days Washington's Birthday, the Fourth of July, and all other public days were remembered. With two field pieces the regular salutes were fired morning, noon, and night on all public occasions.

The writer of this article joined the Artillery in June, 1857, and went with it to the grand military encampment at Milledgeville, Ga., then the capital of the State. This display is said to have been at that time the finest volunteer display ever witnessed in this country. The Artillery came in for a full share of credit for our military bearing and handsome display of uniforms.

In 1860 Gov. Joseph E. Brown presented the company with six beautiful field pieces. When South Carolina seceded and Governor Pickens called for volunteers, a number of Augusta boys crossed the Savannah River into Hamburg and joined Captain Spires's Minutemen. E. A. Nehr, or "Young Rudler," as he was called, and I went over to join Captain Spires's company; but finding Captain Meriwether's company, the Cherokee Pond Volunteers, from near Edgefield C. H., S. C., we joined with them under the proviso that if Georgia seceded we were to have a transfer to the Washington Artillery.

The day after joining the Cherokee boys a large crowd assembled to bid us good-by, and amidst tears, hand-shaking, good wishes, and the roar of Col. "Jeems" Meredith's "Baby Waker" we left for Charleston. I remember one old lady shaking a man's hand, and with tears running down her cheeks she said: "John, just as sure as you all go down there and get to fighting somebody's going to get hurt."

We got to Charleston in due time, and the next morning just as the sun was peeping out across the big water the roar of big guns was heard, which proved to have come from our batteries at the Star of the West, which was trying to run into Fort Sumter. We were just in time, for the war had begun. After a hasty breakfast, we were marched up to the arsenal to get our guns. On the third floor we got our accouterments, picked up our guns, and were marching in single file by a scuttle hole when Private Weeks, looking at the lock on his gun, stepped into the hole and went down the three stories. One of the Sumter guards was on duty on the ground floor, standing with bayonet fixed, and Weeks fell upon the bayonet, which entered his mouth. He was instantly killed.

Returning to the dock, we were ordered to slip aboard the boat, for fear Sumter would fire upon us in passing to Sullivan's Island; and when on board, we were told to keep in hiding, and that every man who had a Bowie knife or pistol should put it in his boot leg; and that should Major Anderson fire on us we were to surrender. As on we went we kept peeping out, and saw the enemy upon the walls of the fort waving their hats and handkerchiefs at the brave little boat crew for daring to pass by after having fired upon the Star of the

West while floating the United States flag. By and by we came out from hiding, viewed the fort and surroundings, and nobody disturbed us.

Once upon Sullivan's Island, we were housed in an old tenpin alley with one gutter for a pillow, the other for a foot-board. About midnight the roar of a cannon was heard, bugles were sounded, drums rattled, and we got up in a hurry. We were double-quickened here and there along the sandy beach, but soon all was still except the roar of the sea and the speech-making of our officers. Back again we were sent to peaceful slumbers in the old tenpin alley. We were there for weeks, drilling and filling sacks with sand, expecting a night attack by the enemy.

When the time came to be mustered into service, Nehr and I were refused under the proviso of our enlistment, and we returned to Augusta, and thus it was two members of the Washington Artillery had seen service.

When Georgia seceded, the Washington Artillery offered their services to Governor Brown. My friend Nehr, fearing the Artillery would not get into service, joined the Walker Light Infantry. In a short time, April, 1861, we were ordered to Pensacola, Fla., being the first field battery received into the Confederate States service. But Governor Brown would not allow us to take our battery with us, claiming that to be State property. The company officers were Capt. I. P. Girardy and Lieuts. G. T. Barnes, J. J. Jacobus, C. Speath, and Augustus Speliers. The latter came to us from the Blodgett Artillery in Virginia. Our officers believed in making a fine appearance. We went in with a fine dress uniform; but as it was of dark and light blue, it had to be changed to gray. We were armed with light artillery sabers; and when we landed in Pensacola, from our appearance and all having swords the natives said: "The war will commence here now, for here is a full company of officers going over to Fort Barancas redoubt." We were ordered to occupy the shanties then occupied by a company known as the "Gray Eagles." They vacated, but set fire to the shanties, which were burned. We preferred tents anyhow, which were soon supplied. General Bragg gave us two field pieces, and we tried to be real good soldiers. Our brass band was a favorite among all troops. We had many very useful men—blacksmiths, machinists, molders, carpenters, tailors, bookmakers, printers, butchers, etc.—many of whom were detailed to work in and around Warrenton Navy Yard. The writer was detailed as beef inspector of Bragg's army. For a long while we were general favorites, and we were continually getting in recruits. We wanted a full, well-equipped battery. This General Bragg would not consent to supply, so he turned us into an infantry company, issued orders accordingly, and sent us arms and accouterments. The wagons drove into our camp at night with these small arms, the company was formed, and we were told to take them out of the wagons; but we refused to do it. Our officers assisted the drivers to unload, and there they remained until sent for; but in the meantime our officers were not idle. Lieuts. George T. Barnes and J. J. Jacobus, both lawyers, had written to Hon. A. H. Stephens, at Richmond, Va., who laid our case before the Secretary of War, and the answer was that if they had no use for the Washington Artillery as artillerists to send them at once to Richmond. In a short time we received six guns and all the horses and equipments we wanted.

At that time we were only twelve months' volunteers, but most of us reënlisted and received a thirty days' furlough. We then received many recruits from other commands, giving

us a full roll and some to spare of fine-looking men. Many of them were six-footers. Under this reenlistment and recruiting it was distinctly understood that as soon as we returned from furlough we should reorganize and elect our own officers. We asked for this election, as we were on the eve of moving to Corinth, Miss.; but we were put off with the promise that we should have the election in Mobile. There we were again put off until we got to Corinth, when we were again hurried on to Shiloh. We then gave up all thought of electing officers, and at the front did try to do our duty. Our killed and wounded showed we were in the fighting line. What General Beauregard said to Captain Girardy and to our men showed that he thought something of us on the eve of retreat. Riding up with his staff and raising his hat, he said, "Captain, you have acted nobly," and to the men, "You have fought as soldiers never fought before." Then, speaking to Captain Girardy again, he said: "I have a request to make of you. There is a battery in good shape, plenty of ammunition, and I wish you to take your men with this battery and help cover the retreat." I was a sergeant, and was placed in charge of our guns and drivers and brought them to Corinth.

It was now time for those who had not reenlisted to return home. We again called for our right to elect officers. The twelve months' men were then discharged, and we held an election, choosing Speliers as captain and Pritchard, Doscher, and Roberts as lieutenants. This election, for some reason unknown to us, did not suit General Bragg; so he appointed Lieut. John G. Fraim to the command. It was said that he had been a sergeant in General Bragg's battery in Mexico. He saw the situation and that the men did not like the appointment. For a few days he was all smiles and goodness, trying to catch the favor of the men. Then came the appointment of J. R. B. Burtwell as our captain. Of course there was some high kicking against him; but he stuck to it, and as an officer and a man the company, with only one exception, loved him.

While at Tupelo, Miss., we heard of the death of our loved Captain Speliers, which occurred at West Point, Miss. Joe Ridgeway, John Douglas, and I took Captain Speliers's body to Augusta, which we did without having any transportation granted us and without a cent in money. From Tupelo I went home, having been discharged.

The company was marched from Tupelo to Chattanooga, Tenn., of which march I only know as it was told to me. It was made in midsummer; and when the company reached Chattanooga, the battery and horses were condemned and about one-half the men were put in squads and detailed to fill up other batteries.

Being in service in the ordnance department at Augusta, I traveled for the government; but soon gave it up, feeling well enough to again return to the remnant of my old command.

* * * At Allatoona, Ga., when another demand was made upon Captain Pritchard for men to help fill up Capt. W. W. Carnes's Battery, I was one among the squad under Lieutenant Doscher who went to Dalton to join Captain Carnes. From Dalton we marched across Walden's Ridge; and as Pat Gleason and I were riding a short distance in the rear of the battery and no other troops near us, we passed a beautiful home farm in the valley. It was a pretty place, and surrounded with all the home comforts—cows grazing, chickens in plenty, sheep in the pastures, ducks and geese near a little pond. We concluded a goose would go very nicely roasted, so we appropriated one. There seemed to be no eyewitness to this wrongdoing, and we soon rejoined our command near La-

fayette, Ga., where we camped for the night. I was detailed as sergeant to guard over the horses, which were fastened to picket ropes; so I took the goose to a little fire, and the "roasting went on." Just after daybreak Gleason, who was a bugler, was ordered to sound the morning call. He was eager for his morning meal, which was looking brown and nice; but O how old and tough! We divided with the guard of the night, and were pulling and sucking bones when an officer, in company with a citizen, came up. The latter said to the officer: "That is my goose." I was reduced to ranks and Gleason ordered to give up his horse and bugle for the time being. In a short while we were moved to the front some distance ahead when orders came to double-quick. Gleason was released, given his horse, and nothing more was said of the old gander.

The next morning we crossed the Chickamauga River, went into a wheat field, and formed line of battle, Carnes's Battery being on the extreme left of Cheatham's Division. We lay there in the morning sun for some time, grouped in conversation on the approaching battle we were sure would come. The distant front told the tale—the fight was on. Finally orders came to move forward as we had formed, then for a quicker step, then by the left flank at a double-quick. We were supposed to be in the third reserve line, and on we went, Carnes's Battery leading Cheatham's Division by the left flank. We passed through a heavy downpour of shot and shell, in which George Neibling, of the Washington Artillery, was killed. Still moving forward, we ran into what was said to be General Thomas's Corps of Regulars, and badly did they do us. I have always thought our being just there was a mistake. But we gave them the best we could; and when we left gun No. 1, the enemy had possession of gun No. 4, and every horse in the battery had been shot down except that of Captain Carnes, which was wounded. He dismounted at gun No. 1, drew his pistol, and shot her. Then he motioned to the men around him to go to the rear, but many of them never moved again—it was a "death hole." The few survivors were sent to get our guns away the next morning, and found that the spokes in the wheels were shot away and the limber chest lids, which had been opened to get out ammunition, were perfectly honeycombed with Minie balls. With the aid of wagons the battery was removed. Every horse of the battery was dead except one, and one of the men killed that.

We had been with Captain Carnes only a few days; but had we known him a lifetime, we could not have known him any better. He was a true soldier. He never came back to his battery, being promoted and sent to other positions of trust and honor. In the second day's fight at Chickamauga Carnes's men with our squad were placed in Scott's Battery. We remained there for a short time, when four beautiful guns were presented to Carnes's old command, then under command of Lieutenant Marshall, who had been promoted to captain. The enemy had captured Carnes's Battery, but did not get it away. That spot should be marked for Cheatham's Division and Carnes's Battery. Had I the power, I would erect lasting monuments to these two commands.

In the next campaign we first met Sherman at Rocky Face Ridge and Crow Valley. We followed General Johnston near to Atlanta, and then were under General Hood. Many things were said and done, many scenes of sorrow, many incidents for laughter; but I will close with a few notes on our experiences.

In the afternoon fighting at Resaca Captain Marshall, who had been wounded in the head, had gone down under the hill

to a field hospital. When he came back the fighting was about over. Anderson, a mere boy who had been in a cavalry company (I think from Tennessee), and not being able to remount himself, was placed in Marshall's Battery. When Captain Marshall returned from having his wound dressed, this little Anderson was lying near one of the guns, shot down, and called out: "Captain Marshall, if you were shot and lying here and I were up, I would try to get you away." Captain Marshall turned to Sergeant Allen and said: "Sergeant, where are the litter bearers? Call them up. It makes me feel bad to be talked to in that way." The litter bearers carried the boy down under the hill, when he said, "Put me down; I am dying;" and then this lad, known only as "Anderson," was dead.

I did the writing in making application to be returned to our command, the Washington Artillery; but Captain Marshall would disapprove, and so matters continued until we reached Atlanta, when Sergeant Peters, ordnance sergeant of Marshall's Battery, said to me: "I was at headquarters yesterday when my friend, Maj. Kinloch Falconer, told me to tell those men of the Washington Artillery to make another application to be returned to their old command, and he would see that it had more attention." This was brought about by the Major's asking Sergeant Peters how things were getting on in the battery, and he told the Major of the dissatisfaction of the men who were serving on detail duty, who did not seem to feel they had all the rights to which they were entitled, when Major Falconer said: "I have noticed their applications; and coming all the way disapproved, they received the same indorsement here. Tell them to make one more, and I will see what can be done for them." So it was written out, giving all the particulars; and when it came back approved, Captain Marshall called me to him and said: "Well, Pick, you have won at last." All of our boys were called, the decision was read to them, and Captain Marshall, with tears in his eyes, said: "Well, boys, I hate to give up, but may you live and do well wherever you go!" He said the companies had to be consolidated; and should such be the case with our command, he wanted us to promise him if we had to leave our battery again we would come to him, and each man made the promise and shook him by the hand.

Not one of us ever had a word to say against these brave officers and men. All we contended for was the right to choose for ourselves, and not one of them has ever said a word against any man in our squad. They were all my friends. Dear, big-hearted, brave, and noble Lieut. Jim Cockrell was always my friend.

It is well known that General Bragg was opposed to his men drinking. Anyhow, his general orders pointed that way. While in Florida all of our boxes and packages upon arrival at Warrenton Navy Yard were broken into and all liquors were thrown into the bay. Private Rumley, whose father lived in Augusta and who did not object to his son Willis having his drink, devised the plan of taking large bell peppers, removing the seed, scalding the pods, putting them in large glass jars and filling them with whisky, and these passed inspection as pepper vinegar; so by this means Willis always had his drams while there.

Many laughable incidents occurred with all the hardships that came along. One night while yet in Florida our brass band with some of the boys had been out serenading some headquarters. Now little Johnny Hoeter, not very tall, but something bigger around the waist, had constructed himself a portable berth with four handles projecting. On entering

camp the serenaders found little Johnny fast asleep in his berth. It was soon decided what to do: four men were to take hold of his crib and carry him a good distance from camp. There being very little undergrowth, he was put down by the side of Big Bayou. It can only be imagined how he felt and what he said when he awoke with the morning sun shining brightly, nor will I attempt to describe his appearance, his clothing with the exception of what he had on having been left in camp. It is enough to say that he was in a rage, and a bad one too, and it was many months before Johnny ever found out who was connected with his abduction.

Well, our transfer home came and we went back to our own battery. In justice to Captain Pritchard, it can be said that he made many applications for his men to be returned; but all he ever received was promises, and I suppose if it had not been for that visit of Sergeant Peters to his friend, Maj. Kinloch Falconer, our squad would have been with Captain Marshall to the surrender.



MISS HALLIE ELLIS, ATLANTA,
Sponsor for Georgia Division, Reunion 1908.

REPLY TO STORY OF "JIM OF BILOXI."

ST. PAUL, MINN., August 24, 1908.

Miss Alice Graham, Monroe, La.: I have a loyal friend here in the city by the name of William Brown, who is a bricklayer by trade, belongs to the Bricklayers' Union, is a member of the Trades Assembly, was an honored member of our State Legislature, and is popularly known as Billy Brown.

He was a Confederate soldier and is a subscriber to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, from whom I got the April (1908) number. I did not read it at the time (some two months ago); but last Sunday, August 16, I sat down and devoured its contents and drank copious drafts of the sentiments expressed for both Northern and Southern soldiers. On the last page but

one your poem came to view, and I was impressed with the description given by the editor of the place and the even flow and pathos of your pen that I could not keep back the tears that would flow, and the following is my compliment to you with a suggestion therein:

JIM AND ONLY JIM.

I read in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN
Of a ragged mountain glen
Away down in old Virginia
From an accomplished lady's pen,
And about a Southern hero
Who had no cognomen—
Known to his comrades
As Jim and only Jim.

He had no honored name at home,
Nor rank to recommend
To her such inspired sentiments
As expressed for him
Who sleeps in an unknown grave,
Except for a monument grim,
Where all the rest have full names—
But his is only Jim.

Such magnanimity and romance,
With tact and deft acclaim,
You almost see the picture
Produced by her masterful brain.
And it should be placed on the shaft in bronze
To show we're descendants of Cain,
And in honor of the writer
Who composed that gem on James.

And let us all contribute,
All strife is dead and dim;
The mistake of Mason and Dixon's line
Has made us like Siamese twins,
And for thousands and thousands of others
Who sleep from the cruel war's din,
And were not even recognized
As much as Biloxi Jim.

For environment made us what we were,
Not what we might have been,
When we went into battle
And fought our friends and kin;
For when you stop and think of it,
How sad it all has been
To not compromise instead of fight
And kill many Biloxi Jims!

Now with these honest sentiments,
Although they are bland and grim,
They are expressions from the heart
Of Uncle Sam for Jim,
Who has no reputation;
Nor has he got much tin,
But will contribute to the tablet
In memory of Biloxi Jim.

R. D. Galbraith, Spartanburg, S. C., writes: "I take pleasure in congratulating you upon the fact that the VETERAN is worthy of all the indorsement and deserving of all the praise it receives. I am a traveling salesman, but I always want my VETERAN."

JUDGE TAFT AND ANDERSONVILLE.

BY JAMES CALLAWAY, MACON, GA.

President-elect Taft, in his recent address at the unveiling of the shaft to the prison ship martyrs of the Revolutionary War, excused General Grant for issuing his order on the 13th of August, 1864, refusing exchange of the Andersonville prisoners on the ground of military necessity, saying General Grant but followed the example of Washington in not exchanging prison ship prisoners.

But Judge Taft should remember that conditions were entirely different. The Federal government had millions to draw from in this country and the whole outside world. But admitting there is some similarity, why was parole refused? Judge Taft never explained that.

Stanton issued his Order No. 209 on the 23d of July, 1863, annulling the cartel of exchange, which had been in operation for a year. This order not only refused exchange, but denied parole. If the Confederacy had paroled her prisoners, they by Stanton's order would have been returned to the army as soldiers at once. Thus the South, eager for exchange and, failing in that, willing to parole, recognizing our inability to care for the prisoners, was forced by the Secretary of War of the Federal government to retain the prisoners.

When Stanton denied parole to the Andersonville prisoners, it was in a measure passing sentence of death upon them; for he knew our condition, knew we were without medicines or doctors. James Madison Page, a prisoner at Andersonville, in his new book informs his readers of the imprecations uttered against the Federal War Department when Stanton refused parole and when General Grant later on issued his celebrated order.

The reproach belongs to the North, not to the South, for the existence of Andersonville cemetery and for the death of those twenty-seven thousand Confederate soldiers who died at Camp Chase, Camp Battle, Camp Douglas, Alton, Ill., Point Lookout, Md., Fort Delaware, Johnson's Island, and Rock Island.

REVIEWING OLD SCORES.

The following amusing experience was contributed to the VETERAN sometime ago by Capt. T. F. Allen, of Cincinnati, Ohio, who is well known to VETERAN readers by his interesting contributions:

"I recently had an experience which brought up the subject of my proposition to return battle trophies in an unexpected manner. I do my banking business at the First National Bank in Covington, Ky., where I live and where I have been well known these past thirty years. The President of this bank, Mr. Frank P. Hehn, is a large, portly, middle-aged gentleman whom I have known for many years. He formerly had a fiery red head, now pretty well streaked with gray. It is necessary that you should know this particular of his physical appearance to fully appreciate the story.

"Going to this bank to have some paper discounted, not a very large amount (the bank had previously discounted for me without objection, and I felt sure they would oblige me), I presented the paper to the President, who happened to be at the Cashier's desk, and he asked me to step across to his private room, which I did. He soon followed me; and closing the door behind him, he said in a very serious manner: 'Mr. Allen, I am in doubt as to the propriety of discounting this paper for you.'

"I was surprised at this remark, and asked him what he

had on his mind that created any doubt as to the propriety of discounting the gilt-edge paper I offered him. He said it was rather a personal matter than a business consideration, and explained that I had called him a 'd— red-headed —.' I told him that I was a dignified business man, and didn't allow myself to use language of that kind; that there was certainly some mistake, and it must be some other Allen he had in mind.

"'No,' he said, 'there is no mistake about it. It is not on hearsay evidence that I am speaking, because I was there and heard you use this language, speaking in such great disrespect of me and particularly of my red head.'

"I was somewhat nonplused, and began to think that I had better change my bank if I could not be accommodated as desired. Upon further consideration, however, I asked him to state the time and place of this remarkable conversation. Up to this time he had carried a very sedate and dignified air, but now broke into a hearty laugh and said: 'It occurred on the nineteenth day of July, 1863, at Buffington Island, Ohio.'

"At that time Helm was a soldier in Basil Duke's command, and in his supreme efforts to get out of the Ohio valley he said that some Yankee soldier, following him at a gallop and firing at every jump, called upon him to 'Halt, you d— red-headed —!' and that he said it several times and shot at him every time he said it. He felt sure I was the man, and it was his chance to get even with me.

"'But now,' he added, 'since you have proposed that the Confederate battle trophies be returned, I have decided to forgive you. Leave your paper for discount, and I will see that it goes through the bank in good shape and with slight shaving.'"

SECOND SOUTH CAROLINA AT FIRST MANASSAS.

BY J. R. WINDER, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

The 2d South Carolina Regiment, under Col. J. B. Kershaw, went from Fort Sumter to Bull Run about April 10, 1861. The writer and F. M. Crump, both of Richmond, Va., enlisted at Columbia, S. C., in Capt. J. D. Kennedy's company, D, and were sent to Morris Island, near Fort Sumter, remaining there till the State of Virginia seceded, when the regiment was ordered to Richmond, arriving there in May, 1861, and after being at Camp Lee one week it was ordered to the front at Fairfax C. H. Transportation was secured over the Virginia Central to Gordonsville, where many had opportunity to see the famous J. S. Mosby, colonel of cavalry, brought in wounded from the Valley of Virginia. Our train then pulled out for Manassas Junction. At Orange C. H. it collided with a passenger train from Charlottesville, killing a number of soldiers. Both engineers disappeared and did not return. After some delay, we reached Manassas and marched to Fairfax C. H., where we found a number of refugees from Alexandria, Va. Kemper's Battery, also from the same place, was attached to Bonham's South Carolina Brigade, and did splendid execution in the first battle of Manassas. Here the detached forces were being concentrated and pressed into service in anticipation of Federal advance from Alexandria or Fall's Church. During the interval our command at Fairfax C. H. on July 4, 1861, invested Fall's Church and captured the outpost. After two hours' march we halted about 3 p.m. in close proximity to the Federal camp at Junction. Some of our men, thinking the Federals were approaching, fired on our scouts returning from the front, and wounded

several. This also exposed our design and caused the Federals to beat the long roll, which broke up the expedition.

As the gray of morning appeared the big guns at Washington Navy Yard belched forth their detonating sound in celebrating Independence Day. The Confederates returned to camp, and on July 17 at sunrise the Federals, under Patterson and McDowell, appeared in our front at Fairfax fifty thousand strong. Their glittering bayonets in the early morning sun were convincing proof of their presence, taking our troops by surprise. We barely had time to form line, leaving breakfast on the fire cooking, and were marched and counter-marched through intervening breastworks till the Centerville road was reached, which maneuver caused the Federals to form line and prepare for attack, thus giving us an opportunity to retire in the direction of Bull Run, which point was reached July 18 at 5 a.m. The Federals came up two hours later and opened fire on our right at McLane's and Blackburn's Ford; but they were repulsed so completely that no further attempt was made to penetrate our line at either point any time during Thursday, Friday, or Saturday, but during this interval they were concentrating their forces on the extreme left. While doing so no attempt was made to open hostilities.

On Sunday, July 21, at 5 a.m. the Federals opened their batteries from a commanding position in the vicinity of the stone bridge. This change of base lost for us the use of the Bull Run fortifications, thus subjecting our troops to a long and fatiguing march that hot day, as the heavy fighting was in the vicinity of the Henry House, Bethel Church, and Stone Bridge, and it continued mostly over the same ground without any decisive result till in the afternoon, when a cloud of dust could be seen rising in the direction of Manassas Junction. This indicated reinforcements for the Confederates; but some were in doubt until the boys from the Valley of Virginia had double-quickened to the battle ground, which inspired new life in the rank and file and was the turning point in our favor. The Federals, seeing the fresh troops coming up, fell back, and several attempts were made to rally them on a regiment of United States Regulars, but in vain. The tide had turned and panic ensued, precipitating a complete rout. That night it rained, but next morning we were in pursuit as far as Mason's and Munson's hill, in sight of Washington, where we were halted by orders to proceed no farther. Two wooden guns on cart wheels were mounted and left standing on this hill to deceive the enemy.

So ended the first battle of Manassas. We went into winter quarters afterwards on the battlefield. There was no more fighting until the next spring at Yorktown, Va.

PICTURE MADE ON JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

Comrade Robert C. Crouch, living in a retired way on his farm in the beautiful valley of East Tennessee, near Morristown, cherishes the memory of a lovely daughter who was called to heaven, leaving her parents to cherish her memory and do good to others. Next to that idol of affection, he bears in fine memory the things that were and are of the Confederacy. Of a multitude of relics which Comrade Crouch possesses is a tintype of high merit and well preserved. The story of the pictures deserves to be recorded.

Lieut. G. B. Smith, of Bristol, Tenn., had his lens with him when captured and taken a prisoner to Johnson's Island, Ohio. By bribing a guard he procured some chemicals, placed his lens in a tobacco box, and with this crude outfit opened a

"gallery" clandestinely in the garret of Block 3 of that prison. The material used as plates for his tintype pictures was cut from old oyster cans, and the only light procurable was from one 8x10 glass in the attic, except that which came through



PICTURE OF ROBERT C. CROUCH, MADE ON OYSTER CAN
WHILE IN JOHNSON'S ISLAND PRISON.

the cracks in the walls. The original of this picture was taken at Johnson's Island in 1864, and is in good condition, having faded but little. Few artists would take a better picture now.

AN INTERRUPTED SCOUTING EXPEDITION.

BY CAPT. JOHN L. KENNEDY, SELMA, MISS.

Sometime about the latter part of March, 1863, a detail of twenty volunteers from Hughes's Battalion of Mississippi Cavalry, which was then stationed at Troch's Mill, two miles below Port Hudson, La., was made up for a special daring purpose under command of Jay Short, from Copiah County, Miss., who was first lieutenant of Company D. The object of this detail was to cut off and capture the enemy's pickets two miles out from Baton Rouge, stationed at what was known as Montecino Bayou Bridge, the dead line between the two armies, the bridge having been burned by the enemy to retard the approach of General Breckinridge when he fought the battle of Baton Rouge prior to this. We were to capture the enemy's pickets quietly, so as to allow our battalion a chance to dash in and surprise and capture a big lot of horses and mules that were corralled in the suburbs of the town. The Federal picket post was about three or four miles, by the meanderings of the creek, from the mouth of the bayou where it emptied into the Mississippi River just above Baton Rouge, and at this season of the year (March) the bayou was backed up by high backwater, and consequently crossable only by skiff or foot log. In order to quietly capture the picket, we went about a half mile below and to the rear of the picket post to cross unseen where a crossing on driftwood had been provided. Just as soon as we crossed this bayou we were

strictly in the enemy's territory, and our work had to be done quietly but swiftly, as we were in sight of the Federal army when we came into the road in the rear of the picket post.

The land on both sides of the bayou was covered with switch cane so very dense that a man could not see another five feet ahead. When we struck the road, feeling our way cautiously through the cane, we accidentally "bumped" into two stylishly dressed and superbly mounted officers, on an outing to the front, I presume. The officer of our command ordered them to halt and surrender; but instead of doing so they began drawing their revolvers, at the same time wheeling their horses around. The order to surrender was given the second time, as we did not want to shoot on account of giving the alarm and exposing our position; but they heeded not the challenge, and the command came to fire. After the smoke died away somewhat, a hasty examination revealed one desperately wounded and one dead man, also one dead horse and the other slightly wounded. Well, this firing gave the alarm and broke up our scheme; and owing to our perilous position (being between the picket post and the Federal army, now in sight), it was thought best to recross the bayou at once. By this time the long roll was beating, and ere we reached the bayou no less than five hundred mounted men were upon the scene, and their fear to follow us through the cane, on account of the uncertainty of our strength and position, is all that saved us from capture or death.

Before leaving the place of encounter it was decided to take the wounded horse along, as well as the arms and such of the accouterments as we could carry in our hasty retreat; so one fellow took the horse, another their weapons, etc., while I seized the saddle on the dead horse, and found I had all I could pack through the cane and vines. The last fellow to leave stripped the dead officer of his coat and spurs. After we reached our horses, a letter was found in the side pocket of the coat, with a photograph inclosed, addressed to his wife away off in Connecticut and signed "W. A. Connelly, Captain of a Connecticut Battery." The coat was of a handsome uniform with artillery trimmings. I begged the man out of the letter and picture, and nothing would give me more pleasure than to return them to some of the family or friends of the dead officer.

We succeeded in getting the horse over the bayou by swimming him over, and before reaching camp it was unanimously agreed to present the horse to First Lieut. Miles Martin, of Company A, Joe Magruder's company, of our battalion, as his horse had been shot from under him only a few days before in a fight on the plank road leading from Clifton, La., to Baton Rouge. He belonged to my company, and was exceedingly popular with all the battalion. Lieutenant Martin was very proud of the horse and named him "Old Yank." He proved to be a fine animal, and shared the sad fate of his owner, both being killed in the battle of Harrisburg about a year later. I prized my saddle very highly after I had been repeatedly offered a thousand dollars (in Confederate money) for it, but would never part with it until captured, when I had no choice. It was the handsomest piece of workmanship I have ever seen, beautifully trimmed, and was built upon the style known as the Mexican tree, with a pommel as wide as a peck measure, a very different saddle from the Texas tree that was just coming into use about that period.

At the time of this scouting expedition I was a sergeant in Company A (Joe Magruder), Hughes's Battalion, then under Lieutenant Colonel Stockdale, with McLaurin ("Old Dad")

as major. Later on this was the 4th Mississippi by the consolidation of Hughes's, Stockdale's, McLaurin's, and Wilborne's Battalions, forming one of the largest and best regiments in that part of the Confederacy, and under command of Colonel Wilborne.

I was born and reared and still live in Adams County, Miss., at the old historic village of Washington, once the capital of the Mississippi territory. In March, 1864, I was promoted to the captaincy of a company composed of boys under the age of nineteen—forty-eight of them. We served for a while in Griffith's 11th and 17th Arkansas Cavalry; but the boys had volunteered with the understanding that the company was to report to General Forrest, which we did in March, 1864, and their first fight of any importance was at Harrisburg, Miss., July 14. (See CONFEDERATE VETERAN for November, 1903, page 513, for a better introduction.) My company was in the general surrender at Crystal Springs, Miss., while I, being off on special duty hunting absentees, surrendered at Woodville, Miss. I should be very glad to hear from any surviving members of our scouting squad, and also hope to hear from some one interested in the letter of Captain Connelly.

BATTLE AT CENTRALIA, MO.

WALTER WILLIAMS, IN KANSAS CITY PAPER.

The most terrible conflict of the Civil War took place on Missouri soil. More lives were lost in proportion to the number of men engaged than were lost on any other battlefield in American history. It was the battle of Centralia, September 27, 1864. On that afternoon nearly two hundred Federal soldiers, commanded by Maj. A. V. E. Johnson, of the 39th Missouri Infantry, riding out after guerrillas, met there Capt. "Bill" Anderson and George Todd with two hundred and twenty-five men. Scarcely a dozen of the Federal soldiers escaped with their lives, while of the guerrillas only two were killed and one mortally wounded. There is nowhere in the history of the world record of a charge more destructive than that made on that fair September afternoon. Every man in the Federal line of battle perished, and only a half score of those left to hold the horses escaped.

Centralia, then a mere hamlet, now a thriving town of two thousand inhabitants, was on the morning of the battle crowded with visitors. There had come up from Columbia on the way to a political convention at Macon Maj. James S. Rollins, James H. Waugh, John S. Samuel, James C. Orr, and others. They only escaped by pretending to be Methodist ministers on their way to a Conference. Col. Turner S. Gordon, proprietor of the Gordon Hotel in Columbia, is one of the few survivors. He had gone to Centralia on the early morning train from St. Louis with John Kirtley, another Columbian. Mr. Gordon, then a boy of sixteen years, was traveling in a car with Federal soldiers. He saw the massacre of the morning. There were about twenty-five furloughed United States soldiers on board, besides some sick and disabled.

The guerrillas threw ties upon the track and concealed themselves. The engineer, seeing the obstructions, checked up, when the guerrillas closed in on every side of the train, firing their pistols and ordering the engineer to stop. Anderson and his men immediately went through the car, killing all the Federal soldiers but one, Sergeant Goodman, whom they kept to trade for one of Anderson's men. After robbing the train they set fire to it and ordered the engineer to pull the throttle wide open and jump off. These orders Clark obeyed;

but he had allowed the fire to go out, and the train ran only two or three miles west of town.

After attending the Columbia Fair recently, Frank James, with two or three residents of Boone County, visited the battlefield. It was the second time in his life that James had been in Centralia. There could scarcely have been a contrast more striking to Frank James's eyes as he drove out to the battlefield. The weather was much the same as in September of 1864. There was the same blue sky and the chill of early fall.

"There is the spot," said Frank James when two miles or more from Centralia (before the main road was left for a broad lane which led to S. L. Garrard's home). "Yonder on the rise near the hayrick was a line of the Federal troops. Just this side, toward Centralia, stood the detachment which held their horses. On the edge of the woods beyond our men formed."

His memory served him well. He remembered accurately the entire surroundings. "I can go," he said in this connection, "to any battlefield where I was engaged and pick out almost instantly the location. I suppose it's the closeness to death which photographs the scene on one's memory."

A few moments later James arrived on the battlefield proper. Corn was growing rank, and there was a herd of cattle feeding on the pasture land. Where the Federals stood was the golden yellow of a hay field. He wandered around for a few moments taking in his surroundings with almost passionate eagerness. Then he told this story:

"The day before we had had a small skirmish down in Goslin's Lane, between Columbia and Rocheport. I don't know what day it was. We could scarcely keep account of months and years at that time, much less days. We killed a dozen Yankee soldiers in Goslin's Lane and captured a wagon train of provisions and stuff. Out in the Perche hills that night we joined forces with Bill Anderson. I was with Capt. George Todd, one of the hardest fighters that ever lived, but less desperate than Anderson.

"But Anderson had much to make him merciless. You remember the treatment his father and sisters received at the hands of the Kansas Jayhawkers. That night we camped on one of the branches leading into Young's Creek, not far from the home of Col. M. G. Singleton. There were about two hundred and twenty-five men all told in our combined command.

"Funny, isn't it? I've met or heard of thousands of men who claimed to be with Quantrell or his lieutenants during the war, when the truth is there never were more than three hundred and fifty or four hundred from the beginning to the end of the war.

"In the morning Anderson took about thirty of his company and went into Centralia, where he captured a train, carried off a lot of stuff, and shot down some soldiers who were on the train. In the afternoon Captain Todd detailed a detachment of ten men under Dave Pool to go out and reconnoiter. We had heard there were some Yankee troops in the neighborhood. In Pool's crowd were Wood and Tuck Hill, Jeff Emery, Bill Stuart, John Pool, Payton Long, Zach Sutherland, and two others, names forgotten. They were to find out if any Federals were around, how many, and if possible toll them down toward our camp. Pool did his duty well. He found out the location of the Federals, rode close to them, and then galloped rapidly away as if surprised. The Federals followed. I have never found anybody who could tell how many

there were of them. Pool reported to us that there were three hundred and fifty, and he was usually very accurate. On they came out from Centralia. Pool and his men came in and reported. Todd called out: 'Mount up! Mount up!'

The piercing eyes of James flashed as he continued:

"I can see them now yonder on that ridge. I don't care what your histories say: they carried a black flag. It apparently was a black apron tied to a stick. We captured it in the battle that followed. We had no flag. We had no time to get one and no chance to carry it if we had had one. The Yankees stopped near the rise of the hill. Both sides were in full view of each other, though nearly half a mile distant. The Yankees dismounted, gave their horses into the charge of a detail of men, and prepared to fight.

"John Koger, a funny fellow in our ranks, watched the Yankees get down from their horses, and said: 'Why, the fools are going to fight us on foot!' And then added seriously: 'God help 'em!'

"We dismounted to tighten the belts on the horses, and then at the word of command started on our charge. The ground, you see, rises sharply, and we had to charge up hill. At first we moved slowly. Our line was nearly a quarter of a mile long; theirs much closer together. We were still some six hundred yards away, our speed increasing and our ranks closing up, when they fired their first and only time. Only two of our men were killed—Frank Shepherd and 'Hank' Williams. A third, Richard Kinney, was shot and died three or four days later from lockjaw. Shepherd and Kinney rode on either side of me. Kinney was my closest friend. We had ridden together from Texas, fought and slept together, and it hurt me when I heard him say: 'Frank, I'm shot.' He kept on riding for a time and thought his wound wasn't serious.

"But we couldn't stop in that terrible charge for anything. Up the hill we went, yelling like wild Indians. Almost in a twinkling we were on the Yankee line. They seemed terrorized, hypnotized (?). Some of the Yankees were at 'fix bayonets,' some were biting off their cartridges, preparing to reload. Yelling, shooting our pistols, upon them we went. Not a single man of the line escaped. They were shot through the head. The few who attempted to escape we followed into Centralia and on to Sturgeon. There a Federal blockhouse stopped further pursuit. All along the road we killed them. The first man and the last were killed by Arch Clements. He had the best horse and got a little the start. That night we left this neighborhood and scattered. I recrossed the river near Glasgow and went southward."

The dead soldiers were buried in a long trench on the south side of the Wabash Railroad track, east of Centralia. The bodies were removed after some months to the National Cemetery at Jefferson City. Engineer Clark, of the Wabash, says that there were about one hundred and seventy-five killed, including the twenty-five who were taken from the train in the morning. Other authorities, however, put the number at over two hundred out of the total two hundred and twenty-five Federal soldiers who were on the battlefield.

Frank James continued: "We did not seek the fight. Johnson foolishly came out to hunt us and he found us. Then we killed him and his men. Wouldn't he have killed every one of us if he had had the chance? What is war for if it isn't to kill people for a principle? The Yankee soldiers tried to kill every one of the Southern soldiers and the soldiers from the South tried to kill all the Yanks, and that's all there is of it. We were just there in the brush not molesting any-

body when Johnson and his men came out after us. We never took prisoners. We couldn't do it. We either killed them or turned them loose—and we didn't turn many loose. The Centralia fight reminds me of Macbeth in 'Never shake thy gory locks at me.'"

GEN. A. P. STEWART ON STRONG TOPICS.

BY T. G. DABNEY, CLARKSDALE, MISS.

In August last, being for a brief time in Biloxi, Miss., I had the good fortune to see and talk to Gen. A. P. Stewart, just five days before his death. The writer had no previous acquaintance with him personally, and had served in the humble capacity of sergeant of artillery in his corps under Generals Joseph E. Johnston and Hood in 1864. The writer was brought into personal contact with General Stewart once during the service. When near the Tennessee River in December, 1864, being then sergeant in command of the one remaining gun in Hoskins's Mississippi Battery, he received a personal order from General Stewart to proceed with Lieutenant Tomkins, in command of the two remaining guns of Cowan's Vicksburg Battery, down to Florence, Ala., five miles below, to contest the passage of a Federal gunboat up the Tennessee River to cut the pontoon bridge over which Hood's broken army was retreating from the Nashville campaign. The gunboat was engaged by the three field guns, and the pontoon bridge was not destroyed by her. During the retreat from Nashville the writer received an order to take his gun into action from General Hood in person, and several days later from General Stewart, as stated above.

But to return to General Stewart. When calling upon him at Biloxi I was especially desirous to learn from him the particulars of two episodes that occurred during the war, both of far-reaching importance. One was the circumstances attending the removal of General Johnston from the command of the army at Atlanta, Ga., in July, 1864; the other, the escape of Schofield's army from General Hood at Spring Hill, Tenn., in November of that year.

First, concerning the removal of General Johnston.

On July 16, 1864, Stewart's Corps, which had occupied the fortifications immediately in front of Atlanta, had been advanced to a position several miles out toward the Chattahoochee River, in response to the withdrawal of Sherman's troops from our front. In the afternoon of that day a circular battle order was promulgated among the troops from General Johnston, which stated that the favorable opportunity had arrived for striking the enemy; that Sherman had thrown part of his army across the Chattahoochee River, and that we would advance at daylight next morning and beat him.

The soldiers were filled with enthusiasm by this announcement. Next morning no order came to advance, and the day wore away in wondering speculation as to why the advance was not made. Late in the day the explanation came in the announcement of the change of commanders, which brought no consolation with it.

There was always in the writer's mind a mystification about that battle order, as it was supposed that such an important impending change must have been known to General Johnston several days in advance of the event. The only explanation suggested was that the battle order was issued by General Johnston to prepare the way for General Hood to make the attack, which, however, was not made until four days later. In this connection General Stewart made the following statement: He had received orders from General Johnston to

prepare for the attack at daybreak, and after making proper disposition of his troops he rode to General Johnston's headquarters about dark to report and receive his further orders. He said, moreover, that he had been ordered not to throw up breastworks in the position assigned to him.

When he reached headquarters General Johnston met him, holding a paper in his hand, which he handed General Stewart to read. The paper was a telegraphic order from Adjutant General Cooper directing General Johnston to turn over the command to General Hood. General Stewart was astounded, and asked General Johnston if he had been apprised of it before. He replied that several weeks before the President had given him to understand that if he crossed the Chattahoochee River he would be removed from the command.

General Stewart then urged General Johnston to suspend the execution of the order until the intended attack was made; but General Johnston said he was not at liberty to do so, as the order had come directly from Richmond and was peremptory.

General Stewart then rode off to find General Hardee and General Hood, to ask them to join him in a telegram to the President recommending the suspension of the order until the fate of Atlanta was decided. He went first to the headquarters of Hardee, who asked him if he (Hardee) was mentioned in the order, and replied that he was not. Hardee told him to go and find Hood, and hear what he had to say. General Stewart, before leaving, told General Hardee he was certain that he would receive a copy of the President's order very soon, and asked him not to give it to his troops until the three corps commanders could meet in the morning for a conference. But General Hardee gave out the order before morning.

General Stewart failed to find General Hood that night, but he and Hardee found him in conference with General Johnston the next morning at the latter's headquarters. Failing to get the concurrence of the other two corps commanders in a telegram to Richmond, he sent one on his own responsibility, suggesting a suspension of the order; but the suggestion was not favorably received.

GEN. STEWART EXPLAINS SCHOFIELD'S ESCAPE AT SPRING HILL.

Hood had maneuvered skillfully and had completely entrapped Schofield, and then allowed him to escape.

Schofield at Columbia was confronted by S. D. Lee's Corps, who menaced his front; while Forrest was sent to the right, and, crossing Duck River, drove back Wilson's Cavalry to a point beyond Spring Hill, leaving Schofield's left uncovered. Cheatham's Corps, followed by Stewart's, crossed Duck River in Forrest's track, and, turning Schofield's left, marched toward Spring Hill, thirteen miles north of Columbia, where one brigade of Federals guarded a park of wagons. When General Stewart's column reached Rutherford's Creek, some miles below Spring Hill, he received an order from General Hood to halt his command and form a line facing the Columbia and Spring Hill Pike. This order was executed; and later he was ordered to resume his march toward Spring Hill. As he approached that place he encountered General Hood by a small fire on the roadside, with a single orderly as attendant. As soon as he came in speaking distance, General Stewart said, General Hood began to inveigh against Cheatham for not making the attack on Spring Hill, as he was ordered to do.

General Stewart said to the writer: "It was on my tongue

to ask Hood, 'Why did you not see yourself that your order was obeyed and the attack made?' but I thought that would appear disrespectful."

General Stewart said he asked General Hood why he had stopped his command at Rutherford's Creek, to which he replied that he thought Schofield might try to get out that way.

Hood had his whole army, including most of Forrest's command, except Lee's corps, assembled about Spring Hill and along the pike leading to Columbia during the afternoon and night, while Spring Hill was occupied by a small Federal force and Schofield was back at Columbia, confronted by General S. D. Lee. During the night Schofield marched his whole army from Columbia, through Spring Hill, passing along the pike in the immediate presence of Hood's army; and by morning was well on his way toward Franklin, with his whole wagon train practically intact.

In the writer's opinion General Schofield has never received due credit for the temerity displayed in making the attempt.

General Stewart further said that when he approached Franklin next day he again encountered General Hood, who was reconnoitering the enemy's position, and who asked him if he could cross the Harpeth River with his command, to which he replied that he was sure he could do so, as he knew there were fords on the river. He said he hoped that he would be ordered to cross the Harpeth and again turn the enemy's flank, saying that the mistake at Spring Hill would have been retrieved. But he was ordered to attack Franklin in front. The result the world knows was a bloody disaster.



MRS. ANNIE PATEE,

President Sterling Price Chapter No. 401, U. D. C., St. Joseph, Mo.

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Goodrich, J. T., Fayetteville, Tenn.....	1 00	Holmes, G. W., Leesburg, Va.....	50	Kirby, Mrs. J. L., Nashville.....	1 00
Gordon, D. M., Nashville.....	1 00	Hollins, Mrs. R. S., Nashville.....	1 00	Kirby-Parrish, Mrs. Louie, Nashville, Tenn.....	1 00
Gordon, A. C., McKenzie, Tenn.....	1 00	Holloway, Mrs. J. Q. A., and Miss Bessie, Baltimore, Md.....	25 00	Klugh, T. H., Quarry, N. C.....	1 00
		Hoon, C. H., Owingsville, Ky.....	1 00	Knapp, Dr. W. A., Lake Charles, La.....	1 00
		Hooper, Miss J., Dickson, Tenn.....	1 00		

Knight, Miss H., Chestnut Hill, Ky.	\$ 1 00	Martin, S. C., Pine Bluff, Ark.	\$ 1 00	Myers, E. T. D., Richmond, Va.	\$ 1 00
Knoedler, Col. L. P., Augusta, Ky.	1 00	Martin, W. D., Jackson, Tenn.	1 00	Myers, J. M., Fisherville, Ky.	1 00
Knowles, W. H., Pensacola, Fla.	5 00	Mastie, E. J., Taylor, Tex.	1 00	N. C. & St. L. Ry., by President	50 00
Knox, R. M., Pine Bluff, Ark.	5 00	Mast, Capt. D. P., Winston, N. C.	1 00	Thomas	1 00
Knox, S. Y. T., Pine Bluff, Ark.	1 00	Matlock, P. M., Mason Hall, Tenn.	1 00	Neal, Col. T. W., Dyersburg, Tenn.	1 00
Kollock, Miss Susie M., Clarks-	1 00	Matthews, Sam Davis, Ft. Worth,	1 00	Neames, M. M., St. Patrick, La.	1 00
ville, Ga.	1 00	Tex.	1 00	Neilson, J. C., Cherokee, Miss.	1 00
LaBree, Benj., Louisville, Ky.	1 00	Matthews, W. W., Chenal, La.	1 00	Nelson, H. J., Rogersville, Tenn.	1 00
Lackey, H. L., Alpine, Tex.	1 00	Maul, J. F., Elmore, Ala.	1 00	Nelson, M. H., Hopkinsville, Ky.	1 00
Lackie, T. L., Detroit, Mich.	1 00	Maxwell, J., Abilene, Tex.	1 00	Nelson, Miss K. P., Shreveport, La.	1 00
Ladies' Confed. Mem. Association,	5 21	Maxwell, Miss Mary E., Nashville,	5 00	Netties, T. A., Kempville, Ala.	4 00
Memphis, Tenn.	5 21	Maxwell, Mrs. R. F., Jacksonville,	1 00	Neuffer, Dr. G. A., Abbeville, S. C.	1 00
Ladies of Baptist Church, Plant	3 00	Fla.	1 00	Newman & Cullen, Knoxville, Tenn.	5 00
City, Fla.	3 00	Mays, Tom, Cleburne, Tex.	1 00	Newton, H. H., Bennettsville, S. C.	1 00
Landes, J. M., Greene, Ia.	1 00	Mays, P. V., Franklin, Ky.	1 00	Newton, Rev. J. C. C., Nashville.	1 00
Lankford, A. H., Paris, Tenn.	1 00	McAfee, H. M., Salvisa, Tex.	1 00	Nichol, Bradford, Nashville.	1 00
La Rue, J. N., Franklin, Ky.	1 00	McAlester, J. J., McAlester, I. T.	1 00	Nolan, Geo. N., Los Angeles, Cal.	1 00
Lasley, W. W., Lewisburg, Ky.	2 00	McAllister, A. H., Cotton Plant,	1 00	Nolen, C. L., Huntsville, Ala.	1 00
Latham, John C., New York City.	25 00	Miss	1 00	Norton, N. L., Austin, Tex.	1 00
Latta, S. R., Dyersburg, Tenn.	1 00	McArthur, Capt. P., and officers of	5 00	Ogilvie, J. P., Beasley, Tenn.	1 00
Lauck, T. H., Leander, Tex.	1 00	Steamer A. R. Bragg, Newport,	1 00	Ogilvie, W. H., Allisona, Tenn.	2 00
Lauderdale, Mrs. J. S., Llano, Tex.	1 00	Ark	1 00	O'Keefe, Miss M. A., Nashville.	1 00
Lauderdale, J. S., Llano, Tex.	1 00	McCall, Miss Emma, Oak Bluff, Ala	1 00	Overton, Col. John, Nashville.	10 00
Lawrence, Miss Mary, Bowling	1 00	McCarthy Camp, Liberty, Mo.	10 00	Owen, Allin B., Evansville, Ind.	1 00
Green, Ky.	1 00	McCaw, David, Columbia, Tenn.	1 00	Owen, Frank A., Evansville, Ind.	1 00
Lawson, A. J., Union City, Tenn.	1 00	McClung, Hu L., Knoxville, Tenn.	5 00	Owen, Master A. M., Evansville, Ind.	1 00
Lea, J. O., Charleston, S. C.	1 00	McCulloch, J. P., Lamar, Tenn.	1 00	Owen, Miss Ruth, Evansville, Ind.	1 00
Lea, Judge J. M., Nashville.	10 00	McDonald, M., Palmyra, Mo.	1 00	Owen, U. J., Eagleville, Tenn.	1 00
Lea, N. W., Clarksdale, Miss.	4 00	McDonald, J. W., Erin, Tenn.	1 00	Overby, N., Selma, Ala.	1 00
Lea, Overton, Nashville.	10 00	McDowell, J. H., Union City, Tenn.	1 00	Oxford, A. C., Birmingham, Ala.	1 00
Leachman, C. C., Wellington, Va.	1 00	McFarland, L. B., Memphis, Tenn.	1 00	Oxford, Miss J., Birmingham, Ala.	1 00
Learned, R. F., Natchez, Miss.	1 00	McGinnis, J. M., Dyersburg, Tenn.	1 00	Page, Capt. Thos. G., Glasgow, Ky.	1 00
Lebby, Dr. R., Charleston, S. C.	1 00	McGlathery, J. M., Wilson, La.	1 00	Paget, H. H., Ridge Spring, S. C.	1 00
Lee, Blewett, Chicago, Ill.	5 00	McGovern, M. J., Nashville, Tenn.	1 00	Palmer, A., Bells, Tex.	1 00
Lee, C. H., Falmouth, Ky.	1 00	McGregor, Dr. R. R., Covington,	2 50	Pardue, A. E., Cheap Hill, Tenn.	8 00
Lee, C. H., Jr., Falmouth, Ky.	1 00	Tenn	1 00	Parham, B. M., Richmond, Va.	1 00
Lee, D. P., Charlotte, N. C.	1 00	McGuire, Dr. C. B., Fayetteville,	1 00	Park, J. R., Laverage, Tenn.	1 00
Lee, Mildred, Chapter U. D. C.,	3 00	Tenn	1 00	Parks, Hamilton, Nashville.	1 00
Fayetteville, Ark.	3 00	McIntosh, Mrs. S. A., Nashville.	1 00	Parks, Mrs. Hamilton, Nashville.	1 00
Lee, W. R., Charlotte, N. C.	1 00	McIntosh, A. J., Nashville.	1 00	Parks, Glenn W., Nashville.	1 00
Lehmann, Joe, Waco, Tex.	1 00	McKenzie, J. H., Versailles, Ky.	1 00	Parks, Miss Anna, Nashville.	1 00
Lemond, R. W., Hale Center.	1 00	McKinley, J. P., Jr., Montague, Tex.	1 00	Parks, Miss Nell, Nashville.	1 00
Lemonds, J. L., Paris, Tenn.	1 00	McKinney, J. W., Watt, Tex.	1 00	Parish, J. H., Sharon, Tenn.	1 00
Lenoir, H. L., Sweetwater, Tenn.	1 00	McKinney, R. L., Columbia, Tenn.	10 00	Parr, Dr. H. A., New York City.	1 00
Lenoir, W. T., Sweetwater, Tenn.	1 00	McKinney, W. R., Greenwood, S. C.	1 00	Patten, Dr. A., Mineola, Tex.	1 00
Leslie, J. P., Sherman, Tex.	1 00	McKinstry, Judge O. L., Carrollton,	1 00	Patterson, Judge E. D., Savannah,	5 00
Lester, J. H., Deming, N. Mex.	12 00	Ala.	1 00	Tenn	1 00
Letcher, J. R., Salt Lake City,	5 00	McKnight, W. H., Humboldt, Tenn.	1 00	Patterson, Mrs. E. H., Seguin, Tex.	1 00
Utah	5 00	McLin, Perry, Bolivar, Mo.	1 00	Patterson, Mrs. T. L., Cumberland,	1 00
Lewis, Maj. E. C., Nashville, Tenn.	100 00	McLure, Mrs. M. A. E., St. Louis,	5 00	Md	1 00
Lewis, Dr. F. P., Coalsburg, Ala.	1 00	Mo.	2 00	Payne, E. S., Enon College, Tenn.	2 00
Lewis, Jack, Glasgow, Ky.	2 00	McPherson, E., Louisville, Ky.	2 00	Peabody, H. A., Santa Ana, Cal.	1 00
Lewis, R. F., Pittsburg, Tex.	1 00	McRee, W. F., Trenton, Tenn.	1 00	Pearce, H. W., Punta Gordo, Brit-	5 00
Lewis, Virgil, Baxdad, Ky.	1 00	McTeer, J. T., Knoxville, Tenn.	5 00	ish Honduras	5 00
Lincoln, H. B., Thompson's, Tenn.	1 00	McVoy, J., Cantonment, Fla.	1 00	Pease, Verne S., Chicago, Ill.	2 00
Linck, Mrs. Catherine, Nashville.	1 00	Meadows, R. B., Florence, Ala.	1 00	Peat, Miss Cora, Tavares, Fla.	1 00
Lindsey, A., Nashville, Tenn.	1 00	Meek, S. W., Nashville, Tenn.	5 00	Pock, Alexine K., Nashville	1 00
Lipscomb, Mrs. M. A., Athens, Ga.	1 00	Meek, Master Wilson	1 00	Peck, Nannie King, Lynchburg, Va.	1 00
Lipscomb, Van, Nashville, Tenn.	1 00	Merchant, Miss Julia H., Charles-	1 00	Peck, Myron K., Jr., Nashville.	1 00
Litteral, Jake, Cartersville, Mo.	1 00	ton, Va.	1 00	Peck, Sadie B., Nashville.	1 00
Little, Elder T. C., Fayetteville,	1 00	Meriwether, Hon. M., St. Louis,	12 00	Peddicoor, K. F., Palmyra, Mo.	1 00
Tenn	1 00	Mo.	12 00	Peelless, T. H., Clarendon, Tex.	1 00
Livesay, J. A., Baltimore, Md.	1 00	Merrill, Capt., U. S. A., Key West,	1 00	Peerless Lodge No. 73, K. P., Elk-	5 00
Livingston, H. J., Brownsville, Tenn.	1 00	Fla.	1 00	ton, Ky	5 00
Livingston, J. L., Brownsville, Tenn.	1 00	Merritt, P. L., Hadensville, Ky.	1 00	Pendleton, P. B., Pembroke, Ky.	1 00
Livingston, L. J., St. Paul, Minn.	1 00	Messenger, Mrs. L. R., Washington	1 00	Pepper, W. A., Stirling, S. C.	1 00
Locke, C. A., Nashville, Tenn.	8 00	Meux, J. S., Stanton, Tenn.	1 00	Perkins, A. H. D., Memphis, Tenn.	1 00
Lockett, Mrs. P., Knoxville, Tenn.	1 00	Meux, T. R., Fresno, Cal.	1 00	Perron, H. W., Nocton, Tenn.	1 00
Loffitt, Benj. F., Nashville.	1 00	Miles, Dr. C. W., Union City, Tenn.	1 00	Perry, E. F., Owensville, Ky.	1 00
Long, Miss Annie, Mt. Pleasant,	1 00	Miles, W. A., Fayetteville, Tenn.	1 00	Perryman, L., Forestburg, Tex.	1 00
Tenn.	1 00	Miller, T. C., Yellow Store, Tenn.	1 00	Pettus, J., Louisville, Ky.	1 00
Long, Chas. R., Jr., Louisville, Ky.	25 00	Miller, G. F., Raymond, Kans.	1 00	Pickens, Mrs. M. G., Greensboro,	1 00
Long, J. M., Paris, Tex.	1 00	Miller, Capt. F. M., Almy, N. C.	1 00	Ala.	1 00
Long, Mrs. Lemuel Rix, Mt. Pleas-	1 00	Miller, Sam A., Paris, Tenn.	1 00	Pickens, R. E., Marion, Ky.	1 00
ant, Tenn.	1 00	Miller, Tom C., Rogersville, Tenn.	1 00	Pickett, J. C., Tuckahoe, Ky.	2 00
Long, Miss Maude, Mt. Pleasant,	1 00	Mims, Dr. W. D., Gockrum, Miss.	1 00	Pickett, Col. W. D., Big Bear,	10 00
Tenn.	1 00	Minor, J. B., Richmond, Va.	1 00	Wyoming	10 00
Long, P. P., Wisconsin.	5 00	Mitchell, D. T., Sunnyside, Miss.	1 50	Pierce, Dr. T. W., Knoxville, Ala.	1 00
Long, R. J., Kansas City, Mo.	1 00	Mitchell, J. A., Bowling Green, Ky.	7 00	Pierce, Dr. W. H., Colliere, Ala.	2 00
Love, Maj. W. A., Crawford, Miss.	1 00	Mitchell, A. E., Morrisville, Mo.	1 00	Pigott, Miss E. J., Harlowe, N. C.	1 00
Love, S. B., Richland, Tex.	1 00	Montgomery, W., Arrow, Tenn.	1 00	Pison, B. F., Washington, D. C.	10 00
Lowe, Dr. W. A., Springdale, N. C.	2 00	Montgomery, Capt. W. A., Edwards,	1 00	Pirtle, Jno. M., Los Angeles, Cal.	1 00
Lowe, Mrs. W. A., Springdale, S. C.	2 00	Miss	1 00	Pointer, Miss Phil, Owensboro, Ky.	1 00
Lowsbrough, T. H. C., Woodland	1 00	Montgomery, Victor, Santa Ana,	1 00	Polk, M. T., Nashville.	1 00
Mills, Tenn	1 00	Cal	1 00	Pollock, J. D., Cumberland, Md.	1 00
Lowrance, R. M., Huntsville, Mo.	1 00	Moon, G. B., Belbuckle, Tenn.	1 00	Porter, J. A., Cowan, Tenn.	1 00
Lubbock, Gov. F. R., Austin, Tex.	1 00	Moon, J. A., Unionville, Tenn.	1 00	Pope, Capt. W. H., Pikeville, Md.	1 00
Luckey, C. E., Knoxville, Tenn.	5 00	Moore, M. F., Senatobia, Miss.	1 00	Pope, T. B., Alvarado, Tex.	2 00
Luttrell, J. C., Knoxville, Tenn.	5 00	Moore, John, Waco, Tex.	1 00	Forch, W. T., Bakerville, Tenn.	1 00
Lynn, E. W., Harrodsburg, Ky.	1 00	Moore, L. M., Greenwood, S. C.	1 00	Portlock, Tapley, Knoxville, Tenn.	1 00
Lynn, Mrs. E. S., Buffalo, Ill.	1 00	Moore, W. E., Ashby, Tex.	1 00	Powell, E. D., Rogersville, Tenn.	1 00
Lynn, W. F., Leesburg, Va.	1 00	Moran, J. W., Dresden, Tenn.	1 00	Powell, H. L., Leesburg, Va.	1 40
Lyons, J. A., Sweetwater, Tenn.	1 00	Morgan, Calvin, Nashville, Tenn.	2 00	Powell, W. C., Baird, Tex.	1 00
Macon, Dr. J. S., Bell Factory, Ala.	1 00	Morgan, Judge R. J., Memphis.	3 00	Price, L. C., Lexington, Ky.	1 00
Magruder, Wm. T., Columbus, O.	1 00	Morris, Mrs. R. L., Nashville.	1 00	Prince, Mrs. Polk, Guthrie, Ky.	1 00
Mahoney, John, Nashville, Tenn.	1 00	Morris, Miss N. J., Frostburg, Md.	1 00	Prunty, Geo., Boston, Ky.	1 00
Majors, J. E., Charles City, Va.	1 00	Morrison, Mrs. W. J., Nashville.	1 00	Pryor, J. L., Fayetteville, N. C.	1 00
Malcom, Miss M., Dickson, Tenn.	1 00	Morrison, R. P., Allensville, Ky.	1 00	Pryor, J. T., Belton, Tex.	1 00
Mallory, E. S., Jackson, Tenn.	1 00	Morton, J. R., Lexington, Ky.	2 00	Purnell, J. C., Winona, Miss.	1 00
Mangold, A., Hazlehurst, Miss.	1 00	Morton, O. S., Richmond, Va.	1 00	Putnam, E. H., Pensacola, Fla.	1 00
Mansfield, W. C., Sweetwater, Tenn.	1 00	Moss, C. S., Dyersburg, Tenn.	1 00	Putty, F. M., Celina, Tex.	1 00
Marshall, J. M., Lafayette, Tenn.	1 00	Notes, P. A., Wingard, Ala.	2 00	Pyron, S. B., Nashville, Tenn.	1 00
Martin, Miss B., Sweetwater, Tenn.	1 00	Mulcahey, P., St. Louis, Mo.	1 00	Quinn, M. G., Columbia, Mo.	5 00
Martin, B. M., Jackson, Tenn.	1 00	Murtaugh, J. T., Pine Bluff, Ark.	5 00		
Martin, J. H., Hawkinsville, Ga.	1 00	Muse, B. F., Sharon, Miss.	1 00		
		Musidora McCrory Chapter U. D.	5 00		
		C., Jackson, Tenn.	5 00		

Raines, R. P., Trenton, Tenn.....	1 00	Shannon, Col. E. S., Clover Croft, Tenn.....	1 00	Terry, W. C., DeLeon, Tex.....	1 00
Ramer, W. R., Chewalla, Tenn.....	1 00	Shannon, Judge G. W., Lubbock, Tex.....	1 00	Terry, J. C., Tavares, Fla.....	1 00
Rand, Mrs. A. B., Cincinnati, Ohio.....	1 00	Shannon, Thos., St. Louis, Mo.....	1 00	Terry, Mrs. J. C., Tavares, Fla.....	1 00
Randall, D. C., Waldrup, Tex.....	1 00	Shearer, John, McCrory, Ark.....	1 00	Theus, T. N., Savannah, Ga.....	5 00
Rast, P. J., Farmersville, Ala.....	1 00	Shepherd, Col. N. S., Columbia, Ga.....	1 00	Thomas, A. S., Fayetteville, Tenn.....	1 00
Ratliff, G. N., Huntsville, Mo.....	1 00	Sheppard, J. H., Hayneville, Ala.....	1 00	Thomas, W. T., Cumberland City, Tenn.....	1 00
Reagan, Hon. John H., Austin, Tex.....	1 00	Shields, J. K., Knoxville, Tenn.....	5 00	Thomas, J. L., Knoxville, Tenn.....	1 00
Reagan, J. A., Sweetwater, Tenn.....	1 00	Shields, S. G., Knoxville, Tenn.....	5 00	Thomason, Dr. B. R., Era, Tex.....	1 00
Reagan, Lenoir, Sweetwater, Tenn.....	1 00	Shortridge, J. P., Gainesville, Tex.....	1 00	Thomson, E. O., Coleman, Tex.....	1 00
Redwood, Henry, Asheville, N. C.....	1 00	Shotwell, F. A., Rogersville, Tenn.....	2 00	Thornton, D. L., Versailles, Ky.....	2 00
Reeves, Dr. N. P., Longstreet, La.....	1 00	Shumate, L. M., Leesboro, Va.....	1 00	Thorp, S. R., Los Angeles, Cal.....	1 00
Reeves, Dr. R. H., Asheville, N. C.....	2 00	Simmons, J. R., Los Angeles, Cal.....	1 00	Threlkell, Foster, Tohi, Ky.....	1 00
Reid, W. D., Holladay, Miss.....	1 00	Simmons, Col. J. W., Mexico, Tex.....	2 50	Threlkell, Mrs. Sue, Tohi, Ky.....	1 00
Reid, W. H., Leola, Ark.....	1 00	Simmons, S. M., Denton, Tex.....	1 00	Thruston, G. P., Nashville, Tenn.....	25 00
Reid, W. H., Sandy Springs, N. C.....	1 00	Simpkin, Mrs. A. O., Racine, Wis.....	1 00	Tilden, Mrs. G. L., Mobile, Ala.....	1 00
Reiderson, J. H., Kaufman, Tex.....	1 00	Sims, M. B., Tullahoma, Tenn.....	3 00	Tillman, G. N., Nashville, Tenn.....	1 00
Reunion at Hico, Tenn.....	1 00	Sims, T. A., Springfield, Mo.....	1 00	Timberlake, T. W., Milldale, Va.....	1 00
Reynolds, L. P., Jacinto, Miss.....	1 00	Sinclair, Col. A. H., Georgetown, Ky.....	1 00	Tipton Co. Confed. Mem. Association, Covington, Tenn.....	10 00
Rice, Dan, Tennessee City, Tenn.....	2 00	Sinnott, H. T., Nashville, Tenn.....	1 00	Tipton, Mrs. Jonathan, Knoxville, Tenn.....	1 00
Richards, H. H., Riverton, Va.....	1 00	Sinnott, Harry M., Nashville, Tenn.....	1 00	Todd, Dr. C. H., Owensboro, Ky.....	1 00
Richards, J. N., Riverton, Va.....	1 00	Sinnott, Sidney L., Nashville, Tenn.....	1 00	Tolley, Capt. W. P., Rucker, Tenn.....	1 00
Richards, Sam, Rockdale, Tex.....	1 00	Skeen, R. H., Pearl, Mo.....	1 00	Toliver, C. W., Clarksville, Tenn.....	1 00
Richards, T. W. T., Los Angeles, Cal.....	2 00	Slatter, W. J., Winchester, Tenn.....	1 00	Tondee, Capt. W. H., Lumpkin, Ga.....	1 00
Richardson, B. W., Richmond, Va.....	2 00	Smith, A. H., Davidson, Tenn.....	1 00	Tredegar, Frank, Richmond, Va.....	25 00
Richardson, Dr. J. D., Medina, Tenn.....	1 00	Smith, Frank G., Marion, Ark.....	1 00	Trent, Miss A. B., Martin, Tenn.....	1 00
Richardson, W. B., Newton, Miss.....	1 00	Smith, Capt. F. M., Norfolk, Va.....	1 00	Trimble, S. V., Del Rio, Tex.....	1 00
Ridings, Dr. E. W., Dickson, Tenn.....	3 50	Smith, Frank O., LaCrosse, Wis.....	1 00	Triplett, C. H., Pine Bluff, Ark.....	1 00
Ridley, Capt. B. L., Murfreesboro.....	50 00	Smith, F. P., Segula, Tex.....	1 00	Trowbridge, S. F., Piedmont, S. C.....	1 00
Rieves, A. B., Marion, Ark.....	1 00	Smith, H. C., Hartsville, Tenn.....	1 00	Truesdale, James, Del Rio, Tex.....	1 00
Riley, J. M., Meridian, Miss.....	1 00	Smith, Capt. H. L., Mason City, Ill.....	1 00	Trulock, J. B., Pine Bluff, Ark.....	5 00
Riley, T. F., Greenwood, S. C.....	1 00	Smith, Capt. J. F., Marion, Ark.....	1 00	Tschiffely, E. L., Rockville, Md.....	1 00
Ritter, Wm. L., Baltimore, Md.....	2 00	Smith, Miss J. R., Henderson, N. C.....	1 00	Tucker, J. K., St. Patrick, La.....	1 00
Rivera, Dr. J. J., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	3 00	Smith, John E., Austin, Tex.....	1 00	Turner, R. S., Ashland City, Tenn.....	5 00
Rivers, A. B., Marion, Ark.....	1 00	Smith, Miss M. A., Warrenton, Va.....	1 00	Turney, T. E., Kaufman, Tex.....	1 00
Rhea, John L., Knoxville, Tenn.....	2 50	Smith, M. J., Austin, Tex.....	1 00	Two Tenn. Confed. Soldiers.....	2 00
Roach, B. T., Fayetteville, Tenn.....	1 00	Smith, Moab S., Austin Tex.....	1 00	Tynes, Mrs. Ellen, Nashville, Tenn.....	2 00
Robbins, S. D., Vicksburg, Miss.....	2 00	Smith, Q. C., Austin, Tex.....	1 00	Tyree, L. H., Trenton, Tenn.....	1 00
Robbins, A. M., Rockdale, Tex.....	1 00	Smith, Sarad E. D., Austin, Tex.....	1 00		
Robert, P. G., St. Louis, Mo.....	5 00	Smith, Gen. W. G., Sparta, Tenn.....	1 00	U. C. V. & U. D. C., Wills Point, Tex.....	5 85
Roberts, B. J., Martin, Tenn.....	1 00	Smith, Walter Selon, Austin, Tex.....	1 00	United Daughters of Confederacy.....	10 00
Roberts, Miss Mamie, Brookings, S. D.....	1 00	Smythe, A. T., Charleston, S. C.....	1 00	U. D. C., Kansas City, Mo.....	1 50
Roberts, W. S., Knoxville, Tenn.....	5 00	Snyder, R. J., Louisville, Ky.....	1 00	U. D. C., South Pittsburg, Tenn.....	10 00
Robertson, C. L., Cave Springs, Mo.....	1 00	Speisegger, T. J., St. Augustine, Fla.....	1 00	U. P. C., Sterling Price Chap., St. Joseph, Mo.....	10 00
Robertson, J. S., Huntsville, Mo.....	1 00	Spier, Miss Effie, Dickson, Tenn.....	1 00		
Robinson, E. A., Kiowa, Ind. T.....	1 00	Spencer, B. F., Weston, Tex.....	1 00	VanBibber, Mrs. G. L., Bel Air, Md.....	2 00
Robinson, A. H., Nashville.....	10 00	Spradling, Robert, Decatur, Tenn.....	1 00	Vance, Dr. J. I., Newark, N. J.....	5 00
Robison, H. H., Wetumpka, Ala.....	1 00	Spurlln, T. M., Tulip, Tex.....	1 00	Vance, R. H., Memphis, Tenn.....	1 00
Rodes, Capt. Boyle O., Danville, Ky.....	1 00	Spurr, M. A., Nashville, Tenn.....	1 00	Vanpelt, C. B., South Bend, Ind.....	10 00
Rodgers, Ed, Hillsboro, Tex.....	1 00	Staggs, Col. E. S., Hustonville, Ky.....	1 00	Van Pelt, Miss N. C., Danville, Ky.....	1 00
Rodgers, Miss M., Edgewood, Tenn.....	1 00	Staley, W. S., Marion, Va.....	1 00	Van Pelt, S. D., Danville, Ky.....	1 00
Rogan, W. R., Castalian Springs, Tenn.....	1 00	Stark, J. W., Bowling Green, Ky.....	1 00	Vaughn, Gen. A. J., Memphis, Tenn.....	1 00
Rogers, J. R., Cane Ridge, Ky.....	1 00	Steele, B. P., Bristol, Tenn.....	1 00	Vaughn, A. J., Edwards, Miss.....	1 00
Rogers, William P., Chapter D. of C., Victoria, Tex.....	2 50	Steele, Francis H., Los Angeles, Cal.....	1 00	Valentine, Frederick, Richmond, Va.....	10 00
Rose, S. E. F., West Point, Miss.....	1 00	Steele, J. Henry, Carroll Co., Md.....	1 00	Vincent, J. E., Beard, Ky.....	1 00
Rosenau, J., Athens, Ala.....	1 00	Steele, Mrs. P. E., Donelson, Tenn.....	1 00	Voegtley, Edwin B., Pittsburg, Pa.....	2 00
Ross, Dr. J. W., Clarksville, Tenn.....	1 00	Steger, Dr. J. C., Huntsville, Ala.....	1 00	Voegtley, Mrs. E. B., Pittsburg, Pa.....	2 00
Rouss, C. B., New York City.....	25 00	Stell, M. E., Paris, Tex.....	5 00	Voorhies, A. H., San Francisco.....	3 00
Routt, Z. D., Chapel Hill, Tex.....	1 00	Stell, W. W., Paris, Tex.....	5 00	Vaulx, Maj. J., Nashville, Tenn.....	5 00
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An effort has been made with much diligence to print a complete list of paid subscriptions to the Sam Davis monument fund herein. An examination of this list will show contributors from every State in the Union. If any errors are detected, request is made that they be reported immediately, so that copies may be perfected absolutely.

REPORT OF MRS. E. H. HATCHER.

Eight years ago Mr. S. A. Cunningham came before the Daughters of the Confederacy in session and asked help to finish the Sam Davis monument. I was made chairman of the committee, and the following year permanent chairman until the monument should be completed. I have served as faithfully as I knew how, for the work was very near my heart; and though the fund has grown slowly, it has been lovingly given by these loyal women. With those in Tennessee it has been first the Soldiers' Home, then the Sam Davis monument. Mr. Cunningham has ever been the moving spirit of this work. To him is due the spirit of faithfulness which has inspired us to continued effort. The result of our labors appears in my report.

THAT TEACHERS' COLLEGE PRIZE ESSAY.

BY MRS. LIVINGSTON ROWE SCHUYLER, NEW YORK CITY.

I was very much interested in reading the criticism of the Teachers' College prize essay on General Lee which you published in the last number of the *VETERAN* because it gives me an opportunity to emphasize the importance of this prize at Columbia University and what we hope it may in time accomplish.

Before taking up the matter of the essay itself let me make clear to you the difference between the prize and the scholarship. The prize is given by the United Daughters of the Confederacy to a student of Teachers' College, Columbia University (irrespective of residence or previous training), who shall write the best essay on a given topic relating to the South's part in the War between the States. As an entirely different matter and to express appreciation of the spirit of devotion to historical truth shown by the women of the South, the dean of Teachers' College has given to the United Daughters of the Confederacy a special scholarship (remitting all costs of tuition) for a descendant of a Confederate veteran, to be chosen by the United Daughters of the Confederacy according to any method they may adopt. The present holder of that scholarship is from South Carolina and is now pursuing her studies at Columbia University. There is nothing, in my judgment, better indicative of the drawing together of North and South than this scholarship, for it demonstrates that great progress in the last few years has been made, and that a Confederate veteran is a man whose loyalty to his State is as clearly recognized as the man whose loyalty to the Union in many cases brought brothers into conflict.

Now let me speak of the essay itself. On my first reading of it I too was unfavorably impressed with the sentences which you quote; but after a second reading of them it seemed that what at first jarred upon my ear was capable of another and more just interpretation. It is always a most difficult thing to speak of any sentence in historical writing apart from its context. It is to the context that we must go in order to understand the author's train of thought which finally expresses itself in the written words. So in these cases. Your first quotation is: "Intellectually the South was practically dead. Most of the people were densely ignorant." I think that in regard to these sentences all Southerners are aware to whom the writer has reference. Undoubtedly she is here speaking of the people in a mass—of the poorer folk and those in the more remote districts. Although there were many families whose sons had all the advantages which universities at home and abroad could offer, yet the fact that 325,000 Southern mountaineers fought in the Northern armies is proof enough for us of widespread ignorance in our midst.

Your second quotation is: "To do now what he [General Lee] did then would be treason, for the Civil War has since taught what is right in this regard." Let me add the words with which she finishes and explain the thought: "But the matter of secession had purposely been left open by the framers of the Constitution, and in the minds of many sincere people both North and South it was still a question. The real issue was not between patriotism and the want of it, but between two forms of it, and the point to be borne in mind is that those who believed in one conception were as loyal as those who clung to another." What she is striving to do is to show that the question of secession is now a closed question; that while at the time it was possible for men to differ as to what they ought to do, yet that to-day there would be

no possibility of choice for a man who was faced with the question of loyalty to the nation. I am sure that the regiments from North and South that fought and suffered side by side in the Spanish War never questioned each other's loyalty to the nation.

Again you quote: "We shall have come to think of Lee as the English have come to think of Washington, whom lately they regarded as a rebel; for, indeed, he differed from the greater Washington only in choosing the wrong side." This comparison with Washington only means that Washington chose the side which came out victorious, while Lee was on the side of defeat. The word "wrong" is used here with a meaning synonymous with that of unsuccessful.

Your last quotations deal with matters of discipline and organization. This is a part of history where authorities will always differ because their facilities for obtaining information of this kind must always remain incomplete, and their deductions in consequence must always have in them the personal element. There is no doubt that in the South during the war there were different opinions as to the way in which commanders conducted their operations. The best foreign authorities on the campaigns of the war do not agree as to the relative abilities of the Southern leaders. Why, then, should we be surprised if a civilian, who is also a mere woman, errs on this point of criticism? "To err is human; to forgive, divine." We should rather, I believe, respect the frankness and honesty which led her to express views which she knew must be distasteful to the Southerners who were to read her essay in competition with others and award the prize.

I believe that this essay in its main features (and I may say that the unsuccessful contestants exhibited the same characteristics in their writings) struck a note which will ring in the ears of thoughtful men with great significance because there is in it a tone of fairness and open-mindedness—of willingness to live and learn—which would have been deemed an impossible thing to hope for but a few years ago.

You finish your criticism with the words: "It is consistent with the spirit of the writer to use the term 'lost cause.' Let all Southerners stop using the term." Indeed, it seems to me hardly fair to censure a Western girl for using a phrase which was in common use among ourselves during my life as a child and young woman in the South. But herein lies the usefulness of our work at Teachers' College, for it is by this very prize that we shall succeed at length in eliminating from future histories of the war all phrases which we have come to consider inappropriate or misleading. I wish to take this opportunity of testifying to the courteous way in which every request made by me to the dean and faculty of Teachers' College, Columbia University, has been at once acceded to in respect to the use in that institution of words and phrases distasteful to Southern ears. There is nothing narrow or prejudiced in their position, and there are none more earnest in their search for the truth. And it is critical, honest judgment in historical writing that we should always strive for and most heartily welcome when found.

I welcome the criticism which has necessitated this letter because I believe it will result in a far wider reading of the essay than it otherwise would have obtained, and with the explanations which I have given I consider the essay to be one of the most eloquent tributes to our dead leader that the centenary celebration has brought forth.

Some protests against the prize paper are made—to appear later.



TWENTY-FOUR JURYMEN, TWELVE OF WHOM WERE NEGROES.

JURY IMPANELED TO TRY JEFFERSON DAVIS.

(Collier's Weekly.)

Twelve of the twenty-four petit jurors were negroes. It was unfortunate that the first mixed jury ever drawn in the South should have been chosen to try ex-President Davis. The fact that negroes served in the trial of the fallen leader roused a feeling of intense bitterness. After his capture, in 1865, Jefferson Davis was confined at Fortress Monroe a little more than two years. The trial was set for May, 1867, and leading attorneys in the North as well as in the South had pressed their services upon him. It was finally determined that he should be represented by William B. Reed, of Philadelphia, George Shea and Charles O'Connor, of New York, John Randolph Tucker, of Loudon County, Va., and Judge Robert Ould, of Richmond. For the government were L. H. Chandler, District Attorney, and the brilliant William M. Evarts. Mr. Davis was brought from Fortress Monroe to the present customhouse building on a writ of habeas corpus. By a strange fatality he occupied at this time the same suite of rooms in the Spottswood Hotel reserved for him when he came to Richmond as head of the new republic. As soon as Mr. Davis appeared in court Mr. Evarts announced that the government did not wish to try the case at this term of the court. He did not oppose bail, provided the sum fixed was large enough and the bondsmen were responsible men. There could be no doubt on either score. The amount was \$100,000, and the bondsmen included Horace Greeley and Cornelius Vanderhilt, of New York; D. K. Jackman, of Philadelphia; W. H. Macfarland, Richard Barton Haxall, Isaac Davenport, and Abraham Warwick, of Richmond. Mr. Davis was never released from bail, though he lived more than twenty years afterwards. At the trial, held in 1868, when Chief Justice Chase sat with Judge Underwood, there was a disagreement, Chase maintaining that the accused was innocent. Underwood held out, of course, that the prisoner was guilty, and the case was certified to the Supreme Court of the United States. There it remains, even to this day, a cause undecided. The indictment of Jefferson Davis for high treason has never been quashed.

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 From Mrs. T. W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, \$30.25.
 From Mrs. J. W. Clapp, Director for Tennessee, \$210.
 From Mrs. Elijah Conklin, Director for Nebraska, \$10.50.
 From Mrs. Chappell Cory, Director for Alabama, \$79.
 From Mrs. John W. Tench, Director for Florida, \$25.
 From Mrs. D. O. S. Vaught, Director for Louisiana, \$40.25.
 From Mrs. S. B. Grommet, Director for Illinois, \$5.
 From Pickett-Buchanan Camp, No. 1182, U. C. V., \$5.
 Total on hand, \$8,143.67. None expended.

It is proper to add that a money order from Illinois to the order of Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone was sent to Atlanta by the Director for that State, which money order was inadvertently sent to me without indorsement. As soon as it shall have been returned by the payee proper credit will be given the Director for Illinois. The money order was for \$15.

WALLACE STREATER, *Treasurer.*

SCOUTING EXPEDITION BY FORREST'S MEN.

DATA FROM COL. V. Y. COOK, BATESVILLE, ARK.

During the last days of August, 1864, an expeditionary scout of what had been forty men, rank and file, constituted of detachments from Companies C, E, and H, 7th Kentucky Mounted Infantry, Forrest's Cavalry, commanded by Capt. Charles W. Jetton, of Company H, an officer of merit and mettle, was returning southward in famishment and with an impeditive environment of several wagons laden with their wounded, for the detachments had engaged twice one morning just north of Parker's Crossroads, in Carroll County, West Tennessee, with a formidable force of Federal bushwhackers, losing Lieut. John Heady, Company C, Sergeant William Smith, Company E, and Private William Brown, Company H, killed, and ten others more or less severely wounded, some with broken legs and arms and others otherwise mutilated, whose sufferings were excruciating in the extreme, as they were transported in farm wagons over rough country roads without surgical aid or nourishment. The country through which they passed was entirely destitute of subsistence for man or beast, and encompassed by Federal bushwhackers of the very worst type.

On a Sunday afternoon the detachments in this tired and hungry condition, with their dust-covered uniforms now muddy (for it had rained heavily that day), reached the outskirts of Rienzi, a village on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, ten miles south of Corinth, Miss. They halted near the bank of a small but muddy and swollen creek, allowing their wounded to rest and their horses to graze, there being no other food for the animals. Here Privates Chapman Williams, of Company E, and the writer hereof, of Company H, were ordered out *in armis* in quest of the much-needed esculents and with orders to bring in some hog meat. Another detail went forth in search of bread, which, however, failed, and the snailine captured by the first detail was an old "razor-back" sow. She was shot and dragged to the improvised camp, skinned and cut into pieces, and put into a wash kettle found near by where some good housewife had left it after her weekly household scourgings of its homely homespuns. The kettle was filled with creek water, a fire was kindled, and soon all, even the wounded, were eating this morsel without bread or salt and with a relish.

After a few hours' rest the detachments proceeded southward via Brice's Crossroads and Tupelo, keeping details ahead and off the main road, gathering apples and peaches, the only food procurable. Later corn meal was obtained and added to the apples and peaches upon which the men feasted. The detachments reached their command, Buford's Division, in the early days of September at Oxford, Miss., which was soon thereafter put in motion for Middle Tennessee and Sherman's rear.

Fording the Tennessee River at Colbert's Shoals, the division immediately entered upon a series of battles and skirmishes known by the troopers as Forrest's Pulaski Raid—September 16 to October 10—during which Athens, Sulphur Trestle, and other Federal strongholds were assailed and vanished. The demolition of many miles of railroad in Sherman's rear was the main desideratum; but Sherman had then captured Atlanta, and was thereby efficiently able to cut loose from his base.

At Tarpley Shop, five miles south of Pulaski, Tenn., on the morning of September 27 the 7th Kentucky, in the advance, suffered severely in a ten minutes' skirmish with the 10th

and 12th Tennessee Federal Dismounted Cavalry, under command of the gallant Col. George Spaulding, and a battalion each of the 9th and 10th Indiana Cavalry mounted, in which at one time it appeared that the regiment would be over-ridden and sabered; but the commander of the Indiana Battalions, Maj. George F. Herriott, hesitated at the critical moment. In the meantime the 7th Kentucky was quickly dis-



CAPT. JOEL T. COCHRAN.

mounted by its gallant commander, Capt. Joel T. Cochran, and the other regiments of the brigade, coming up, immediately drove the Federals from their strongly selected position. We lost, however, Captain Cochran, who was in command of the regiment, Capt. David L. Nowlan, Company G, and eight enlisted men killed, three of whom, Sergeant Jack Waddell, Williams Matheney, and Thomas Hanesberry, belonged to Company I,

James Hatchell and John Hanelin to Company E, John Wilson and John Oliver to Company K, and a Mississippian, who by chance was riding with the Kentuckians that morning. Immediately after the death of Captain Cochran Capt. Charles W. Jetton, of Company H, assumed command of the regiment, but almost instantly therewith was wounded in the hand. Several others were wounded by the same volley.

Captains Cochran and Nowlan were buried in the same superficial army grave, where their remains still repose, as also the bodies of the other seven Kentuckians and the Mississippian rest in confidence in a near-by grave. These graves, we are informed, are being cared for and annually decorated with flowers by the good women of that vicinity.

Time may efface the record of the Confederate soldier and obliterate the memory of the confidence with which he went into battle; but never will the sublimity of devotion actuating these ladies and the womanly women of the South every day during that stupendous struggle to deeds of unparalleled self-sacrificing consercation to the needs of the Confederate sick and wounded and to this day in honoring our dead comrades, be expunged from that imperishable ledger of glory.

UNCLE ALECK AND HIS MULE.—Uncle Aleck, a venerable ducky with an old gray mule, called upon a veterinary surgeon with the inquiry: "Is you er hoss doctor?" "Yes," said the surgeon. "Well, dis here old mule he's sick, and I doan want er lose old Pete. Can't yer gimme some medicine fur him?" Writing a prescription, the doctor said: "Take this paper to the drug store and get fifty grains of calomel and a glass tube open at both ends. Put the calomel in the tube, run it down Pete's throat, and blow." Some days later the veterinarian, meeting Uncle Aleck, much bedraggled and ashy, asked: "How's Pete?" "Pete he's all right, but I ain't." "What's the matter?" "It's disaway," said Aleck: "I tuck de calomel and de glass tube as you tole me, and I stuck it down Pete's throat, I did." "Did you blow?" asked the doctor. "No, sir," said the ducky: "old Pete he dun blowed fust."



DR. CASPER COINER HENKEL.

With the death of Dr. C. C. Henkel, of Newmarket, Va., ends the long line of doctors of his name in that community, running back for more than a century. It closes a drug store there which was founded in 1797 by Dr. Solomon Henkel, and which had been continuously owned and conducted by his descendants. Before this, in 1793, he attended the University of Pennsylvania. The family was distinguished for its ministers and physicians, the first of whom in America was Rev. Anthony Jacob Henkel, a German court preacher, who came to Philadelphia in 1714. Some of its physicians were pioneers in certain important medical discoveries, such as the analyses of certain diseases and in the use of antiseptics and sterilizing methods in the practice of surgery.

Dr. C. C. Henkel was the grandson of Dr. Solomon Henkel and the son of Dr. Samuel Godfrey Henkel and Susan Coiner, daughter of Casper Coiner, whose name was bestowed upon this son. He read medicine with his father and uncle, Dr. S. P. Henkel, attended lectures at the University of Pennsylvania, graduated therefrom in 1857, and entered immediately into practice with his father at Newmarket.

In July, 1861, Dr. Henkel volunteered in the Confederate army, was made assistant surgeon, and in September of that year received commission as surgeon. He served with cavalry and artillery until April, 1862; was then with the 37th Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Brigade, until September, 1862, when he was made surgeon of the brigade and appointed member of the board of medical examiners for General Jackson's Corps, in which he served to the surrender at Appomattox. He was acting division surgeon during March and April, 1865. During his army service Dr. Henkel had ample opportunity for observation and much work, performing all kinds of operations incidental to the service and being in most of the battles of the Army of Northern Virginia from the time of his enlistment. Of five surgeons who entered the battle of Gaines's Mill with the brigade, he alone escaped injury.

After being paroled at Appomattox, Dr. Henkel returned to Newmarket without money or business, but with much hard-earned experience, and began practice anew at his old office in partnership with Dr. S. P. C. Henkel, who died in 1882. He had practiced continuously since, devoting himself largely to surgery; and though not making a specialty of any department of medical science, he occupied the foremost rank of his profession. He had been a sufferer for more than a year with the disease which caused his death, on November 16, but gave up office practice only six months before.

As a citizen Dr. Henkel was public-spirited and generous, and his splendid character was an example to all about him. The confidence he inspired as a physician was not greater than the affection in which he was held personally. He is survived by his wife and daughter (Mrs. Frank Rupert), a brother (Dr. H. H. Henkel, of Staunton), and six sisters. He was of a family of thirteen children, four sons and nine daughters.

GOV. S. W. T. LANHAM.

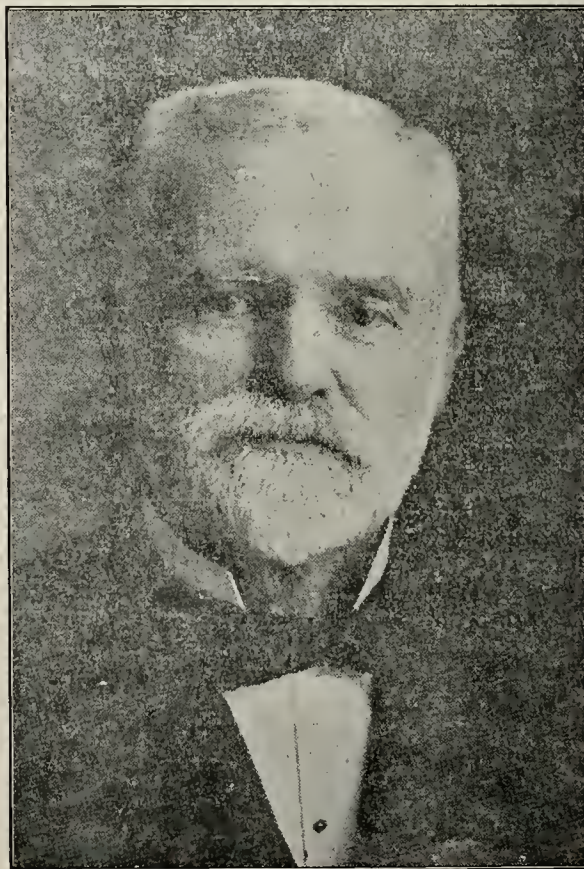
The Tom Green Camp, U. C. V., of Weatherford, Tex., submitted by a committee composed of R. W. Bonner, R. C. Tarkington, and L. J. Caraway resolutions upon the character of the late Samuel Willis Tucker Lanham, who was Governor of Texas from 1903 to 1907. Governor Lanham was born in Spartanburg, S. C., July 4, 1846.

He entered the C. S. A. service when quite a boy in the 3d South Carolina Regiment. He was married at the age of twenty years to Sarah B. Meng in Union County, S. C. He removed to Texas soon afterwards, and was admitted to the bar in 1869. He became District Attorney. In 1880 he was made a presidential elector. He served the Eighth District in Congress from 1883 to 1893 and from 1895 to 1903, leaving Congress to become Governor of his great adopted State.

The resolutions by the Camp state:

"In the death of Governor Lanham we have lost a true and faithful comrade, a brave and gallant soldier. He volunteered at the age of sixteen, joining the Army of Northern Virginia, and surrendered at Appomattox. He participated in many bloody battles, and while yet a mere youth became one of Lee's most trusted veterans. He did as much if not more than any other orator in America to present and preserve the heroic deeds and virtues of Confederate soldiers living and dead, and we the survivors and our children owe his memory a debt of lasting gratitude. We shall ever keep his memory green, and we will teach it to our children to the latest generation.

"As a public official both in State and national councils he



GOV. S. W. T. LANHAM.

was faithful to every trust. His career among us first as a humble school-teacher, then as lawyer, as State's attorney, then for so many years as representative in Congress, and finally as Governor of this great State presents to us a glorious and convincing proof of what a resolute spirit moved by the highest ideals and the loftiest purposes may accomplish in the brief time allotted to man.

"His pure and upright walk and conversation in private life among us, his noble and kindly life, and his firm belief in and steady adherence to Christian doctrine constitute a rich heritage to his children and to us his friends. We attribute much of his success in life to the wonderful helpfulness and wise counsel of his estimable and faithful wife. We sincerely mourn their demise. In life they were united, in death they are not divided."

The Tom Green Camp resolved as a further tribute of respect to the memory of the late lamented Gov. S. W. T. Lanham that the resolutions be printed in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, the friend and supporter of all old ex-Confederates.

[Report by R. E. Bell, Commander of Tom Green Camp.]

MRS. T. C. BLACK.

Mrs. Addie Caldwell Black, wife of Dr. T. C. Black, of Lewisburg, Tenn., has finished her work. The Lewisburg Chapter, U. D. C., of which she was a member, took formal action in regard to her death. A committee composed of Mrs. C. A. Armstrong, Mrs. T. E. Arthur, and Miss Bessie Stephens submitted appropriate resolutions. Mrs. Black was beloved by all who knew her; she was sweet and gracious in social life, a source of comfort to those in need of sympathy. Ready at all times to lend a helping hand to the unfortunate, her presence was like blessed sunshine. She was a true type of Southern womanhood.

The Lewisburg Chapter recognized in her life "the earnest, unselfish zeal of the true Christian, the joy of service as exemplified by her loving service to humanity in her daily life."



MRS. ADDIE CALDWELL BLACK.

The Chapter said: "To know her intimately was to be strengthened for better service to Christ and to the world."

In a paper prepared by Mrs. Black (which another read to the Chapter, as Mrs. Black was too ill to attend) she wrote:

"The brave soldiers who fought for us all came as enthusi-

astically from the homes of the wealthy as from the log cabins. How proud Tennessee is in being 'the Volunteer State!'

"Our heritage from our women of the Confederacy is almost as great and good. What grand nurses they were, how willingly they gave their homes for hospitals, seeking out and giving away everything to the poorest, most ragged Confederate soldier that he or his comrades needed! Many had their brass and bronze possessions melted to be made into cannon; many old ladies, confirmed invalids, proved a blessing to the army by untiringly knitting socks and gloves. Then all honor to the patient and tried woman who provided for the family while the husband, father, and brother were away! Mrs. John Law, of North Carolina, for four years devoted her life to nursing in hospital and field, and such was her worth to the army that Gen. Joseph E. Johnston had thirty thousand soldiers pass in review before her.

"But I cannot close without touching on one unpleasant subject. We all know that the Daughters of the Confederacy are banded together to keep alive the memory of the heroic deeds of our fathers, to honor their names and their glorious achievements, to minister to the survivors—the widows and the orphans. They are doing a grand work that will live in history in all these particulars; but how sad that the old soldiers seem secondary to many fashionable women whose zeal seems to be to have 'a fine time' themselves at the Reunions! Then the hot fights for supremacy in the election of officers. * * * I am afraid an outsider would say we were letting our beloved flag trail a little in the dust by such contentions over honors that should come to one unsolicited."

THOMAS A. TURNER.

Mr. Thomas Arthur Turner died at his residence, in Ashland City, Tenn., on Monday, October 26, 1908, at the age of sixty-eight years and seven months. In his death that community has sustained the loss of one of its most useful and highly respected citizens. A native of Cheatham County, he spent his life among its people. "Tom" Turner was a man of kind and generous nature, a joyful, sunny disposition, an unusually winning personality, and really and truly "charitable to a fault." For many months previous to his death he had been in declining health, and had retired from business and public life to spend the remainder of his days in the peace and quietude of his home.

Though scarcely more than a boy when the great war began, he enlisted in Company G, 42d Tennessee Regiment, and for four years followed the fortunes of the Confederate cause in camp, in battle, and in prison. At its close, like most others, he returned penniless to his old home. For a number of years after the war closed he engaged in the mercantile business. In 1878 he was chosen by his fellow-citizens to the office of Clerk of the County Court of Cheatham County, a position which he filled for twenty-four years, when he voluntarily retired.

Mr. Turner was for many years an honored member of the Masonic fraternity, and at his own request the last sad rites of his interment were pronounced in the beautiful burial ceremony of that order. The services were conducted by the members of Ashland Lodge No. 604, assisted by a number of visiting brethren, who took charge of the remains at the conclusion of a brief service led by Rev. A. T. Goodloe, one of his old friends and a comrade in arms, and his body was tenderly laid to rest in the cemetery with Masonic burial honors.

[From sketch by P. H. Duke, Esq., Ashland City, Tenn.]

TENNESSEE WOMAN'S HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

In August, 1907, this Association requested Mrs. Anna Irwin Woods to prepare a paper on the "Old City Cemetery" at Nashville, Tenn. This paper brought vividly to mind the deplorable condition of this old landmark, the resting place of many pioneers of Tennessee and the South.

The city of Nashville, through its Park Commission, has agreed to take charge of and keep in condition the walks and driveways, and now the Woman's Historical Society desires to erect a handsome memorial gate at the main entrance and, if practicable, refence the cemetery. * * *

They are asking a contribution, large or small, from public-spirited citizens who are proud of "this grand old State" and who realize how much the State owes the men and women whose mortal remains rest in this sacred soil—the men who blazed the way in the wilderness and stemmed the tide of the revolution.

MRS. E. W. FOSTER,

Chairman Memorial Gateway Committee.

WOODMEN OF AMERICA AND TUBERCULOSIS.

Most worthy work of Modern Woodmen of America is being undertaken for the care of those who suffer from tuberculosis. At the December meeting of the Executive Council of the Modern Woodmen Society, held at the headquarters of the Society in Rock Island, Ill., it was decided to conduct that Society's sanatorium, located at Colorado Springs, Colo., for the treatment of members afflicted with tuberculosis free of charge to members.

The Modern Woodmen Society has acquired 1,380 acres of land within seven miles of Colorado Springs, and has established thereon an up-to-date sanatorium on the tent colony plan. It will be ready for the reception of sixty patients on January 1, 1909.

The tents are octagonal structures, with shingle roofs, canvas sides, hard-wood floors on solid cement foundations, heated by a central plant, equipped with all modern conveniences, even telephones, and each tent is for one patient. An administration building for physicians, nurses, dining hall, baths, etc., stands in the center of the colony.

Dr. J. E. White, the medical director in charge, states that only those consumptive members who are curable or whose lives may be prolonged for a considerable length of time will be admitted as patients. The wisdom of this rule is apparent.

It is expected that another colony of sixty tents will be ready by July, 1909, and that acceptable patients will be received by that time. A movement is already under way to equip the second colony plant. Each tent represents an expense of \$250, and a number of local Camps, or lodges, of the Society have decided to donate tents. There are over 13,000 Camps of Modern Woodmen and over 1,000,000 members.

Local Camps have contributed to the sanatorium fund over \$70,000, and a tax of ten cents per member was voted.

SETTLEMENT OF A CONTROVERSY.

Col. and Rev. W. L. Duckworth, who has had some controversy with comrades as to his connection with his regiment in the closing days of the war, has procured a copy of the "Record" from the War Department, Washington, D. C.

Hon. Finis J. Garrett, House of Representatives, made inquiry of Adjutant General Ainsworth, who wrote to him:

"Sir: In returning herewith the letter, received by your reference, of Mr. W. L. Duckworth, of Brownsville, Tenn., who desires to ascertain who commanded the 7th Tennessee Confederate Cavalry during the last twenty-five days of its

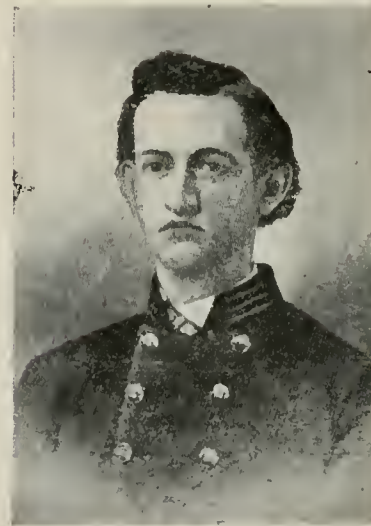
history and by whom it was surrendered and paroled, and in response to your request that the information be furnished, I have the honor to inform you that the Confederate archives in this office show that the 7th Tennessee Cavalry, Confederate States Army, was commanded during the month of April, 1865, by Col. W. L. Duckworth; that the regiment, excepting Company F, was surrendered at Citronelle, Ala., May 4, 1865, by Lieut. Gen. Richard Taylor, C. S. A., to Maj. Gen. E. R. S. Canby, U. S. A., and that it was paroled at Gainesville, Ala., May 11, 1865.

"Said archives also show that W. L. Duckworth was paroled at that place May 12, 1865, as colonel commanding the regiment, and that Brig. Gen. E. S. Dennis, U. S. A., was the officer who paroled the regiment.

"Very respectfully, F. C. AINSWORTH, *Adj. Gen.*"

INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

It was Capt. John W. Morton's twenty-first birthday on the 19th of September, and his entrée upon man's estate was amid the roar of the tremendous battle of Chickamauga. He had



CAPT. JOHN W. MORTON.

just received a new suit of artillery uniform clothes, which he had packed away nicely in a wagon; but a hungry mule had taken a fancy to them and had masticated the treasures. He had three horses at dawn, and at night one had been killed, two wounded so as to be unserviceable, and, to crown his mishaps, his colored servant "Bob" had got "scared" of the battle and run off with all his rations. To add to his misfortunes, he was a long way from home

with not a dollar in his pocket. 'Twas thus he stepped across the threshold of manhood—*Exchange*.

CAPT. JOHN W. MORTON, C. S. A.

Of Forrest's brave artillery sons,
John Morton was the chief,
Who in the thunder of his guns
Oft sought his soul's relief.

As Pelham of the West, may he
Be hailed throughout the South!
His war-time eloquence, most free,
Came from his cannon's mouth.

In him our Wizard found a man
On whom he could reply;
And when his service first began,
His fame was made on high

General Forrest I have always regarded as the untrained and perhaps the most remarkable genius of our Confederate war, and you are one of the military jewels which cluster in his diadem.—*Charles Edgeworth Jones, Augusta, Ga.*



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PROPRIETORS



Mrs. J. B. Game, of Cape Girardeau, Mo., seeks to establish the war record of her father, Dr. W. R. Hughes, of North Carolina, and asks that any surviving comrades will kindly write to her. He was connected with hospitals at Petersburg, Richmond, and Raleigh, N. C., where he wrote from "Fair Ground Hospital" on June 4, 1863. It is also thought that he was at one time in the Army of East Tennessee under General Kirby.

William E. Anderson, Box 63, Pensacola, Fla., wishes to hear from any comrades of William Duncan Maclay, a member of the 6th Florida Regiment, who was detailed from that regiment

to serve on the staff of Gen. E. Kirby Smith. Proof of his service up to the surrender is sought in order that his widow may secure a pension. Such information will be appreciated.

T. C. Kelley, Adjutant U. C. V., Hallwood, Va., wishes to hear from any one in Alabama, especially in or near Mobile, who can tell of William H. Shaw, a member of Company C, 8th Alabama Infantry, Herbert's Brigade, Anderson's Division, A. N. V., and can testify that he was the son of Samuel Shaw, Sr., and brother to John Shaw and Samuel Shaw, Jr. If there is a comrade or friend who has this knowledge of William H. Shaw, Mr. Kelley will appreciate his replying

to that effect. If it can be shown that he was a brother of Dr. John Shaw, of Killyleagh, County Down, Ireland, it will prove a blessing to his descendants.

B. F. Smith, of Oxford, Fla., seeks the address of any veteran who knew personally of the service of J. T. LaVeigne, a volunteer in the Armistead Rifles from Savannah, Ga., and who was detailed to special duty in the arsenal at Macon, Ga., where he was captured by Wilson's Division of Sherman's army. Information is desired to establish pension proof for surviving widow.

Rev. Waldo W. Moore, of Homewood, Scott County, Miss., writes that his father, Capt. A. M. Moore, of Company I, 40th Alabama, was captured at Noon Day Creek, Ga., in June, 1864. His captors took his sword, which had his name and company and regiment engraved on it. Any information leading to the recovery of the sword will be thankfully received.

Miss Mollie Brown, of Keyser, W. Va., wishes to hear from any one who knew of the service of her father, James E. Brown, for the Confederacy. As a woolen manufacturer at Winchester, Va., he was exempt from army service, but for about six weeks he was lieutenant of a small home company. Any survivors of that company will confer a favor by writing to Miss Brown.

J. A. Livesay, 108 S. Fulton Avenue, Baltimore, Md., needs copies of the VETERAN for January, February, March, April, May, August, October, and November, 1893, and January, 1896, to complete his file. Write him.

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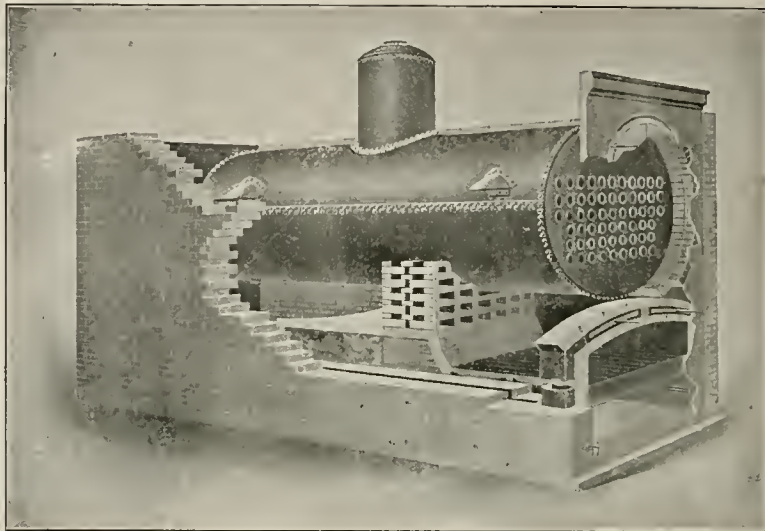
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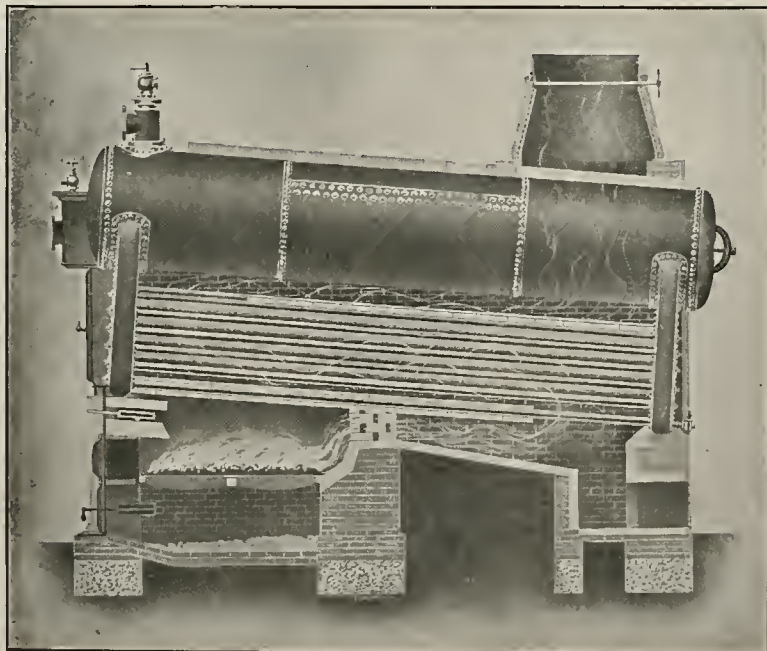
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Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus, of Chicago, says: "These volumes will be of immense service in stimulating history study in our country. It is a work of real genius."

Prof. Dabney, of Virginia, says: "Southern readers will be gratified at the impartial spirit in which the war for Southern Independence is treated."

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TRUTH AND QUALITY

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing, therefore we wish to call the attention of all who would enjoy good health, with its blessings, to the fact that it involves the question of right living with all the term implies. With proper knowledge of what is best each hour of recreation, of enjoyment, of contemplation and of effort may be made to contribute to that end and the use of medicines dispensed with generally to great advantage, but as in many instances a simple, wholesome remedy may be invaluable if taken at the proper time, the California Fig Syrup Co. feels that it is alike important to present truthfully the subject and to supply the one perfect laxative remedy which has won the approval of physicians and the world-wide acceptance of the Well-Informed because of the excellence of the combination, known to all, and the original method of manufacture, which is known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

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Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XVII.

FEBRUARY, 1909.

NO. 2.

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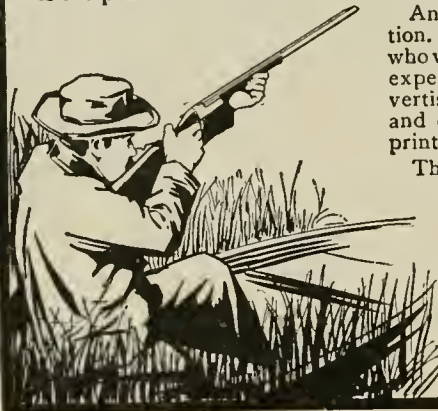
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Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.

Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.

Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR.
SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.

VOL. XVII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY, 1909.

No. 2.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR

BIRTHPLACE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

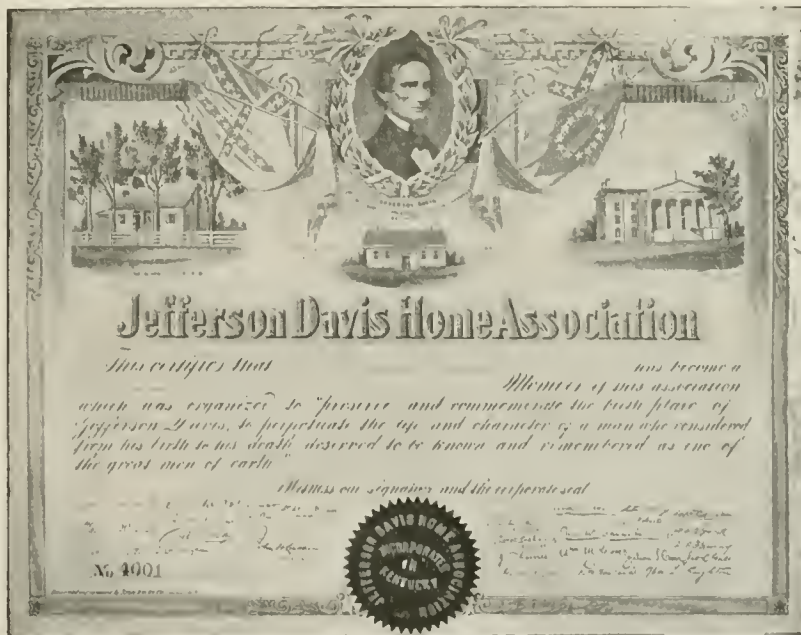
The growth of sentiment in behalf of procuring the birthplace of Jefferson Davis for a permanent memorial is most gratifying, but the fear is that too much tardiness will be exercised. Desirable options are to expire on April 27, 1909, and it will be deplorable if the time shall elapse before sufficient funds are procured to purchase it. From every view-point this patriotic purpose should be executed promptly. Within the next month or so it is intended to publish the list of subscribers, and let us make it a credit. The contrast that will appear between contributions for Mr. Davis and Mr. Lincoln will show us painfully poor, but let every one contribute his or her mite. The time is sure to come when a suitable memorial will be erected thereon, and the place promises well to become of easy reach by rail. See to it that you do your part not only in a small contribution, but in getting others to join you in it. Contribute individually and by Camps and Chapters. Send one dollar at least for a certificate of membership.

There is no subject in which all of the Southern people should be more interested. It is a coincidence that the first group of men heard to comment upon the suggested undertaking at a Confederate Reunion in Kentucky were of the Union side in the war, and they said cordially that they intended to share in the worthy memorial. The time is sure to come when every American will pay homage to the career of Jefferson Davis.

W. L. Jett makes this good suggestion from Frankfort, Ky.: "If the sale of certificates for the Jefferson Davis Home Association were placed in the hands of the Daughters of the Confederacy, the money would roll in by the thousands. When a man sees the notice and wants to be a member and has to leave his business and go to the post office or express office to buy an order, he just puts it off and it's never done. The ladies will take pleasure in seeing the men and getting the money and delivering the certificates. If you don't believe it, send a hundred to Jo. H. Lewis Camp at Frankfort, Ky."

Mr. Jett is in charge of Confederate records for Kentucky.

Concurring with his suggestion, the VETERAN will gladly send membership certificates to any Chapter that will undertake to aid in raising subscriptions for the fund. How easy to raise this money if Veterans and Daughters cooperate!



THE WORLD'S SAM DAVIS.

Dust away sectionalism and see the character of a young man who stood the greatest test in all history. Sam Davis not only honored his comrades and the South, but he stood a model for mankind in the present and future ages and in all climes. Examine the list of contributors to the monument with heroic bronze statue of him soon to be dedicated on Capitol Hill of his native Tennessee, and you will find the names of liberal-hearted, honest, patriotic persons, regardless of locality; in fact, from every State in the Union. Leaders in the list of contributors were of those who helped to execute him. Some more money is needed, and the supplemental list of contributors must be completed very soon.

A COMRADE AND ASSOCIATE OF SAM DAVIS.

R. B. Anderson, of Denton, Tex., writes of Sam Davis. He does not accept that General Dodge did all he could to save Davis after conviction by the court-martial. He thinks he is the only survivor of the "Coleman" or Shaw Scouts, but he is mistaken. Tom Joplin, now at the Confederate Soldiers' Home, Hermitage, Tenn., is one, and he knows several others. Mr. Anderson protests against Sam Davis being regarded as a spy. He writes:

"Sam Davis, to my knowledge, never went into the Federal lines in any garb other than that of a Confederate soldier but once, and that was nearly a year before he joined Shaw's Scouts. I presume I was as intimate with Sam Davis as any one living. I rode with him, we were together day and night for months, slept on the same blanket, and he told me everything. He told me that he went into the Federal lines in citizens' clothes, not as a spy, but to get a pair of pistols, and he procured about twenty pistols and a big lot of ammunition. We communicated with men inside who furnished information, but we never knew who they were. Henry Shaw knew, and I suppose he was the only one who knew its nature. We went to certain places for information; but we did not know what it was, as it was all in cipher, and Shaw only added cipher notes to it. If General Dodge had procured it, he would have been none the wiser.

"General Dodge and those in command before him had tried hard to break up our band of scouts. He had secured quite a lot of communications to the army, such as its various movements, that we could find out ourselves. All of this was signed 'E. Coleman.' He employed spies to try to find out who 'Coleman' was and where we operated. We caught two of them and took them to the woods and kept them all day. They at last told us that they were spies trying to locate Coleman's Scouts. We released them with the promise that if they ever came that way again in citizens' clothes they would not fare so well. They thought we were bushwhackers, and never suspected that they had fallen in with the men they were looking for. Those men told us all about Sam Davis's execution. They said it was a shameful murder of a Confederate soldier, and that Sam Davis was hung because he would not tell who E. Coleman really was and where he could be found.

"I met Capt. Henry B. Shaw on the 9th of April, 1865, at General Wheeler's headquarters in North Carolina. The General had sent for me and told me that he wanted me to go in on Sherman's left and go around his army and get all the information possible. As he concluded his talk to me Henry Shaw, who happened to be present, grabbed me. He had just returned from prison. I had but a short time with him, but nearly all of our talk was of Sam Davis. Captain Shaw told me that for several days they were in the same prison, and Sam told him that he was promised his life if he would only tell who E. Coleman was. Shaw begged him to tell General Dodge who he was, and Sam said that he would die before he would do it. Shaw said that for two days before the execution he did not get to see Sam.

"Now I want to ask in all candor what it takes to make a spy. If Sam Davis was a spy, every man in the Confederate army captured inside of the Federal lines was a spy. If Sam Davis had done as Dodge wanted him to do, he would not have been worthy of a place in the Capitol grounds of Nashville. Now ask your friend Dodge to make public the secret dispatches found on Sam Davis. He never found any."

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MONTH ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1908.

Receipts.

Balance reported in last report, \$8,143.67.

From Mrs. Olive M. Champion, Director for Mississippi, \$5. Contributed by Vaiden Chapter, No. 978, U. D. C., Vaiden, Miss.

From Mrs. Clementine Boles, Director for Arkansas, \$8. Contributed by R. G. Shaver Chapter, No. 999, U. D. C., Black Rock, Ark., \$3; Captain McConnell Chapter, No. 1037, U. D. C., Lake Village, Ark., \$5.

From Mrs. Chappell Cory, Director for Alabama, \$5. Contributed by Sidney Lanier Chapter, No. 777, U. D. C., Alexander City, Ala.

From Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, \$22. Contributed by Spartanburg Chapter, No. 54, U. D. C., Spartanburg, S. C., \$2; Ann White Chapter, No. 123, U. D. C., Rock Hill, S. C., \$10; Mrs. Louisa McC. Smythe, Charleston, S. C., \$10.

From Mrs. Georgia C. Young, Director for Montana, \$21.50. Contributed by Mrs. Jack Burke, \$5; Mrs. H. W. Child, \$1; Mrs. C. B. Hammond, \$5; Mrs. Alfred Hampton, \$2; Mrs. William H. Hunt, \$4; Ex-Governor Foote, \$2; Dr. T. C. Hampton, \$2.50—all of Helena.

From Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Director for Virginia, \$30. Contributed by Jefferson Davis Monument Chapter, U. D. C., Accomac, Va.

Total to be accounted for, \$8,235.17.

Credits.

By faulty checks returned, \$35.

Balance in bank January 1, 1909, \$8,200.17.

Respectfully submitted. *WALTER STREATER, Treas.*

LAST ROLL.

In this department of the *VETERAN* it is meant to record the Confederate service of comrades as they pass away, and the sketches submitted should have this as the leading feature and be concise in all points. A charge of two dollars is made for engraving picture when used. Photograph should be marked plainly with name of the deceased, and also give name and address of person to whom it is to be returned.

Page 77 of this issue should state, at the close of the first complete paragraph, Gus W. Dorsey was made lieutenant colonel (September, 1864). The picture following it is from a "tintype," and was made when he was twenty-six years old, on April 20, 1865. The "War Records" volume referred to in the last paragraph of that column should be Series IV., Volume III., page 572. In the next column of that page General Grant's order should be stated as Monocacy Bridge instead of Ridge. Near the center of the last column on page 76 General Stuart's words should have been: "I am shot. Dorsey, leave me here and save your men."

John James Allison enlisted in Ashby's Cavalry, serving with his regiment until in the battle of Seven Pines. After that engagement, a Federal soldier was seen on his horse. If any comrade knows of Mr. Allison, he will confer a great favor by addressing his sister, Mrs. L. A. Clarke, 120 Eighth Avenue North, Nashville, Tenn. His family never heard of him after that battle.

NASHVILLE BATTLEFIELD ASSOCIATION.

An address recently issued contains the following:

"The Nashville National Battlefield Association is organized for the purpose of locating and permanently marking the positions of the different organizations of the armies of both sides during the progress of the battle which took place near Nashville on December 15 and 16, 1864. The plow and the harrow have obliterated much of the earthworks which once stretched across the fields, woods, and hills just south of the city. At some points where the land is broken the intrenchments are still quite distinct; but in open fields, yards, and gardens they are rarely noticed.

"Our purpose is to cause the positions on the days of the battle to be so mapped as to show not only roads, etc., as they then existed, but also show the present roads and objects, old landmarks to be distinguished, however, by distinctive marking. It is desired to have the notable positions marked by granite or bronze markers.

"The Association will ask the United States to put up these markers and also to construct driveways or roads connecting the public highways, so that views of the battlefield can be better obtained. The government will also be asked to make a national park out of at least a part of this battlefield.

"All persons of legal age may be members of the Association, whether residents of Tennessee or not, upon payment of \$5 for one year's membership to Mr. A. H. Robinson, Treasurer, American National Bank. Any one will be qualified to be balloted on as a member. It is desired that those who are interested in this object will so apply for membership. Ladies will be received into membership.

"The battle of Nashville was the decisive battle of the war, as it practically destroyed the army which for four years had defended the west and rear of Lee. This is in no sense to celebrate the defeat. Many feats of heroism were exhibited in this last important struggle. It is the history of the battle at our doors that we wish to preserve.

"The land upon which the battle of Nashville was fought is far too valuable for an extended park; but it is desired that a national park shall be made out of some central or otherwise important part of the field, that driveways be opened and built so as to properly connect the system of roads, and that all chief points be durably marked. It is expected that different State organizations may erect handsome commemorative monuments.

"The \$5 annual dues will be used for the expenses that are necessarily incident to the undertaking.

"It is hoped that a large number of men and women will send the dues to the Treasurer and apply for membership. They will not be asked for any money besides the membership fee of \$5.

"The officers of the Association are: President, Ex-Gov. James D. Porter; Vice Presidents, Gen. G. P. Thruston and Maj. W. F. Foster; Secretary, M. B. Morton; Treasurer, A. H. Robinson. Executive Committee: Maj. A. W. Wills, Capt. John W. Morton, G. H. Baskette, S. A. Cunningham, Leland Hume, R. L. Burch, and Capt. J. L. Hill."

BEAUTIFUL PROOF OF PATRIOTISM.

BY CAPT. D. A. CAMPBELL, VICKSBURG, MISS.

Knowing that you are familiar with our National Military Park in Vicksburg, I ask a place in the VETERAN that we may assist two or three dear little girls here, daughters of one of General Bowen's gallant fellows from Missouri in the siege

at this place. Capt. W. M. Chamberlin, who died here a year or so ago and who since the war was one of our most esteemed citizens, appreciating that General Bowen's grave in our cemetery was unmarked, began a subscription to build him a monument. The sum is about \$500, which is now here in bank. Efforts were made sometime ago to remove General Bowen's remains, and by his son's request the undertaker had them prepared for shipment; but for some reason they were not called for, and were reinterred.

The girls want to make some disposition of this money, and with the prospect of changing the burial place of General Bowen they now believe it would be best to make it a nucleus for a Missouri monument or marker in our National Park. A beautiful circle is designated on the Confederate line where the Missouri Brigade held position. I wrote last summer to the Confederate Division Commander and again to Adjutant General Moore at Joplin asking them to take interest with us, but got no reply. I thought they might take it up with their State Division, and in that way organize an interest.

If the Daughters of the Confederacy in St. Louis or elsewhere in that State would take hold, it would be easy to raise enough money to help the girls build a suitable shaft. Of course a small marker such as they will place if they can't do better will be something in the circle filling the blank in commemoration of the brave men who under Cockrell's gallant lead defended this city. If a substantial movement is made, the young ladies will place what they have at the disposal of any commission having for its purpose a completion of their project.

No more gallant man than General Bowen gave his life to his Confederacy, no more chivalrous commander defended the trenches in the siege here than was General Cockrell, and the brave men under them deserve a suitable inscription here that will speak for their deeds, their sacrifices, and their dead.

Tyler P. Jay, of Waldo, Miss., writes: "I am a new subscriber to the VETERAN, and delighted with it. I enlisted in the Confederate army in Pickens County, Ala., as a member of Company C, known as the 'Dixie Boys,' 24th Alabama Regiment. I got my thigh broken in the battle of Missionary Ridge, November, 1863, and was captured. About the 1st of February, 1864, we were taken from Chattanooga to Rock Island Prison, where I remained until February, 1865, and was paroled in Richmond, Va., March 3, the day I was twenty years old. I was in Barracks 43 at Rock Island, near the center of the prison, and went on crutches nearly all the time I was there. I should be glad to hear from any of my old comrades who may chance to see this."

In renewing his subscription for another year, D. W. Russell, of Edinburg, Miss., expresses some kindly sentiment in regard to the VETERAN, which is a welcome visitor to his home, and adds: "While I am writing I want to say that I am now nearly seventy years old, and one of seven boys that my mother furnished the War between the States. She gave a husband also, who was killed by lightning while drilling in the militia. One brother died in the hospital and one was killed at Peachtree Creek, but three of the seven are still living. I was badly wounded at Peachtree Creek, and never was able for duty any more. Now if there is another mother who furnished more material for the war I should be glad to know. I think the mothers of the war deserve more praise than any others, with no exceptions."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

SHOULD THE SOLID SOUTH BE BROKEN?

The VETERAN is not in politics. President-elect Taft is an admirable man. He is able, and it is believed he will be conservative. It is manifest that he desires to learn as thoroughly as practicable the Southern people and to be helpful to them. He can do that, but the way to accomplish it is a profound problem for which he will share lasting gratitude if he succeeds in solving it. If his motive be to break "the solid South" for party purposes, he may undertake the appointment of renegades to office, a plan that has been in operation for forty years, and it has had much to do in keeping the South united. If Mr. Taft will show an earnest desire to treat the South as he will other sections of the country, yet let them manage their own peculiar institution—the race problem being the greatest in the government—and if he will consider the men for preferment who are steadfast to principle, the result may be for the good of the nation. If his purpose be to obliterate the party most formidable to his own and succeeds, then some other form of party issue may be evolved that will be good for the South and the country.

The dominant party has not at all been considerate of the South. The issues most prominent between the two parties—such as the tariff, for instance—are as vapor compared to the great questions demanding constant watchfulness in the conquered section. The power at the North, practically united as it mainly is against the South, is as great as it was in 1865; so that, while complaint is made against concentrated Southern sentiment, "the solid South," it is equally clear that we may say: "You are another."

As one who has always voted for Bryan, yet not admiring him for anything especially good he has ever said of or for the South, it may be well now to appeal to the powerful North for justice; but it will not be in a truckling spirit. The appeal would be to duly respect us, and in the promotion of men to meritorious positions by all means select those who will not betray their people.

The bed rock of patriotism in the South is exacting in matters of justice and integrity. Our plea to the South is therefore to remain solid, whether or not there be any weaker party in affiliation. Every Southerner should be proud of the loyalty and devotion of his fellows throughout Dixie Land. Devotion to our common interest is a guarantee of dignity and the respect with which our people will be possessed as long as we remain united. Let us be true to each other, therefore, as long as there is memory of sacrifice.

A TALK WITH THE BOYS.

Why can't there be conferences in the VETERAN similar to what would occur about camp fires—seated now in arm-chairs, the feet that were faithful in the advance and especially on the retreat resting on bright, soft druggets in front of genial, faultless fires—or maybe in cottages or cabins with less attractive but genial surroundings? The editor, who has had the honor of talking to thousands of comrades for more than sixteen years, often meditates upon this idea.

As a starter in the way suggested, he will ask what it is for which comrades are most grateful. Who will answer that concisely and clearly? There are many things that elicit gratitude from each; but to every one there must be one feature above others that is ever recalled with special interest. To the writer there has been the prevailing sentiment of gratitude upon retiring at night through the decades that, unless disturbed by fire, he may rest undisturbed for the night. Horrid memory of the times when, weary almost unto death, turning into camp at night and ready for rest, maybe in a pile of leaves or even on wet ground, the summons came from the company sergeant with orders to "cook three days' rations and be ready to march"—at midnight, or perhaps sooner! Many, many conditions may be contrasted with the present. The writer recalls a dry cow shed at Tusculumbia, Ala., on Hood's expedition to Tennessee, in which he slept two or three nights, after being nearly a week on the march in rain on muddy roads, and how grateful he felt he would be for the privilege of signing an irrevocable obligation to sleep on that soft, dry bed every other night of his life, long or short!

Discussions of these subjects would be good for us, and it would be instructive to those who know not such experiences, yet who by them might more fully realize the blessings of home and civil life. At any rate, let us keep alive as fully as possible our fraternity. Reminiscences of those heroic days when principle was so far above personal comfort that even life was subordinate ought to be promulgated. There is nothing that we can do in these closing years or days of our lives of so much importance as maintaining the story of the glory of those terrible yet great years in our history. What a pity that every faithful Confederate is not in active co-operation to keep these records alive in vivid example to those who are spared the unequalled discipline! Much as it cost, full compensation may be had if we will be properly diligent. In addition to our meetings in Camps and going over these things, every gallant man, however illiterate, should be invited to talk to younger people. In this the Daughters of the Confederacy could do incalculable good by inviting one or more of these worthy veterans to be at every one of their meetings and tell some story of the war. The plain old man might talk from his seat in the simplest way. There is not a faithful Confederate veteran who could not edify any Chapter in this way. Only a few more years and such opportunities will be gone. The hand of fate is on every veteran's head, and extension of grace is not of much more promise.

Comrades, respond to the plea in the beginning of this article and send something of your experience, especially in gratitude for the comforts you enjoy in contrast with the hardships that you endured.

TITLES IN THE U. C. V.—Capt. John H. Lester writes from Rogersville, Ala.: "As to military titles being given to officers of the U. C. V., I believe it a great wrong to those who won their titles on the field of battle—a wrong that should be righted at our next General Convention. No doubt most of the comrades who bear the title of Colonel or General in our Association are worthy of honor and were good soldiers; but the U. C. V. Association is not a military (although composed of ex-soldiers) but a social organization. Besides, it has created and will continue to create confusion as to who were officers of the Confederate army and perverts history. I hope something else will be substituted for these military titles at our next Convention."

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT PRATTVILLE, ALA.

BY MRS. JAMES D. RICE, HISTORIAN.

An interesting event occurred at Prattville, Ala., on October 26, 1908. A large concourse of people had assembled to witness the unveiling of the Confederate monument erected by the Merrill E. Pratt Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Work was suspended in the shops and stores, fields and factories, while the trains brought in many veterans and visitors. The line of march was formed on Main Street, consisting of many veterans, United Daughters, and pupils of the schools, together with gayly and elaborately decorated traps and carriages, while flags and U. D. C. colors were greatly in evidence. This long line marched to Court Square, where stood the monument to be unveiled.

The exercises were impressive. After prayer and Scripture-reading the song, "Shall We Gather at the River?" was sung. Then the President, Mrs. J. A. Pratt, presented the monument. Next two young ladies, Misses Etta Rice and Delma Foster, stepped forward and pulled the cords that unveiled the monument amid the cheering of the crowd. As the veil was removed these two young ladies placed on the monument beautiful wreaths of white roses (the Chapter's flower) with these words: "This is our offering of reverence for the Confederate soldier."

The school children then in one glad chorus sang the soul-stirring "Dixie," while all the veterans clasped hands around the monument.

The speaker was then introduced, and after an eloquent address thirteen young ladies representing the Southern States, each carrying a Confederate flag, stood on the base of the monument and sang "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground." This with the benediction concluded the ceremonies.

This monument is the result of the concentrated and devoted work of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. For we honor the South, we honor her veterans not only for their heroic deeds during the sixties—deeds that startled the whole world—not only for the hardships and privations that were endured as they marched many weary miles footsore and hungry; but far above these we honor them in their defeat, their misfortunes, and their calamities, and we honor the South for her dead that sleep on so many battlefields. This tall monument is surmounted by a typical Confederate soldier. On panels at the sides are the inscriptions: "Erected 1908 by the Merrill E. Pratt Chapter, United Daughters of

the Confederacy;" "A tribute of love to the noble Confederate soldiers who cheerfully offered their lives in defense of the right of local self-government." On an opposite side is a quotation from President Davis: "It is a duty we owe to posterity to see that our children shall know the virtues and become worthy of their sires." On the other side are the simple dates "1861-1865."

Thus stands another evidence of Alabama's loyalty to her Southland.

PURPOSE OF GEN. JOHN MORGAN'S OHIO RAID.

A C. S. A. comrade sends from Ohio a newspaper clipping, dated August 8, 1883, to Dr. H. L. True, which states:

"The usual supposition concerning Morgan's reasons for undertaking the raid—i. e., that he did so because he was in danger of being captured in Kentucky—is absurd. He was ordered by General Bragg to make an expedition into Kentucky to make a diversion in his (Bragg's) favor, who was just on the eve of retreating to the south of the Tennessee River, his army having been depleted of troops which had been sent to reinforce Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, then trying to relieve Vicksburg.

"Morgan was aware that a raid into Kentucky would accomplish very little. But he argued that if he went into Indiana and Ohio, especially when important elections were pending, the popular clamor would be so great that, notwithstanding sound military reasons to the contrary, troops would be detached from Rosecrans's army and sent to protect those States. He was restricted by Bragg to a very small force—2,460 effectives—of which he lost in Kentucky in killed, wounded, and detachments which did not rejoin him four hundred, crossing the Ohio with a little over two thousand.

"His passage of the river was in direct disobedience to Bragg's order, but in the belief that only by doing so could he carry out Bragg's purposes and afford the relief wished. He was followed, as he expected would be the case, by the troops under Generals Burnside and Judah, aggregating forty-nine thousand men; and by prolonging the raid and not attempting to recross the Ohio until he had drawn these troops far up the river he prevented the bulk of them from participating in the battle of Chickamauga. This was the theory and intent of the expedition."

MORGAN'S MEN AT HARTSVILLE, TENN.

A. A. Waddell, Covington, Tenn.: "Referring to the communication from James A. McDonald, of Kansas City, Mo., as to the battle of Hartsville, in which he says that the 6th and 9th Kentucky Infantry were the only commands with Morgan on that raid, I wish to explain how it was. Ransom's Brigade was composed of the 2d, 4th, 6th, and 9th Kentucky, and 41st Alabama Regiments. I belonged to Company B, 41st Alabama. The whole brigade went with Morgan to Beard's Mill, having left Murfreesboro at eleven or twelve o'clock. The next morning the brigade was formed on the pike and the announcement made that Morgan wanted two regiments to go with him to Hartsville. The whole brigade volunteered to go; so Morgan chose the 6th and 9th Kentucky, and the rest of us were left on the pike to intercept any of the enemy's forces that might advance from Nashville to reinforce Hartsville. * * * I hope McDonald will find the Lebanon girl he is inquiring about."

Pat Dooling, of Gilmer, Tex., desires information as to any members of his company, the 1st Missouri Artillery.



AT DEDICATION OF PRATTVILLE MONUMENT.

THAT PRIZE ESSAY CRITICISED.

BY DR. J. C. WRIGHT, SMACKOVER, ARK.

I have read with amusement the article by Miss Christine Boyson, of Minnesota, published in the December VETERAN, on "Gen. Robert E. Lee—A Present Estimate." I have no criticism to make of the young lady authoress. On the contrary, it does credit to the head and heart of a Northern woman who has learned her lesson and drawn her inspiration from Northern training and tradition and her facts from Northern histories, and I confess (with discredit, perhaps, to myself and the vast majority of the relicts of the Old South) that she is more liberal and generous in her judgment of the Southern cause than we of the motives and conduct of the North in the period of which she treats. I will not find fault even with her manifest and gross ignorance of conditions in the South and Southern sentiment and standards of right.

As a literary production it is above criticism, and as a tender of reconciliation it is most creditable from her point of view as to General Lee, but unconsciously (how could she, a Northern woman, know?) an insult to every man and woman who espoused the Confederate cause. The impression conveyed is that General Lee was the one man in all the South who represented all that was good of its hereditary patriotism, all that was tolerable or excusable in its peculiar institution, the only one who knowingly sacrificed all for principle, the only excusable rebel. There never lived a man who would more indignantly have repudiated such a distinction. Besides, there is a spirit of patronage pervading the whole which is exceedingly distasteful.

This paper now goes out to the world sanctioned by the Daughters of the Confederacy, indorsed by the President of the University of Virginia, the offspring of General Lee and the accepted standard of Southern thought, and by Dr. Smith, of the department of history in the University of North Carolina, through the medium of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, the recognized official organ of every organization and every individual who holds sacred the faith and the traditions of the South. With such indorsement the world may justly accept it as the reflection of Southern sentiment. True, the editor of the VETERAN repudiates many of its statements and deductions, yet the circumstances giving it publicity make it official and we are bound by it. [Not at all.—ED. VETERAN.]

Accepting this article as correctly measuring our right and justification for secession, there remains for our complete renunciation and abject submission only that we accept the kindly advice of Mr. Taft and vote the Republican ticket, thereby confessing our sins and entering a plea for pardon in the hope of a share in the spoils of office and a part in the government which the President elect notifies us we can attain in no other way.

THE CLEBURNE (TEX.) CAMP MAKES PROTEST.

At a meeting of the Pat Cleburne Camp, Cleburne, Tex., Adjutant R. W. Ferrell introduced the following resolutions, which were adopted by a rising vote of twenty-three to two:

"Whereas the United Daughters of the Confederacy of New York, Mrs. Schuyler being chairman of the committee, offered a prize of \$100 for the best essay on the part the South took in the War between the States, the topic chosen by the committee being Gen. R. E. Lee; and whereas the judges selected by the committee to pass on the essays written by the contestants was composed of three so-called eminent scholars, being presidents of different universities of the country, and

they awarded to Miss Christine Boyson, of Minnesota, the prize offered by the U. D. C. committee, which essay was published in the December number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN (page 657), with criticisms by the editor, S. A. Cunningham; therefore be it

"Resolved, That this Camp denounce the aforesaid essay as a bitter partisan tirade and misrepresentation of the true personal and military character of our Gen. Robert E. Lee and all of our leaders and people generally of the whole South, and that this essayist is or was so blinded by partisan teaching that she displayed the greatest ignorance of the common history not only of our country, but of the men and women who suffered and died for the rights and freedom inherited from their fathers.

"Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN with a request for publication."

The comrades in the foregoing are rather severe on the paper in its relation to the character of General Lee as portrayed. Perusal of the paper will show that. Its comment upon the teaching of the essayist is more a subject worthy of criticism. The strangest feature of the event is that the committee accepted such a paper under the rules of the U. D. C. on the condition that it be from the South's view-point.

THE PRIZE ESSAY CRITICISED FROM MISSOURI.

J. C. Hyler, who served in Collins's Battery under Gen. Joe Shelly, writes severely upon that prize paper from Columbia College. He refers to the "sweeping" assertion that before the War between the States "most of the people of the South were densely ignorant and intellectually dead," and defies any one "to incorporate more falsehood and a greater insult and slander on a people in so few words."

Continuing, he asks: "Is it not wonderful that such a people should until the period of reconstruction of infamous memory select as their representatives such men as Washington, Jefferson, Henry, Madison, Monroe, John C. Calhoun, Pendleton, Randolph, Wirt, Morgan, Mason, Macon, Crittenden, the Breckinridges, etc.? And is it not strange that this same maligned people in every war in our history sent forward men whose honor, courage, and military genius elevated this country to the present proud and commanding position, and sent the best and ablest men to represent them in the councils of the State and nation and defend their honor? * * *

"Every statement she makes touching the Southern people, when compared with actual facts and conditions as related to the period of which she writes, proves that she is not in the remotest degree acquainted with the ideas, manners, customs, education, and traditions of the people whom she traduces.

"It would be interesting if this critic would take the trouble in future articles to point out to the public how the incompetent General Lee and his lieutenants managed with a mere handful of men and no resources worth mentioning to hold at bay for four years an army of unlimited resources and numbers. She also holds General Lee responsible for the 'starvation' of Northern captives in Southern prisons. This proves her ignorance touching two essential points. In the first place, with the details of military prisons General Lee had nothing to do. He was not the author of prison rules nor the pretended superintendent of military prisons in the South any more than McClellan and Grant were in the North.

"No doubt this girl's opinion of Southern ignorance has been strengthened by the awarding committee, composed of Presidents of prominent educational institutions in the South."

RECORD OF THE SEMMES RIFLES.

IT WAS COMPANY H, NINTH MISSISSIPPI INFANTRY.

BY JUDGE JOHN H. ROGERS, FORT SMITH, ARK.

Out of one hundred and three members, sixty-six received distinguished evidence of duty bravely performed in battle.

The lamented Hugh Love, one of the bravest spirits our country produced during the war, was captain.

The record may be in some respects imperfect, as it was made altogether from memory after consultations had at various times with orderly sergeants and others.

The Semmes Rifles were attached to the brigade first known as Chalmers's Brigade, which, on account of the spirit and bravery of the men who composed it, received from General Bragg himself the distinguished title of the "High Pressure Brigade." After the battle of Munfordville, Ky., it was commanded successively by Gens. Patten Anderson, of Florida, and Tucker and Sharp, of Mississippi. In the Army of Tennessee until the end came this brigade maintained a character corresponding to that which its sister, the dauntless brigade of Barksdale, afterwards Humphrey's, bore in the Army of Virginia, and the Semmes Rifles, as one of the companies of the 9th Mississippi Regiment, participated in all the battles, skirmishes, and marches; and as this regiment was considered one of the most gallant in the army, that company was regarded by the officers who commanded the brigade as one of the most reliable, and the post of honor was often assigned to it as such.

The record shows that out of one hundred and three men, the maximum of its muster roll, twenty were killed and thirty-one wounded in battle. It seems that wherever Madison County was represented we have always received accounts of the most creditable behavior, and we doubt if there is another county in the State or in the South that can claim as large a list of men in proportion to its population who did

their duty as patriots and among whom there were so few deserters. And what county can boast of a more brilliant array of the gallant dead than that which claims Henry, Ward, Harvey, McWille, Hugh Love, Cassel, Luckett, Balfour, and Thomas Griffin, with many other officers of less rank, and a host of privates who were none the less gallant?

Officers: Hugh Love, Captain; W. J. Mosby, L. D. Pace, Reuben Richards, Lieutenants; W. O. Baldwin, John Dawson, J. W. Bates, W. W. Goodloe, T. T. Dew, Sergeants; D. O. Murphy, S. Garrett, B. Ailsworth, William Dyke, Corporals.

Privates: A. Alexander, L. Lee, M. T. Alford, D. C. Love, W. J. Adams, Thomas J. Love, J. L. Byrd, B. C. Lipscomb, C. T. Brown, George Lewis, F. Byars, E. D. Latham, B. Brown, G. W. Mosely, A. D. Barlow, J. T. Meek, J. H. Blake, John McKinney, T. Beasley, Newell, James Caldwell, L. R. A. Pearce, John Caldwell, L. H. Pearce, V. A. Caraway, C. M. Preston, H. C. Cantrell, J. F. Prichard, C. A. Carter, John Phelps, James Cahill, Thomas Phelps, Abe Dew, George Powell, D. F. Dalton, F. M. Plumlee, James H. Dunlavy, W. J. Rogers, A. Dennis, John H. Rogers, J. E. Dickerson, J. M. Richards, James Edwards, Hugh Saunders, E. H. Edwards, James Saunders, Samuel Estell, John Salmon, R. E. Graves, C. D. Stone, L. M. Garrett, J. E. Smith, Richard Goodloe, J. P. Smith, John Goff, George W. Smith, T. L. Holliday, C. C. Smith, L. Ilirsh, T. P. Smith, James Harrison, Richard Scott, Joseph Hickman, S. S. Shipp, D. G. Herron, C. F. Stokes, B. F. Hicks, Spratt Simmons, Charles Handy, Charles Troutman, J. D. Hamilton, I. R. Tucker, A. Hargroves, D. E. Wood, T. W. Harris, George A. Wyse, P. B. Hoy, William Wilson, James W. Inman, Winter Walker, Wesley Joyner, T. G. Wallace, L. A. Jobe, William Walne, D. C. Landers, W. F. Yancey, C. K. Bradford, William Whelan, B. F. Mann, and Sam Skidmore.

KILLED IN BATTLE.

John Phelps, at Corinth.

Lient. L. D. Pace, V. A. Caraway, A. T. Dennis, L. R. A. Pearce, and Richard Scott, at Munfordville.

Richard Goodloe and D. C. Lipscomb, at Murfreesboro, Tenn.

William Adams and Charles Carter, at Chickamauga, Ga.

A. D. Barlow and T. G. Wallace, at Missionary Ridge.

Lient. C. C. Smith, at Resaca, Ga.

Tom Phelps, on skirmish line near New Hope Church, Ga.

James Harrison, E. Edwards, Capt. Hugh Love, and D. E. Dalton, at Atlanta, Ga., July 22, 1864.

F. Byars, at Franklin, and Ben Hicks, at Nashville.

John Caldwell, killed by bushwhackers in Tennessee in 1864

WOUNDED IN BATTLE.

Severely: W. J. Mosby, C. T. Brown, John P. Smith, C. F. Stokes, J. F. Prichard, William J. Rogers, M. T. Alford, William Dyke (hand lost), S. S. Shipp, Joe Hickman, D. G. Herron (died from wound), George Powell, I. R. Tucker, John Goff, Joe Meek, Singleton Garrett (both legs severely), Dan Murphy, C. F. Stokes, Lient. John Dawson (face and breast), Charles Troutman (head), Sergeant T. T. Dew, J. D. Hamilton, B. F. Mann (arm lost), James H. Dunlavy, Joe Hickman (arm broken), and Lient. J. W. Bates.

Slightly: John H. Rogers, D. C. Love, James H. Dunlavy, W. W. Goodloe, John H. Rogers and James H. Dunlavy wounded twice.



HON. JOHN H. ROGERS.

DIED IN ARMY FROM DISEASE.

Lieut. R. Richards, C. K. Bradford, J. L. Byrd, James Edwards, A. Hargrove, and Spratt Simmons, at Canton, Miss.

J. L. Byrd, Joe Dickerson, and Sam Estell, in Madison County, Miss.

John McKinney, at home.

Newell and W. F. Yancy, at Corinth, Miss., 1862.

T. W. Harris and Jas. Caldwell, Shelbyville, Tenn., 1863.

Wesley Joiner, at Kingston, Ga., 1863.

William Wheelen, at Griffin, Ga., 1864.

PROMOTED.

Ed Latham and George W. Smith, Assistant Surgeon, C. S. A.

W. O. Baldwin, Captain Company H, 9th Mississippi Infantry; W. W. Goodloe, Captain 36th Alabama Infantry.

Singleton Garrett, C. C. Smith, John H. Rogers, Lee Pearce, J. W. Bates, George A. Wyse, and John Dawson, First Lieutenants 9th Mississippi Infantry. C. C. Smith was also promoted to ensign of the 9th Mississippi Infantry, rank first lieutenant.

HONORABLY DISCHARGED.

The honorably retired and discharged on account of wounds and disease are: Capt. W. O. Baldwin; Lieuts. W. J. Mosby and John Dawson; Corporals D. C. Murphy, B. Ailsworth, and William Dyke; Privates C. T. Brown, L. Hirsch, D. G. Herron, Charles Handy, P. B. Hoy, L. Lee, D. C. Landers, George Lewis, J. F. Prichard, William J. Rogers, James Saunders, William Walne, Joe Hickman, S. S. Shipp, Charles Troutman, George Powell, J. M. Richards, and Sam Skidmore.

HONORARY FURLONGHS FOR GALLANTRY.

Sergeant T. T. Dew and Corporals S. Garrett and Hugh Saunders, at Missionary Ridge.

CAPTURED.

Lieut. W. J. Mosby, M. T. Alford, C. T. Brown, C. A. Carter, A. Alexander, J. F. Prichard, W. J. Rogers, John Salmon, J. P. Smith, C. F. Stokes, James Harrison, and Charles Handy, at Munfordville, Ky.; Winter Walker, at Murfreesboro, Tenn.; Corporal R. E. Graves and J. E. Smith, at Chickamauga, Ga.; S. S. Shipp, at Missionary Ridge; Lee Pearce, at Sharon, Miss.; James H. Dunlavey, near Marietta, Ga., on Hood's march to Tennessee.

TRANSFERRED TO OTHER COMMANDS.

J. H. Blake, 30th Mississippi; James Cahill, Pioneer Corps; J. D. Hamilton, Thomas Phelps, and William Whelan, Sharpshooters; T. P. Smith, 18th Mississippi Infantry; D. C. Love, Quartermaster's Department; H. C. Cantrell, Ordnance Department; Thomas J. Love, Loring's Escort; F. M. Plumlee, 8th Tennessee Infantry; William J. Rogers, 1st Mississippi Cavalry; J. E. Smith, Signal Corps.

The only known survivors of the company are: Capt. W. O. Baldwin, Canton, Miss.; Capt. William Winter Goodloe, Austin, Tex.; Lieut. J. W. Bates, Baton Rouge, La.; Lieut. John H. Rogers, Fort Smith, Ark.; Henry C. Cantrell and James H. Dunlavey, Fort Worth, Tex.; George W. Smith (Vaniz, by legislative act), and Tom Love, Jackson, Miss.

SAID BY PRESIDENT DAVIS ABOUT ANDERSONVILLE PRISONERS.—Mr. James Ormond, of Atlanta, wrote in January, 1876:

"I had the honor and pleasure of an interview with Mr. Davis and spoke to him about Major Wirz, of Andersonville, and the various efforts he made to get rid of the prisoners and to save their lives. I at last suggested that he issue a proclamation to the world stating all the facts and then release the prisoners on their own parole. He was, I think, willing to do even this, but hesitated with the query: 'If I do this, what safeguard have I for our prisoners in the hands of the enemy?' This conversation took place in Macon, Ga., at the house of General Cobb and in a crowded ballroom."

HOW A CONFEDERATE GOT HOME IN 1865.

BY J. T. BOWDEN, AUSTIN, TEX.

My experience in getting home from Greensboro, N. C., to Hardeman County, West Tennessee, will perhaps serve to show that there were some big-hearted men serving in the Yankee army.

I belonged to Company E, of the 12th Tennessee Infantry, with which the 22d and 47th Tennessee Regiments were consolidated. I was paroled on May 1, 1865, near Greensboro, N. C. During the negotiations between Generals Johnston and Sherman I "picked up" a very good-looking mule and all the feed I could for him, picturing in my fancy a nice time riding that mule home; but the morning I was to start some one stole my mule, so I walked to an uncle's sixty or seventy miles away.

I learned from men who had belonged to Lee's army that the Federal government was issuing transportation and rations to paroled soldiers. My uncle carried me back within easy reach of Greensboro, where I would take the train to go home. There I found "Billy Yanks" every way I looked. Going to the headquarters of the commanding general, I asked for the transportation and rations to paroled soldiers, but was told that they had orders from Washington not to issue any more.

I was nearly a thousand miles from home, seventy miles from an acquaintance, and penniless. Walking aimlessly along, I noticed two Yankee soldiers on the street whom I sought to avoid, feeling that I could expect no comfort from them under existing conditions. In passing one of them hailed me as "Johnny Reb," and I walked up to him. He asked me where I lived, and I told him near Memphis, Tenn. Then, reminding me that I was a long way from home, he asked if I had money. After telling him of my condition and inability to get any transportation home, he remarked to his comrade: "I'll be d— if that is right." He then asked as to my command, and remarked that we "were good ones"—that his command had confronted us, and he could testify that we didn't do all the running. He then asked, "Johnny, what are you going to do?" and I expressed my utter loss to know what to do. "Well, Johnny," he said, "let me tell you what I'll do. My regiment, the 36th Kentucky Federal, has orders to leave here to-morrow or next day for Louisville, Ky., to be mustered out of service. Go with me to my camp and I'll divide my grub and anything else you'll need till we get there." I thanked him and took his name, regiment and company, and where he was camped, as I hadn't made up my mind whether to accept or not, knowing that there were always some insolent men in a camp and that I would be at the mercy of the entire regiment. He called my attention to the blue blouse he had on, and said that he would dispose of any impositions on me.

I sauntered around until near sundown, when I concluded to look up the regiment and my strange new friend. I found

it about three-quarters of a mile from town, and going to the tents asked an officer for the company designated. He inquired if I had an acquaintance in the company, and then wanted to know how long I had known him. I said two or three hours, when he remarked: "Very short acquaintance." I walked down the row of tents and found my new and untried friend. The big-hearted man threw the tent flap back and said: "Come in, 'Johnny Reb,' and make yourself at home." Night soon came on, and he divided his supper with me and provided a place for me to sleep, and next morning the same way. That day or the next the regiment took a chartered train, my friend telling me to get on with him. We hadn't gone far before the conductor discovered me in gray mixed up with the blue. He asked if I belonged to that regiment, and of course I said I did not, when he said that the train was for that regiment and I would have to get off. I couldn't object, of course; but my new friend came to my rescue, telling the conductor he had asked me to come and go as far as Louisville with him, that he was dividing his rations with me, and that if I were put off he could be put off, too. The conductor passed on, and I was never bothered any more.

For some reason we had to stop over a day or so near Weldon, N. C., where we camped in the pine woods. My friend, Jim Sands, suggested to the company one day that another pile be made from the company's rations, so that "Johnny Reb" could have some. This was agreed to, and the company commissary sergeant made an equal division, including me. They had telegraphed to Baltimore for a meal to be prepared for the regiment. After landing they marched in order along the streets. I went to the sidewalks, but kept in sight of the regiment. The women of Baltimore were the strongest (if possible) Southern women I ever met. They soon filled my haversack with the best. As the regiment was filing into a large building my friend called me to come in and get a place. As I wanted some coffee, I took a place near my friend and told him I had grub enough for us both to Louisville. He said he was glad I had found some friends. We took the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad through the Alleghenies' beautiful scenery, and at Pittsburg we took a steamboat down the Ohio River, arriving at Louisville without a hitch except dragging over a sand bar once.

At Louisville we marched to the barracks, and the next day I told my friend I would go down into Louisville and see if I could find any one acquainted with my people from whom I could get money to go home. He said that if I couldn't find any one to come back and stay with him until they were mustered out and paid off, when he would let me have money to go home on. While in Louisville one merchant gave me a dollar. I noticed that a Mississippi steamer was to leave for Memphis and New Orleans at 2 p.m. that day; so I went on the vessel, introduced myself to the captain, and told him I wanted to go to Memphis with him, that I had been in General Johnston's army, had no money, and didn't know any one there, and that I had a parole from General Sherman. He made some inquiries as to my home and acquaintances, then told me to go and register and the clerk would show me a berth. I was seven days and nights on the Steamer St. Francis in July, 1865, and it was delightful traveling. The captain of the boat was named Hart. When we came in sight of the high bluff at Memphis, I told him to step up the bluff to a large building I pointed out and I would get him his money (I had never inquired what it was). He told me to go on; that it was all right.

I got home July 15, 1865, the day after the burial of my youngest sister, knowing nothing of her death until I got home.

I was wounded eight times during that terrible war. Some of the very best friends I have had since were in the smoke of battle against us. I wrote to my Yankee friend, James Sands, at Ironton, Ohio, several times. The moral courage he showed under the circumstances demonstrated the true brotherhood of man as I had never known before.

BIRTHPLACES OF TWO MEN IN KENTUCKY.

The contrast in preparations to honor the memories of Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln is consistent with conditions. Mr. Lincoln won and Mr. Davis lost. The patronage of the former is almost beyond computation, while the latter and the millions of people he represented fought until famished utterly. The conditions at the close of the war were consistent with what now are illustrated in the efforts to make memorable in history the fame of the two men, but this is not right. More herculean achievements have never been attained than by the men of the South. A large proportion of the more successful of them went to New York and have prospered, while hundreds of thousands in the South have much and to spare. To represent the conditions correctly must induce them (for they all have pride in the South) to share in what has been undertaken to preserve a memorial park on the land owned by the father of Jefferson Davis when that eminent American was born.

The figures are not now given as to what has been contributed for each (the contrast would acutely hurt the pride of Southerners), but they will be given ere long. Meanwhile the plea is made with the strongest possible emphasis that every man and woman has pride in what they have achieved to co-operate promptly in providing the means to secure the property on which options have been obtained at actual cash value for the birthplace of the Confederate President.

To those who are not familiar with the purposes it is enough to state that patriotic Southern men who have led in the undertaking have contributed much time and liberally of their means in order that the foundation—the lands—may be secured. In this undertaking not one penny has been extravagantly expended, nor will it be from the legitimate purpose indicated. Earnest appeal to give liberally to this cause is made to every person who believes that the South's chosen chief, the only Confederate President and the man who suffered manacled in prison, was faithful to the end of his life, maintaining our principles in the most exalted Christian way under the severest trials. All are interested alike.

The editor of the *VETERAN*, after earnest protest, accepted the management of the undertaking, and he bespeaks the most zealous interest from the great body of Southern people wherever located. Sentimentally he declares that, although he shared prejudice against President Davis, especially when serving under that matchless disciplinarian, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, through all the decades since the war, with excellent opportunity to learn the inner characteristics of Mr. Davis, he is humble in gratitude for the nobility and the faithfulness to every divine instinct of that marvelous leader.

No honor possible to his memory would be extravagant. This undertaking is a common cause; therefore *please* take an interest individually and as Camps and Chapters. Let everybody who would perpetuate the exalted character of Jefferson Davis personally and as the South's Chief Executive consider this important subject now

LINCOLN'S OWN ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

I was born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Ky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguishable families—second families, perhaps, I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks, some of whom now reside in Adams County and others in Macon County, Ill. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham County, Va., to Kentucky about 1781 or 1782, where a year or two later he was killed by Indians, not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest. His ancestors, who were Quakers, went to Virginia from Berks County, Pa. An effort to identify them with the New England family of the same name ended in nothing more than a similarity of Christian names in both families, such as Enoch, Levi, Mordecai, Solomon, Abraham, and the like.

My father at the death of his father was but six years of age, and he grew up literally without education. He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer County, Ind., in my eighth year. We reached our new home about the time the State came into the Union. It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods. There I grew up. There were some schools, so-called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond readin', writin', and cipherin' to the rule of three. If a straggler supposed to understand Latin happened to sojourn in the neighborhood, he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education. Of course when I came of age I did not know much. Still somehow I could read, write, and cipher to the rule of three, but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this store of education I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity.

I was raised to farm work, which I continued till I was twenty-two. At twenty-one I came to Illinois, and passed the first year in Macon County. Then I got to New Salem, at that time in Sangamon (now in Menard) County, where I remained a year as a sort of clerk in a store. Then came the Black Hawk War, and I was elected a captain of volunteers—a success which gave me more pleasure than any I have had since. I went through the campaign, was elated, ran for the Legislature the same year (1832), and was beaten—the only time I have ever been beaten by the people. The next and three succeeding biennial elections I was elected to the Legislature. I was not a candidate afterwards. During this legislative period I had studied law, and removed to Springfield to practice it. In 1846 I was elected to the Lower House of Congress, but was not a candidate for reelection. From 1849 to 1854, both inclusive, I practiced law more assiduously than ever before. I was always a Whig in politics and generally on the Whig electoral tickets, making active canvasses. I was losing interest in politics when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise aroused me again. What I have done since then is pretty well known.

If any personal description of me is thought desirable, it may be said I am in height six feet four inches nearly, lean in flesh, weighing on an average one hundred and eighty pounds, dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes. No other marks or brands recollected.

Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN.

Any one proving the Confederate ancestry of John Green Lindsey, deceased, born after the war at Macon, Ga., will

confer an appreciated favor upon his daughter, Miss May Lindsey, 1113 McKinney Avenue, Houston, Tex., who desires eligibility to the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

YOUNG LADY OF TUSCALOOSA, ALA.

BY W. L. TRUMAN, GUEYDAN, LA.

In my old war diary I find the following, dated Friday, April 29, 1864: "Our entire division was reviewed this morning on Pike Street, in Tuscaloosa, by General French and Colonel Hodge, of the President's staff. As my battery, the 1st Missouri, entered the city a very noted incident took place which did us battery boys so much good that we will never cease to remember a sweet girl there. The battery had halted briefly in front of her home, when the beautiful blonde young maiden of 'sweet sixteen' came out to the street, followed by two negro boys, one with a large silver waiter filled with wine glasses and the other a basket filled with eight bottles of home-made wine. She pointed the servants to the first gun at the head of the battery and ordered them to start there and, going along the line, to give every man a drink. Our officers were all in a group at the head of the column in conversation with some other officers, and the servants, misunderstanding their young mistress's orders, passed the first gun and made for the group of officers; but the young lady discovered their error in time, called them back, and made them commence with the privates and noncommissioned officers; and when we were served, not a drop was left for our officers. The servants soon appeared again, bringing their arms full of vegetables, which they distributed to us privates. Our captain soon ordered us to 'forward, march.' The young lady then made her servants run after the battery until every one of us got some vegetables. She accomplished her purpose amid the joy and praises of all the men except the officers. We are all proud of that young lady."

I am writing my memoirs of the 1st Missouri Confederate Battery and of the 1st Missouri Brigade. I want to learn if possible the name of this young lady and family. I wish the Tuscaloosa papers would help me to learn of her.

TWENTY SURVIVORS OF ONE COMPANY.—Douglas Jarnagin gives a list of survivors of Company F, 39th Georgia Regiment. It is doubtless about as large a list of living members of any company as can be found: Wesley, Robert F, Charley, J. N., and Lee Smith, D. W. Gilliland, William Keys, Haney Fox, Lon Magill, Hillyard Taylor, Wesley Lee, Jake Baldorf, John Farris, James A. Park, Terrell Ramsey, Douglas Jarnagin, Robert Magill, William Graham, Capt. William Evans, Cowan Roddy, William Story, Buck Wells.

BITTERNESS OF QUININE.—An old negro man was riding on the train and fell asleep with mouth wide open. A mischievous drummer came along, and, having a convenient capsule of quinine in his pocket, he uncorked it and sifted it well onto the old negro's palate and the root of his tongue. The old ducky, awakening, became much disturbed. He called for the conductor and asked: "Boss, is dere a doctor on dis here train?" "I don't know," said the conductor. "Are you sick?" "Yas, sah, I sho is sick. I sho is sick." "What is the matter with you?" "I dunno, sir, but it tastes like I busted my gall."

LAST SURVIVING LIEUTENANT GENERAL.

VISIT TO THE HOME OF GEN. S. B. BUCKNER.

[It is ever pleasing to find our younger men interested in the great events of the sixties. One of these, Marmaduke B. Morton (see his lengthy article on the battle of Nashville in January issue), visited the last surviving lieutenant general of the Confederate army, Simon Bolivar Buckner, at his residence, near Mumfordsville, Ky., for a historic interview. Mr. Morton, as managing editor of the Nashville Banner, went well equipped, taking stenographer and photographer with him. It was made the occasion by the editor of the VETERAN for a long-promised visit. Mr. Morton wrote an article which with the illustrations occupies three of the large pages of the Banner. From this article various extracts are herein made.]

Forty-seven years ago a young Kentuckian in the strength and flower of manhood donned a gray uniform and marched away from home and friends into the heart of Dixie. He sacrificed a handsome estate, left him by a successful father, gave up a life of ease, and went to join the sons of the South to risk his life, as he had already risked and lost his fortune, in a fierce contest for their homes and wives and children for what he and they thought was right.

When as a young Confederate officer he faced the first great crisis of the armies of the West, he it was who refused to make better terms for himself than for his soldiers and preferred to share their fate, when no one knew what his own fate would be—who stood by his soldiers when his superior officers had deserted them—a man who does justice and loves mercy, and when sinned against is the first to forget the offense. * * *

"Young men dream dreams and old men see visions," and sometimes "the dreams come true." What young man has not dreamed of the time when he shall be able to retire from strife and turmoil and settle down on a fine farm, well stocked with flocks and herds, producing abundantly from meadow and grain field, and, surrounded by his loved ones, among the green fields and sparkling brooks, spend the evening of his life in ease and happiness, giving comfort to the distressed and finding pleasure in duty done? Capt. Simon Bolivar Buckner is an illustration.

Now at eighty-five years of age, strong and well, in the full enjoyment of all his faculties, the last surviving lieutenant general of the armies of the Confederacy, the ranking surviving officer of the Civil War on either side, he is blessed with a sufficiency of this world's goods and the companionship of his queenly wife on his ancestral estate in Hart County, Ky. After the war he regained possession of the greater part of his confiscated property. Twenty-one years ago he became Governor of Kentucky, and after serving his State faithfully and with distinction for four years retired to Glen Lily, his farm, where he has since lived.

The Buckners came to Kentucky from Virginia one hundred and ten years ago. Col. Aylette H. Buckner, the General's father, purchased this property in 1820. Here he built a log house, which has been added to from time to time, the room in which General Buckner was born being now used as his library. The elder Buckner was an "iron master" and had a furnace in "The Glen," the remains of which may still be seen as the traveler passes along the road hugging the sides of the heavily timbered hills; for no man is allowed to desecrate "The Glen," no hunter is allowed to frighten the squirrels which run across the road and frisk and scramble among the trees. "The Glen" is preserved in its pristine beauty and

grandeur. Through it runs a limpid stream fed by crystal springs, from which is obtained the water supply for the home, for pools and ponds well stocked with black bass, the gamest of all game fish. After passing through "The Glen," one follows the winding road along the bluff, when suddenly Glen Lily, the Buckner home, bursts upon the view like a vision from fairyland. The house is not ostentatious, the

hewn logs are not even weatherboarded. He probably never for a moment considered the removal of the old house to make room for a more modern structure, and every addition has been in keeping with the original architecture. In the distance, a mile away, Green River may be seen, an island, and the hills beyond.

After indulging in some humor on genealogy, the statement was made that the Buckner family came from Oxford, England, to Jamestown, Va., in 1640, several



GENERAL BUCKNER IN THE SIXTIES.

members of the family having been Mayors of Oxford. Coming from such a literary center, it is not strange that the immigrant head of the family brought to the colony the first printing press and printery, for which he suffered imprisonment and a heavy fine, old Governor Berkeley having declared he "thanked God there was neither printing press nor public school in the colony."

General Buckner likes the farm, and nearly everything that is consumed on the farm is raised there. Though Mrs. Buckner takes a lively interest in the farm and all her surroundings, the house is her especial domain. The house is equipped with water and baths and gas like a city mansion. Over the door of the General's library, the room in which he was born, are deer antlers and the spreading horns of a bovine that once roamed the plains of Texas. Within, above another door, are crossed the General's swords, above them the sword of his father, Colonel Buckner, himself a soldier of the War of 1812. Above another door are antique pistols, one of which is said to have been used by Aaron Burr in his duel with Alexander Hamilton.

It has been the General's habit all his life to read much at night, and he does this still. He is a strong, forceful writer, and Mrs. Buckner has often urged him to write his memoirs; but he is yet to be convinced that he has achieved anything worthy of commemoration, notwithstanding the prominent part he has taken in many stirring scenes and the fact that he has been personally acquainted with more of the prominent men of America during the last three-quarters of a century than any man now living.

As a cadet at West Point, as an officer in the regular army from 1844-55, as an officer in the Mexican War, as a brigadier, a major general, and a lieutenant general in the Con-

federate army, he knew personally most of the prominent commanders of the Civil War. He was a friend of General Grant, and was a pallbearer at his funeral. He had scores of personal friends among the officers in both the Federal and Confederate armies. Since the war, though he has not often sought office, he has been a public man and a great traveler. He and Mrs. Buckner spend much of their time away from their beautiful country home. They go often to Washington, New York, Boston, and other large cities, and have a wide circle of acquaintances among the prominent people of the present day.

Recently a little party of Nashville newspaper workers—four in number—made a pilgrimage to Hart County to pay a visit to the "Sage of Glen Lily." One of them had served under General Buckner during the Civil War; one of them was a native of Kentucky, who had been a delegate to the convention which nominated General Buckner the Democratic candidate for Governor of Kentucky.

General Buckner had a carriage at the railroad station at Munfordville to meet them; and when the party drove up to Glen Lily, the General was standing on the front porch with his silvery locks uncovered, one of his collies and his two pet peacocks by his side, awaiting to give them a hearty Kentucky welcome. He hugged the [old] soldier, shook hands with the rest of the party, and invited them into the coziest sitting room in Green River Valley. The log fire was blazing a royal welcome after a drive of seven miles through the cold rain, the collie wagged a welcome, Mrs. Buckner came in with a gracious and graceful greeting, and the visitors were at home.

Just a word as to Kentucky hospitality: All have heard of Southern hospitality—of Kentucky hospitality—in fact, so often that the words frequently have little significance; but it is as true as holy writ that, whatever else he may lack, the Kentuckian has a brand of hospitality that is all his own. All hospitality is grateful. Southern hospitality is superb, but Kentucky hospitality has a distinctive flavor and no other is just like it. It is not effusive nor ostentatious; it is not voiced in words, nor yet in deeds; it is an intangible something in the atmosphere that surrounds the man. You are as welcome as the sunbeams; you know it, though nobody has told you so. You can get closer to a Kentuckian in half a minute than you can to any other man in a week. That's Kentucky hospitality. [A word not in the Banner: Editor Morton is a Kentuckian. Let's pardon his pride.—VETERAN.]

The day with Simon Bolivar Buckner, one time a captain in the regular army of the United States, one time a lieutenant general in the army of the Confederate States of America, one time Governor of Kentucky, one time candidate for Vice President of the United States, will never be forgotten.

As his guests were seated the General handed around the pipes and cigars. One of the party who had some former acquaintance with General Buckner's tobacco took a pipe. The General mixes his own tobacco—the famous Hart County Yellow Pryor, a little light Virginia and North Carolina leaf, and a dash of Turkish to give the finishing touch. He generally says he has "missed it a little in the mixture," but the smoker would never find this out from the smoking.

One of the visitors asked about a picture of General Buckner and an old negro man hanging on the wall. Mrs. Buckner, who had just entered the room, explained that the old negro belonged to General Buckner's father and was reared with the General. "Shelburn was one of the most sturdy,

respectable, gingerbread old negroes you ever saw. You got acquainted with him and were good friends at once. He had been living in Arkansas for many years and wrote that he would like to come to see the General, and we arranged for him to make the trip."

Mrs. Buckner said she expected that the meeting between the two old friends would be quite demonstrative and that they would want to talk to one another all the time, but to her astonishment nothing of the sort happened.

"So Shelburn came, and they sat for about an hour on the porch and smoked and looked at one another. Both were rather quiet. Once Shelburn said: 'Young Marster, do you remember what we used to call one another when we were children?' The General replied in the affirmative. Then they would smoke along for a while, and the General said: 'Shelburn, do you remember Jack, the old dog we used to have?' 'Yes, sir,' replied Shelburn."

She said they were the most unvivacious pair she ever saw, yet they seemed to enjoy one another immensely.

"Shelburn spoke of the General's father, Colonel Buckner, as 'Old Marster,' he spoke of the General as 'Young Marster,' but he did not know what to call young Simon Bolivar. He



GENERAL BUCKNER AND SHELburn.

would get terribly mixed on his various masters. After Shelburn went home, the General sent him one of the pictures of themselves taken together. The old negro wrote and thanked him for it and said: 'I think I is the best-looking.'"

Asked about his farm, the General said his father had purchased it, as stated, and it had been in the family ever since, and that it contained about eight hundred acres.

"Did all the present farm belong to the original tract, or have you added to it?" was asked.

"Well, I have added to it and subtracted from it occasionally, but I have got it in the shape I like it now."

When General Buckner was a boy he went to school at Munfordville and then to "Old Jim Rumfey," a noted teacher, at Hopkinsville. From there he went to West Point, graduating in 1844 and going into the Mexican War with the rank of second lieutenant.

In interviewing the General, Mr. Morton said: "There is a little story I desire you to tell me. You told it to me once, but I want to hear it again. It is about when Scott's army got to Vera Cruz and the report was circulated that Taylor had won a great victory and there was no communication between the armies and no way of finding out about it."

"It was more remarkable than that," replied the General. "When we were concentrating at Lobos Island, an island in the Gulf, the vessels were collecting the troops and munitions and supplies of all sorts at that place. We did not know where we were going, but every fellow had his own conjecture. General Scott every day had the adjutants of the various regiments to report to him for instructions on each vessel. They took a small boat and rowed to every vessel, and in that way gave out all through the fleet information from General Scott that he chose to communicate. One day, on the 22d of February, a rumor got through the fleet away out there at sea twelve miles from land that that was the day Santa Anna was going to attack Taylor, who was just then in front of Saltillo, a city of Northern Mexico. Gill, a classmate of mine on the same vessel, remarked: 'Santa has chosen a mighty bad day for making his attack, the 22d of February; he will be whipped.' We sailed in a few days for Vera Cruz. While the siege was going on we heard of this battle. How the rumor started that reached the fleet the very day the battle was fought nobody knows."

The incident is the more remarkable when it is remembered that there were no telegraph lines, railroads, or other means of rapid communication.

"I must tell you another little incident," said the General. "After we had captured Chapultepec, we pursued the enemy along the causeway toward the city. The Puerta or Garita of Belen is the gate entering the city of Chapultepec. We followed right along that causeway, capturing the country and then the works at the Garita, but we couldn't go any farther because we were then in rifle range of their citadel. Their citadel was of stonework, with high walls, with a ditch fifty or sixty feet wide full of water. We couldn't swim across that and climb the perpendicular wall, so we waited there until a turning column came in behind and took them in the rear. We captured the place about two o'clock in the afternoon. Over the causeway, on either side of the aqueducts which ran from Chapultepec on to the city, was an arched gateway over the road, under which all vehicles passed going and coming. Our troops were holding the outer side in front of this arch. The enemy directed their artillery fire toward the springing line of that arch with a view of throwing it down and crushing our men. Presently a shot came and struck the springing line and splintered the rock and scattered pieces of stone, wounding several of us. Lieutenant Wilcox, of Quitman's staff, looked up and said: 'Fellows, I'll bet you anything that the Greasers will fire at that arch until nightfall, but they won't knock it down.' 'Why?' was asked. 'Don't you see 1776 on it?' And we sat there for hours and watched them firing, and the arch stood, and they didn't get it down at all."

"How did the fighting in the Mexican War compare with that in our Civil War?" was asked the General.

"It wasn't as big a war, of course," replied the General; "but there was some close fighting there. For instance, bayonets were crossed in at least two actions, and then there was Taylor's fight on the Rio Grande. At Santa de Palma people were killed with bayonets, and again at Cerro Gordo the fire was terrific. Of course we didn't have as good arms then; we had the flintlock muskets—so did the Mexicans. But to show that it was terrible work: in Worth's Division, in which my regiment was, at Molino del Rey in half an hour's time while assaulting that work we lost nearly one-third of our men."

"What is your estimate of the Mexican soldier?"

"He is a good soldier in many respects. He could stand and be shot at long range better than our people. We wanted to go one way or the other, you know, but they couldn't stand the charge. They couldn't resist the 'Rebel yell.'"

"What is your estimate of the comparative number of troops on either side in the fighting in Mexico?"

"O, they had three times as many nearly all the time. At Cerro Gordo they had nearly double our force; at the City of Mexico they had about three times our force."

"To what did you attribute the universal success of the American soldiers?"

"General Scott said that he could not have won at all but for the training his officers had had at West Point Academy. Every officer nearly—I mean of the regular army—was an instructed officer. He had been educated as a soldier; he had pride and training."

"Did you consider Santa Anna a good commander?"

"Santa Anna had many excellent points as a general. I will note a case to prove it. He fought General Taylor on the 22d and 23d of February. We landed at Vera Cruz about the 1st of March, which was at least eight hundred miles distant from Buena Vista. Santa Anna of course knew that we were going there. He retreated from before General Taylor, but failed in his object, which was to crush him, and fell back to the City of Mexico to meet Scott. In the meantime his enemies got up an opposition in the city, and he suppressed a revolution against himself in the City of Mexico, and on the 18th of April he had occupied and fortified Cerro Gordo and met Scott there. From the 22d of February to the 18th of April he had failed in crushing Taylor, but he had come back to check Scott and had suppressed a revolution and met Scott at Cerro Gordo."

General Buckner began his long career as a soldier as a second lieutenant in the infantry, as has his son, Simon Bolivar Buckner, Jr., now at San Antonio, Tex., and during his long term of service in the regular army and afterwards in the Civil War he was always in the infantry. After the Mexican War he was ordered to West Point, and remained there as an instructor in infantry tactics for two years, and was then ordered to join his company on what was then the Western frontier at Fort Snelling, Minn. Here he was promoted to first lieutenant and put in command at Fort Atkinson.

He remained on the frontier for a little over a year, and then going back to civilization on a leave of absence was promoted to captain in the subsistence department and assigned to New York, where he remained until 1855, when he resigned and went to Louisville, Ky., to locate. After he had been there for a short while, Governor McGoffin asked him to frame a militia law for Kentucky and to take charge of the State Guard. Soon after this the Civil War broke out, and General Buckner joined the Confederate army with the

rank of brigadier general, having previously declined the same rank offered by Mr. Lincoln in the Federal army.

He served a term in a Federal prison after the fall of Fort Donelson, and on his return to the Confederacy after being exchanged he was promoted to the rank of major general. He was transferred to the Trans-Mississippi Department under Gen. Kirby Smith the last year of the war, and was promoted to lieutenant general in September, 1864. He was still in the Trans-Mississippi Department commanding an army corps when the war closed.

"Did you ever have experience in Indian fighting?"

"No," said the General; "but I came to the conclusion that I was a diplomatist." Then he laughingly told the story of the self-styled "diplomatist" in the play who was both mysterious and secretive in his movements. "We were among the Indians all the time I was on the plains, and wild Indians. They had not located on the reservations then. I had one company—about sixty infantry, with about a dozen horses for scouting. The road across the continent was crowded during the summer and spring, especially with people going to California. The gold diggings had been discovered—it was in '51. There were several hundred lodges of Indians all the time about us, some migrating with the buffalo, and on the eve all the time of plundering these emigrants on the road and breaking out. I had to use great care, and had to assume a virtue sometimes whether I possessed it or not and appear very brave; but I managed to keep peace with all of them and made treaties with the Comanches. I made them my friends, and they would do anything for me. Fort Atkinson was built of sods on the Arkansas River away out on the edge of Colorado, where our nearest neighbor was three hundred and sixty-one miles away."

"You didn't have much social life then, did you?"

"No, not much; we had to depend on ourselves. When we got tired of each other at the fort, one or the other would start out on an exploration tour. I traveled that year over the plains in various directions, reconnoitering, about a thousand miles. I took one particularly severe winter trip. I had an idea in those days—an idea that I believe Americans have exploded now—that it was the duty of an official, no matter how insignificant his place might be, to work for the public interest. Congress had appropriated about three hundred thousand dollars to build two forts on the Upper Arkansas River. I had gone out there from Fort Leavenworth on horseback with a couple of soldiers and a wagon, and passing through the country it occurred to me that it would not justify that expenditure. So to satisfy myself I started out about the middle of January to explore the country and look into its resources. I first went across to the Pawnee Fork of the Arkansas and went down that. I was satisfied that there wasn't wood enough there to support a fort. The other was to be built away up toward the base of the Rocky Mountains toward the sources of the Arkansas. I went on that exploration with four or five soldiers and a wagon, the soldiers mounted. The third day out, going up the Arkansas, we struck a blizzard, the weather turning very cold. We camped, and next day we started again, and one of those terrific snow and sleet storms came upon us right out on the plains, with not a tree or shelter in sight and not a hill high enough to be shelter. It got so cold we couldn't ride without freezing, so we had to get down and walk and lead our horses. We hurried on, though, until toward night. The storm was so terrific that we were in danger of being frozen

to death. About dusk we saw in the distance some trees, and we hurried on, and luckily when we got there one tree had been blown down—a cottonwood—and there was a little hill perhaps thirty or forty feet high pretty abrupt which sheltered us from the north wind, and we camped there. I had taken the precaution to have some iron tent pins made to drive in the frozen ground. We cut off the timber from the dead tree, made a fire, and were pretty comfortable. The night was so cold it froze the river over, and we could cross on horses the next day. There was a little island just in front of the camp. I went over that island on the ice and broke down some low underbrush and weeds, built a fire there, sheltered from the wind in every direction, wrapped my buffalo robe about me, and read 'David Copperfield' all day. We couldn't travel, so we waited a day or two until it moderated and went away up the river on the ice and examined the site of the proposed fort. I reported to the government that I thought the expenditure of that money would not be justified; that it would be wasted and thrown away; that the temporary forts we had would answer every purpose until the country was traversed by railroads. On the strength of my report they didn't expend the money, so that trip saved the government \$300,000."

"I suppose, General, there were many wild horses and buffalo on the plains when you were there?"

"Yes, I saw three herds of wild Mustang horses during my stay on the plains. They were very wild. Two of them when I first saw them were in motion—they saw me first. The third I saw on the Pawnee Fork. I had gone on a reconnoissance, and as I climbed a little eminence I saw them grazing on the opposite side of the stream, about three hundred yards distant. As soon as I got to the top they saw me, and off they clattered. They were vigilant and seemed to have scouts watching who gave notice. To show the rapid disappearance of the buffalo, when I went out to my post I went on horseback, had a wagon carrying the mail and two soldiers. We were traveling at the rate of forty miles a day. Six or eight days out from Fort Leavenworth we encountered the buffalo. Three days, traveling at the rate of forty miles a day, or one hundred and twenty miles, we were in an immense herd of buffalo. There was not an hour of daylight that I could not see from five thousand to six thousand. Now there are only a few. They killed them for their hides and their tongues—the cows mostly, for they had the finest robes."

"General, do you ride horseback now?" was asked.

"No," he replied, "not now, but my boy is a good horseman. He recently tamed an unruly horse and has written an interesting account of it. There had been a horse at the garrison that no man had attempted to ride for a year. He was turned in the corral with the other animals. The last time an attempt had been made to ride him he threw the rider and broke three of his ribs, and nobody would try him after that. But the boy said he had about three-quarters of an hour to himself from his other duties and thought he would undertake the horse. He had him saddled and bridled and held until he mounted. The horse began to rear and nearly tilt back, and then his head would suddenly disappear, like he was going to dive into the earth, and he kept on that way for some time; but the boy still held him back. Presently the horse seemed to gather all his strength, leaped, twisted, and fell. Of course he had to go over the horse, and he fell sprawling on the earth. But he got up and remounted him.

[Continued on page 83.]

COL. ROBERT C. TRIGG, OF VIRGINIA.

Col. Robert C. Trigg was born in Christiansburg, Va. He was educated at the Virginia Military Institute, and was practicing law at his native place when the Civil War began. He had been captain of a volunteer company, the Wise Fencibles, for a year or more before the war, and with his company was mustered into service in April, 1861. His company became a part of the 4th Virginia Regiment, Col. James F. Preston. Captain Trigg and his company bore an honorable part in the first battle of Manassas, July 21, 1861.

A short time after that battle Captain Trigg was authorized to raise a regiment in Southwest Virginia. It was quickly raised and organized at Christiansburg as the 54th Virginia Regiment, composed of companies from Carroll, Pulaski, Roanoke, Franklin, Patrick, Montgomery, and Floyd Counties. This regiment did hard service in Eastern Kentucky, Eastern Tennessee, and around Suffolk, Va., until the campaign of 1863 opened, when it was sent to the Army of Tennessee.



COL. ROBERT C. TRIGG.

Colonel Trigg was soon placed in command of a brigade composed of four Florida regiments and his own. No brigade won more honors than did his at Chickamauga. The markers now on that field tell much of what it did. General Buckner, who commanded the division, strongly recommended him for promotion; but he had no "friend in court," and in a reorganization of the army his regiment was assigned to General Reynolds's Brigade. With his regiment he fought all along from Lookout Mountain to Atlanta, the fight at Resaca being one of the severest for the number engaged of the war.

His regiment, by the mistake or incompetence of some superior, was ordered, against his protest, to charge fortifications defended by many times its numbers, and it received galling fires from both flanks. He went with it to the breastworks. His adjutant, Robert Hammett, fell on the breastworks with the enemy's flagstaff in his hand. In ten minutes more the third of the regiment was mowed down, and what had been the largest and one of the best regiments in the army was shattered.

From Atlanta Colonel Trigg was ordered to Southwest Virginia, and remained in special service, having in view the arrest of deserters and the restoration of law and order in that section, until the 1st of March. Then with one-half of his regiment he joined the Army of Southwest Virginia, commanded by General Echols, and was with it when disbanded, April 13, at Christiansburg. Colonel Trigg was a strict disciplinarian, beloved by his men because he always stood for their rights and because they knew that his courage was of the highest order and his judgment in any kind of danger was unquestioned.

Colonel Trigg resumed the practice of law after the war closed, and continued it until his death, January 2, 1872.

BREECHLOADER CANNON IN C. S. ARMY.

BY CAPT. THEODORE F. ALLEN, CINCINNATI.

My previous communication to the VETERAN in relation to Schoolfield's Battery of Breech-Loading Cannon has attracted much attention among the Confederate veterans. The following from H. T. Owen, 2601 East Franklin Street, Richmond, is in relation to the Williams guns, of which there were six pieces in the battery commanded by Captain Schoolfield:

"Dear Captain Allen: On Saturday morning, May 31, 1862, the command to which I belonged (then Pickett's Brigade, of Longstreet's Division) moved from near Richmond down the Williamsburg Road to attack the Federal forces near Seven Pines. There had been a heavy rain the night before, and the roads were filled with pools of water which the artillery and wagons soon cut up into slush and mire, consequently there were long halts and delays on the road. About a mile west of Seven Pines, while waiting for some other command to file by ours and take position in line of battle, a small cannon halted in front of us for some time, and we got a good look at it. It was drawn by one horse in shafts, the axle was short, the wheels very low, the barrel three to four feet long, and it was about the size of a man's coat sleeve. It carried a round ball about the size of a hen's egg, and was loaded at the breech from a hopper fixed above. It was to be fired by a crank, and its range was stated to be two thousand yards. Mr. Williams, the inventor, and five or six other men on horseback were with the gun, and this was its first experiment on a battlefield. Mr. Williams readily replied to all the questions asked about the gun by some of our officers who gathered around it while halted in the road. There was a Federal fort on the Williamsburg Road about one mile west of Seven Pines, flanked by a line of breastworks, rifle pits, and abatis in front of them. Our breechloader moved on with other artillery to begin the attack, while our command was held in reserve and was not engaged in the battle of that day; so when the uproar began we were silent listeners, and could easily distinguish the rapid reports of the little breechloader. They were much louder than a musket and less than the ordinary cannon. We never saw the gun afterwards, and wondered what became of it.

"After Gettysburg Pickett's Division guarded about four thousand prisoners from the battlefield to Winchester, and we were with them some ten or fifteen days, and the Federal officers among the prisoners asked us many questions about the rapid-firing little 'gun or guns' we used on them at Seven Pines.

"In 1880-81 I became acquainted with Capt. George W. Williams, Deputy Clerk of the Virginia Senate, who had served in Gen. John H. Morgan's Kentucky cavalry command during the war. In swapping reminiscences I mentioned our little gun at Seven Pines, and he informed me that his father was the inventor. Trusting to memory, I am under the impression that he told me that there was only one of these guns made at the Tradegar Works here, and that there was never any patent obtained. I presume that Mr. J. W. Minnich, of Grand Isle, La., saw this Williams gun at Seven Pines, and that Dr. Gatling got his first idea of his rapid-firing machine from it."

From the foregoing you will see that the Williams breech-loading cannon began their service in the early part of 1862, and we have been able to trace these guns as late as the early part of the winter of 1864, at which time, I am informed by Capt. T. M. Freeman, of Houston, Tex., who was the ad-

jutant general of Giltner's Brigade, the battery was put out of commission because when firing the guns rapidly the breech expanded and refused to lock for refiring, and the men of the battery found themselves at a disadvantage in that they had to take the fire of the enemy and could not reply. The battery was then disbanded, the men entering the cavalry or the mounted infantry service in Maj. Bart Jenkins's battalion.

HARD EXPERIENCE BY SCOUTS IN KENTUCKY.

BY J. N. GAINES, BRUNSWICK, MO.

On page 573 November (1908) *VETERAN* Comrade W. L. Ditto, of Ocala, Fla., Scott's 1st Louisiana Cavalry, tells of "prisoners charging a Kentucky orchard." I belonged to Quirk's Scouts, Morgan's Command, but failed to get across the Ohio River with him; and as I happened to get with Colonel Scott on the 29th of July, 1863, at Winchester, Ky., soon after the boys charged the orchard, I will take up the "thread" and relate a little more of that "hot old time." We marched to Irvine, the county seat of Estill County, Ky., that night, much of the time in a torrent of rain, arriving there early the next morning, where we captured a small garrison and valuable government stores, including a quantity of McClelland saddles, together with United States bridles and halters that had never been unpacked. I appropriated a saddle, bridle, and halter from Uncle Sam's stores.

The sun came out clear early, and we were feeling fine until 8 or 9 A.M., when suddenly from our rear a heavy fire of both artillery and small arms opened on us from a force so strong that we were forced to move on. We took the direction of the Bighill and Richmond Pike, which we struck that afternoon perhaps halfway between Richmond and the hill. All this time the Yanks kept our rear well closed up. About dusk, I think, we reached the foot of the Bighill and commenced climbing it; but when our advance had gotten some distance on top of it, they struck another heavy force of the enemy (probably from Cumberland Gap), and in such force that we were compelled to retrace our steps to the foot of the hill. We then took the road to Lancaster. This consumed nearly all night. By the time we got straightened out toward Lancaster next morning and could see, there seemed to be Yankees all around us in every direction with guns. There were none in front, however, and we pursued our march in fairly good order through Lancaster and Crab Orchard without halting. The Yankees appeared to become thicker all the time.

At Crab Orchard I remember an old gray-haired black mammy was out in a yard clapping her hands and shouting: "Glory to God, the Rebels is come back! And have you come to stay?" "Yes, Auntie," we assured her, "we are going to stay this time."

A few miles farther on a squad of fifteen or twenty of us was cut off at a road crossing, where we were lost from the main command, and made our way out by Somerset. We passed through Somerset at night and went on to Stegall's Ferry, on the Cumberland River, which we found very high, with no boat to cross in. So we hunted up an old Irishman and a young fellow who had a canoe, in which we ferried our saddles and equipments, and then undertook to lead one horse and swim the others behind. In this we failed, as only two of them followed over, the others turning and swimming back. We then had to swim them over one at a time beside the canoe, which was slow. Two of our crowd were doing this, which released our Irishman and boy. As day was coming on, three of our crowd went with our released help farther

down the river, where they claimed they could get them over quicker. They set the Scott boys over, telling them that they would swim their horses over to them; but instead they mounted two and led the other away with them, leaving three Rebs afoot.

Sikes was the name of one of the Louisiana boys, Turo another (he was regimental commissary, I think). We had the bugler boy of the regiment with us also, and had considerable fun at the little fellow's expense. I wonder what ever became of him. We got on very well from here. We struck Forrest's escort at Kingston, Tenn., where we drew rations and fed and parted with the Louisiana boys. Web and I and the two Morgan boys went on to Knoxville, thence to Morristown alone, where we found Captain Quirk, who had been wounded and was left in Kentucky, but had made his way out and was there with a little squad of our strays.



MISS NANNIE BARBEE, DANVILLE, KY.

Miss Barbree entertained delightfully the United Daughters of the Confederacy at the Atlanta Meeting in 1908.

KIND WORDS FROM "THE OTHER SIDE."—C. J. Merritt, of Medina, N. Y., who served with the 1st Connecticut Cavalry, when renewing his subscription, writes: "It is only fair that I should tell you, although I am one of the 'other side,' I have been very much interested in reading the *VETERAN*, and think I appreciate to some considerable degree the feelings of your companions in arms. I am glad for all of the good that has come to the South, and trust that the future may be rich in blessings for your people, as also for 'we uns.' The general spirit of the *VETERAN* is making for good, I believe, and I would not want it to cease coming to my hand regularly."

ANOTHER VIEW OF "WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

BY WATKINS LEIGH, MONROE, LA.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, 'It might have been.'"

Ever since the close of the great Civil War there has been shown a tendency amongst the public men of the South to applaud rather than deplore, at least in their public utterances, the failure of the South in that Titanic struggle; and especially is this so with the great newspaper and magazine writers, men who so largely mold public opinion, and whose utterances are accepted by the young, thoughtless, or inexperienced as the cold, unsentimental verdicts of history. There are constantly pointed out by these gentlemen with forceful pens and vivid imaginings the deplorable consequences which might have resulted had the Southern Confederacy achieved her independence, and this great United States of ours been divided into two sovereign nations. It is this deceptive light which these writings will certainly reflect on the history of the Confederacy, misleading and deluding the historian of the future, justifying largely the scornful jibes of our opponents that we were a mere rabble of deluded Rebels, wretched victims of a self-seeking leadership, sycophants, false alike to the United States and to the Confederacy, which makes them so objectionable, and it is to this that I would draw attention.

The writer does not wish to be understood as entirely regretting the failure of that great attempt at disruption; not the only one whose ugly head has loomed up dark and threatening in the past (nor may we reasonably doubt the revival of the hydra-headed monster in the future), but the only one ever to assume tangible form. On the contrary, he is willing to admit from very many points of view that failure was probably, not certainly, the more fortunate outcome. It is the object of this paper to point out some of the things which would almost certainly have been had the Confederacy succeeded, wherein, in his estimation, history would have been improved, and many ugly blots on the fame of a great people been saved.

For any man to say what would have been the policy of the South in the event of her success is mere speculation, fancy. As well might one prophesy the policy of the North had General Lee won the battle of Gettysburg or of Napoleon victorious at Waterloo. As of every other thing which never happened, every man is privileged to formulate his own theories, one man's speculations being of no more value than another's save as one may excel in erudition or in literary facility of expression. The fact is, these gentlemen become so enamoured of their own creations that they mistake them for genuine beings of flesh and blood instead of rating them at their true value as mere air castles—shadows mistaken for the substance. These speculations are based upon what their authors believe would have been the course of the older generation of Southern statesmen, dogmatic, illiberal, and confirmed in their dogmatism by years of self-deluding arguments. A negligible quantity with them was the younger generation, whose minds, broadened by a more liberal if less polite education, and profiting by the lessons of the terrible struggle through which they had just passed, would have been fruitful laboratories of new thoughts and liberal policies. These men, earnest, patriotic, intelligent, would in a few years have molded and dominated public opinion in the South along lines no man, however erudite, can infallibly foresee.

Standing as we do to-day upon the very brink of history and looking back over the troubled records of the past sixty

years, the ghosts of many dead policies arise shadowy and pass in review before us; and of some not altogether dead, as the protective tariff, which so nearly precipitated disruption when South Carolina passed her celebrated Nullification Act; and State rights, instinct with volcanic fire now as ever; and slavery, which, far from being settled, has only assumed a newer and uglier garb, masquerading as the negro question. Some of them, like the fabled Phœnix of old, fanned themselves into a flame which was self-destructive. But from the dead ashes of these living offspring have arisen to vex the soul of modern society as their predecessors vexed the bodies politic and social of their day.

It is plain to all thoughtful men that the institution of slavery, mild, benignant, and fraternal as that institution was as it existed in the South prior to the days of Lloyd Garrison and gentlemen of his cult, was already doomed, and would have fallen in a few years anyhow, even if it had not been drowned in the blood of half a million victims in the most momentous struggle of modern times. It has been so in Brazil, in Cuba, in all the South American republics, and that within twenty years after the close of our Civil War. Some one, commenting on our Civil War, has remarked that the South was unlucky; and truly has she been unlucky, before the war, during the war, since the war—before the war in that the inevitable institutional revolution which must have been plainly patent to the thinking men of that day could not have been allowed to progress peacefully instead of eventuating in a fratricidal strife which cost her the lives of thousands of the flower of her young manhood, only to end in a miserable fiasco, for the negro problem, which it sought to solve, is as far from solution now as then. The public opinion of the Christian world as well as the fast-gathering force of a strong and growing and thinking minority in the South itself would have compelled emancipation in a few years, whether or no the War of Secession had ever been fought or whether or no that war had ended in her triumph or defeat. During the war in that a larger percentage of her leadership, her wisest and bravest and best, laid down their lives for her than in any other war of modern times, was she not pitifully unlucky in the loss of these wise, brave, patriotic leaders? After the war she was more than unlucky in the death of her truest friend in the North, Abraham Lincoln, because she herself nurtured the assassin who wrought this fatal murder; and she was further unlucky in that this murder stretched her helpless and friendless at the feet of the conqueror, her destinies to be decided, her history written, by the unrestrained passions of her implacable enemies.

Had she been victorious and disruption been accomplished, would that fact have been an unleavened evil? I think not. It seems to me that this Union of ours is based more on the force of reason than of affection, having inherent weaknesses in the diverse interests of its various sections, harmless so long as angry passions are not aroused, but which may eventually threaten the life of the republic. And we have seen that the good sense and steady reason of the Anglo-Saxon will not always serve as a protection. The probability is that long ere this the angry passions of both sections, soothed by the sweet influences of peace, and the interchanges inevitable between two peoples so nearly akin in language, blood, and habit of thought, would have subsided, and that some kind of working *entente* like unto that which existed between the South African republics before the Boer War would have been arranged, through the action of which our foreign policies would

have been in unison; while many of the economic problems which vex to-day our domestic policies would have been avoided, problems which threaten the life of our civilization if not the purity of the Anglo-Saxon race. The Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments would never have been written. The awful nightmare of reconstruction would never have been suffered. The bitter hatreds growing out of a consciousness of unmerited injuries suffered, the still bitterer ones arising from a knowledge of vindictive injuries inflicted—these would never have been engendered and the slavery problem would have been gradually and definitely settled by the South herself. From her education, experience, environments, self-interest, intimate acquaintance with the subject, and personal sympathy and affection for the slave she would have been best fitted to cope with it, under laws equally in the interests of both races, because tempered by the sympathy which then existed between master and slave. The delusion of a social and political equality, with its long train of evil consequences; discontent of both races with the existing order of things; outrages against young babes and aged women, crimes revolting to the very demons themselves; the consequent innumerable lynchings, debasing to our civilization, repugnant to our religion, and horrible to our consciences, but which from the force of blunted sensibilities are in danger of becoming law; mutual hatreds and animosities degrading alike to whites and blacks, and which can be defended, if at all, only on the plea of self-preservation, and which replace in a brief half century the love and confidence which had existed between the races for generations before; a saturnalia of vengeance the like of which modern times has never beheld, and at the memory of which the North may well hang her head in shame; the demoniac antipathy of the races, fast hurrying us along a path the distant future end of which no man can foresee, save that it must end in the extermination or subjugation (probably the former) of the weaker race, and for which the North will be directly and immediately responsible—all these and more would have been saved. Christianity would have received no shock, civilization no backset, as is now threatened, before this great and burning problem is finally and forever settled. Should the Northern people awake to a sense of their own moral responsibility on the one hand, their incapacity to cope with the subject on the other, and be prevailed on to withhold their hands from further interference with a matter of which they have no practical knowledge or experience, possibly the picture might be brightened. Will they do it? Doubtful.

ROCK ISLAND—AN INCIDENT.

BY SEP W. ABBAY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

My old comrade and fellow-prisoner, Dr. J. B. Foster, now of Enzor, Miss., relates for you an incident that occurred when he was the principal actor at Rock Island Prison. He would give his only loaf of bread to a fellow-prisoner whom he thought was more in need of it than himself. We were always hungry, as rations were very scant. Foster undertook to get money to buy rations for the sufferers of Rock Island Prison. About twenty-one hundred of our men had deserted and joined the "Frontier Service." As an inducement to get the prisoners to desert and join the United States army, that government offered each one hundred dollars bounty. Foster determined to try to get some of this money for the use indicated.

These deserters were allowed to come in to the main prison

to get water. Foster got some one to go up to the well where they were and see if he could not find some one who had received one hundred dollars bounty and say to him that he had a friend who would join them if he was certain they would give him the one hundred dollars bounty. Foster's man was successful, and he told the deserter that he would go and send the man up there to the well if he would return bringing the money with him. The deserter promised to do so. Foster, according to appointment, went to meet the deserter, who said: "I have five of the prettiest twenty-dollar bills in my hand you ever saw." Going behind the barrack and opening his hand to show his money, Foster clasped his left hand into the fellow's open hand and his right hand went to the man's throat, and he choked him down and got the one hundred dollars and ran for our barrack, where he belonged. As he passed me he said: "Abbay, there is going to be h— to pay in here in a few minutes." He never stopped but kept on through the barrack, and in a little while he returned in an entire different suit of clothes.

Soon a lieutenant, with a file of soldiers and the owner of the hundred dollars, came to the barrack and asked for the orderly. I responded, when he ordered me to call my men in line. Then the officer, with the deserter following him, came first to me and said: "Is this the man who got your money?" He replied, "No." He then went to each man and, placing his hand on him, asked the same question, the fellow answering no, until he came to Foster, when the deserter seemed to be puzzled. At last he said no, and they went on down the line, the fellow answering no to every man. The officer returned to Foster and asked again if he was the man who got the money.

Foster by this time became angry. He always twisted his mouth in speaking when in anger, and that twist of the mouth confirmed the man who had lost the one hundred dollars. Shaking his clinched fist in the fellow's face, Foster said: "Don't you say I got your money." The poor fellow said: "He's the man because he twisted his mouth that way when he choked me down."

The officer took Foster and carried him out. Foster reported afterwards that they stripped him nude and turned him loose in the prison. The snow was about eight inches deep, and a north wind was blowing, with the mercury nearly down to zero. He had come about two hundred yards in the snow. We saw him coming, and he was nearly frozen and very blue. We got him into the barrack as quickly as possible, and it was but a few minutes before we had him clothed, sharing our scant supply.

Foster was kind-hearted and genial. He was full of life and fond of a joke, but sometimes carried a joke too far. On several occasions when he drew his loaf of bread he would divide it and go without until the next day. He was reckless, therefore, to a true comrade, but he despised spies and deserters. He was born near Liberty, Dekalb County, Tenn., and studied law under Col. John Savage. He went to Mississippi about the beginning of the Civil War. He joined the 15th Mississippi Infantry. He always has been a kind, good fellow and a true friend. He read medicine several years after the war and located near Meridian, Miss., where he has been practicing medicine for about thirty years.

REPORT OF LOSSES AT VICKSBURG—FLAG OF AN ILLINOIS REGIMENT.—D. W. McMichael writes: "I visited Vicksburg not long ago and I saw on the tablets as well as I can remem-

ber the following: 'The 31st Missouri lost at Champion Hill 640 killed and wounded; the 27th Louisiana lost 68 killed and 184 wounded.' If I am wrong, the tablets will correct me. I should like to know who carried the 44th or 144th Illinois regimental flag. We got a beautiful flag at Vicksburg that belonged to one of these two Illinois regiments."

REMINISCENCES OF AN ARKANSAN.

BY R. T. MARTIN, HOWELL, ARK.

Some incidents of my experience as a private soldier in Company G, 18th Arkansas, would perhaps interest the readers of the *VETERAN*. I enlisted at Cotton Plant, Ark., in March, 1862, before I was sixteen. We marched across the country to Des Arc, on White River, and embarked on a small steamboat, the Oker Bell, for Pittman's Ferry, from which place we were ordered back to Little Rock, and landed at Devall's Bluff on March 9. Rain fell in torrents that day; but we pursued our journey by the Memphis and Little Rock Railroad to Argenta, across the river from Little Rock, where we were sworn into service by Governor Rector and ordered to Corinth, Miss. The order was countermanded at Memphis, and we were sent to Island No. 10, on the Mississippi River. Before we reached that place the Federals had possession of it, and we fell back to Fort Pillow. I remember seeing some of our unfortunate comrades floating down that river on logs, who were rescued by members of our company.

From Fort Pillow our company was again ordered to Corinth, where we remained some time. We engaged in the battle of Farmington, between Corinth and Shiloh, our first battle. Shortly afterwards we abandoned Corinth to the Federals. I was left with others as a detail under Maj. John G. Fletcher to burn the quartermaster and commissary stores.



R. T. MARTIN.

We remained until the morning after the army had gone, when the advance of General Buell's army came into the town; then we marched for about twenty miles to Guntown, a point on the M. & O. Railroad. There the Federals made a flank movement and captured a train load of our sick and wounded, burning the train with a few of our sick soldiers, it is said, who were unable to get off. The Federals soon abandoned the place, leaving our sick and wounded, who were scattered

around under bushes and sheds. It was a horrible sight. Some of the sick were lying about insensible, covered with flyblows. We administered to them as best we could, then continued our march to Tupelo, where we remained until September 1.

Under the commands of Generals Van Dorn and Price we next went to Inka, Miss., where we engaged in a desperate battle for several hours, after which we continued our march to Corinth; but on our way, at Chewalla, we met the enemy, and had quite a battle on October 3. We then marched on and surrounded Corinth, lying upon our arms all night, while the Federals reinforced as many as four deep behind their works. On the morning of October 4, with Capt. Charles Lynch and Lieutenants Moore and Turner commanding the forty-six men present in our company, with Colonel Daly commanding the 18th Arkansas, and General Cabell commanding our brigade, Murray's Division, we made the charge under an enfilading fire, over fallen timber, until we reached the breastworks of the enemy. Many fell upon their breastworks.

When the smoke had cleared away and we were forced to retreat, we had only six men, leaving the others killed and wounded on the field. Our colonel was killed, the horse of General Cabell was killed under him, and he was severely injured by the falling of the animal. It was at this place that he almost lost his entire brigade, and here I saw our noble Colonel Rogers, commander of the 2d Texas, of Moore's Brigade, fall from his horse a lifeless hero. His body rests where he fell, under a monument erected to his memory.

We then fell back in the direction of Ripley, Miss., and while a part of our command was crossing the Hatchie River Bridge the Federals got in our front and planted their batteries in range of the bridge, opening fire upon us. It was here that General Price took command and carried us to Lumpkins Mill, on the Hatchie River, and from there we marched through the little town of Ripley and rested the remnant of our band until the morning of October 5. We then marched across the country to Holly Springs, remaining for a few days, and then we were sent to Jackson. We next marched to Tangipahoa, La., across the country by way of Clinton to Port Hudson. History has failed to give justice to the valor and suffering of our soldiers in the battles of Port Hudson.

We were consolidated with the 10th, 15th, and 23d Arkansas, making a respectable regiment, with Col. O. P. Lyles as senior colonel commanding. We were put to work building breastworks, which we completed for five miles around the fort except at a point on the north side, which remained unfinished until after the siege opened on us by General Banks's army. It was then completed by digging rifle pits the rest of the way. We were unmolested until about the 1st of March, 1863, and it was then that Farragut's fleet came up from New Orleans and anchored below the fort. It bombarded us continually until the night of March 14. Then they undertook to pass up the river by our batteries, with the flagship Mississippi leading. The Hartford succeeded in passing. The Mississippi was fired by hot shot from our batteries, and her officers and marine soldiers were forced to abandon her, leaving her to float down the river on fire. It is said that the entire fleet kept ahead of the Mississippi for a distance of fourteen miles to avoid the danger of her blowing up. On the morning of the 15th we picked up the hero of Manila, Admiral Dewey, who was then a lieutenant in Farragut's fleet, with nineteen marine soldiers. The fleet

then returned to the point that had been left and remained until the siege.

It was on the evening of May 19, 1863, that our out pickets were first attacked by the advance of Banks's army. We thought it was a part of Grayson's Cavalry. I was on the outpost at the time, and was one of the pickets fired upon. We were relieved on the morning of the 20th. Three hundred men were called as volunteers to go out with the battery of four guns. I was of this command. We went four miles east and lay on our arms until the morning of the 21st, when we heard the beating of drums and blowing of bugles of the advance of Banks's army coming up from Baton Rouge. That capital of Louisiana was only twenty miles below. While we were in line of battle, with a crabapple orchard in front of us, the enemy placed their batteries in position and opened on us with grape and shell. We held them for several hours in a fierce engagement, and then fell back four miles; but contested every inch of the ground until we received a fresh supply of ammunition. Then we gained the ground that we had fought over until we reached the position we had held in the morning. This was at sundown. We then marched off the field, carrying our guns, some of them being drawn by two horses and some by the soldiers, until we reached the line of reinforcements sent for our rescue, Miles's Louisiana Legion.

Banks's army soon surrounded us with forty thousand men, according to his own report. We had in the fort only three thousand men, with ten days' rations of meat and bread. We had plenty of sugar, molasses, and salt, and a few peas, which were ground for our breadstuff. From then on the siege was open both from land sources and Farragut's fleet, and there was not the snapping of a finger between the fire of guns and cannon. We held five miles of works day and night with continual loss of our forces. They made assault after assault upon our works, but we repulsed them every time. They dug up to our works so close that they could throw hand grenades over in our lines, and the distance was so short that we were able to throw them back into their own lines before they would explode. They attempted to blow up our works at many points; and when they reinforced a weak point to get into our works, we would concentrate at that point, and we defeated them every time with great loss to them.

In June General Banks sent in a flag of truce to General Gardner demanding unconditional surrender, saying that he was in position to open on us the next morning with three hundred pieces of artillery, that he was prepared to take the fort, and that as his men had suffered so much since they had engaged in the siege he would be unable to guarantee to our soldiers the protection that General Gardner's command should have. General Gardner declined to accept his demand, saying that if he could take the fort we would risk the result. At daylight the next morning Banks opened on us with his artillery, and made a general charge by his land forces on our fort. We killed twice as many as our number, still defeating them at every point.

By this time our supplies of meat had been exhausted, and we then resorted to the slaughtering of mules and horses, which were boiled and served to the men for their subsistence the rest of the siege. On July 4 they threw hand grenades into our works with dispatches stating that Vicksburg had surrendered and we had as well give up. We would answer by the same source that we believed the statement false. We continued fighting until the 8th of July, when the condition of the capitulation was entered into whereby the privates

and noncommissioned officers were to be paroled and the officers to be held prisoners. They were sent to Johnson's Island.

On the morning of July 9 Banks with his great army marched in to take charge of the fort. On marching around us at the point on the bank of the Mississippi where we surrendered our small band they expressed great surprise at the small number of soldiers to be surrendered. We were treated while prisoners as kindly as could be expected. They seemed ashamed to think that they had been held at bay so long by the handful of men surrendered to them. We were paroled in a few days and sent up the river to Natchez, where the few of us left returned to our homes. My company had first and last one hundred and forty-nine men; and when we returned home, there were only nineteen present.

In September we reported to the Trans-Mississippi Army for duty, I, with others, joining Captain Anderson's company, 1st Arkansas Cavalry, Dobbin's Regiment, and in 1864 I went with my command, under General Price, into Missouri. We went within thirty miles of St. Louis and also up the Missouri River to Kansas City, engaging in battle at numbers of points up to that place, and there we met our Waterloo. A strong Federal force had been concentrated at that point. At one time we were entirely surrounded, but we cut our way out with great loss. We were forced to retreat south for several hundred miles, fighting nearly every day. We had no forage for our horses or provisions for our men, for we had lost our train and all the supplies. For several days we were with nothing to eat except ears of corn from occasional fields along the march. Part of our army went on down into South Arkansas, while the regiment I belonged to came back to Eastern Arkansas, where we engaged in many battles around Helena and other places until the close of the war.

I formally surrendered at Helena June 20, 1865, since when I have been a citizen of Cotton Plant and Howell. "Little Tom Martin" would like to hear from any of his comrades.

MEDAL FOR PAPER ON JEFFERSON DAVIS.

The President of the Tennessee Division, U. D. C., Mrs. M. B. Pilcher, offered to the students of the public schools of Tennessee under seventeen years of age a gold medal for the best paper on the life and character of Jefferson Davis. Competition was open to the entire State. Each principal was to select the three best essays submitted by all the students and send them to the County Superintendent, who was to select the three best from all of his schools and send them to the State Superintendent.

Professor Jones, the State Superintendent, selected three college professors and two lady librarians, both of whom were well up in literature; and of the nineteen papers submitted, that of Miss Camille Fitzpatrick, only thirteen years old, was considered most worthy of the medal. She is the daughter of the late Hon. Morgan Fitzpatrick, who was State Superintendent of Public Schools and later a member of Congress, a gifted and popular Southerner, who, with brief experience in journalism, revived the Hartsville Vidette, published at Hartsville, Tenn., under direction of Gen. John H. Morgan during the war.

This delightful girl is not content to rest upon the honor achieved by the prize paper on the South's great and faithful advocate in her struggle for the principles inherited, but she has pursued with diligence her studies. In the last quarterly

examination of her school in Gallatin she made an average of 99 11-12, the best grade made in the school and the second best ever made in the twenty-two years of its existence.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

One hundred years ago a boy was born in Christian County, Ky., who was to become one of history's most honored characters and a man who could distinguish himself also in the time of peace. This boy was Jefferson Davis. Born of obscure parentage, but noble blood, he attained the heights which none but great men have ever attained. He studied at Transylvania College to prepare himself for the duties of peace and at West Point to gain the military training for which he afterwards had such great use.

Prior to the war Mr. Davis married the daughter of Zachary Taylor without that gentleman's consent. In the great battles of the Mexican War, especially Monterey and Buena Vista, Mr. Davis was equaled by none for the deeds of heroic chivalry which few but him could have performed with the same manly valor. After seeing Mr. Davis's great deeds of bravery and chivalry, Mr. Taylor sent for him and forgave him.

No officer before or after Mr. Davis has had such a peculiar charm over his men. He could look into their faces before going into battle and see the trust in their eyes which seemed to say: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me."

What greater tribute could Mr. Davis pay to the noble women of the South than after the war when he wrote the "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government" and dedicated it to the women of the South in these words: "To the women of the Confederacy, whose pious ministrations to our wounded soldiers soothed the last hours of those who died far from the objects of their tenderest love; whose domestic labors contributed much to supply the wants of our defenders in the field; whose zealous faith in our cause shone a guiding star

undimmed by the darkest clouds of war; whose fortitude sustained them under all the privations to which they were subjected; whose floral tribute annually expresses their enduring love and reverence for our sacred dead; and whose patriotism will teach their children to emulate the deeds of our Revolutionary sires; these pages are dedicated by their countryman, Jefferson Davis?"

He was both a Representative and a Senator from the State of Mississippi, and none who knew this man can question as to the way he filled these offices. Mr. Davis was made President of the Confederate States, and no record save that which history records of the war of 1861-65 is needed to tell of this great responsibility which he performed so well and the love, respect, and esteem bestowed upon him by all the world. At this time among an era of great men Mr. Davis was great among the greatest.

After Lee's surrender, Mr. Davis was preparing to cross the Mississippi River and obtain some terms from the Federal government with a more lenient course in view toward the already overtaxed people of the South, when he was captured by the Federals. At the time of his capture he was trying to obtain something for his beloved Southern people; like all great men, never thinking of themselves, but only trying to do more for the cause and country which they represent.

The greatest blot on the pages of American history is Mr. Davis's imprisonment at Fortress Monroe. Nothing should bind Southern people more closely to the Confederacy than to think of the way the Federals treated our greatest patriot, most cherished and distinguished hero and martyr, Jefferson Davis.

After remaining in prison for two years, encountering the hardships which must naturally come with such a life, he was bailed and allowed to return to his Mississippi home. There he lived quietly, and was more beloved than when he was President of the ill-fated Confederacy. His bitterest political enemies went on his bail, showing that in the last even his enemies were willing to admit that he and the cause which he represented were in the right.

How sweet must have been the songs of the birds to our great hero! And still sweeter and more beautiful to him must have been the noble-blooded women of the South, who came to pay little tributes of love and kindness and to brighten the last days of our most zealous countryman; for he was a true American now, and no more did he have to face the noisy tumult of war, and the bugle's call came to be to him only a vague dream around which the phantom hopes of an old man lingered and played.

None but the truly great could go through all this man went through with and come out with the stainless character and sublime honors, all of which Mr. Davis so richly deserved.

What greater honor could man wish to have bestowed upon him than for his name to be given as an example by which the footsteps of his youthful countrymen should be guided to lead to a goal of fame and eternal happiness and rest? No more could possibly be required to make a man great. Mr. Davis had this, and much more; so we may truly call him one of the greatest men, if not the greatest, which the pages of history record. Though history's pages may decay and be thrown away, Mr. Davis's good deeds will remain with us.

"You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling round it still."

If there were more lives like his, more such stanch patriots



CAMILLE FITZPATRICK.

and heroic citizens, what a grand and noble republic we should have! And it is just such examples as he has left us that are helping to make honest citizens for the ruling and governing powers of America—nay, we hope to say in a few years of the world. Jefferson Davis is stamped upon the mind and heart of every young American.

On this, the 3d of June, we dedicate within our hearts monuments of love and devotion to Mr. Davis and the noble cause which he represented—monuments not made with hands, but those which will last throughout eternity. And we know could Mr. Davis look back a moment from his beautiful home in the heavens he would appreciate these monuments in our hearts more than all the structures earthly hands could erect. But as he cannot come back, but lies sleeping, sleeping where no earthly voices obtrude to break the stillness and quietude of his slumbers, we will keep dear his memory and that of our noble forefathers who fought for us under his guidance.

How proud we should be of these men! and few of us are lacking in pride for them—not vain pride, for the gold which adorns the uniforms of great men; for our heroes wore no such clothes. Our men said: "Let the enemy wear the raiment adorned with gold now, and after the war we shall wear it, and wear it honestly, for we are going to gain this land in which to make our homes." And they gained, though the losers. "Gloria Victis."

When they went to sleep 'neath the mossy sod and the grass and flowers grew over their heads, who of us could walk silently through the old churchyard and come away without a firm resolve in our hearts to keep a stainless name for all this land they left in our care?

Our fancy now weaves around Mr. Davis a warp of golden threads as he sits an illuminated vision around which angels dance and sing. He knows no sorrow, no care, but lives the life he deserves. What a vivid charm and magnetism this man possessed! Not like the fairy stories, the imagined hero steals his fair prize and slips away into the dark recesses of the descending night, our hero is real and takes his bride away to prove himself worthy of her; and our hero did not have to beg forgiveness, but was sent for and forgiven because he had proven himself worthy of any man's daughter.

What a delightful romance the story of this great man's life was! All kinds of stories, in fact, can be gathered from his life—romance, drama, fiction—and who of us does not enjoy war stories? They have a fascinating charm about them which stills children to sleep, and told by an old warrior kindle the first spark of enthusiasm for war in the boys of our country.

Long years after our boys have grown to be men they will tell their children stories of Jefferson Davis, always adding more until by his two hundredth anniversary the American people will have builded about him a story that will penetrate the skies and reach down into the lowest recesses of earth. But what strange, alluring story of him could we tell that would not be true? for he was a wonderful man, and wonderful things always happen to wonderful men.

So taking his life for our topic we might write on and on, and still there would be something unsaid about Jefferson Davis—always more to tell of his life, of his character, a never-ending story of pathos, love, and devotion to an unswerving cause and a martyr among men. Are there any more men like Jefferson Davis? Will there ever be any more men like him? We don't know; the material, the foundation is here, and we have only to shape and guide these lives into like-

nesses of our loved Davis. Why not help to do this? And help we will and do all that is within our power to make other men approach this model man.

THE FIFTH VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

ITS RECORD BY COL. P. J. WHITE, OF R. E. LEE CAMP.

'Mid the ruin and destruction that followed the capture of their home and the city of their birth Vergil in his immortal epic tells us of an interview between "the shade of the mighty Hector" and the future founder of the Roman line, in which the immortal hero uses these words:

"Think not of home or country's claims;
Country and home, alas! are names.
Could Troy be saved by hands of men,
This hand had saved her then, e'en then;
The gods of her domestic shrines
That country to your care consigns;
Receive them now to share your fate,
Provide them mansions strong and great."

With a slight paraphrase, this language might have been used by that greatest of all leaders, "who, as brave as Achilles, as skilled as Ulysses, and as faithful as Achates, was Cæsar without his ambition, Napoleon without his cruelty, and Washington without his reward." Returning from fateful Appomattox and beholding the blackened walls and desolated homes of our modern Troy, Lee was still the wise leader and counselor in restoring the fallen fortunes of our common country. Of the men who followed his lead, shared his fortunes, and suffered in his defeat, history will take due account in the years to come. It is our pleasant privilege to talk of that regiment to which we all belonged and which formed no inconsiderable part of the Army of Northern Virginia—the 5th Virginia Cavalry.

This regiment of ten companies was first organized at Green's Farm, near Richmond, Va., in May, 1862, though several of the companies—A, E, and F, at least—had seen service, Companies A and E being organized several years before the commencement of the war. They were present at the battle of Bethel, June 10, 1861, nearly a year before the organization of the 5th Virginia Cavalry. Company F was organized in May, 1861.

The regiment, under Lieut. Col. H. C. Pate, moved down on the Nine-Mile Road some days before the battle of Seven Pines, May 31, 1862. Gen. T. L. Rosser, a graduate of West Point, and lieutenant in the Washington Artillery, of New Orleans, was made colonel of the same. The officers were as follows: Colonel, T. L. Rosser; Lieutenant Colonel, H. C. Pate; Major, Thomas Eells; Adjutant, Willie Abell; Company A, Captain Puller; Company B, Captain Windsor; Company C, Captain Wilson; Company D, Captain Bullock; Company E, Captain Todd; Company F, Captain Miller; Company G, Captain Clay; Company H, Captain Allen; Company I, Captain Crank; Company K, Captain Pannill.

Only one of these officers reached Appomattox, and he had been several times wounded and promoted to another command. All of the others save three were killed, and they had left the regiment and had been wounded.

The regiment numbered probably seven hundred men. In the battle of Seven Pines and the Seven Days' battles around Richmond the regiment did scouting and picket duty, and saw hard service. It acted as advance guard for Gen. Stonewall Jackson in his advance to attack McClellan's right at Gaines's Mill. The regiment marched with the army to Second Manassas, at which battle it was placed on the right, and lost sev-

eral men; thence to Maryland, and in the several cavalry fights preceding Sharpsburg it took part. In that battle the regiment was on the Confederate left, and supported, with others, a battery of artillery, losing several men. On the retirement of General Lee's army on the second night after the battle the regiment, owing to the darkness, rode over many dead and wounded men who had not been removed from the battlefield.

By easy stages the army marched to Winchester, whence, after resting, it marched to Fredericksburg to oppose General Burnside, the new commander of the Federal army. In the battle here on December 13, 1862, our regiment was present, though not actively engaged.

The winter of 1862 was spent in watching and picketing General Lee's left flank, the regiment camping a portion of the time near Culpeper. From this camp early on the morning of the 17th of March, 1863, the regiment, with the balance of Fitz Lee's men, was hurried down to Kelly's Ford, on the Rappahannock River, to repel a large force of Yankee cavalry who were crossing there. After a very severe fight, the enemy were driven back across the river; but in the engagement the regiment lost several men killed, among them Lieutenant Colonel Puller. Here also Major Pelham, of the Stuart Horse Artillery, while leading a cavalry charge was killed.

In the battle of Chancellorsville, which occurred soon afterwards, the 5th Regiment accompanied General Jackson on his famous flank movement against General Hooker's right, and was very near General Jackson when he was wounded. It took an active part in this fight and in the fights which followed.

From Chancellorsville the regiment accompanied the army to Pennsylvania. At Aldie, Loudoun County, Va., the 5th Regiment had a very severe and disastrous fight, losing many men, including Lieutenant Boston, of Company I, who was taken prisoner, and who was afterwards colonel of the regiment. In the march to Gettysburg and in the battle and subsequent events the 5th Regiment bore an honorable part, acting as rear guard for the army on its return to Virginia.

The fall and winter of 1863 was spent in Culpeper, Orange, and Madison Counties, guarding General Lee's flanks. Many stirring events cannot be mentioned here, as we must hurry on to that most terrific campaign which commenced about May 4, 1864, and did not let up, so far as the cavalry was concerned, until the end was reached at Appomattox.

Advancing with Lee's army into the Wilderness on May 5, 1864, the regiment came first into contact with the Yankees on the Plank Road on our right, near Todd's Tavern. On the morning of May 6, Longstreet having just arrived when he was sorely needed, the battle was joined, and from the Plank Road to pike and pike to the Plank Road the contending legions wrestled in a fierce death grapple. Longstreet in the midst of a successful flank movement was shot down.

Gordon on the pike had made a successful flank movement, capturing many prisoners, until dark.

The cavalry were interposed along the Brock Road to check the Yankee advance toward Spottsylvania C. H., which they successfully did, though opposed by heavy masses of infantry and Sheridan's cavalry, yet our losses were severe. The cavalry slowly retired from Todd's Tavern toward Spottsylvania C. H., and when near the latter their places were taken by the infantry.

On May 9, Sheridan's men having passed our flank on their raid toward Richmond, the cavalry, under General Stuart, started in pursuit, and had many combats with Sheridan's

rear guard until overtaken near Yellow Tavern, about eight miles from Richmond, on the 11th of May, 1864. There occurred the severest and probably the most disastrous fight, so far as our regiment was concerned, that took place during the war.

Sheridan, finding that he would be unable to enter Richmond on account of several brigades of infantry guarding the city, turned back upon our cavalry with his overwhelming force.

In the hasty arrangement of our lines to meet them the 5th Regiment occupied the left, and after changing position once or twice was finally massed in a cut in the road about a mile or so beyond Yellow Tavern with orders to hold the same at all hazards. Here were killed Colonel Pate, Captains Wilson, Fox, and Clay, and many men. General Stuart, when he saw from a short distance the gallant defense that the regiment was making, sent Colonel Garnett, of his staff, to Colonel Pate to renew his request to hold the position. This was not more than one or two minutes before he was killed, so Colonel Garnett himself said. When Colonel Pate fell, shot through the head, General Stuart, seeing him fall, said to those about him: "Pate has died the death of a hero."

Were they not all heroes in that fiery ordeal, whether they suffered cruel death or whether they escaped to tell the story? Unable to hold the position and with so many officers and men either killed or wounded, the remainder of the regiment retreated in disorder across a wide field in the rear of their position.

General Stuart's left, being thus turned and pressed heavily in front, also fell back a short distance, when he was again charged by a mounted force of Yankees, who, though successful for a while, were finally driven back. In this charge General Stuart was mortally wounded, and died the next day, May 12, 1864.

The losses in the regiment are estimated at from one hundred and fifty to two hundred men altogether in killed, wounded, and prisoners—about one-half of our number.

Sheridan moved eastward with his command; and after some fighting at Meadow Bridges, he crossed the Chickahominy River lower down at Bottom's Bridge and marched to Haxall's Landing, on James River, our command following him some ten or twelve miles east of Richmond on the Darbytown Road. Returning to the army at Hanover Junction, the cavalry moved by the right flank and took part in all the engagements up to and including the battle of Cold Harbor, where the regiment was again heavily engaged and met with considerable loss, and indeed was relieved just in time to avoid capture in the fierce battle of June 3, 1864. After remaining here a few days and watching Sheridan, it was learned that he was on the move toward Gordonsville with his large force of cavalry.

Starting at once, the command marched toward Trevillian's Station to meet this new movement, where on the 11th and 12th of June, after heavy fighting and severe losses on both sides, Sheridan was driven back or retreated across the North Anna River at Carpenter's Ford. He then fell back to the White House, marching from that place to cross the James River on the pontoon bridge at Bermuda Hundred. Sending a portion of his force under Gregg to St. Mary's Church, in Charles City County, to protect his trains during the crossing of the river, they met Gen. Fitz Lee and General Hampton, and after a stubborn fight retreated in confusion, and were pursued nearly to Charles City Courthouse.

Sheridan's men disappeared from our front; and having

crossed the James River, our command crossed also at Drury's Bluff and marched through Petersburg to Reams Station, and there met and utterly defeated a large force of Yankee cavalry under Wilson. They had been on a raid against the railroads on the south side and were returning with a great many negroes, men, women, and children, whom they were carrying off, together with much stolen loot, most of which was retaken, with nearly one thousand negroes, many of them mothers with babies in their arms. I was told by a member of my company that some of the Yankee officers when marched as prisoners to Petersburg with the negro women were made to carry their babies in their arms as a punishment.

On this battlefield we camped during the hot month of July, picketing in Prince George County and scouting occasionally. In the last days of the month we were hurriedly marched through Petersburg and across James River at Chaffin's Bluff to meet an attack at Fussell's Mill. The Yankees, having succeeded in drawing a large force of our men to the north side of James River, rushed their men back to Petersburg and blew up the Crater before we could get many of our men back, yet it resulted in great loss to themselves.

About the 1st of August, 1864, we had welcome news that we were going to the Valley of Virginia, and, together with Kershaw's Division of infantry, our division of cavalry started. To those who had been campaigning in the swamps of the Chickahominy and James River and along the fearfully dusty roads about Richmond and Petersburg this news was most agreeable.

After a long march to Winchester to join General Early and an advance to the vicinity of Harper's Ferry and return, during which occurred some sharp cavalry fighting, we came to the battle of Winchester, September 19. Placed on the Martinsburg Road on the Confederate left, the regiment was severely engaged all day, and lost many men. Among them two of my own company were killed, one a noble boy and formerly my messmate.

As the sun was slowly approaching the horizon the last Confederate army ever in Winchester passed out. Retreating in good order before overwhelming odds of four to one, our division marched up the Page Valley.

At Luray on the 24th of September, five days after the battle of Winchester, our little brigade was turned about and marched back several miles to meet the enemy, who were pushing on behind. In this combat our regiment suffered heavily, losing many men, one of my own company being killed and another left for dead behind a pile of rails. Many were taken prisoners, one escaping through refuge up a chimney. Our adjutant was also killed, and indeed few were left.

We received reinforcements at Bridgewater after a long, tiresome, and circuitous march. We advanced again, and Sheridan began to retreat, burning mills, barns, grain, and in many instances dwelling houses, creating scenes of desolation and distress.

Pressing on, we had many combats with the rear guard and saw many houses in flames and homeless women and children in tears. Stopping on the banks of Linville Creek to rest for a few minutes, we saw White's Battalion of Rosser's Brigade engaged in the pleasant diversion of shooting prisoners caught in the act of burning houses. In a running fight with Custer's rear guard we pressed them so closely that they dropped many chickens which they had stolen from the farmers along the road.

Still pursuing them the next day, we drove them across

Toms Creek beyond their infantry support on another road. In this affair Captain Brown, of Company A, was badly wounded. The next day they turned on us in overwhelming odds and drove us in confusion from the field with severe loss. About ten days afterwards we were at Strasburg on picket, and then advanced in front of Gordon in his memorable night attack at Cedar Creek, October 19, 1864, where we drove the enemy from their camp down to and below Middletown, capturing many prisoners and much camp equipment, including General Sheridan's servant and milch cow and General Emory's horses. Owing to our failure to push the pursuit, the Yankees rallied and came against us with such force that we were driven from the field. We lost some good men, among them the last survivor of two brothers, whose sad face I recall, killed in the early morning while entering the enemy's camp.

Retiring from the field of battle, we marched to New Market, some thirty miles distant, where we rested and recruited for some days; and on November 10, 1864, we returned to face Sheridan at Newtown, six miles below the battlefield of Cedar Creek, and to offer him battle again, which was not accepted. In a cavalry charge in the streets of Newtown one of our men was killed, if not more, and a score or more were wounded or captured of the other cavalry regiments. The Yankees declining a general engagement, the next day we returned to our camp, near New Market. This last-mentioned movement of the Army of the Shenandoah may be said to have terminated the Valley campaign, so far as the infantry was concerned, it now being the middle of November and extremely cold.

For us, however, it was not so. General Payne, our brigadier, in a letter to me stated: "The cavalry were always under fire. Their life was a battle and a march never ending. I have a memorandum showing that from the battle of Winchester Fitz Lee's Division was for twenty-seven consecutive days engaged with the Yankees, and at every roll call there were some missing. When we were lucky enough to capture some form of spirits, we would sing:

'Stand to your glasses steady,
'Tis all we've left to prize;
Here's to the dead already,
Hurrah for the next man who dies!'

We sang to lighten our hearts before bowing and walking beyond the stars." Brave, thrice-wounded old hero! May the clouds rest lightly and the grass be ever green upon your grave!

What member of the 5th Cavalry can ever forget the severe winter of 1864? Passing over an advance of Yankee cavalry to Mount Jackson, which was driven back, General Rosser with his own and our brigade crossed over the mountains into Hardy County and, aided by the blue overcoats taken from the enemy, rode into the post of New Creek and captured eight hundred prisoners, many horses, four pieces of artillery, and large quantities of supplies and brought them off safely.

Soon after the return from this trip our camp near New Market was broken up, and the brigade moved to Swoope's Depot, near Staunton, all of the infantry except about one thousand or twelve hundred men being sent to General Lee at Richmond. The Yankee cavalry under Custer advancing again, our two little brigades left camp and rode through snow and biting cold to meet them, which was done at Lacy Springs after a march of forty miles, rudely breaking in upon their slumbers in the wee small hours of early dawn and starting them upon their hasty retreat.

Passing by a trip to Beverly and the capture of five hundred prisoners, a hasty summons started us on a march through drifting snows across the Blue Ridge to meet a raid on Gordonsville. This was driven off before we could arrive. Near Charlottesville we were turned back to the Valley.

Stopping near Waynesboro long enough to eat a Christmas dinner in the woods, we marched again through deeper snow to Lexington, and camped some miles out of the same, spending the month of January in nightly raids among the bleak mountains, arresting deserters from General Lee's army.

On February 1 we started on a march of two hundred miles to join General Lee at Richmond, who was sadly in need of troops. Arriving at Richmond, we camped near New Bridge Church, on the Nine-Mile Road, and picketed the various roads from the east at Bottom's, Crouch, and Grapevine bridges. Here our lonely vigils were kept amid hooting owls, whose performances were surprising.

From these delightful diversions we were soon summoned to the protection of the High Bridge near Farmville, Va., from the ubiquitous Sheridan. As he was unable to pass the James River on this march from Winchester, he could not get to the bridge; so he continued on his raid on the north side of the river until near Richmond, when, making a wide detour by Ashland, he then crossed the Pamunkey River, and so passed in behind General Grant's lines in front of Richmond. We returned to our camp on the Nine-Mile Road and to our *tete-a-tetes* with the owls of the Chickahominy, so suddenly interrupted.

But we remained here only a few days, as we soon received a hasty summons to march to General Lee's right beyond Petersburg. Placed on the left of the infantry at Five Forks, the regiment suffered severely, and had many men captured in this disastrous battle, from which began the sad retreat to Appomattox. At the High Bridge we lost our second colonel killed on the field of battle, the gallant R. B. Boston, a soldier without fear and without reproach.

The end was now evidently near at hand, yet the faithful few held on; and finally reaching Appomattox, the remnant of the Army of Northern Virginia, surrounded by countless foes and unable to pierce the living walls of blue confronting them, on April 9, 1865, ceased to exist, surrendering to overwhelming numbers and resources.

Little remains to be said. Wrenching their battle-marked flag from its staff, the survivors of the 5th Virginia Cavalry and those of that grand army whose blood had been mingled with their own on many fields with heavy hearts turned their faces toward their desolated homes to bind up bleeding wounds, to hush the orphan's wail, the widow's mourn, and to resume again the peaceful avocations of life. * * *

Sons of the South, they battled fiercely and long for the land of their birth. They marched through heat and cold, through storm and shine, to prison, wounds, and death, till scarcely a corporal's guard was left. They sleep on a hundred fields of mortal strife in the bosom of mother earth, from the summit of the everlasting hills to the spreading sands of the ocean; some amid scenes they loved so well, some in unknown graves; some in far-away prisons found a yawning sepulcher, and there sleep the sleep that knows no waking, and some in graves kept green by loving woman's hands and watered by her tears. "They did not achieve success. They did more: they deserved it." Virginia owes you a debt of gratitude she can never repay.

HOW BEES SAVED SITTING HENS.

BY H. C. CHAPPELL (CO. E, 25TH VA. BAT.).

My father lived ten miles west of Amelia Courthouse. General Griffin's 5th Corps and some of Sheridan's cavalry in passing his home took all the fine horses, also other stock and all the bacon, and everything, in fact, they could find of use to them, and many things they did not need. My mother had a good many chickens in the yard, which they got; but there were ten in the henhouse on nests with eggs under them. The beehives were very close by. They tackled the bees. Soon every Yank quit the place. My father was standing on the porch when one fellow, tormented with the bees, said: "Old man, what must I do?" He told him to slap the spurs to the horse, and he did; but the horse was covered with bees.

While catching chickens one of the Yankees lost a new shaving brush, which I have used ever since. I reached home from Point Lookout, Md. 1 and a younger brother passed in three miles of home the same day, April 6. I was captured and he was killed at Sailor Creek. My older brother, Maj. A. M. Chappell, was wounded in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. He lived to be seventy-nine years old, and died about two years ago. General Grant's army did not commit the lawless things that Sherman's did. Most of Grant's army passed through my county.

Everything was quiet when I got home from prison, about the middle of June. Most of my father's negroes went to work on the farm and made a good crop. I rested until the next year, then went to work on the farm.

BACKING, BUT GRITLESS.

WRITTEN BY ONE OF M'CLELLAN'S MEN NEAR RICHMOND.

We have the navy, we have the men,
We're bound to go to Richmond and storm the Rebel den.

We'll flank them on the North, we'll shell them on the South,
We'll storm them in the center, and run the Rebels out.

About the 1st of June the balls began to fly,
The Yankees wheeled about, and changed their battle cry.

Lee was in the center, Jackson in the rear;
On the right and left did the noble Hills appear;

Longstreet we had to travel; a Branch we had to cross;
Magruder was about to give the Yankees Goss.

Virginia is a-coming with her death-dealing steel;
Georgia comes a-charging through the swamps and the field;

The Palmetto Rebels, look! are now on the trail;
The North Carolina devils will ride us on a rail;

The Alabama Rebels are bound to win or die,
And the Mississippi rifles! fly, boys, fly!

Louisiana legions, Butler is the cry;
Texas bloody rangers! fly, boys, fly!

Florida is a-hunting all through the bush;
O the Rebels are in earnest; push, boys, push!

Never mind your knapsack, never mind your gun,
Fighting with the Rebels is anything but fun.

A farm they have promised, and to each man a slave;
We'd better skedaddle, or we'll soon find a grave.

Be quick away from Richmond with the rising sun;
Come faster, down aboard the gunboats run, boys, run.

Have you interested your neighbor in the VETERAN?

GEN. J. E. B. STUART'S LAST BATTLE.

BY FRANK DORSEY, BALTIMORE, MD.

From time to time there have appeared in various papers and magazines accounts of the wounding of Maj. Gen. J. E. B. Stuart at Yellow Tavern May 11, 1864, these accounts placing him in different parts of the field while leading different commands and doing different things, and of what he said to the many different men who helped him when wounded. Without trying to account for these many statements, I will give you as briefly as possible a true account of that great calamity to the South—the mortal wounding of "Jeb" Stuart.

Late on the morning of May 11, 1864, General Stuart reached Yellow Tavern with Fitz Lee's Division (Lomax's and Wickham's Brigades), numbering about twenty-four hundred men, with ten guns, horse artillery, consisting of one section of Hart's South Carolina Battery, Breathed's Battery (four guns), and the 2d Maryland Battery (four guns)—all commanded by the famous Maj. Jim Breathed, of whom gallant Tom Munford, the usual commander of Wickham's Brigade, said: "He was as brave an officer and the hardest-fighting soldier that the war produced."

General Stuart posted his command with Lomax on the left and Wickham on the right, the two brigades forming an obtuse angle, with an interval of about two hundred yards between Lomax and the prolongation of Wickham's lines, both brigades facing the advance of Sheridan, who was approaching from the northwest by the Mountain or "Three Notch" road.

The Yankee cavalry consisted of Torbett's Division, commanded by Brigadier General Merritt, with the brigades of Custer, Merritt, and Devins facing Lomax, and Wilson's Division, composed of McIntosh's and Chapman's Brigades, supported by Davies's Brigade of Gregg's Division, facing Wickham, with the usual proportion of horse artillery, the very best artillery in the Yankee army. This force, according to General Sheridan's report on May 14, 1864, after the Yellow Tavern and Meadow Bridge fights, still numbered twelve thousand men.

About 3 or 4 P.M. Custer with his brigade charged and captured one section of the Baltimore Light Artillery, which was unsupported on the left and in advance of Lomax. Chapman's Brigade charged at the same instant as Custer, and Lomax was broken and driven back, and it was after this charge that "Jeb" Stuart was wounded.

In that splendid work, "The Campaigns of Stuart's Cavalry," by Maj. H. B. McClelland, Stuart's chief of staff, there is an account of the mortal wounding of General Stuart as written by the author to Mrs. Stuart shortly after the General's death, which was published in Volume VII., "Southern Historical Society Papers." It states that General Stuart when wounded was caught and helped from his horse by Capt. Gus Dorsey, Company K, 1st Virginia Cavalry, and that while waiting for another horse General Stuart ordered Captain Dorsey to return to his command and drive back the enemy, although there was hardly a handful of men between that little group and the advancing enemy. This was old Troop K, commanded by Gus Dorsey. Lieut. Col. John Esten Cooke, of Stuart's staff, says: "Stuart reeled in his saddle, and would have fallen had he not been caught by Capt. Gus Dorsey." N. W. Harris, Company G, 1st Virginia Cavalry, much quoted for coolness and courage by B. B. Vaughan, one of G's best troopers, in his address on the cavalry campaign of May, 1864, before the A. P. Hill Camp in Petersburg, Va., said: "Our company was resting immediately on the telegraph

road, Troop K to our right. The Yanks were advancing along the road. Stuart was there and ordered Captain Hammond to charge with his squadron, which he did gallantly, and was killed. We were ordered to dismount, and the last words I ever heard from 'Old Jeb' were, 'Boys, don't stop to count fours. Shoot them! Shoot them!' and we did shoot them. We had an excellent position. There was a deep cut in the road with a good fence to the left and in front of us. The Yanks were charging with sabers and slashed at us over the fences, but we soon piled them up so as to completely blockade the road with dead horses and men. As soon as General Stuart saw we had blockaded the road and stopped their advance he rode off in the direction of Troop K, and that was the last I ever saw of him. I am sure Captain Dorsey will sustain me in the statement that there was not a member of Stuart's staff with him when he was shot, not even a courier."

Lieut. Col. Gus W. Dorsey, then captain of Troop K, 1st Virginia Cavalry, says: "I was stationed on the right of our line near the telegraph road with my company (K), numbering about seventy men dismounted, and the first I knew of our troops being whipped and driven back on the left was when General Stuart came down to my position to order me back, and just as he rode up to the company the Yanks charged. He halted a moment and encouraged the men with the words (his saber above his head): 'Bully for old K. Give it to them, boys!' And just as K had repulsed them he was shot through the stomach, reeled on his horse, and said, 'I am shot,' and then said, 'Dorsey, save your men!' I caught him and took him from his horse. He insisted that I should leave him and save my men. I told him we would take him with us; and calling Corporal Robert Bruce and Private Charley Wheatley, we sent him to the rear. No other troops were near General Stuart when he was shot that I saw. When we were in those heated battles, a fellow had not much time to look around."

M. J. Billmyer, the gallant captain of Company F, 1st Virginia Cavalry, Shepherdstown, W. Va., says: "I was on the extreme left of the 1st Virginia (main body), K about one hundred and fifty yards to our left."

W. S. Purnell, Company K, who when captured escaped from Fort McHenry, Baltimore, Md., back to K, says: "I distinctly remember that Captain Dorsey helped General Stuart from his horse when wounded, and that Fred L. Pitts's horse was used to carry General Stuart to the rear."

Fred Pitts says: "I am certain that when General Stuart joined us he was entirely alone. I saw him speak to Captain Dorsey, and then lost sight of him for a few minutes on account of a little trouble we were having with the people in front of us. It was a pretty hot place. I saw him reel in his saddle, and heard him tell Captain Dorsey he was hit or wounded. He either dismounted himself or was taken down by Captain Dorsey, and for a few moments was left on the ground. It was evident we could hold the position only a few moments, and Captain Dorsey directed me to get my horse for General Stuart to ride, because he was a quiet animal, and for me to ride the General's, which had become very restive, and ordered us to hurry to the rear while he held the position to enable us to get away. I remember meeting the ambulance just as we got to the main road; but at that moment we repelled a charge of cavalry, and the ambulance people got away with General Stuart. Our gallant old Captain Dorsey, our beau ideal of a dashing cavalryman, was the finest soldier I ever saw. But for his prompt and gallant action we could

not have gotten General Stuart away, and I believe that to accomplish this he would have held his position as long as he had a man left."

By an order from our War Department August 6, 1864, Troop K, all Marylanders, was transferred from the 1st Virginia Cavalry to the 1st Maryland Cavalry, of which Gus W. Dorsey was made lieutenant commanding.

On April 9 the "Old Brigade" was composed of the 1st Maryland and the 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th Virginia Cavalry. It was the brigade that cut its way through the Yanks at Appomattox, and was disbanded by Brig. Gen. Thomas T. Munford, Virginia's greatest living soldier, April 28, 1865, because of Gen. Joe Johnston's surrender on the 26th.



LIEUT. COL. G. W. DORSEY.

Gustavus W. Dorsey was of that prominent Maryland family, forty of whom wore the gray, all descendants of Edward Dorsey, who settled on a grant of land, "Shepbush," in 1642. He was private, first sergeant Company K, 1st Squadron Sharpshooters, 1st Virginia Cavalry, first lieutenant May 5, 1862. Led K in every fight and on every raid after that date; captain July, 1863. At Yellow Tavern May 11, 1864, caught and helped General Stuart from his horse and sent him to the rear while he held the Yankees in check. On August 6, 1864, order from Secretary of War transferred him and his company, all Marylanders, from 1st Regiment Virginia Cavalry to 1st Maryland Battalion of Cavalry, of which he, though the junior captain, was made lieutenant colonel. On April 9, 1865, as part of Munford's Brigade, made the last charge for Army of Northern Virginia. Disbanded his battalion, the last organized part of Gen. R. E. Lee's army, after receiving Gen. Tom Munford's letter, dated Cloverdale, Va., April 28, 1865. Was never paroled and has never taken the oath.

"The War Records," Series I., V., Volume III., page 572, reports in Special Orders No. 185 from Richmond Captain Dorsey and his company's transfer to the 1st Battalion Maryland Cavalry.

GRANT AS "THE SOUTH'S FRIEND."

BY FRANK DORSEY, BALTIMORE, MD.

Southern speakers and writers of prose and poetry almost invariably mention Sherman, Sheridan, and Hunter as brutes and vandals; while Grant, who issued the orders for all that brutality and vandalism which as soldiers they were compelled to obey, was "the South's friend." The sort of love Grant had for the South is clearly set forth in the following extracts from orders and reports that cannot be disputed as well as the fact that Grant as long as he was President kept the South with the Yankee bayonet under the rule of the negro, the carpthagger, and the scalawag (the native Southern white now known as an independent or reformer).

"HEADQUARTERS IN THE FIELD, MONOCACY RIDGE, MD.

August 5, 1864.

"Maj. Gen. D. Hunter, Commanding Department of West Virginia: In pushing up the Shenandoah Valley, as it is expected you will have to go first or last, it is desirable that nothing should be left to invite the enemy to return. Take all provisions, forage, and stock wanted for your command; such as cannot be consumed destroy.

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant General."

"CITY POINT, August 16, 1864, 1:30 P.M.

"Major General Sheridan, Commanding District Winchester, Va.: When any of Mosby's men are caught, hang them without trial.

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant General."

"CITY POINT, August 26, 1864, 2:30 P.M.

"Major General Sheridan, Halltown, Va.: Do all the damage to railroads and crops that you can. Carry off stock of all descriptions and negroes, so as to prevent further planting. If the war is to last another year, we want the Shenandoah Valley to remain a barren waste.

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant General."

"CITY POINT, July 14, 1864.

"Major General Halleck, Washington, D. C.: If the enemy has left Maryland, as I suppose he has, he should have upon his heels veterans, militiamen, men on horseback, and everything that can be got to follow to eat out Virginia clear and clean as far as they go, so that crows flying over it for the balance of this season will have to carry their provender with them.

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant General."

That remark about the crows is always erroneously attributed to Sheridan.

"CITY POINT, July 15, 1864.

"Major General Halleck, Washington, D. C.: If Hunter cannot get to Gordonsville and Charlottesville to cut the railroad, he should make all the valley south of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad a desert as high up as possible.

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant General."

The above order was sent by Halleck to Hunter on July 17.

"HEADQUARTERS MIDDLE MILITARY DIVISION, HARRISONBURG, Sept. 28, 1864, 10:30 P.M.

"Brig. Gen. W. Merritt, Commanding 1st Cavalry Division—General: The major general commanding directed that you leave a small force to watch Swift Run and Brown's Gap, and with the balance of your own and Custer's Division to swing around through or near Piedmont, extending toward and as near Staunton as possible. Destroy all mills, all grain, and all forage you can, and drive off or kill all stock, and otherwise carry out the instructions of Lieutenant General

Grant, an extract of which is sent you and which means 'leave the valley a barren waste.'

JAMES W. FORSYTH,

Lieut. Col. and Chief of Staff to General Sheridan."

"HARRISONBURG, Sept. 29, 1864, 7:30 P.M.

"*Lieutenant General Grant, City Point:* Torbett retired via Staunton, destroying according to your original instructions to me. This morning I sent around Merritt's and Custer's Divisions via Piedmont to burn grain, etc., pursuant to your instructions.

P. H. SHERIDAN, *Major General."*

Note this letter well.

Brig. Gen. W. Merritt in his report styles his having to obey these brutal orders as "the far from agreeable duty for a soldier to perform." But Abraham Lincoln, the high saint of the New South, though President, never by word or action sought to check this devilish brutality, nor did he in any manner express the least disapproval of it; and never having done anything for the South while alive except freeing the negroes with every prospect of bringing on all the horrors of a servile war, thus forcing our men from the front to protect their defenseless homes, he has of late years been lauded to the skies for what he would have done for the South had he not been killed. Phil Sheridan, the brute, was sat upon heavily by Dana and Halleck without a word of disapproval from that tender, merciful-hearted St. Abraham of the New South because he fed the starving people around Winchester, people whom Sheridan had been compelled to reduce to that state of misery by Grant's orders.

INQUIRIES BY AND ABOUT VETERANS.

J. L. Bufkin, of Buckatunna, Miss., makes inquiry for three comrades who were with him on vedette duty west of Atlanta in 1864 soon after a severe picket fight. He says: "We took our positions before day within a short distance of the enemy by a chestnut stump with sprout in an old field with no other trees near. The boys we relieved had dug out a hole there just large enough for the four to get into. As soon as day began to break we began firing into the enemy as they walked carelessly about, and they returned the fire from a rifle cannon posted near by. A shot soon struck the stump and literally tore it out, together with our temporary breastworks. We were then so exposed that we planned to vacate our hazardous position, which we did by crawling away as near the ground as a snake could get, except one of the boys, who ran out like a deer amid the shots and shouts of the enemy without being injured. I was lieutenant in command of the vedettes and last to get away. I think two of the boys were named Watts and belonged to Company B, 27th Mississippi Regiment. I was a member of Company H, of that regiment, Walthall's Brigade. I received seven wounds during my service, the last two at Jonesboro, Ga., August 31, 1864. After suffering with them for forty-four years, on the 26th of last May I had the left leg amputated just below the knee. Though I am now nearly sixty-seven years old, and have suffered these forty-four years with wounds and am now maimed for life, I have never regretted having been a Confederate soldier, because I still believe, as I did then, that we were in the right."

Capt. S. L. Crute writes from Roanoke, Va.: "Please aid me in locating some of the Tennessee comrades with whom I was associated during the war. In October, 1862, there was organized for special purposes by detail from the commands composing the Army of Northern Virginia a battalion of three companies, with headquarters at Rockbridge Alum Springs, Va. It was called Wright's Battalion in honor of Dr. Wright,

then in charge of the general hospital at the Rock Alum Springs. I belonged to Company A, and was elected first lieutenant by acclamation, and afterwards was brevetted captain. We did no fighting as a battalion, and were finally disbanded, the privates going back to their original commands and the officers going to any arm of the service they chose. I took a furlough of sixty days and went back to my original command. In this battalion there were many Tennesseans from Nashville, perhaps of the 1st Tennessee Regiment. I remember meeting Lieutenant Colonel Surveyor and Dr. Quintard, of that regiment, and the last I ever heard of Dr. Wright he and Dr. Quintard had traded libraries. Dr. Quintard was chaplain of the 1st Tennessee Regiment. Any survivors of Wright's Battalion will confer a favor by writing to me, as I wish to get in correspondence about this command."

Franklin Perrin, of Batesville, Ark., is anxious to procure copies of two old war songs, of which he can recall only fragments. Any subscriber who can do so will confer a favor by sending him these copies. One song begins thus:

"I'll sing you a song, and it won't detain you long.

Of the famous 'On to Richmond' double trouble;
Of the half a dozen trips and the half a dozen slips,
And the very latest bursting of the bubble.

Chorus.

O, O, O! Oe, Oe, O!

I tell you, boys, a better day is coming;
Then buckle on your cartridge box and shoulder up your gun,
And we'll fight for our happy land of Canaan."

The other song is something like this:

"First McDowell, bold and gay, set forth the shortest way,
By Manassas, in the pleasant summer weather;
But he quickly went and ran
On a 'Stonewall,' foolish man,
And he had a rocky journey altogether."

SENTIMENT OF OUR BELOVED WOMEN.

The venerable Mrs. Thomas S. Boccock writes from the Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, Va.: "For six or seven years I have subscribed for the VETERAN, and feel that I must see it as soon as it comes from the press. I often wonder how Confederates can get on without it. Our editor deserves genuine thanks and positive support for this noble work. As true Confederates, send for the VETERAN." Mrs. Boccock as Director of Virginia for the Arlington Confederate monument, it may be seen, is doing much valuable work.

Mrs. Belle McLaurin Knapp, President R. E. Lee Chapter, Bolton, Miss., writes of the suggestion to build a monument at Franklin, Tenn., by both the North and the South, which is cordially approved by that Chapter. She says: "They who fought and died there were brave men, giving their lives for what they thought right. Gen. H. B. Granbury was a much-loved cousin of mine, and a braver soldier than he never lived. He was born in Mississippi; but his father moved to Texas before he was grown, and it was from that State that he went into the Confederate army and gave his life for the South. We also heartily approve of the plan to purchase the birthplace of our beloved President, Jefferson Davis, and think the idea of a home for the widows of the old soldiers a most excellent one, and will do all that we can to aid in this good cause. We are sending a very little now, but hope to do more later on."

MEMORIES OF MORGAN'S CHRISTMAS RAID.

BY REV. J. W. CUNNINGHAM, ST. LOUIS, MO.

In reading the names of a committee of men appointed in connection with the CONFEDERATE VETERAN movement for a Jefferson Davis Home Memorial, I came to the name of Basil Duke. It awakened memories of the first and only time I ever saw him. I have yielded to an impulse to commence the writing of what may follow concerning that occasion. Then I was thirty-eight and a half years old; now I am eighty-four and a half, and my octogenarian fingers manipulate the keys of an old-time Remington Typewriter in putting my memories in print for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. I lived then (December, 1862) in Bloomfield, Ky., twelve miles from Bardstown and forty miles from Louisville.

My horse that I had used for a while in "riding the circuit" of a Methodist preacher was dead, and I borrowed one of Mrs. Berkley, the wife of a physician, who was down South with the Confederates, and I rode over to Bardstown. At noon I was at the dining table of Dr. Gus Cox and family. A young man servant came in and said: "The roar of cannon is heard in the distance." All at the dinner table went out on the porch, where we listened. Dr. Cox said: "That sound is made about the crossing of the Rolling Fork of Salt River." We had heard of the coming of "Morgan's men," and our conclusion was that the roar of cannon meant a conflict between Morgan's riders and a body of Union soldiers. Subsequent information was to the effect that Morgan's men had been attacked by a force of Union troops under Colonel Harlan, now and for a long time a judge in the Supreme Court of the United States. I spent the afternoon and night in Bardstown, the guest of Dr. Cox.

About dark Morgan's men began to throng the streets. Among the arrivals was Brig. Gen. Basil Duke, of Morgan's Division of Cavalry. He had been wounded in the short battle whose cannon's roar we had heard. It was necessary for him to be helped by others into the hall of Dr. Cox's two-story brick house and up the stairway to the north end room, where he was laid on a thick pallet on the floor. Dr. Thomas Allen (a citizen of Taylorsville, twenty miles away, where he had a wife and children, a surgeon in Morgan's army of bold riders) attended General Duke. I stood by and witnessed the treatment of the distinguished patient. The wound was on the right side of the head; and when the doctor had washed the blood from it and the neck and dried them, I was invited to examine a cannon's work. The wound was supposed to have been made by a small piece of bursted shell of a small cannon. I knelt at the back of the wounded man, and, bending over a little, I had a distinct view of the wound. A piece of the skin and bone behind the ear were gone. If the direction of the flying bit of shell had been directly from the right of the victim, it would have passed through the lower part of the head and death would have been instantaneous. As I bent over the prostrate warrior and looked at his wound he said to me in a somewhat cheerful tone: "That was a pretty close call." He did not complain or in any way indicate that his wound was a very painful one. That night in an adjoining room (I was the bedfellow of Dr. Allen) the groaning that I occasionally heard during his wakeful moments was induced by severe neuralgic pains in the Doctor's face.

The next morning I went over early to look after my horse at a neighboring livery stable. My horse was gone and a black three-year-old filly had been left in his place. I went to a neighboring hotel, where I saw General Morgan on the

sidewalk. His outer garments were a roundabout and pants of greenish-looking woolen goods. On his head was a black low-crowned soft hat with broad brim. In that simple equipment he was a splendid-looking man. I introduced myself and told him that my horse, belonging to the wife of a doctor with the Confederates in the South, had been taken by one of his men. He promptly said: "You shall have your horse if he can be found. Go out on the Springfield Pike to a large white house on the left in the rear of which General Duke's command has been encamped. Wait there till our men are on the move. If you discover your horse, tell the rider you have my command for his surrender. If he refuse, procure his detention if you can till I arrive, and the horse shall be returned to you." I went to the livery stable, and was soon on the public square astride a black nickering three-year-old animal. What made it "nicker" was the sight of its master, a farmer mounted on its mother. Morgan's men had passed the farmer's premises on the march after the battle of the Rolling Fork, and one of the men pressed the black colt into the service of the Confederacy, and in the livery stable swapped it for my borrowed horse. The owner of the colt saluted me as a man of war with the words: "How do you like the colt, Captain?" We agreed to the proposition I made; that I should ride the colt out on the line of march, and when I recovered my horse the colt should be returned to him.

I left the courthouse square thronged with mounted warriors and rode out the Springfield Pike two miles, when I came in front of the aforementioned white house, and there was my horse hitched to a post near the gate to the front yard. At the same time a young soldier in gray came out and approached the horse. I said: "Halt! That is my horse, and I have the order for his restoration to me from General Morgan." He did not halt, but mounted the horse, galloped round the yard fence, and down a hill. I rode slowly after him and saw him halt in front of a few soldiers by a camp fire. He was there for a minute, and then dashed over a hill and was out of sight. I hitched my horse close to the yard fence, walked down to the camp fire, and saluted the young men of war. I told them about my being on a search for a lost horse. They seemed to enjoy my dilemma and laughed heartily. I told them I had seen the rider of my horse halt before them. Again they laughed. I told of his flight over the hill beyond my sight. Then there was more fun for the men of war. One man looked familiar to me, and I ventured the opinion that I had seen him somewhere. Then they all laughed. I asked him where he was from. He said, "Jefferson County, Ky.," and that his father was one of the prominent physicians of that region. One man asked me to describe my lost horse. I did it as best I could amid merriment. One asked me: "Do you think you would know your horse if you should see him?" I replied: "I think I would." Then there was more humor. One said: "Look at the horse behind you and see if he looks anything like yours." I looked around, and there was my horse within six feet of me. Then there was a general uproar of laughter from the young men of war. I took another look at the son of the Jefferson County doctor and said: "You are the fellow that mounted my horse at the front gate." He confessed that he was. After I saw him halt at the camp fire he galloped over the little hill and was back with his companions before I reached them, and they were all ready for fun at my expense when I got there. I secured my horse and the farmer got his black colt.

After seven years I met a bridal party of several men and women on an Ohio River steamer. They were from Jefferson

County. I learned from one of them that he was a son of Dr. —, had been a soldier in Morgan's command, was in General Duke's Brigade, and at Bardstown in the Christmas raid. Then I said to him in a spirit of pleasantry: "And you are the fellow that stole my horse." I related the facts to his friends, and the laugh was in my favor and at his expense. Possibly he is yet living and may read this narrative.

THE CATRONS IN CONFEDERATE SERVICE.

The Catron family, one of the oldest in the State of Missouri, recently held a reunion in West Plains, Mo., at the home of Gen. O. H. P. Catron. There were present four brothers, all of whom served in the Confederate army, one brother-in-law, who also served the Confederacy, two sisters and their stepmother. This was their first meeting in forty years. The brothers and sisters composing the party and their ages follow: W. J. Catron, 75, Kansas City; C. C. Catron, 73, Carthage, Mo.; R. S. Catron, 69, Butler, Mo.; O. H. P. Catron, 66, West Plains, Mo.; Mrs. George B. Fletcher, 64, Higginsville, Mo.; Mrs. W. D. Brown, 43, Richmond, Mo. Mrs. L. C. Catron, their stepmother, eighty years old, who makes her home with her daughter, Mrs. Brown, also was present.

Christopher Catron, grandfather of the Catron brothers, was born and married in Wythe County, Va. He was a cousin of Chief Justice John Catron. He moved to White County, Tenn., where in 1810 Stephen Catron, father of the Catron brothers, was born. In 1818 they moved to the Territory of Missouri and settled in the fertile country near where Lexington, Mo., now stands. There Stephen Catron grew to manhood. In 1833 he was married to Miss Elizabeth B. Smith, who bore him six children. She died in 1847, and three years later he married Miss Lavinia C. Hill, who bore him four children.

All four of the Catron brothers and their brother-in-law, George B. Fletcher, served in the Confederate army. W. J. Catron, O. H. P. Catron, and George B. Fletcher enlisted in 1861 in the Missouri State Guard. In 1862 C. C. Catron, R. S. Catron, O. H. P. Catron, and George B. Fletcher enlisted for the war in Company C, Gordon's Regiment of Shelby's Cavalry Brigade, and served until the close of the war, surrendering at Shreveport, La., June 16, 1865. W. J. Catron enlisted in 1862 in the 6th Missouri Infantry, Cockrell's Brigade, and served until the close of the war, surrendering at Mobile, Ala. When the war closed, C. C. Catron was major and assistant commissary on General Shelby's staff, O. H. P. Catron was lieutenant in Company C, Gordon's Regiment, and R. S. Catron was brigade ensign. C. C. Catron is now Adjutant General and Chief of Staff to General Halliburton, commanding the Missouri Division, U. C. V., and O. H. P. Catron is serving his second term as Commander of the Eastern Brigade, Missouri Division, U. C. V.

Gen. O. H. P. Catron was one of the first promoters of the Confederate Home in Missouri, located at Higginsville, Mo. He gave largely of his time and money for the establishment and support of the Home, and was one of the Vice Presidents until the Home was turned over to the State. All of the Catron brothers are stalwart Democrats, and have taken part in many political as well as army battles. They have many descendants, and the family is well known in Missouri.

RIGHT OBSERVANCE OF RULES AT REUNIONS.

Henry Dillard, of Company E, 31st Georgia Regiment, writes from Yellow Pine, La., a complaint that at the Birmingham Reunion he went to headquarters to register and get a badge, and was told that he must go to his camp "commander," now dead, as are most of the others of his camp. He refers to the Commander in Chief, General Evans, and to Capt. "Tip" Harrison, of Atlanta. This complaint is noticed herein not only for Comrade Dillard's benefit, but for all others who may have been inconvenienced in such way on such occasions. Of course in the declining days of Confederates much laxity should be exercised. Comrade Dillard wants to be assured that all members are faithful men; and it is impossible



GEORGE B. FLETCHER. R. S. CATRON.
W. J. CATRON. C. C. CATRON. O. H. P. CATRON.

to know they are unless proper rules are observed. The safe plan to adopt is to learn the rules in advance and be prepared to conform to them. By ignoring this important suggestion embarrassment and unhappiness are likely to result. There is no organization in existence which meets more strictly to renew companionship than the Confederates, and every veteran ought to be prepared not only on his own behalf, but for all others, to conform to the rules of the organization.

JOHN BROWN AND HARPER'S FERRY.

PATRICK HIGGINS, IN AN EXCHANGE.

About the middle of March, 1858, "Capt. John Smith" came to Harper's Ferry and procured boarding accommodations over at Sandy Hook. I was at that time employed as a watchman on the old wooden bridge at the Ferry, and boarded also in Sandy Hook, a few doors from "Captain Smith." He told me he was a prospector who had come to Harper's Ferry in the hope of discovering valuable minerals in the surrounding mountains. He used to carry a pick with him, and would frequently take long strolls, and I remember upon two different occasions that he showed me manganese which he claimed to have obtained here, and also some silver which he likewise said he found in the vicinity.

The people of the locality were very much interested in

"Captain Smith's" pretended discovery, and he said he intended opening some mines. Later he rented the Kennedy farm, over on the Antietam road about six miles from Harper's Ferry, and said it was his aim to start at once on his mining venture. Shortly after moving into the Kennedy property he bought a horse and a small wagon, and pretty soon "Captain Smith" began receiving—almost daily—boxes from the depot, explaining that it was mining machinery. But from the length of those mysterious boxes I have since come to believe they contained the rifles, revolvers, etc., which he afterwards used in his attack on the arsenal.

During the summer a number of strangers came over the bridge and inquired whether I knew where a "John Smith" lived in the neighborhood and asked to be directed to his place. These men came at intervals of about a week, and, as I later learned, were the men who comprised "Captain Smith's" following in his attack on the arsenal. Historians have repeatedly written that the insurrection was created by negroes; but this is entirely incorrect, and there were not more than three negroes in the party. I personally saw the men who made the attack, and recognized nearly every one.

Employed with me in watching the old railroad bridge here at the Ferry was a man named William Williams, and we relieved each other at six-hour intervals. The railroad then had a time clock on the bridge, such as is in use in the large offices to-day, and we were required to register every thirty minutes. On Sunday night, October 16, 1859 (I remember it well), I was due to report at midnight; but Williams and I never quarreled with each other if one happened to be a few minutes late. On this night I arrived at the bridge at exactly 12:20, and was surprised to find that Williams wasn't there, and had not registered on the clock since 10:30. I immediately started back across the bridge in search of him, and was accosted on my way by two armed strangers, this being the first intimation I had of the siege. I was commanded by the men to "halt;" but, not being familiar with military life, didn't obey. After my failure to stop upon the second command, I was struck in the side by a bayonet and knocked almost unconscious by the blow. Regaining my feet, I asked the reason for their molestation and told them I was the watchman on the bridge. "Well," answered the man, whom I afterwards learned was John Brown's son, Oliver, "we will watch the bridge to-night. You come with us."

As we started back across the bridge I saw several long spears, and was almost frantic from fear. I struck young Brown a powerful blow with my fist, knocked him down, and made my escape. In those days I was a swift runner, and, scared as I was, I lost no time in getting back into the town.

The railroad company's agent at Harper's Ferry at that time was Fountain Beckham, who was also the Mayor of the town. He had a negro named Hayward Sheppard, whom he had freed some time before and employed around the station, and Sheppard slept in the building. After making my escape from the bridge I awoke the negro and told him what had taken place. I discovered that a bullet had slightly grazed my head, but proceeded to Williams's house to see if he had returned home. Mrs. Williams told me he had not.

About this time the Western express was due from Cincinnati, so I returned to the station. She was on time that night, I remember well, and reached the Ferry at 1:20. The conductor in charge of her was "Jake" Phillips, and I cautioned him not to cross the bridge with his train, as it had been besieged and such action would be dangerous. "Jake"

was a large and powerful man, a typical railroader of the time, who didn't know the meaning of the word "fear." He took his lantern and started over toward the bridge, asking me to join him. While I was terribly scared, I didn't want to be a coward, so went with him. We were fired at by the abolitionists, though I am convinced they merely wanted to scare us. The raiders commanded us to advance no farther, saying they wanted liberty and that it was only some negroes fighting for freedom.

Together Conductor Phillips and I returned to the station, and shortly afterwards Hayward Sheppard, the negro, ventured out, and was mortally wounded. In the meantime a farmer named Gist and his sons, who had been attending a religious meeting and were returning home by way of the bridge, were taken prisoners—the sons held and the father dispatched by "Captain Smith" to tell Phillips to proceed with the train. The message was not to molest the railroad or delay the United States mail. Still Phillips refused to move his train during the night, and it was not until after seven o'clock Monday morning, when "Captain Smith" himself had come and assured Phillips that no harm would befall the train, that it resumed its journey East.

The abolitionists held the arsenal all day Monday, October 17, and kept the village in a state of terror. On Monday afternoon the wounded negro, Sheppard, appeared to be dying, and pleaded with me to get him a drink of water. The poor fellow's sufferings were so agonizing that I started for the Shenandoah River with a pitcher. I was halted by a son-in-law of "Smith's" named Thompson, who, on learning my mission, bade me get the negro the water. As I returned from the river with the water Thompson said: "It serves the nigger right; and if he had taken our advice, he would not have been shot." From this I am certain the negro was asked to join in the uprising, which he likely declined and was threatened with death in the event he told.

On Tuesday, October 18, a company of United States marines from Washington, under command of Col. Robert E. Lee and Major Green, arrived at Sandy Hook by freight train over the Baltimore and Ohio and marched to the Ferry, prepared to take possession of the government arsenal. Major Green advanced toward the fort waving a white handkerchief, went inside, and had a consultation with the raiders. Returning from the fort, he came over to where I was standing alongside of Colonel Lee and said: "Colonel, those raiders in there are commanded by old Ossawatimie Brown, of Kansas, and he refuses to surrender." Then it was that the real identity of "Captain Smith" was learned. The order was given to charge the fort, and after the third attack Brown and his men were captured. Eleven of these were killed in the encounter and were buried, including Brown's oldest son, Oliver, by the Shenandoah River. Brown and the remainder of his men were taken on the first train to Charlestown, the county seat, and were tried and executed.

I shall never forget that eventful 29th of December, 1859, when John Brown was hanged up at Charlestown. His remains were brought here and met by his widow and a man named Tindale, from Philadelphia, who afterwards came to the Ferry as a major in the 28th Pennsylvania Infantry. Brown's body was taken back to his old home in New England.

The most important of all things incumbent upon Confederates is to extend the circulation of the VETERAN. Be diligent to see if your neighbor takes it.

CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Before the expiration of the Jefferson Davis centennial it seems most fitting that our friends and coworkers should be made acquainted with the success of the movement to have the portrait of Jefferson Davis placed in the schools of the South.

General Order No. 4, issued by Gen. Clement A. Evans, Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veteran organization, shows that the resolution passed by the Confederated Southern Memorial Association received the hearty indorsement of our distinguished Commander.

It is extremely gratifying to report that in compliance with the order and resolution the presentation ceremonies were very generally observed in a large number of schools in all the Southern States.

In reply to inquiries concerning the movement in Louisiana, the State Superintendent, Mr. T. H. Harris, writes: "The distribution of the portraits of Jefferson Davis was very general, as I have found one of the pictures in practically every school in the State visited by me."

From Alabama comes the following report: "In Marion the Ladies' Memorial Association presented the picture of Jefferson Davis, handsomely framed, to four schools. The ceremony was very impressive. Mrs. Estelle Lovelace, the President, presided, and a Confederate flag was given with each picture which bore the following inscription: 'This portrait of Jefferson Davis is presented to this school by the Ladies' Memorial Association of Marion with the hope and the earnest desire that the young people who yearly gather within its walls may learn to know and honor and emulate the character of the great and good man it represents, who was a hero not only as soldier and statesman, but when fallen from his high estate by the will of God and bearing alone and in silence injustice and calumny for his people. If only the forgotten are dead, then have we in our power to make the name and life of Jefferson Davis immortal in history and in the hearts of his people from generation to generation.'"

From the Superintendent of the Marion Institute, Mr. H. O. Murfee, Mrs. Lovelace received a very appreciative letter, from which I quote: "The portrait will be hung in the college chapel, and I trust that all the young men who behold it and read the words you have penned will strive to emulate the heroic and stainless life of Jefferson Davis. The Ladies' Memorial Association is rendering a service of the highest order in these memorials to our heroes. Their lives, as the lives of the men of to-day, are indebted for inspiration to our noble women. Your imperishable monument will be found in your devotion to our heroes and our cause."

Thus will it be seen that the women of the Confederacy, to whom President Davis dedicated his great work, "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," are still in the front ranks doing honor to his name and memory. Though numerically weak, the fire of enthusiasm is burning as brightly in their hearts as it did in the trying days of the sixties, when their loyalty and devotion were evidenced by their untiring efforts to contribute to the comfort and welfare of the Confederate soldier in the field, the bivouac, and the hospital. We have shown that "there is life in the old land yet," and we will continue to care for the graves of our sacred dead and to commemorate their memory so long as one remains to answer "roll call."

And from Apalachicola, Fla., comes this very interesting

programme, showing the coöperation of the Sons and Daughters of our Confederate heroes:

OFFICIAL PROGRAMME NINETEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Memorial Exercises at the Armory, Sunday, December 6, 1908, at 3 P.M.

Vocal music by the United Daughters of the Confederacy.
Exercises conducted by the son of a veteran, R. F. Burdine.
Prayer by the Rev. J. D. Rountree.

Reading: "Object of Meeting, General Order No. 4." By F. G. Wilhelm.

Vocal music by the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Reading: "Sketch of Jefferson Davis's Life." By the son of a veteran, H. A. Ferrell.

Vocal music by the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Reading Confederate prayer by Rev. M. H. Norton, Assistant Chaplain General.

Vocal music by the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Exercises concluded with prayer by Rev. P. Q. Cason.

TO VIRGINIA.

BY ARMISTEAD COLLIER, MEMPHIS, TENN.

Ah, sacred soil of old Virginia!
Thou wert ever dear to me;
Thy lovely hills, thy fertile vales
The birthplace of sweet liberty!

No work of art may yet adorn
Thy fields of blood and bravery;
But still there struggles to be born
The epic of thy chivalry.

No marble column to proclaim
Thy sorrows to posterity—
We build thy monument of flame
In words of living poetry!

No crown of gold or gems to prove
Thy greatness to futurity—
Be thine the laurel wreath of love,
Immortal crown of purity!

The golden sun of truth doth gild
The cloud of thy high destiny;
Thy patriot soul was ever filled
With dreams of peace and harmony.

No tomb nor abbey yet enshrines
Thy sons who shed their blood for thee;
But round thy beauteous brow there shines
The halo of their memory.

No song of poet to impart
Their deeds of death and victory—
Inscribed on every Southern heart
The bright page of their history.

Virginia, sacred be thy name
In life and through eternity;
A people's love attests thy fame,
The heart of all humanity!

LAST SURVIVING LIEUTENANT GENERAL.

[Continued from page 64.]

The animal commenced for a while the same maneuvers, and presently found he couldn't get him off and tamed down a little. 'When he got through,' wrote the boy, 'I fed him sugar and cakes. Next day I tried him, and he got comparatively tame. I fed him again, and now he follows me around like a dog. I can ride him anywhere. He is not afraid of a street car, a locomotive, an automobile, or anything.'

QUESTIONS ABOUT CONFEDERATE COMMANDERS.

When the subject of the Civil War was broached, the conversation became more animated on account of the presence of two old soldiers who had passed through many of the stirring scenes of '61-'65 and three younger men who took a lively interest in the events of that eventful period.

"Do you think, General, that there were really any crises during the war when the South barely missed the chance of winning her independence?"

"I doubt it; the odds were so much against us."

"Who was the greatest Confederate general?"

"Practically Lee. Albert Sidney Johnston would have been his equal had he lived. Johnston was highly regarded as an officer by the officers on both sides. Lee certainly became the greatest general in the Civil War on either side."

"Isn't it a fact that there was not a battle of any importance fought during the Civil War when the forces were anywhere near equal that the Confederates did not whip?"

"Well, I think you are right. If Lee's position and Grant's had been reversed, Lee the assailant with the superior forces that Grant had, I don't think Grant would have lasted forty-eight hours before Lee; and Lee had ten months of operation, with constantly diminishing forces, and Grant all the time receiving reinforcements of fresh men."

"What do you think of General Bragg?"

"General Bragg had some merit, a good deal of merit, but was ill balanced. When President Jefferson Davis visited Chattanooga, I was riding with him up Lookout Mountain,



LAKE IN FRONT OF GENERAL BUCKNER'S RESIDENCE.

when he asked me: 'What do you think of Bragg?' I said: 'Mr. President, I will tell you frankly, General Bragg as a military man, as a commander is wanting in imagination. He cannot foresee what probably may occur. When he has

formed his own opinions of what he proposes to do, no advice of all his officers put together can shake him; but when he meets the unexpected, it overwhelms him because he has not been able to foresee, and then he will lean upon the advice of a drummer boy.'

"Where do you place Hood?"

"Hood was a gallant fighter, but knew nothing of the great art of war—a gallant fighter; yes, and a good man."

"How about Gen. Joseph E. Johnston? By the way, he was an old ante-bellum friend of yours, too?"

"Joe Johnston was an admirable officer in every respect. His retreat from Dalton shows that. He fell back to Atlanta without losing a wagon against overwhelming odds. He told me himself afterwards: 'I proposed to lead Sherman on, resisting him from time to time. In the actions we had he lost many more men all the time than I did. I was having Atlanta fortified. My object was to lead him back gradually until he got to Atlanta; then I proposed to throw Forrest with his whole cavalry force to his rear, not to interrupt, but to destroy his communication. Then Sherman would have been compelled to attack me in my chosen position and I would have whipped him.'"

"If Johnston had been permitted to carry out his plan, would Sherman have been destroyed and the war ended?"

"I doubt the latter," replied General Buckner reflectively, "because they had millions of men."

"Do you believe Sherman could have been destroyed?"

"Yes, I think so."

"What is your estimate of President Davis, General?"

"He was a statesman. He had a most difficult position to fill, and I think he filled it about as well as any one could. He perhaps was a little too prejudiced to be always entirely just; but I don't think any one else could have filled the place any better than he did—or as well, perhaps. I think he was really one of the great men of this country."

"You know we Tennesseans love old Forrest. Tell us about him."

"Well, Forrest had a genius for war. He was a man of great courage and had inspiration. Now here is an instance to show it. He always had about him a chosen company which was his bodyguard, and in critical moments he would charge with them to decide a case, to decide the fact; but he made a charge one time through the enemy and found himself in a position with hostile soldiers between him and his line of communications. One of his men remarked in alarm: 'General, the enemy is in our rear.' Said he: 'Ain't we in their rayer too?' He saw the point exactly. He was a gallant fellow. When Forrest captured Streight, his forces were inferior; but he maneuvered them in such a way as to convince Streight that he was going to overwhelm him. When Forrest got back to Huntsville, Ala., the people were so gratified that they subscribed and got him a fine horse that was presented to him by the ladies of Huntsville. That horse was brought out, flowers adorning it everywhere, richly caparisoned, and they made a speech presenting the horse to him. He replied: 'Ladies, I am much obliged to you for this present. I certainly appreciate it. But take them roses and flowers off of there; that is no place for them—on this horse—take them away.' Looking around at the crowd and seeing a good many young men, he said: 'I see in this crowd a good many young men who ought to be in the army fighting for their country. For my part, I have lost all self-respect for any young man that I see out not in the army.' Everybody knew what he meant

He wasn't always accurate in his language, but they always knew what he was aiming at." * * *

FEDERAL OFFICERS CONSIDERED.

After dinner, when the aroma of fine tobacco began to fill the sitting room, the General was brought unceremoniously back to the Civil War.

"You knew General Grant—were acquainted with him before the war and a personal friend, were you not?"

"We were three years together at West Point; he was one year ahead of me."

"You knew personally a great number of Federal officers, did you not?"

"O yes, I knew them all."

"What kind of a man was Grant personally? You know he was called the silent man. Was he talkative in private life?"

"Yes, he was. When you broke through the reserve which he had with strangers, he talked well. He was not much of a student, but had a good mind. He got along well in his class without much effort."

"Did Grant seem to think when he was a young man in the army that he was capable of great things?"

"No, I don't think he did."

"Do you think he just gradually grew to his place without any idea that he was going to attain such a position?"

"I think he had no idea. He wanted a position; he was poor. He went into the army, showed a good deal of merit, and had luck, too. Take any of his predecessors in command of the Army of the Potomac—after some of the reverses that he had when he advanced on Lee—the other commanders would have withdrawn, but Grant's dogged perseverance, you know, kept him going. He wouldn't give up. And the government sustained him as it did not any of the others. They were jealous of McClellan—wouldn't support him."

"Whom do you class as the best of the Federal generals during the Civil War?"

"McClellan was one of the best that they had."

"How did he rank or compare with Grant?"

"He was very superior to Grant. McClellan formed the army that Grant commanded. When McClellan took it, it was a green army, not inured to hardship, and he maneuvered it handsomely. Grant had some admirable qualities as a general—great firmness of purpose, bulldog courage and tenacity. But he lost more men killed and wounded in his Virginia campaign than were in Lee's army. He described himself, I think, in a private letter he wrote to a friend in Baltimore—I think it was after the fight at the 'Crater' at Petersburg. He stated: 'It was a regular Kilkenny fight; my cat had the longest tail.' That describes it."

"How do you place General Sherman?"

"General Sherman was a skillful officer, superior in many respects to Grant, in my opinion. McClellan we regarded as one of the best, perhaps the best, of the Federal generals."

"In what respect was Sherman superior to Grant?"

"Well, he could maneuver better; he could handle his troops better. Grant's idea was, as he had superior forces, just by bulldog courage to run over his enemy. He had very little knowledge of strategy or taking advantage of positions and movements. Sherman had that in an eminent degree."

"Where do you put Meade?"

"Well, Meade was a medium officer—some good qualities. At Gettysburg by rapid movements he managed to concentrate a scattered army to meet Lee. I do not regard him as equal to either of the others I have mentioned."

"To what do you attribute Lee's defeat at Gettysburg?"

"Well, it is hard to say. I haven't studied it sufficiently in the detail, and I wouldn't like to venture an opinion on it. Some consider it Longstreet's slowness. Whether it was so or not, I don't know. Longstreet was a gallant fighter. He reminds me of Marshal Ney in his character. It was said of Ney that out of sight of the enemy he had not the remotest idea of strategic movements; but when he heard the sound of artillery, he woke up, and on the field of action he was superior to almost any one in tactical movements, but knew nothing about strategic movement before he came in contact. Longstreet reminds me of Ney in that respect."

"Now, General, here is an officer that the Federals have never seemed to think much of, but that the Confederates, so far as I have been able to judge, thought very well of—I mean Buell. After the war he lived and died here in Kentucky. What do you think of Buell as an officer?"

"He was a good officer, and a gentleman, too."

"Did he rank with the best of the Federal officers?"

"Well, I considered him a good officer."

"Do you think as an officer he was equal to Bragg, against whom he maneuvered and whom he fought at Perryville?"

"Yes, he was equally as good as Bragg."

BATTLE OF MUNFORDVILLE.

A great many people traveling on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad have noticed near Munfordville on the south bank of Green River a lone monument. Comparatively few know that this shaft marks the last resting place of Col. Robert A. Smith, a gallant soldier of the Confederacy and commander of the 10th Mississippi, who fell when Chalmers and his brigade assaulted the Federal works at that place. Colonel Smith was an Englishman, and his brother came here from England after the war and erected the lone monument on Green River to his memory.

General Buckner threw up fortifications at Munfordville, the remains of which may yet be seen south of the river almost in sight of his home. * * *

"Tell us of the battle of Munfordville, when Colonel Smith lost his life."

"General Bragg was at Glasgow, twenty-four or twenty-five miles south of Munfordville, and he advanced a division, I think, of about twenty-five hundred men in command of General Chalmers. The latter, though his force was inferior



RESIDENCE AT GLEN LILY.

to that of the Federals, assaulted the works. He was disastrously beaten, and in that fight Colonel Smith was killed. When Bragg heard of it, he was very much incensed and ordered Generals Polk and Hardee (I was in Hardee's Division) to move up and assault the works to avenge his friend. I heard of it and went to Hardee, my corps commander, and said: 'General Hardee, there is no use of assaulting those works; we will lose men unnecessarily. As a schoolboy I was familiar with this spot and its surroundings. Instead of assaulting the works, make demonstrations as if we were going to assault, and come back around the north side of the river at the ford at Bohannon's [which I described] and occupy the heights from Munford's side, which will command the rear, and enfilade the Federal works on higher ground. I know that perfectly; I have been in Munford's orchard many a time; I know all about it.' General Hardee said: 'That is a good idea; you go to Bragg and tell him.' Hardee ought to have gone, but I went to General Bragg and repeated it to him. At once it seemed to strike him as a good suggestion, and he made his order accordingly. He ordered Hardee up in front and ordered Polk to make a turning movement (that was Gen. Leonidas Polk), crossing the river at Bohannon's, above here, and moving down. The first thing the enemy knew of the movement they were cut off, the heights in their rear were occupied, and they were surrounded. We were all the time while Polk was moving around making demonstrations as if we were going to assault, so as to attract the Federals' attention. And the first thing they knew they were surrounded. I bivouacked on the south side with my division, and about two o'clock in the morning a Federal officer was brought to my bivouac blindfolded. He was in command of the Federal forces. He came and had his

bandage taken off. He said after telling me who he was: 'General Buckner, I come to you for advice, though I don't know you personally, sir. I have been in command of these troops here only a couple of days. A surrender is demanded. I am unused to military matters; but I love my country and I want to do my duty as a soldier, but I see I am surrounded. There are a good many Federal officers who tell me they know you, and you are a gentleman and would not deceive me, and I come to you to find out what I ought to do.' Well, it was a most remarkable thing. It appealed to me at once. I wouldn't have deceived that man under those circumstances for anything. 'Well,' said I, 'Colonel, I cannot advise you about that. You are in command of your troops, and you must decide for yourself what you ought to do; but I will give you some facts for which I pledge my honor as a soldier and a gentleman: At this moment you are surrounded by a force of not less than twenty-two thousand men [there were about twenty-four thousand]. There are in position about eighty to one hundred pieces of artillery, those on the south side commanding your position in reverse; they have orders to open fire at daylight. It is for you to judge how long your command would live under that fire.' He looked very solemn, and for five minutes said nothing. He then said: 'Well, it seems to me, General Buckner, that I ought to surrender.' Said I: 'No, Colonel; you appealed to me, and I must tell you frankly everything that I think a soldier ought to do. You need not tell me the strength of your army; I know what it is [it was about five thousand men]. You need not tell me that, because it would be wrong, but I know pretty well what it is. You are the judge of whether you could live under the fire that is to be opened on you; but if you have information that would induce you to think that the sacrificing of every man at this place would gain your army an advantage elsewhere, it is your duty to do it.' He said he didn't have any information of that sort, and added: 'I believe I will surrender.' I said: 'If that is your conclusion, I will take you to General Bragg.' And I took him to General Bragg and the arrangement was made."

It was growing late and the Nashville visitors had barely time to catch their train as they reluctantly took leave of General Buckner, his accomplished wife, and hospitable home. The day had passed all too swiftly, but it will ever be for them one of the bright spots in the vista of memory.

BOTH ARMIES MAY MEET AFTER FIFTY YEARS.

(Army and Navy Life.)

Lieut. Col. J. A. Watrous, U. S. A., retired, suggests a joint maneuver encampment of the G. A. R. and the United Confederate Veterans in one of the border States in 1911, fifty years from the beginning of the Civil War, and the inauguration at such encampment of a movement for the building of a joint monument at Appomattox in memory of Generals Grant and Robert E. Lee and all the soldiers who marched and fought on both sides in the War of the Rebellion. We are heartily in sympathy with this suggestion, and we hope that the idea will be developed. The nation is now one, and it is eminently proper that to the long list of individual memorials erected to the heroes of that war in every section of the country there should be added one, grander than all the rest, an immortal testimony of the cementing of fellowship which has followed our colossal eternal conflict.



GEN. S. B. BUCKNER IN THE NINETIES.



JUDGE J. R. MORTON.

Death, the common enemy, has again invaded our ranks and another loved comrade has fallen, another Confederate tried and true has answered the last roll call and is now at rest on the "eternal camping ground" beyond the river, where weary soldiers sleep in peace when life's battle is ended, where they hear no more the growling guns nor the bugle's thrilling blasts, see no more of cruel war—of comrades slain, of desecrated homes, of burning towns and wasted lands—for they are dead, sleeping the sleep that knows no waking till the angel's bugle sounds the great reveille to call them back to life.

Thus one by one our comrades fall, as fall the withered leaves in autumn time; one by one, their warfare over, they calmly lay their armor down and pass away. All going, none returning, our numbers are rapidly depleting. None that yet remain are young, none middle-aged, but all are far down the shady slope of life, and soon the last of these will be under the sod. All die true to the principles for which they fought and suffered through years of bloody war—principles as immutable as the hills and that will yet prevail, for "truth crushed to earth will rise again."

Judge Jeremiah R. Morton died at his home, in Lexington, December 18, 1908, without a moment's warning. At the usual hour in the evening, about 6:30, he returned from his law office to his home, on East Short Street, seemingly in fine health and spirits after an unusually busy day in the court room and in his office, took up an evening paper to read the daily news, as was his custom, when the hand of death struck him, and in a moment the vital spark was gone forever.

Soon the sad news spread throughout the city, and there was deep sorrow in many homes, for he was known and beloved by all, rich and poor, male and female, white and black. He was a Confederate veteran, a Freemason, and one of the oldest, ablest, and most popular members of the Lexington bar; and as a token of love for their comrade, their brother, and their associate and of appreciation of his many noble qualities, the members of each of these organizations attended his funeral in a body. The great heap of beautiful flowers under which his lifeless body rests, placed there by loving hands, tells the story of his worth in language far more eloquent and forceful than tongue or pen can do. It tells of his gallantry in war and of his continued loyalty to the principles for which he fought and suffered, of his devotion to the great Masonic order, of kindness and courtesy shown his fellow-members of the bar, and of his love and affection for his family, his kindred, his friends, and his countrymen.

Judge Morton was born in Clark County, Ky., February 10, 1842, and here he received most of his education. In 1862, when twenty years of age, he enlisted in the Confederate army, becoming a member of Colonel Cluke's 8th Kentucky Cavalry, Gen. John H. Morgan's command. He served gallantly and faithfully till the starry cross went down forever, was twice captured, escaped from prison once, and was once exchanged.

The war over, he returned home and entered the law depart-

ment of Kentucky University, from which he graduated in due time, and at once began the practice of his profession in this city, and here he remained till his death.

In 1883 he was elected Circuit Judge to fill a vacancy, and was reelected at the expiration of the term. After a service of nine years on the bench, he resumed the practice of his profession at the bar over which he had so long and so ably presided.

[Sketch by Milford Overley, Lexington, Ky.]

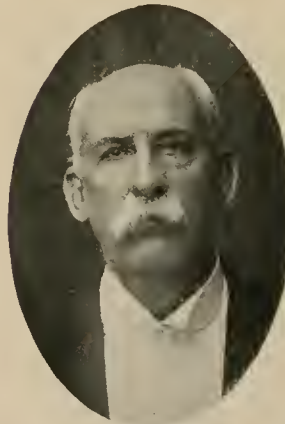
JUDGE SILAS HARE.

The Mildred Lee Camp, U. C. V., at Sherman, Tex., held a memorial service in honor of Judge Silas Hare, who died November 26, 1908, at the age of eighty-one years. In resolutions after a biographic sketch given by Dr. J. B. Stinson the Camp paid high tribute.

Judge Hare served in Congress for two terms, beginning in 1886, during which time he introduced and was instrumental in having passed the bill known as "The Indian Depredation Bill." Judge Hare introduced and succeeded in having passed the bill spoken of for the reimbursement of the citizens for their loss. He then, after his retirement from Congress, assumed the task of getting up the evidence in these cases and seeing that each one was paid for his loss. This necessitated his removal to Washington City, where he took up his residence and where he continued to reside until his death. He was married the second time in 1903 to Mrs. Louise Kennedy, of Washington City, who survives him.

JOE F. WILLIAMS.

Since sending the article which appeared in the VETERAN for September, page 516, Com-



JOE F. WILLIAMS.

rade Joe F. Williams has passed into the great beyond. He had never been well since having a stroke of paralysis, some three years since; and after days of intense suffering, death came to his release on the 6th of August. He was born in 1846, and "lived and died a stanch Confederate," being buried in the gray, at his request, in a snit he had prepared for the Birmingham Reunion. His article had been ready for publication for some time, but the press of other things prevented earlier publication. A devoted wife survives him. Their home was at Walnut Grove, Miss.

GARNER.—Marcellus C. Garner died November 26, 1908. He was born in Alabama in 1844. He was taken to Kemper County, Miss., when a child and there reared. He enlisted in the Confederate army in 1861 in Company B, 11th Mississippi Regiment, and served through the trials and hardships of that famous Mississippi regiment until March 29, 1865, when he lost one of his legs in one of the trenches at Petersburg. After reaching home he went diligently about rebuilding his lost fortune. He was married in 1874, and leaves a family of three sons and two daughters who are a credit to the father and mother.

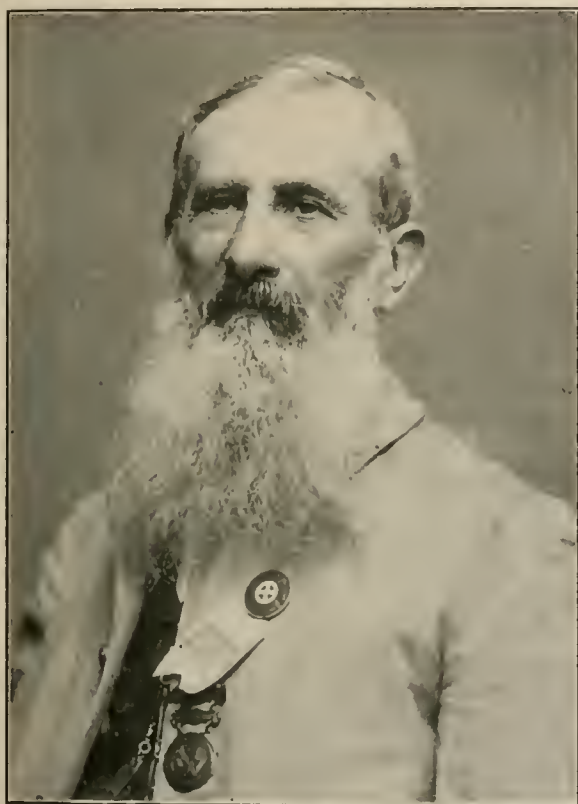
[Data supplied by E. E. Spinks, of Meridian, Miss.]

COL. JAMES ELIJAH DEVAUGHN.

In his posthumous address of greeting to the veterans at the Birmingham Reunion, Gen. Stephen D. Lee said of the Confederate soldier: "He enriched the world in honor; he added to the spiritual riches of mankind! The memory of his deeds is the treasury of his people, for he has left heroic memories that chasten and purify the hearts of all who shall come after him."

These words recall so vividly Col. James E. DeVaughn, the grand old Confederate soldier who left us this year (in July) to spend his endless days with those heroes who have "crossed over the river."

James Elijah DeVaughn was born near Jonesboro, Ga., December 20, 1840. He attended school at Jonesboro and in Abbeville, S. C. From his native county he responded to his country's call for defenders against invasion. Enlisting as a private in October, 1861, in Company F, 2d Georgia Cavalry Regiment, he rose through the various grades of pro-



COL. JAMES ELIJAH DEVAUGHN.

motion to the rank of captain, and was in command of his company when captured. His command was assigned to the Army of Tennessee, under General Forrest, and was later under Generals Wharton and Wheeler, being with the latter in the battles of Murfreesboro in 1862.

The 2d Georgia Cavalry made an admirable record as a fighting command, and Comrade DeVaughn remained with it to the close of the war, taking part in many notable battles, including Perryville, Stone's River, and Chickamauga. He was taken prisoner at Sugar Creek, Ala., while with General Wheeler, and remained a prisoner to the close of the war, being released June 12, 1865, after nearly two years on John-son's Island.

In 1866 Colonel DeVaughn removed to Montezuma, Ga., where he married Miss Sallie V. McClendon, and to them were born nine children, five of whom survive him. He was happily married the second time in 1884 to Miss Mary E. Porter, of Griffin, Ga., who survives him.

Colonel DeVaughn was for many years the beloved Commander of Camp No. 65, U. C. V., at Oglethorpe, Ga., and two years ago was made Brigadier General of the Western Division, U. C. V., of Georgia, and was also a member of Gov. Hoke Smith's military staff.

After the war Colonel DeVaughn was a leader in the great work of restoration and rehabilitation, and overcame all obstacles by oppressive Federal laws and Federal interference. He turned disaster into triumph. He possessed a genius for business, and was successful in his undertakings. He contracted a violent cold while at the Birmingham Reunion, from the effects of which he never recovered. His pallbearers were his old comrades in arms, and he was buried in his new uniform of Confederate gray, while over his flower-covered coffin was draped a beautiful Confederate flag.

He was a man of exalted character, generous in his bene-factions, charitable in thought, and firm in religious principles. His well-spent life is over; and

"As the days lay down their brightness

And, bathing in splendor, die,"

so he went to rest, his work well done, his career complete, beloved by family and friends.

JAMES G. COX.

James G. Cox died of apoplexy at his home, Bluff City, Tenn., on December 8, 1908.

James Gregg Cox was born March 18, 1848, at Blountville, Sullivan County, Tenn., a son of John W. Cox, who was a leading citizen of Sullivan County. He was Sheriff and Circuit Court Clerk of the county for many years. His grand-father was Abraham Cox, whose ancestors helped to establish the Watauga settlement, and were signers of the Watauga Compact. Abraham Cox married Mary, a daughter of William Cox, and he was an officer in the Continental army in the War of the Revolution. He came from the Shenandoah Valley and settled in Cox Valley, Sullivan County, during 1783.

James attended school at Jefferson Academy, Blountville, until the school was closed by reason of the Civil War. During one of Stoneman's raids through that section young Cox was sent by his father along with some farm hands to hide out with negroes and horses to keep them away from the Federal troops. After hiding out for some time, James went home one morning early and said: "Father, I am going to join the Confederate army!" His father said he was but a child, and he replied that he would rather fight the Yankees than hide from them. After this his father made no further objections, and at the age of fifteen James Cox joined the Confederate army and fought to the close of the war.

After the war he entered King College, Bristol, where he remained for a number of years. In 1873 he was married to Miss Virginia Worley, of Bluff City. Four children—one son and three daughters—were given to them. The son died at the age of eight, but the daughters all survived him and are happily married.

James G. Cox was of a positive character and of strong intellect, yet he was popular with all classes, and had a kind word for all whom he met. He did unto others as he would have them do unto him.

He was an uncle of former Gov. John I. Cox.

MISS SALLIE JONES.

A committee composed of Mrs. Sallie Fairly, Mrs. Claude Hardy, Miss Bessie Riley, and her S. S. class say of Miss Sallie Jones, who was a pioneer in the work of the Daughters of the Confederacy, working from her home, Camden, Ala.:

"On the 8th of November, 1908, death robbed us of one of our most beloved sisters, Miss Sallie Jones. Miss Sallie was one of our most faithful and efficient workers in the Baptist Church, a teacher in the Sunday school, leader of the Sunbeams, and Secretary of the Ladies' Aid Society for many years. She was a devoted Christian, and possessed those sweet traits of character which rendered her lovable and loved by all.

"Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in his infinite wisdom and mercy to remove our dear loved one from her useful, diligent, and appreciated labors from this earth; be it

Resolved: 1. While we deplore her loss to us, we bow in humble submission to Him who doeth all things well.

"2. That a copy of these resolutions be sent each town paper, the Alabama Baptist, and her immediate relatives.

"3. That we spread a copy of this on the minutes of the Church, Ladies' Aid Society, and Sunbeams.

"4. That each of said organizations, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the community at large most deeply deplore the loss of this grand and noble woman.

"5. We are thankful to have been associated with such a one, and may we endeavor to emulate her example!

"6. We rejoice to know that one of earth's most appreciated flowers has been transplanted to bloom in heaven's rosary.

'Why should we weep when the weary ones rest
In the bosom of Jesus supreme,
In the mansions of glory prepared for the blest?
For death is no more than a dream.'

HENRY M. WITHERS.

Another, a true, brave soldier, whose cause for which he battled sleeps at Appomattox, has crossed over the river and is now, let us pray, united again with Lee, Jackson, and all the valiant host who have gone before "beneath the shade of the trees" to rest evermore.

Henry M. Withers was born at Warrenton, Va., in 1845; and departed this life at Kansas City on December 25, 1908.

J. D. Shewalter, of Independence, Mo., writes of him:

"I knew him as a soldier and afterwards as a student at the University of Virginia. At the close of the war we were members of the same command, Company H, 43d Virginia Cavalry (Mosby's). This was a company added but a short time before the surrender to the command; but its members were all carefully selected because of supposed special fitness. Baylor's Light Horse (Company B, 12th Virginia Cavalry, Rosser's Brigade) were probably more noted than any other like-sized force in the army. Recruited in the valley, knowing all the country, under the lead of Capt. George Baylor (first under his father), they became widely known for daring in detached service on the flanks and rear of the enemy.

"Afterwards Baylor was commissioned to raise a new company of select men for Mosby's command. Most of these came from his old company. Many of them afterwards became distinguished in civil life. Lieut. J. G. Wiltshire, as brave a man as ever lived, now a leading physician and surgeon of Baltimore, William L. Wilson, Postmaster General under Cleveland, Charles Broadway Rouss, the eccentric

blind multimillionaire merchant, and many others were of the number. Mr. Withers came from this old company, I suppose. With him and others near Bull Run we fought the last contest on Virginia soil, April 10, 1865, the day after the surrender. Baylor had been sent to a station near Fairfax Station, a short distance from Washington, to capture a wagon train sorely needed by General Lee—the evacuation of Richmond not being known. * * *

"At the University of Virginia we were classmates. I graduated from the law department in 1868, and think he did in the succeeding year. And thus in early life we were thrown closely together.

"When all the 'Rebels' (the designation of patriots in every age) are assembled, those of 1776-81 and those of 1861-65 will be equally honored—one won and the other lost in the same cause—it will 'be sweet to have been there.'

"Capt. George Baylor lived a few years after the war in Kansas City, and died four years ago at Charlestown, W. Va."

ELDRIDGE S. GREENING.

Eldridge S. Greening, who died on October 31 at his home in Hope, Ark., was born in Evergreen County, Ala., June 28, 1842. The family removed to Arkansas about 1845, when the State was but a wilderness, and helped to cut a road to their temporary home, now a part of Nevada County. In 1847 they removed to Ouachita County, where he was reared and received his common school education.

In June, 1861, young Greening enlisted in a company under Capt. John S. Logan, known as the second company of



ELDRIDGE S. GREENING.

"Camden Knights." This company was sworn into the Confederate service on July 23, 1861, and became Company G, of the 11th Regiment, Arkansas Infantry. It was sent from Little Rock to Memphis, to Fort Pillow, Island No. 10, and then to New Madrid, Mo. The brigade was with the

prisoners of Island No. 10, who were taken to Camp Douglas at Chicago, from which prison Comrade Greening was exchanged late in 1862. He served the remainder of the war with Wirt Adams's Brigade in Mississippi, and did well his part as a brave and true soldier. He was always among the first to volunteer for any dangerous expedition, and was in every engagement of his command, yet served through the war unhurt.

After the war he engaged in mercantile business in Camden, and in his later years was one of the leading cotton buyers of that city.

He removed to Hope, Ark., about two years ago. He was twice married—to Miss Julia Ritchie in 1869, and to Miss Hattie Matthews in 1882—and of these unions seven children blessed his home. He was a man of strong convictions, partisan in spirit, a kind, affectionate husband and father.

M. T. LEDBETTER.

M. T. Ledbetter died in Piedmont, Ala., on November 26, 1908, aged sixty-seven years. He was one of the oldest citizens of his section of the State, and had lived in the Piedmont community all his life. He was highly esteemed by a large circle of friends and acquaintances. He was a Mason, and was buried with Masonic honors. He was an acceptable member of the Baptist Church. Comrade Ledbetter was color bearer of the 5th Alabama Battalion. He was very tall and slender, a suitable ensign. He carried his colors through many battles, but was only twice wounded.

When the war was over, like all true soldiers, he accepted the result and went to work. He ever delighted to recount

the brave deeds and heroic devotion of his fellow-soldiers on fields of gory strife. For many years he diligently collected and preserved war history that he regarded as valuable in its bearing upon that deadly strife. For twenty years he had searched for the old flag that he carried, which was captured in battle, and to this end had carried on an extensive correspondence with Union veterans in the vain attempt to find it among the captured Confederate flags.

Comrade Ledbetter always met his old comrades at their annual Reunions until three years ago, when his health declined. This deprivation brought him the keenest disappointment and sorrow, which followed him to his death.

[From sketch by M. T. Moody, of Piedmont, Ala.]

MAJ. DANIEL HEYWARD HAMILTON.

Died at his home, in Hillsboro, N. C., on September 18, 1908, in the seventy-first year of his age, Maj. Daniel Heyward Hamilton, son of the late Col. D. H. Hamilton and Rebecca Motte Middleton, both of Charleston.

Major Hamilton was educated at the Citadel. In 1859 he went to Hillsboro as a member of the faculty of Hillsboro Military Academy, established by Col. Charles C. Tew. At the beginning of the war he entered the Confederate service as major of the 13th North Carolina Regiment. Later he served on the staff of General Ripley, and was for a time adjutant of the 1st South Carolina Regiment, commanded by his father. Seriously wounded at Shepherdstown, he was incapacitated for active service, but volunteered to serve as provost marshal of Columbia. He was later captured at the fight at Catawba Bridge.

With the exception of two years' residence in Florida immediately after the war, he had resided in Hillsboro. He studied law and was admitted to the bar, but never practiced. For many years he was an able and successful teacher. For eight years he was Chairman of the Board of Commissioners of Orange County, and for the past ten years he was Clerk of the Superior Court of Orange County, and also prominent in his Church.

In 1859 he married Frances Gray Roulhac, of Hillsboro, who died in 1897. They are survived by three children: Miss Elizabeth R. Hamilton, of Hillsboro, N. C., Daniel Heyward Hamilton, of Baltimore, Md., and J. G. de Roulhac Hamilton, of the University of North Carolina.

HON. WILLIAM SHIELDS MCCLINTIC.

William S. McClintic was born November 29, 1843, in Rockbridge County, Va.; and died at his home, near Monroe City, Mo., on November 15, 1908, after a prolonged illness. As soldier, statesman, and Christian gentleman, the deeds of his life were an inspiration to those with whom he came in contact, and he passed to his reward with a record which is a sacred heritage to his family.

When in his eighteenth year Comrade McClintic enlisted in the Rockbridge Artillery, Stonewall Brigade, and took part in all the engagements of that famous command up to the surrender at Appomattox.

In 1867 he removed to Missouri, where success smiled upon him from the start; and at his death he was one of the leading men of that section, prominent in business, in Church affairs, and in public life, having represented his county and district in both branches of the State Legislature.

He was married in 1869 to Miss Bettie Arnold, of Campbell County, Va., of which union there are six living children, four daughters and two sons.



M. T. LEDBETTER.

MEMBERS OF HATTIESBURG (MISS.) CAMP WHO DIED IN 1908.

J. R. Denham, Company D, 14th Mississippi Regiment.
 George M. Gullett, Company E, 27th Georgia Regiment.
 John R. Jeffcoats, Company D, 49th Alabama Regiment.
 T. B. Johnson, Company B, 19th Mississippi Regiment.
 J. K. P. Shows, Company F, 9th Mississippi Cavalry.
 B. F. Simmons, Company G, 27th Mississippi Regiment.
 Benjamin Stevens, Company E, 9th Mississippi Cavalry.

Suitable resolutions in each case were adopted by the Camp, and a day is set apart for annual memorial services.

[Furnished by W. P. Chambers, Adjutant.]

CAPT. JOHN HOLMES SMITH.

A committee of the Garland-Rodes Camp, of Lynchburg, Va., composed of Comrades Jennings, Seay, and Wray, states:

"This Camp has often been called to mourn 'the passing hence' of valued and esteemed members. Of the one hundred comrades who have been taken from its ranks, no one was more highly esteemed than the courageous and courteous comrade, Capt. John Holmes Smith, who on the 14th of November, 1908, was promoted to the ranks above.

"To his surviving comrades the recollections of the deeds and virtues of Comrade John Holmes Smith are an inspiration and a source of great pride. They knew him on the march, in the bivouac, and upon the fields of many battles, and testify that he was ever the courageous commander, the courteous comrade, and the faithful friend. His acts and his words endeared him to every one with whom he was associated.

"Captain Smith commanded the 11th Virginia Regiment of Infantry, C. S. A., in several battles and for many months. At Gettysburg, despite a wound, after the regimental officers were shot, he assumed command and led the regiment into the works of the Federal army. In the battle of Drury's Bluff, where his senior officers were again wounded, he placed himself at the head of the same regiment and went over the entrenchments of the enemy, where were captured the Federal General Heckman and many of the Massachusetts Brigade with several stands of colors. From the beginning to the end he helped to make that history, and campaigned and fought in four States, shedding his blood more than once and being permanently disabled.

"Garland-Rodes Camp, Confederate Veterans, therefore with just pride remembers John Holmes Smith as a splendid soldier, as a beloved comrade, and estimates him as a true man and an honored and worthy fellow-citizen. He was a knightly warrior and a chivalrous gentleman. The Camp dedicates to his memory a page of its records."

ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF COMRADE SMITH.

Gen. J. Holmes Smith, cashier of the Lynchburg (Va.) post office and a brother of Mayor G. W. Smith, of that city, died suddenly on November 14, 1908. He was a captain in Company G, 11th Virginia Infantry, in the Confederate army, and commanded the regiment for a time as senior officer. The first General Assembly after the Civil War made him brigadier general, a very important office then. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Norvie Hobson, of Richmond, Va.

R. W. Douthat, of Morgantown, W. Va., writes of him: "He was my companion as an officer in the 11th Virginia Infantry; and was not only one of the best of men, but was one of the bravest and most trusted officers of the Confederate

army. He was wounded severely at Gettysburg, and was one of the five men in Pickett's Division who remained on the firing line till every member of the division that could retreat had gone back over Seminary Ridge. It was my privilege to remain with him on that bloody field until all hope of reinforcements was gone, and then after ten months to turn over to him the command of the regiment because he was my senior officer. Honor to his memory forever!"

COL. W. L. CALHOUN.

Comrade William Lowndes Calhoun, one of Atlanta's best citizens, died at his home November 16, 1908. He had been in poor health for several years, and for several months had been confined to his home.

Judge Calhoun was one of Atlanta's most substantial citizens. His father moved to Atlanta in 1852, when the son was fifteen years old. He was identified with every step of the city's progress through that eventful period. After the war he lent his best energy to rebuilding the new Atlanta.

Judge Calhoun is survived by six children: Mrs. Emma Calhoun Connally, Miss Mary Calhoun, Mrs. Nettie Calhoun, Lowndes Calhoun, W. D. Calhoun, all of Atlanta, and J. M. Calhoun, of Ennis, Tex. His wife died in 1905. Patrick H. Calhoun, of Atlanta, is a surviving brother of the deceased man.

He was Mayor of Atlanta in 1879, County Ordinary of Fulton County from 1881 to 1897, and President of the Board of Trustees of the Confederate Soldiers' Home. He was born at Decatur November 21, 1837. His father was James M. Calhoun, of Calhoun settlement, Abbeville District, S. C. He married Miss Emma Eliza Dabney, daughter of A. W. Dabney, of Georgia, and moved to Decatur in 1835. Later, in 1852, he moved to Atlanta, and was Mayor of that city from 1862 to 1865, during the most trying period in Atlanta's history.

Judge Calhoun entered his father's law office in 1853 at the age of sixteen, and was admitted to the bar in 1857. In that same year he married Miss Mary Oliver, of South Carolina. He was his father's law partner till the father's death, in 1875, and the son continued the practice alone till 1881, when he became the Ordinary of Fulton County.

Lowndes Calhoun enlisted in Company K, 42d Georgia Infantry, in March, 1862. He was commissioned first lieutenant, and was later made captain. He served till the end of the war with conspicuous gallantry. He was in the fights around Knoxville, and was in the memorable siege of Vicksburg, being forty-seven days in the trenches. He fought at Baker's Creek, and shared in Johnston's retreat through Georgia from Dalton until he was wounded at Resaca. Recovering, he joined Hood's command in the Tennessee campaign, and was on his way to rejoin his own regiment when the surrender took place.

Judge Calhoun was elected to the Georgia Legislature in 1872 as Representative and reelected for a second term.

Judge Calhoun did much for the Confederate Soldiers' Home. He lent his energies toward getting the funds together for building the home, and when it burned he started his work all over again. He and the late Captain Romare are said to have practically kept the Home going during several years of troubled existence.

Judge Calhoun was President of the Gordon Monument Association, and worked diligently until it was built. He was a Master Mason and an Odd Fellow. He served as lieutenant colonel in the State militia for three years. He displayed the highest qualities of manhood in every relation of life.

GEN. T. W. CARWILE.

Widespread sorrow exists by the death of Gen. Thomas W. Carwile, of Edgefield, S. C., which occurred suddenly at his home on December 17, 1908. This gallant soldier and good citizen had been in ill health for several months, but his death at the time was a great shock. On the afternoon before he read the December VETERAN and discussed various topics with his wife.

A special sent to the Columbia State says: "The deceased had fought throughout the war with devoted valor and patriotism and was promoted to the rank of major in the Confederate service. His interest in Confederate history, records, reminiscences, and celebrations was always great and unselfish. He was sixty-five years of age. In young manhood he married Miss Mary Eliza McClintock, who, with five sons and one daughter, survives him. They are Mrs. Robert A. Marsh and Messrs. Julian, Walter, Thomas, Joseph, and Baldwin Carwile. He also leaves one brother and four sisters. He will be buried on Saturday morning from Trinity Episcopal Church, of which he was junior warden and a very active and generous member and zealous communicant."

The State says further of him:

"The news of the death of Thomas W. Carwile in Edgefield caused universal regret. General Carwile was very popular in Columbia, having visited here many times both in business and as a leading member of the South Carolina Division of the United Confederate Veterans, of which he had been the head since 1903.

"Thomas W. Carwile was a gallant Confederate soldier. He enlisted in the 14th South Carolina Regiment, under the command of Col. James Jones, and afterwards the gallant W. D. Simpson, who was later a member of the Confederate Congress and Chief Justice of the State.



GEN. T. W. CARWILE.

"In the battle of Frayser's Farm General Carwile made a record for gallantry, and advanced in one day from private to captain. The order came for the 13th, 14th, and 12th South Carolina Regiments to carry the breastworks, behind which

the Union soldiers were strongly intrenched. General McGowan wanted some one to carry the colors. 'The man who carries these colors must lead the way and must stop at nothing. The troops will follow,' said the General. To carry the flag in that hail of bullets meant almost certain death. Thomas W. Carwile, then a beardless youth, stepped forward and grasped the flag. A headlong charge was made with Carwile in the lead, the breastworks were taken, and the battle won. The next day the young man was made a captain for 'conspicuous gallantry.' He was placed in charge of a company from Darlington, and served through the war, always at the head of his troops and winning praise from his superiors and the respect and admiration of his men.

"After the war he returned to this State and took up the work of upbuilding the State and in redeeming it from the rule of the Radicals. He was one of the first to assist in organizing the United Confederate Veterans, and his work as head of that organization is too familiar to the people of the State to need recalling. After the death of Gen. Wade Hampton, who was the head of the Army of Northern Virginia, Gen. C. Irvine Walker was made the head of that survivors' organization. At the next meeting of the United Confederate Veterans, South Carolina Division, General Carwile was elected to succeed General Walker as the General commanding the Palmetto Division, and remained as its chief. His wise counsel, his devotion to the cause and to all of the members made him a conspicuous figure, and his death will be universally mourned in this and other Southern States.

"On hearing of the death yesterday Governor Ansel sent a telegram of sympathy to Mrs. Carwile and the family. Governor Ansel and General Carwile were warm personal friends; and when the news of the death of General Carwile was received, the Governor was profoundly shocked."

In his report of the battles of Gaines's Mill and Frayser's Farm, No. 337, Series I, Volume II., Part II., "Official War Records," Col. Samuel McGowan said: "I called upon Company D (the flag company) for a flag bearer, and T. W. Carwile, quite a youth, volunteered to carry it, and did carry it through the fight with great gallantry. It was struck by balls five times during the conflict, and yet young Carwile escaped unhurt. I recommend young Carwile to the favorable consideration of the general for his distinguished gallantry."

AUGUSTUS A. WEST.

Died at El Dorado, Ark., December 27, 1908, Augustus A. West, who served in the Confederate army from Georgia. He was a member of the 5th Georgia Regiment, Upson Guards, commanded by Captain Vining. Comrade West was the only brother of Gen. A. J. West, of Atlanta, Ga. A good man has gone to his reward.

GILL.—William S. Gill died on November 1, 1908, at his home, near Coral Hill, Barren County, Ky., in his sixty-seventh year. He enlisted in the Confederate army at the age of eighteen, and became a member of the famous Orphan Brigade, 6th Kentucky Infantry. The brigade was mounted after the battle of Jonesboro, and Comrade Gill was in all the mounted engagements. He surrendered with Johnston's army in North Carolina. He is survived by his wife and several children.

DAVIS.—W. H. Davis, of Columbus, Miss., died on October 20, 1908, aged sixty-five years. He served gallantly through the four years of war in Forrest's Cavalry.

CAPT. MATTHEW BARROW PILCHER.

In 1859, before we dreamed of war, Capt. Matt B. Pilcher was a member of Company B, Rock City Guards, Nashville. When the war came on he was made sergeant of the company and mustered in the 1st Tennessee Infantry on May 10, 1861. After the regiment had reenlisted for the war at Shiloh, Captain Pilcher was made quartermaster and in later years paymaster. In the battle of Perryville, Ky., October 8, 1862, he, by permission of General Cheatham, was in the hottest of the fight, and in the desperate charge of the regiment, which lost some four hundred men, he was severely wounded. I nursed him for six months, and twice during the time Dr. J. R. Buist, our surgeon, said he could not recover. He was exchanged at City Point in April, 1863, and when en route to the regiment at Shelbyville, Tenn., the car in which he was riding jumped the track near Bristol, killing and wounding a number of his comrades and breaking his arm.

While on parole in Louisville waiting for exchange we were allowed to attend church. At the Baptist Church in which Dr. Lorimer was then preaching Captain Pilcher was called on to teach the Bible class, in which there were a number of "boys in blue," while he was in the captain's uniform of gray. While in Louisville a young lady gave each of us a pocket edition of the New Testament with a sentiment written on the fly leaf, but I lost mine. Captain Pilcher kept his in the side pocket of his coat. He was at the front again in the battle of Franklin, Tenn., when a bullet struck the Testament, turned from his heart, and plowed through his side, giving him a severe wound which caused him to be captured again. He was then kept in prison at Camp Chase until the war ended.

While in this prison Captain Pilcher led the singing and prayer service while Rev. William Stewart Hawkins preached to the boys. I recall four members of the 1st Tennessee who were not demoralized by the war and who maintained their morality throughout the struggle—viz., M. B. Pilcher, J. B. O'Bryan, W. M. Pollard, and W. L. Danley. They would not eat rations they knew were stolen.

After the war Captain Pilcher was actively engaged in business; but he was never too busy to do the Master's work, and I do not know a minister who did more missionary work than he. He was never too proud to go into the slums and help lift up fallen humanity. Some months before he was stricken with paralysis he was sent for to minister at the funeral of one of the unfortunates. Chancellor Wiggins wrote me from Sewanee: "We regret to hear of the death of Captain Pilcher. We shall miss him, especially at Monteagle, where he did such excellent work."

We shall miss him from our Bivouac, from our Reunions, from the Church and missions, and from our firesides.

The foregoing is from Marcus B. Toney, who was perhaps his closest personal friend. Because of Captain Pilcher's prominence in the ways indicated, his wide acquaintance, and the prominence of Mrs. Pilcher as President of the Tennessee Daughters of the Confederacy, there were many tributes from various sections by persons and Confederate organiza-

tions to his memory. There are three sons and a daughter, wife of Mr. Reau E. Folk, Treasurer of Tennessee.

THREE STATE PRESIDENTS U. D. C. BEREAVED.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: It is the painful duty of your President to report to you that in a brief space of time three of our State Division Presidents have been called to mourn the loss of a life companion, and each now stands alone in the shadow of one of the greatest sorrows that can come to woman. The first to "pass under the rod" was Mrs. L. P. Lawrence, President of the Florida Division, and then Mrs. Bushrod W. Bell, of Seattle, the President of the recently formed Washington Division, and next Mrs. M. B. Pilcher, President of the Tennessee Division.

In these sad bereavements we mourn with our dear widowed friends, and feel that their loss is also ours in that these deaths have taken from our midst not only their loved ones, but valiant soldiers of the Confederacy, our dear Veterans, whose passing away is a great grief to us. It was my privilege to have known one of these, Capt. M. B. Pilcher, and learned the story of his gallant service to the Southern cause in his boyhood and early manhood, and to witness the great love shown for him by the children who have assembled at Monteagle from year to year, and the far-reaching and immeasurable influence of the "twilight prayer" and song service



CAPT. PILCHER IN 60'S.

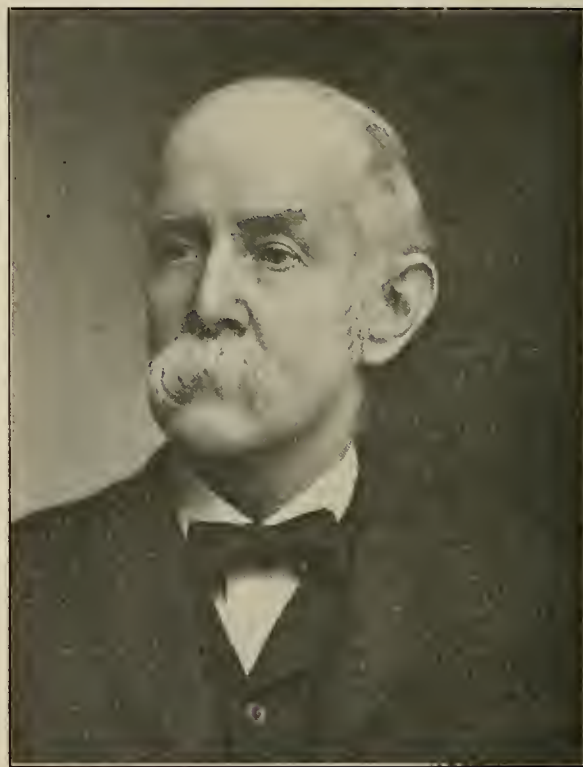


Photo by Calvert Bros.

CAPT. M. B. PILCHER.

which he daily held with these little ones who "came unto" him each evening to take part in this sweet communion.

There is rest and peace for these faithful soldiers who have "crossed the river;" but our loving sympathy goes out to the widowed ones who will so sadly miss the loving care and companionship of many years of wedded happiness.

May strength to endure be theirs! and may they be sustained by a blessed faith!

CORNELIA BRANCH STONE.

IMPORTANT CONFEDERATE INTEREST.

This publication is used extensively for advancing meritorious undertakings like the Sam Davis monument (which movement it inaugurated), like the Jefferson Davis Home Association, and many other Confederate causes which are promoted for the honor of a cause and people who deserve all that can be done in the spirit of patriotism and Christianity. The editor hopes ere long to secure the coöperation of friends in erecting a memorial in Indianapolis to the memory of Col. Richard Owen, who as commander of the Camp Morton Prison in 1862 endeared himself to every Confederate prisoner by his unstinted and unceasing kindness. Colonel Owen is of a family which every American will honor the more the better its history for uplifting mankind is known.

The VETERAN is at fault, perhaps, in so zealously pressing these enterprises to a neglect of its own importance. There is no periodical in the country the prosperity of which means as much to as many deserving people. The heroes and the heroines whom it represents are fast passing out of this life, and what is done by them and for them must be done quickly. The hope is that their successors will perpetuate the principles for which they suffered (and they are loyal to the sentiment); but unless they begin their coöperation before the principles are dead they cannot possibly do as well afterwards. For every reason whereby men and women are actuated by high motives there ought to be Confederate clannishness. Those who can't well afford to continue their patronage would do well to consider that it is by these small sums that the aggregate of many thousands of dollars necessary to perpetuate these records are supplied. No man should be selfish enough to withhold that which is due from him, yet there are such, and the fact that some disabuse confidence makes it all the more important for the faithful to be diligent unceasingly.

Let all Southerners coöperate in giving their influence to its perpetuity. It is a mistake that "the other side" is not more generally interested. Articles by Union veterans are read with much interest by Confederates.

"LEGAL AND HISTORICAL STATUS OF THE DRED SCOTT DECISION."

Doubtless the most momentous decision ever rendered by the Supreme Court of the United States was that delivered by Chief Justice Taney in the Dred Scott case, which settled that question for the time being to the satisfaction of slaveholders, yet the more firmly fixed the opposing element in their original contention. Subsequent events proved this, and eminent authorities are agreed as to the importance of the case in precipitating the Civil War, for not four years had passed ere the guns of Sumter had sounded the first note in the division of a people.

Under the above title is a late book by E. W. R. Ewing, a prominent young attorney of Washington, D. C., well known as the author of "Northern Rebellion and Southern Secession." Mr. Ewing's work is most valuable in giving a full history of this noted case with a thorough examination of the opinion delivered by the Supreme Court in March, 1857. It has required exhaustive study and research, and his labor for the benefit of our history should be recognized in the most appreciative way. A review of the book is promised our readers for a later issue, but in the meantime get the book! Copies of this first edition furnished at \$1.12, postpaid, or with "Northern Rebellion and Southern Secession" for \$2. postpaid.

THE AMERICAN BRONZE FOUNDRY COMPANY.

Attention is called to the advertisement of the American Bronze Foundry Company, of Chicago, one of the oldest and most reliable firms engaged in the casting of bronze statuary of all kinds. This Company has been in business for over twenty-five years, and has cast some of the most important public memorials erected in the country. In its employ are men who have engaged in the business for over twenty years, thus guaranteeing the highest class of workmanship and the best results obtainable.

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Francis Marion Parks, of Telephone, Tex., who was of Company B, 10th Kentucky, Johnson's Regiment, is trying to get a pension and wishes to be identified.

WANTED.

The loan of the best photograph extant of the following Confederate generals: John B. Hood, Braxton Bragg, E. Kirby Smith, S. D. Lee, W. G. Hardee, Richard B. Anderson, Simon B.

Buckner, Leonidas Polk, James Longstreet, N. B. Forrest, J. E. B. Stuart, J. C. Pemberton, D. H. Hill. I would also like to borrow the uniform of a lieutenant general to use in a painting I am now engaged on, also a pair of boots. Particular care will be taken of the articles loaned, and they will be returned in less than a week from time of delivery. George B. Matthews, 1413 H Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

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W. L. JETT, Attorney, Frankfort, Ky.

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From eastern seas to islands of the west,
Thy sharp prow has cleft the waters into
foam.

Through years of superhuman toil,
No shelter but the open seas for rest,
Now, at rest forever, thou hast found a
home.

Full many a fathom deep now art thou
laid,
And on thy decks those men who nobly
died
Sleep, resting from those toils of for-
mer days,
While their brave deeds remain their
country's pride,
And with the cannon's breath engraved
thy name
Upon the highest monument of fame!

John T. Rone, of Medina, Tenn., R.
R. No. 1, inquires for any surviving
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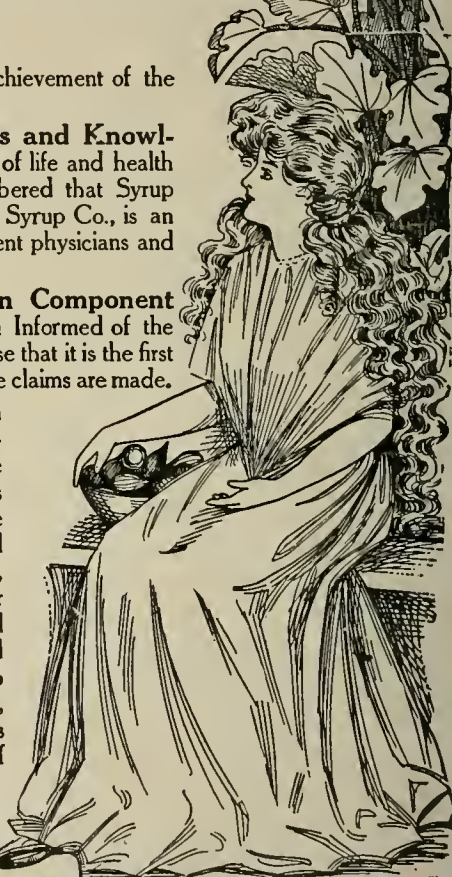
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Confederate Veteran.

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MARCH, 1909.

No. 2.

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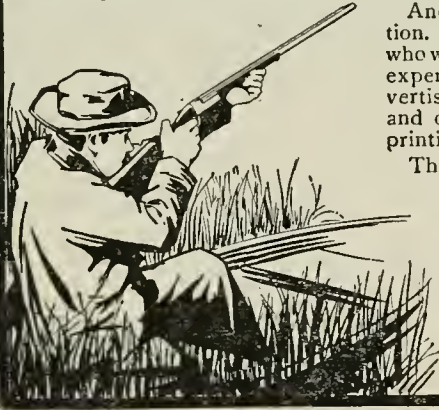
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Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.

Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
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Though men deserve, they may not win success;

The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.

VOL. XVII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1909.

No 3

J. S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION.

[At a meeting of the Jefferson Davis Home Association in Louisville on February 15, 1909, Gen. Bennett H. Young was requested to prepare an appeal.]

To the *Confederate Veterans*: A year since there was organized under the laws of Kentucky a corporation known as the "Jefferson Davis Home Memorial Association," the purpose of which was to secure the plot of ground in Todd and Christian Counties on which Jefferson Davis was born, and to erect thereon a memorial of some kind to commemorate the splendid heroism, patriotism, and devotion of the only President of the Confederacy to the cause of his people.



MRS. J. A. HAYES, COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.

Margaret Varina, Gerald Bertram, and Robina Webb, the only daughter and only great-grandchildren of President Davis.

Mr. Davis was for many years the object of widespread hatred on the part of the people of the North, and failure to restore his citizenship, in which he stood alone, demonstrates the intensity of the prejudice against him by a large part of his countrymen. He thus became a distinct and marked sacrifice of the great struggle through which the South had passed from 1861 to 1865 and the long and dreary days of reconstruction which followed the war, and upon his devoted head and loving heart fell heaviest the burdens of failure.

Every man who was engaged in the struggle for Southern independence or who sympathized with the South should feel a sense of obligation to Mr. Davis to make proper presentation to the world of his magnificent character and in some form to give recognition of the services which he rendered his people; for whatever may be the judgment of men about certain matters which, in their opinion, affected the destiny of the Confederacy, no man ever questioned the absolute devotion and loyalty of Jefferson Davis to the people of the South, and none can honestly depreciate his faithfulness and consecration in that mighty conflict.

A popular movement has been inaugurated successfully to erect at the birthplace of Mr. Lincoln, in Larue County, a splendid memorial hall. To those of us who were associated with Mr. Davis it hardly seems just that one son of Kentucky should be thus honored and the other son, the leader on the Southern side, not be equally honored.

In the furtherance of the plans to erect a memorial to Mr. Davis options have been taken on certain property covering the birthplace of Mr. Davis, and these options will terminate on the 27th of April. Prompt and vigorous action is required to make this land available for the patriotic and noble purposes proposed by the Association, and as directors of the Association we are sending this appeal to every organized Camp of Confederate Veterans and to individuals who will sympathize with the objects of the Association, and as your comrades we beg to urge upon you a prompt and generous response to this call. An average of ten dollars from every Camp and a smaller sum from individuals who honor Mr. Davis will place the Association in such position as to promptly and thoroughly carry forward this work.

If done at all, it must be done now. Delays will endanger the acquisition of the property. Forty-four years have passed since the end of the struggle which marked the greatest crisis

in the life of Mr. Davis; and if those who were associated with him in the great war would enjoy any of the pleasure that would come from the erection of this memorial, it must be accomplished now.

Now that he is gone and left none of the blood upon whom the people of the South can lavish affection except one daughter, there remains only the privilege of commemorating his virtues and recording his heroism and in some permanent form to declare the love of the South for his noble life.

We are not unmindful of the many calls now made for similar purposes upon the liberality of the South, nor do we forget what the Confederate Southern Memorial Association has done or proposes to do; but we feel that the work with which we are now charged takes such form and becomes so urgent, in view of the conditions which surround the acquisition of the property, that we are not trespassing upon the plans or efforts of others when asking that this object may be given earnest thought and quickened activity in its consummation.

TO THE UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

So many appeals have been made to the women of the South which demand their liberality and their labors that we are hesitant at this time in bringing to their notice another call, the conditions surrounding which demand immediate action.

A few months since the Jefferson Davis Home Memorial Association was organized with the intention of securing the land covering the birthplace of Jefferson Davis in Todd and Christian Counties, Ky., and erecting thereon a splendid memorial to the memory of this great and good man. This Association will be under the control of the Confederate organizations of the whole South, and its sole purpose is to exalt the motives and sacrifices of the people of the South in their great struggle for independence and to tell the world of how grand and noble and heroic was Jefferson Davis in his association with the people of the Confederate States.

Recently there has been a successful effort among the people of the whole country to secure the land covering the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln, in Larue County, and in erecting thereon a memorial to Mr. Lincoln, and we feel that Mr. Davis should have equal recognition, and that he who stood for the South in its conflicts and its sorrows should have his birthplace maintained and held for public use, and so marked as to declare in years to come what Jefferson Davis did and what he suffered for the people of the South.

Whatever is done must be done quickly, as options on the property expire on the 27th of April, and it is not likely that they can be renewed, and we are making this appeal to every Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy for a subscription of at least ten dollars. The trouble is in the shortness of the time which intervenes between this and the expiration of the options, and we earnestly appeal to you to take this matter up and to show your interest in it by prompt and liberal response.

Confident that the people of the South will not forget to do homage to Mr. Davis, we are hoping that this work will receive such impetus that on his birthday, June 3, we will be able to commence operations and lay the corner stone for this memorial to our beloved President.

We need not say to you who have done so much to justify the conduct of the South that Mr. Davis is worthy of all that his people can ever do for him; and that, while costly monuments may be erected to his memory, there is something peculiarly touching in this consecrating to public use the birthplace of this noble patriot.

With the land secured, we will proceed more leisurely in the erection of the memorial; but if the opportunity to secure the site be lost, it is feared the success of the enterprise will at least become questionable.

May we therefore by our common love for the glorious memories which gather around the Southland and its heroic efforts to be free and in our admiration of the great leader who guided us in those dark and dreadful days hope that you will secure a subscription promptly and forward it to Maj. John H. Leathers, Chairman, Louisville, Ky.?

THE PRIZE ESSAY, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

BY MRS. CORNELIA BRANCH STONE, PRESIDENT GENERAL U. D. C.

The annual prize of one hundred dollars offered by the United Daughters of the Confederacy to the students of Teachers' College, Columbia University, has been awarded for two years past. The first award was made to Mr. Herbert T. Coleman, a native of Canada, the subject of his essay having been "The Status of Education in the South Prior to the War between the States;" and the second was given to Miss Christine Boyson, of Minnesota, for an essay on "Robert E. Lee—A Present Estimate." The same committee of three distinguished scholars decided upon the best essay presented in both instances. The first award gave perfect satisfaction, the essay having met all requirements as to literary quality and structure and historical accuracy and research. The essay of Miss Boyson on the "present estimate" of "Robert E. Lee" has brought forth much indignant protest from the Chapters of the organization on account of the historical inaccuracies contained therein, some of which reflect upon General Lee as a military commander and upon the character and efficiency of his subordinate officers and the intellectual condition of the South at the beginning of the War between the States. Such indignation is the natural expression of the loyalty of the Daughters of the Confederacy to their own people, their traditions, culture, and refinement, and their achievements in the councils of State as well as on the field of battle, and particularly their devotion and self-sacrifice to the principles upon which this government was founded, together with the patriotic motives which actuated the course of the people of the South in the War between the States and the honor and integrity due to their great leaders, who were scholars and statesmen as well as great military commanders.

In zealously guarding the precious heritage of glorious names and achievements let us, however, endeavor to be conservative and just to those who have served us or taken part in this matter. It is a well-known truth that misconception and misunderstanding is prevalent in some sections of this country of ours as to the true attitude of the people of the South prior to the War between the States, during the conflict, and in the still more trying days of so-called "reconstruction;" and to induce an unbiased study of this subject in a cosmopolitan college which was fitting young men and women to go out as teachers of the truth this prize was offered by the Daughters of the Confederacy—a missionary work for which time must be had for full fruition.

Considering environment, text-books provided for her education, and other influences, there is much for encouragement in Miss Boyson's essay, which contains many generous and beautiful tributes to General Lee; while her objectionable statements show no "malice of forethought," simply a lack of correct information. This is largely due to the many misleading text-books in use in Northern schools and largely

used all over the South because of the little attention paid to the contents of schoolbooks introduced into Southern schools by publishers offering large percentage on sales if these be adopted. The Confederate organizations have striven by every means to eliminate such books, knowing the false and erroneous statements contained in them; and in many States the State Department of Education has taken up this matter, and it is important to look to it that our children do not imbibe some of Miss Boyson's impressions.

To declare that we, the Daughters of the Confederacy, are not in sympathy or accord with such statements, after our years of labor and unselfish devotion to the preservation of the truth, seems unnecessary; and it would seem strange if any mind could conceive the thought that we sanction or indorse any suggestion, however remote, of treason in the Southern people, who State by State resumed their delegated rights by seceding from the Union and established the Confederate States of America and maintained it for four long years through stress and storm with great glory and honor. This record has become a part of American history and should have truthful record.

Miss Boyson in fairness concedes that the question of secession "had been purposely left open" by the founders of this republic, and that "on the two opinions held equally sincere patriots were arrayed." Hence there could be no treason in the attitude of the people of the South, and so well was this understood by distinguished jurists of the North that after the indictment of Jefferson Davis he was never tried.

A committee was appointed by my able predecessor to select the judges to award the prize. The wise men of broad mind and attainment consented to serve us in this capacity. Two of these are of Southern birth and both descendants of those who served the Confederacy. The love and loyalty of these men for the sacred memories of the South cannot be doubted, their statements of the construction entertained by them as to the duties of their position have been fairly made, and we should be temperate and just in our judgment of their action. It would perhaps have been wiser when making a selection of what they considered the best of the essays presented if they had in making the award stated that in doing this they could not indorse some of the statements made by the writer. Yet this must have seemed unnecessary to men entertaining such different views.

In formulating the plan for the award of this prize in Teachers' College there was no provision made for submitting the essay to the final indorsement of the President General, for she is and should be responsible for the proper conduct of the affairs of the General Association. The judges selected the best offered; but whether that selection merited the prize—that is, if it met the requirements of "historical accuracy and literary quality and structure"—is a matter which should have final arbitrament by the organization through the President General or the committee appointed by herself on which she should pass final judgment.

In the award of the next prize, for which provision was made by the Atlanta Convention, every safeguard will be observed, the President seeing more clearly her duty in this matter.

So let us cease to attach blame to any, for it is the motive that constitutes the vital part of wrongdoing; and if censure be the keynote of life, who shall be blameless? We are engaged in a great work. Let us bring to it the memory of "the spirit of Robert E. Lee"

MRS. ENDERS ROBINSON'S GENERAL CIRCULAR.

Mrs. Enders Robinson, Historian General of the U. D. C., issues a general circular to Historians of Divisions and to Chapters where there are no Divisions as follows:

"In the United Daughters of the Confederacy prize essay, published in the December (1908) CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn., these statements are made: 'Intellectually the South was practically dead'; 'Most of the people were densely ignorant'; 'Robert E. Lee was a traitor in that he sacrificed all to aid the enemies of his country; but [here the writer quotes C. F. Adams, "Shall Cromwell have a statue?"] so were George Washington, John Hampden, and William of Orange.'

"Such contortion of Southern history defeats the purpose for which the prize is given—a truthful reference paper

"The per capita tax should not be used to encourage falsification of history.

"Therefore, you are urged to use your influence to abolish the prize of one hundred dollars given by the U. D. C. annually for a historical paper.

"Please repeat this 'General Circular No. 2' to all Chapter Historians within your jurisdiction."

FROM THE JUDGES OF THAT PRIZE ESSAY.

The VETERAN is in receipt of copies of letters from President C. Alphonse Smith, of the University of North Carolina, and President Edwin A. Alderman, of the University of Virginia. These are two of the three men by whom was awarded the prize to Miss Boyson for her essay on Gen. R. E. Lee. This essay, published in the December VETERAN, has been widely read and almost universally condemned in the South.

President Alderman says: "I understood the judges were to consider literary merit, structural ability, and general thoughtfulness as well as historical honesty and fairness. Inasmuch as the prize was for an essay, not for a eulogy, and has been established at the most cosmopolitan American university, where it might be competed for by young men and women of every section and every nation, I supposed one would be expected to allow for differences in historical viewpoints." [Here the VETERAN calls Dr. Alderman's attention to the fact that Mrs. Schnyler's original request was for permission to establish in a leading Northern college a prize scholarship for the study of correct history "from the South's view-point."]

Dr. Alderman writes: "Miss Boyson's paper impressed me as preëminently the best, though here and there were sentences of unwarranted generalization or which embodied what I thought were unsound opinions. Is it conceivable that the failure to conform entirely to the Southern view-point should operate to disqualify the paper? I did not expect scientific accuracy nor a perfect historical point of view from youthful collegians, male or female."

[Has it occurred to the judges that their award of the prize for these "unsound opinions" and "scientific" inaccuracies will go far to establish the "youthful collegian in her errors?"]

President Alderman protests against quoting detached sentences. They must be considered in their context to get the true meaning. Yet he attaches a meaning the text does not seem to justify. He quotes this paragraph with explanations.

"He was a traitor inasmuch as he sacrificed all to aid the enemies of his country; but so were George Washington, John Hampden, and William of Orange." Evidently Dr.

Alderman thinks this means *if* he was a traitor, etc. Touchstone says: "There is much virtue in an 'if.'"

Again Dr. Alderman says: "Miss Boyson's use of the phrase 'the wrong side' and 'the Civil War has since taught what is right in this regard' was infelicitous and jarring; but I came to the conclusion that the context showed that she meant 'unsuccessful' by the first quotation and 'forever settled' by the other. [Beg pardon, may the VETERAN ask what dictionary of definitions Dr. Alderman uses?] The assertion that most of the people of the South were 'densely ignorant' was a foolish echo of an erroneous view current at one time in her section and in many Northern minds based upon unanalyzed statistics of illiteracy, and the further statement that 'the South was intellectually dead,' derived from the same misunderstood source, was as offensive to me as to my critics; but I did not think these misstatements disqualified."

Though Dr. Alderman protests against statements without the context, he gives a whole flock of detached sentences, which he seems to think proved the essay to be a glowing tribute to Lee instead of the calumny it is said to be.

President Alderman adds: "What the situation needs is more light, calmness, and justice—just a touch of the splendid tolerance of Lee himself. Let Miss Boyson's essay be printed, let it be read, and I, one of the judges, will abide the public verdict with serene confidence."

It is a singular comment to suggest that the paper be printed and read when Southern women are almost universally condemning the judges who awarded the prize.

President Smith's letter is to the same purport, only less effusive, less exhaustive. It is a calm, dignified statement of why he voted for the essay, which he regarded as the best offered.

AN INQUIRY ABOUT THAT PRIZE ESSAY.

The Sterling Price Chapter, U. D. C., of St. Joseph, Mo., sends an open letter to the VETERAN. It is addressed to the chairman of the prize essay contest, and requests Dr. Alderman to explain why Miss Boyson was chosen when her only recommendation was good English, easy diction, and rhetorical smoothness. The letter says hardly a paragraph of this prize paper but contains some false assertion against the most sacred principles cherished by the South. She has positively left us nothing as a people, and the summing up of her paper is that we were engaged in treason, the only palliative circumstance being that we "were too densely ignorant" to realize it till the "results of the Civil War showed us what was right." The aspersions against Lee the Chapter regards as so silly as to be best met by a dignified silence.

WILMINGTON, N. C., COMMENTS.

Whereas Cape Fear Chapter is one of the first of those organized in the U. D. C. and the largest Chapter in North Carolina, the native State of two of the judges; be it

Resolved: 1. That this Chapter deeply deplores and is unwilling to accept the unfortunate decision of the judges who awarded to Miss Christine Boyson, of Minnesota, the prize of \$100 offered by the U. D. C. for the best essay upon General Lee. This essay is chiefly notable for the author's dense ignorance of conditions and institutions of the South.

2. We desire to record our protest against the action of the judges. In order to avoid the making of false history, we give our opinion that the bestowing of prizes should be abolished or else that greater safeguards be adopted to prevent the happening of such grievous errors.

COMMENT BY WOMEN OF CHARLESTON.

After explaining the history of the movement by the U. D. C. to offer a prize through Columbia College, the women of the Charleston (S. C.) Chapter, No. 4, resolve:

"South Carolina has ever been justly accused of striking the first blow and sticking to her guns to the last. We hope in presenting the following conservative resolutions she will be among the first in pouring oil on the troubled waters.

"1. That we deeply regret the controversy over the essay written by Miss Boyson, of Minnesota, in competition for the prize offered in Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York, by the United Daughters of the Confederacy, also recognizing that their purpose, 'Historic Truth,' should have been emphasized as an essential qualification both to competitors and judges.

"2. That we would in no wise impugn the motives of the eminent men who kindly consented to act as judges in this contest, but regret exceedingly the apparent failure to appreciate the true purpose of the U. D. C., in that without qualification or criticism they awarded the prize to an essay, however well written or whatsoever its other merits, which makes mistaken statements regarding the South. Had the judges but qualified their decision by a brief statement of 'the standards which guided' them in awarding the prize to an essay in which it is conceded that 'some of the critical opinions are inexact and irritating,' the whole unpleasant issue would have been avoided. Their action has given to the world with the apparent sanction and indorsement of the U. D. C. statements which it is the very object of that organization to controvert.

"3. Therefore Charleston Chapter, U. D. C., deems it necessary by these resolutions to enter protest against the false impression given by such apparent indorsement.

The paper is signed by Clelia P. McGowan, Historian Charleston Chapter, U. D. C., Sallie E. Conner, Mary B. Popenheim, and Lonisa McC. Smythe, President Charleston Chapter, U. D. C.

ACTION BY THE NEW ORLEANS CHAPTER.

At a meeting of the New Orleans Chapter, U. D. C., a paper was submitted by Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught reviewing the history of the offering of a prize by the U. D. C. This was established in 1904 at the earnest desire of Mrs. L. R. Schuyler, of New York Chapter, U. D. C., who believed that a paper on the war prepared by a pupil of the Columbia Teachers' College would cause the Southern point of view to penetrate the Northern community. It has been distinctly understood by the U. D. C. that such a paper should present the Southern point of view with strict regard to the truth of history. If this chief condition was not deeply impressed upon the judges, then the committee failed in its duty. If it was made clear and the award was made upon literary and structural merits, disregarding the prime requisite of the Southern view-point and truth, then we have less cause to complain of the action of the judges.

In either case the "prize" has failed in its object, and the objections of a considerable number made at the time of passing the resolution will now be again brought forward and probably prevail.

Mrs. Vaught added that reference to the U. D. C. minutes renders it uncertain as to whether the judges were sufficiently instructed as to the Southern view-point.

This constituted the report of the historical committee; and

after it had been read by Mrs. M. A. Farwood, Mrs. P. J. Friedrichs, President of the Chapter, read the following as supplemental to the report:

"The statement that 'most of the people of the South were densely ignorant' was a false statement, for our wealthy people educated their sons and daughters in Europe; they returned home highly polished examples of the Old World's high ideals, far from being 'intellectually dead.' They were deep thinkers, cultivated musicians, and trained students who did not worship money as their god. So far as illiteracy is concerned, what caused the South to drop away down in the scale of illiterates? Was it not the emancipation of 3,000,000 negro slaves for political purposes? These were the illiterates forced upon us, and to this day they are a burden patiently borne by the Southern people.

"Condemnatory quotations she selected from prejudiced historians and refuted their statements. So many of these villifications, always quoted, detract very materially from the article; but taken as a whole, it can be regarded in no other light than as a tribute to the South's greatest leader, more remarkable from the fact that it emanates from a daughter of the North. The New Orleans Chapter should not blindly follow action taken by others, but consider the matter sanely."

[Mrs. Friedrichs might have added another reason for the illiteracy in the South, beginning with the reconstruction period—that the Southern people in their poverty were obliged to educate negro children equally with white, and the tendency was against public schools in many sections.—ED. VETERAN.]

Mrs. Livingstone Rowe Schuyler addressed the U. D. C. Convention at San Francisco requesting permission to amend her motion of the year previous to the effect that the U. D. C. establish an annual prize of one hundred dollars to be paid each year on December 1, beginning with December, 1905, for white students only at Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York City, for the best essay on subjects pertaining to the South's part in the War between the States, the U. D. C. to appoint the judges. She asked to amend her previous motion to read "prize" instead of "scholarship," because a scholarship would necessitate a return to the college in order to use it, while a prize was open to all. She further explained that Teachers' College was selected because it had a greater percentage of Southern professors than any college in the North, a larger percentage of Southern students, and there is a Southern club numbering over a hundred girls. Teachers' College is coeducational, and in establishing this prize we designate the college that has done most to help Southern girls in New York. The President General on motion was empowered to appoint a committee of three to select the judges for the prize essay.

At the Gulfport Convention Mrs. Schuyler reported on the prize essay of Columbia College, and moved "that the committee on the prize for the historical essay at Columbia College and the selection of judges for same be continued for this coming year." She also gave notice that at the next annual Convention she would offer an amendment to the effect that this committee be made a standing committee.

Mrs. Norman V. Randolph writes from Richmond, Va., in regard to her stand in the prize essay contest. She deplores the unintentional notoriety she has brought upon herself, but warmly renews her protests against the paper, which reflects so deeply upon the South and her people. She commends the

comments of the VETERAN on that article, which it had promised to publish before reading it, and thanks the editor in her own name and that of the South that he did not let the offensive paper appear without a protest.

The Richmond Chapter of the U. D. C. held a called meeting to discuss Dr. Alderman's reply to its resolutions of censure against him and his confrères for the bestowal of the prize on Miss Boyson's essay. The Chapter unanimously indorses the part taken by the investigating committee, and passed additional resolutions of censure, stating that the Chapter makes these protests on account of the many inaccuracies and misstatements in the essay, notably those in reference to the South's condition as a whole and the reflections cast upon her people, her private soldiers, and her officers. The Chapter also indorses the comments of the VETERAN on the essay in the issue in which it is printed.

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

REPORT OF TREASURER FOR 1900.

Receipts.

Balance on hand from last report, \$8,200.17.
Interest credited on deposits, \$63.99.
Gen. LeRoy Stafford Camp, No. 3, U. C. V., Shreveport, La., \$2.50.
Neff-Rice Camp, No. 1105, U. C. V., New Market, Va., \$25.
Camp Loring, No. 1126, U. C. V., Tampa, Fla., \$10.
Pat Cleburne Camp, No. 222, U. C. V., Waco, Tex., \$20.
Texas Division, U. D. C., \$126.
Members of Camp J. C. G. Key, No. 156, U. C. V., Gonzales, Tex., \$3.
Mrs. Clementine Boles, Director for Arkansas, \$1. Contributed by Varina J. Davis Chapter, No. 252, U. D. C., Fort Smith, Ark.
Mrs. Chappell Cory, Director for Alabama, \$20. Contributed by Sophie Bibb Chapter, No. 65, U. D. C., Montgomery, Ala., \$10; James Cantey Chapter, No. 548, U. D. C., Seale, Ala., \$5; Winnie Davis Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, Montgomery, Ala., \$5.
Mrs. John J. Crawford, Director for New York, \$100. Contributed by New York Chapter, No. 103, U. D. C., New York, N. Y.
Franklin-Buchanan Camp, No. 747, U. C. V., Baltimore, Md., \$10.
Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, \$54.01. Contributed by High School, Mauldin, S. C., \$3.30; Graded School, Kingston, S. C., \$2.85; Graded School, Laurens, S. C., \$20; Graded School, Anderson, S. C., \$16.86; citizens of Edgefield, S. C., \$6; S. D. Lee Chapter, No. 1066, U. D. C., Clinton, S. C., \$5.
Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Director for Virginia, \$5. Contributed by Petersburg Chapter, No. 155, U. D. C., Petersburg, Va.
Stonewall Chapter, No. 1038, U. D. C., Chicago, Ill., \$15.
Mrs. John W. Tench, Director for Florida, \$5. Contributed by Stonewall Chapter, No. 97, U. D. C., Lake City, Fla.
Total received, \$8,600.67.

Expenditures.

To American Surety Company, of New York, Treasurer's bond, \$15.
Balance on hand, \$8,645.67.

WALLACE STREATER, Treasurer.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

SOUTHERN WOMEN STAND FOR PRINCIPLES.

The VETERAN is gratified with the widespread indorsement of its comment upon the \$100 prize essay awarded to Miss Christine Boyson, of Minnesota. (One poor fellow discontinued his patronage because it was published in the VETERAN and because attention is given to "the other side"—to men who want to honor Confederates and cooperate with him in verifying the truth.) It gives space to protests from all sections of the South against the essay, which compels the withholding of much from this number. There was no alternative with the VETERAN but to print the paper—the promise had been made while the convention was in session without any knowledge of its contents until days after the adjournment. In all that is printed it may be seen that there is no criticism of the young lady. Under her training she evidently did well. If she will come South, a new conception will be had of the "ignorance" of the Southern people that she regarded so "dense" as to apply that qualifying term. Using so much on the subject in this issue will disappoint some who expected other articles in this issue, especially responses to "A Talk with the Boys."

CONDITIONS EXPLAINED BY MISS BOYSON.

The author of the Lee essay, which has aroused so much comment and criticism of Drs. Alderman and Smith, is the present head of the English department of the University of North Dakota, and is a degree graduate of Columbia. In justification of her paper Miss Boyson writes:

"Dr. Johnson, one of the professors at Columbia, advised us to limit our discussion of Lee to some aspect of his life instead of trying to write a full biography, and with this idea in mind I began to browse around the library for a theme. I soon became aware that the Lee centenary had recently been celebrated, and that one of its striking features was the warm praise of him which it had called forth in the North.

"I attempted to lay in just as broad a background of facts in explanation of Lee's attitude as my space would permit, and from these facts I then tried to explain what has seemed to me of the North an idolatrous admiration for Lee on the part of the South. The more I read and wrote, the more I was surprised to find how truly great Lee was.

"It is only in the more advanced schools of the North, where men of broad culture and recent training are teaching, that the thought of the justice of the South in the war is ever dwelt upon. To present this cause from the Southern standpoint—to show that Lee must not only inevitably but justly have taken the place that he did, and that he was in himself a greater man than any allegiance to the one side or the other could have made him—was my purpose.

"My Northern friends think I have overdone the thing. It seems as if I have lost out not only with the North, but with the South as well. I am so sorry all this has come about. I submitted my essay only as one of many, and was very much surprised when the award was made in my favor. I wanted to show that the vast majority of Americans are beginning to feel that Lee is fit to stand side by side with Washington."

SAM DAVIS MONUMENT.

A little unexpected delay has occurred in connection with the marble work upon the Sam Davis monumental structure through the discovery of a dark seam in the marble, which required the transfer of the quarrying machinery to a new quarry. It is believed that this misfortune will be overcome in time to dedicate it while the Legislature is in session. The heroic bronze statue is at hand, and very soon after this marble is all in hand it will be ready for the dedication.

Meanwhile the liberal spirit of contributing increases, and it is well. For the \$800 yet to be raised the committee becomes responsible, and they will pay, independent of their contributions—they must pay—what is lacking, since they are responsible for all contracts. All who want their names recorded as contributing to the glory of Sam Davis, the private Confederate soldier whose life was of less value than his honor, should do so now. Some new light upon his unexcelled sacrifice from both Confederate and Federal sources is to appear in the April VETERAN along with the names of recent contributors. The dollar list is popular. The monument will be a contribution from every State in the Union.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S LOST OPPORTUNITY.

Reports from many addresses and specially prepared papers from esteemed sources have come to the VETERAN concerning President Lincoln, too many for practicable space at present.

Notwithstanding the South realized the great calamity caused to it by his death, in a general criticism Mr. Lincoln is overhonored. The President's speech at Lincoln Farm, his reputed birthplace, on February 12, 1909, was entertaining. He had the courage to bring Washington quite on a level with Lincoln. Very good for an American "half Northern and half Southern;" but the President missed an opportunity that can never come to him again—to stand in the open for complete reconciliation. Mr. Lincoln's fame rests upon his achievements in the war to perpetuate the Union as a whole. It was a conflict sharp and exact between the North, with resources and means from the whole world, and the South, depending entirely upon its own resources save from blockade, which was practically impregnable. The war had been over nearly half a century. The high courts of the United States had not dared to put the legal rights of the South to a test.

The President was in the South—in Kentucky—in the State that gave birth within a year before Mr. Lincoln was born to the South's leader in that great and awful struggle. That which has caused the most unrelenting criticism of President Roosevelt in his entire career is his discourtesy to that man.

This occasion was in less than a month of Mr. Roosevelt's retirement. He had preached peace and good fellowship throughout his administration, and this was the opportunity, now lost forever, for him to have honored an American citizen who from the cradle to the grave pursued with marvelous courage and fidelity every duty of man. He was not born in Lincoln's poverty, neither was Roosevelt; but his career is as worthy of praise for patriotism and Christian manhood as that of any man of the generations through which he lived. The South is as loyal to the principles for which the first revolution, under the lead of Washington, was made victorious as any people of the earth to their country; but there are principles above the love of country that connect man with God, and to these principles the line will be drawn and maintained until and even after proper recognition is shown their martyr—Jefferson Davis.

FINE ARGUMENT FOR A CHRISTIAN LIFE.

A beautiful illustration of the Christian life is given by Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, of New York-Brooklyn. In a letter to the New York Observer he writes: "As the eighty-seventh milestone of my life is heaving in sight, I approach it with a jubilant song of thanksgiving from my grateful heart. I thank God for this long lease of life in which to preach with tongue and pen the glorious gospel of redeeming love."

The first article Dr. Cuyler ever wrote for a religious paper was to that paper, the New York Observer, in 1847. The editor of the VETERAN from a delightful personal, though not extensive, acquaintance in connection with the late Rev. H. M. Field, D.D., author of the charming stories in "Bright Skies" and editor of the New York Evangelist, for which Dr. Cuyler was a leading contributor, extends greeting and joins him in gratitude that he has had the clearness of head and goodness of heart to publish over four thousand articles which have been printed in native and foreign languages to more than two hundred million readers.

JOHN M. BASS.

[John M. Bass was not a Confederate soldier, but years ago he told the editor of the VETERAN that he regretted more than anything of his life that he had not been. What finer tribute to the principles than that a man in the mellow years of maturity deplored that he had not been a participant, even though the cause fought for had failed? He had deferred



JOHN M. BASS.

writing a paper for the VETERAN because he could not claim comradeship with the men who had fought for his home, although he was quite young at the time of the war. The following sketch, taken from an address by the Chancellor,

Gov. James D. Porter, will be read with much interest by the alumni of the Peabody College, Nashville. Mr. Bass was known and esteemed by the young men and young women of every Southern State who attended this college. This fact and the splendid model of a gentleman of honor, integrity, and duty faithfully performed make its use here all the more worthy.]

John M. Bass was a native of Nashville, Tenn., born October, 1845. He bore the name of his father, long a leading citizen and business man. His mother was a daughter of Felix Grundy, and was conspicuous in the social life of the city. Mr. Bass took his degree of Bachelor of Arts at Bethany College, Virginia, then under the presidency of the distinguished Alexander Campbell. His junior year at a law school was in the University of Virginia and his senior year was at the law school of Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn., where he received his diploma. He entered upon the practice of the law with encouraging prospects. A man with his high sense of honor, with his industry, good sense, intelligence, and correct habits, commands success in any department of life. But, his father requiring his services in the care of large planting interests on the Arkansas River, he abandoned the law, and spent the best years of his young manhood on the plantation and buried his ambition in the unprofitable cotton fields.

On the death of his father, who was for many years a member of the Board of Trustees of the University of Nashville, Mr. Bass was elected his successor. His distinguished grandfather, Felix Grundy, had served for many years as one of its trustees, and his own devotion to the college was esteemed by him as "the best part of his inheritance." On the death of his friend and my honored kinsman, Edward D. Hicks, Secretary and Treasurer of the University Board, Mr. Bass was made his successor, and soon thereafter was assigned to the same duty with the Peabody College for Teachers. All expenditures and accounts of the Trustees of the Peabody Education Fund were made through and by him. The administration of Mr. Bass embraced the financial affairs of the University of Nashville and all of its schools—the Peabody College, the Medical Department, Montgomery Bell Academy, and the Winthrop Preparatory School. It was ever exact and self-explanatory, every penny was accounted for, and proper vouchers were filed. He was superintendent of buildings and grounds and guardian of the young ladies and young men, and was the depository of their troubles and sorrows and always their intelligent guide and friend. In sickness the student body received his watchful care, and in its exercise it was affectionate and paternal. Who can forget his watchfulness and his tenderness? He was a student and kept in touch with scholars and literary men, and was himself a writer of taste and judgment. At the time of his death he was preparing a history of the life work of Felix Grundy. His death is a distinctive loss to the State.

Mr. Bass was a gentleman born and by education and environment. He never had an associate outside of his class, and he combined with refined qualities practical sense and judgment. My association with him during the past seven years gave me a better opinion of men. His brother was my school-fellow here, and his father and my own were friends and schoolfellows at Transylvania University, at Lexington, Ky. His influence will be lasting and far-reaching. Every young man and young woman student has felt it, and it will be an inheritance as fadeless and enduring as his memory.

CONCERNING THE PRIZE ESSAY.

The criticisms upon that \$100 prize essay awarded through Columbia College to Miss Christine Boyson, of Minnesota, are the subject of widespread comment. Happily, the young lady is properly exonerated from blame. With her environment she deserves well. The mystery is as to why her paper was chosen by the distinguished men who accepted the responsibility of judging the papers as "from the South's viewpoint."

MARYLAND DAUGHTERS PROTEST AGAINST THE PRIZE ESSAY.

The following protest was offered by Mrs. D. Giraud Wright, Honorary President of the Maryland Division and of the Baltimore Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy:

"The Baltimore Chapter desires to enter a protest against the action of the committee who awarded the \$100 prize offered by the United Daughters of the Confederacy for the best essay on the South in our War between the States to Miss Christine Boyson for her paper, 'Robert E. Lee—A Present Estimate.'

"While we might be willing to acquit the writer of any intention to willfully misrepresent, and while the whole tenor of the essay necessarily manifests a desire to laud the South (as she was competing for the prize), and is, of course, intended to be a eulogy on General Lee, she utterly fails to grasp the Southern estimate of the causes that led to the war and the motives that animated us in that gigantic struggle for independence. And not only so, but in attempting to analyze the conditions existing during the war the essay is filled with inaccuracies and misstatements, of which only a few can be noted, but which serve to emphasize instead of minimizing the fact (as was probably her amiable intention) of the old 'irrepressible conflict' between the mental attitude of the North and South on the vital questions which from the beginning have been a 'casus belli' between the two sections.

"A Northern schoolgirl writing an essay on the South during the War between the States, with the limited knowledge necessarily hers, with the lack of experience of the conditions which confronted us, and with her theories evolved from her Northern education and environment and her principal guide the one-sided histories from which she seems to have gleaned her information, could hardly be expected to write with better knowledge of her subject or to succeed in her pose as an expert military critic of General Lee's campaigns or of the skill and competency of his generals! The essay might be excused as an immature schoolgirl's effort at composition were it not that it received the prize intended by the Daughters of the Confederacy for a different type of article.

"Therefore the Baltimore Chapter protests against this award and calls attention especially to the following misstatements:

"We deny absolutely Miss Boyson's statement that 'Robert E. Lee was a traitor, who sacrificed all to aid the enemies of his country.' We hold that Robert E. Lee was a patriot of the highest type, who sacrificed all to defend his home and State against the enemies of his country. The South believed then and the Daughters of the Confederacy believe now that the South truly interpreted the Constitution as granting to the States the right to secede from the Union.

"If Robert E. Lee was a traitor aiding the enemies of his country in that he held his allegiance due to Virginia and drew his sword in her defense, then it must be conceded that the South was engaged in an unlawful struggle and that our

cause was unrighteous. We would be traitors indeed to our sacred past did we not repudiate such a charge. That we failed to establish the right to secede and that the question was settled by the arbitrament of arms does not alter the fact to our minds of the righteousness of our cause or the pure and exalted patriotism of the men who fought or the women who suffered under the stainless flag of the Southern Confederacy! Robert E. Lee was no traitor in any sense, technical or otherwise, but a noble patriot, true to his allegiance to his country, the State of Virginia—a perfect, gentle knight without fear and without reproach!

"We protest against her statement that 'intellectually the South was dead and most of the people were densely ignorant.' The negro population in the South was certainly ignorant; a small portion of her people in the mountain districts were ignorant; but the people in her villages and towns and the small farmer class, as distinguished from the planters in the South, were men and women who well compared with the same grade in the North. Descended as they were from the Scotch, English, and Huguenot settlers, they formed a class of citizens of the best type; while the aristocracy of the South was fully the equal if not the superior of anything the North could produce in its highest civilization, which has never given to the world a Washington or a Lee!

"We protest against the contemptuous mention of the officers of our Confederate army under Lee as 'his ignorant and inferior assistants, often making his faith in them a cloak for their own designs.' And it would be strange indeed if the Daughters of the Confederacy should be so recreant to their trust as to sit tamely by and silently accede to a prize being given in their name to one who so asperses the fair fame of heroes whom we hold in the deepest reverence. The luster of the fame of Stonewall Jackson, of Johnston, of Beauregard, of Forrest, of Gordon, of Hampton, of Stuart, and the mighty host of other great Confederate soldiers will hardly be dimmed by her criticism, yet under the circumstances we cannot let it pass.

"It is difficult to understand how the committee of award should have so failed to comprehend the intent of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in offering this prize as to bestow it upon one who so utterly failed to attain the object for which it was offered. Whatever literary merit the essay may have possessed, her mode of dealing with her subject should have condemned it. Ordinary reflection should have shown that the United Daughters of the Confederacy would never have given a prize for an essay in which the righteousness of the Southern cause was denied, the mass of her people contemptuously declared 'densely ignorant,' her leaders pronounced 'inferior, ignorant, and designing,' and Robert E. Lee called a traitor!"

NORTH CAROLINA PROTESTS AGAINST THE PAPER.

In her protest against the payment of the prize to the young girl of Minnesota by the committee for the U. D. C., Mrs. William H. S. Burgwyn, President of the James David Chapter at Weldon, N. C., writes:

"The memory of our great and good leaders during the war for State rights and of the brave men who cheerfully and obediently followed them was the solace, the pride, and the inspiration of the Southern people in the midst of the ruin which confronted them after the war was over. Those memories, handed down to our descendants, will be the history of their ancestors; so it is our duty to preserve them faithfully and truthfully.

"Miss Boyson is in error when she says that 'Lee had to struggle with ignorant and inferior assistants, who often misunderstood his orders and often made his faith in them a cloak for carrying out their own designs.' A commander never had more loyal and devoted subordinate officers and soldiers than R. E. Lee. While Washington had his Arnold, his Gates, and his Charles Lee, and Napoleon his Bernadotte and his Murat, Lee had his Stonewall Jackson, his J. E. B. Stuart, his A. P. Hill, and his Jubal Early.

"Robert E. Lee was so pure and noble in his nature and his life that only those who study his biographies can do him full justice. He was so far above the ordinary mortal that the successful contestant for the prize doubts the good that is told of him. It has not been her fortune to know any one equal to him, and her standard is not high enough to reach him. She tells us that Lee is fast coming to take his place side by side with Lincoln. Many of the Daughters of the Confederacy object to Lee's being taken down from the pedestal on which the world generally has placed him—above any other man of his day.

"Lincoln, under strong pressure, 'failed to keep faith as to Sumter,' and so 'war was declared against the Confederacy.' Lee was never known to be unfaithful to his word. When General Butler was insulting women in New Orleans during the war, he was allowed to remain there until the French Emperor threatened to recognize the Confederate States unless he was removed. Lincoln then removed him. General Lee was always the protector of the weak.

"Another point to be controverted is that Lee differed from Washington only in choosing 'the wrong side.' The difference between them was that Washington was rebelling against his mother country, though under just provocation. Lee's native State was a sovereign State, the peer of any of the others in the Union, whose right to secession had not been debarred by the Constitution. The result of the war has been to deprive the States of the right to secede; but it could not possibly alter the rights of the States prior to that time nor settle the moral right of the question.

"Again Miss Boyson is wrong when she says: 'Intellectually the South was practically dead. Most of the people were densely ignorant.' At the breaking out of the war Southern statesmen dominated the policies of the country. Previous to that time the South had furnished more Presidents to the United States than any other section of the Union. The two most eminent chief justices of the United States were Southern men, John Marshall and Roger B. Taney. The most distinguished military men of the country were from the South—George Washington, Andrew Jackson, Zachary Taylor, and Winfield Scott. The South needs no defense, but our children should be taught correct history."

HISTORIAN OF MISSISSIPPI DIVISION COMMENTS.

[Mrs. Lucy Green Yerger, Greenville, Miss., protests against it.]

Not only as Historian of one of the Divisions of the U. D. C. but as a loyal woman of the South and a lover of truth I solemnly and earnestly protest against this article on "Gen. R. E. Lee—A Present Estimate." It is full of false statements.

In answer to her monstrous charge that the South intellectually was practically dead and most of the people were densely ignorant, let a witness be heard whose authority will hardly be questioned by any one in Miss Boyson's part of the country and who would scarcely be accused of undue par-

tiality to the South. "No man acquainted with the history of the Union," said Daniel Webster in his celebrated speech of March 7, 1850, "can deny that the general lead in politics of the country for three-fourths of the period that has elapsed since the adoption of the Constitution has been Southern lead."

I wonder if Miss Boyson knows by whose brain this Constitution was conceived and who were the framers of this Constitution, and if she knows who wrote the Declaration of Independence, who threw down the gage, "Liberty or Death," who wrote the bill of rights copied far and wide by free commonwealths? If she would read, she would find the names of Madison, Jefferson, Henry, Marshall, Mason, and George Washington—all Southern men—very much associated with all of these. Many Southern people of the period of which Miss Boyson writes were descendants of these great and brainy men. Others there were whose ancestors were as illustrious. A fine order of intellect prevailed over all the South.

The South's history is grandly glorious just as it is, and so we, the loving Daughters of the South, intend it shall be given to the world. Our State and its people have no regrets to express relative to 1861-65 except that we lost. We have no apologies to make, no pardons to ask. We knew that the movement of the Southern people in 1861, led by the great Mississippian, Jefferson Davis, was within the Constitution of the United States. The whole country knew it; for while Jefferson Davis, a vicarious sufferer, lay in chains at Fortress Monroe, while the clash of arms was still fresh in the minds of men and the echo of the last "Rebel yell" had scarcely died out in the valley, and while the frantic nation, mad with rage, was rending the overburdened air with wildest imprecations against the doctrine for which the South fought—State rights—the Supreme Court of the United States in December, 1865, declared in favor of this doctrine. "The national government possesses no powers, it decided, but such as have been delegated to it. The States have all power but such as they have surrendered."

In conclusion, I would like to tell Miss Boyson what Irwin Russell, Mississippi's talented and inimitable dialect poet, makes an old negro preacher say: "An' when you sees me risin' up to structify in meetin', I've just clum up de knowledge tree an' done some apple-eatin'."

RICHMOND (VA.) CHAPTER CONDEMNS IT.

The Richmond (Va.) Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, has indorsed the report of Mrs. Herman V. Randolph, acting for the investigation committee appointed January 13, in protesting against the essay to which the \$100 prize was awarded by the Daughters and strongly censuring Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, of the University of Virginia, Dr. Alphonse Smith, of the University of North Carolina, and Dr. Finney, of New York College, the committee making the award.

The attention of the Richmond Chapter was called to the prize essay at its meeting of January 13, when a strong letter of protest was read from Capt. John E. Laughton, of Washington, D. C., who stated that the prize essay written by Miss Christine Boyson, of Columbia University, published in the December issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, abounded in misstatements and vilification of the Southern cause. At that time many of the Daughters had not seen the article in the VETERAN; and, while indorsing Captain Laughton's pro-

test, they appointed a committee to look into the matter and report more fully on the subject.

Both Mrs. Randolph and Mrs. J. Enders Robinson spoke on the subject, expressing their great surprise that a committee composed of such eminent educators should give their approval to so incorrect a paper. Mrs. Robinson, who is Historian General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy as well as a member of the Richmond Chapter, stated that, in view of the undoubted qualifications of the committee of educators, she could not but conclude that they had neglected their duty to the Daughters by not reading the essay at all.

"They have shown themselves grossly neglectful of the United Daughters of the Confederacy," she said, "a body of women 28,000 strong, and ungrateful to them as workers for the cause."

She then made a motion that every Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy have their attention called to the action taken by the Richmond Chapter in this regard.

Calling upon the committee for some explanation of its part in making the award to this paper, the report of the committee states: "We do not attempt to refute the charges, villainous as they have been, that were made by Northern historians everywhere within the last forty years; but when such charges are made at the present day, when every true American is using his efforts to reconcile differences, we cannot understand how a committee of such distinguished educators could have given their approval. We therefore recommend to the United Daughters of the Confederacy that some explanation is due from these learned historians who have approved this 'historical essay.'"

A VETERAN'S REFUTATION OF THE "DENSE IGNORANCE" CHARGE. PROTEST BY CAPT. A. C. JONES, THREE CREEKS, ARK.

I was very much interested in the article by Mrs. Livingston Schuyler, of New York City, in which she endeavors to explain some rather offensive sentences contained in the otherwise highly creditable essay upon General Lee written by Miss Christine Boyson, of Minnesota. Her interpretation is ingenious and plausible, and I am disposed to accept her version with one exception. I quote as follows: "Intellectually the South was practically dead; most of the people were densely ignorant; hence the great religious and educational movements which in the North had built a church and schoolhouse at every crossroads had swept by them unheeded."

Now this is a question of fact to be supported by evidence, and I know of no better way of refuting the above statement than by a brief sketch of my own experience in the war, which I take to be fairly typical of a large majority of Southern soldiers.

At the time of the outbreak of hostilities I was living in South Arkansas in what is known as the pine woods or hill country. The lands were not rich, but fairly productive, and the people prosperous. When Mr. Lincoln's proclamation had been issued and the war seemed to be inevitable, I conceived the idea of raising a company in my immediate neighborhood. The young men responded freely, and in a short time we got together about ninety men, afterwards recruited to over one hundred. Now as to the character of these men: Physically they were stalwart young fellows in the very flush and vigor of their young manhood; mentally they were alert and intelligent, and with a few exceptions they were well educated in English—at least sufficient for business purposes. The facilities for education had not been first-class; but a good

academy was located in the township, and every family had access to a school of some sort. There was but one college graduate, a young physician, who afterwards became one of the most distinguished surgeons in the Confederate army.

Nearly every occupation in life was represented, but the large majority were farmers. Newspapers were freely circulated among our people, and the men were well informed as to current events.

We elected our own officers, and by unanimous vote decided to go immediately to Virginia. We marched on foot one hundred and twenty-five miles to a point on the Mississippi River, where we took a boat for Memphis and then went by rail to Lynchburg, Va. There with nine other companies that had preceded us, of about the same personnel as our own men, we were organized into the 3d Arkansas Regiment. Our company became G. This regiment was about a fair sample of similar organizations throughout the Confederate army. In no sense of the word could these men be justly stigmatized as "densely ignorant."

The 3d Arkansas was afterwards attached to the Texas Brigade of Longstreet's Corps. We remained in Virginia during the entire four years of the war, participating in nearly all of the great battles fought by the Virginia Army, when finally at Appomattox I as senior officer in command surrendered and signed the parole papers of the little remnant of the regiment, of which there were about seventy-five men. Nearly all of these men bore upon their persons the marks of the enemy's bullets, myself being severely wounded in the battle at the Wilderness. We laid down our arms, accepting in good faith the result of the unequal struggle, but with no regret whatever for our part in it.

The question as to whether the people of the South were "intellectually dead" may be better decided, perhaps, by the sequel. Not long since it was my privilege to attend a reunion of Confederate veterans at McNeal, Ark. There I met four veterans of Company G, 3d Arkansas. Grizzled old warriors they were, wearing their weight of years with the dignity and ease which betokened clear consciences and well-spent lives. At the conclusion of the great tragedy they had returned to their desolated homes and taken up again the broken threads of life, bearing their full share in the rehabilitation of their homes, their fortunes, and a reunited country. And now, surrounded by their children and their grandchildren, they are living in the peaceful enjoyment of the sweet amenities which belong to domestic life. They are true and loyal citizens of the United States; and yet, so far as the principle by which they were guided or the motive that influenced them to serve as soldiers in the Confederate army is concerned, they are the same "old Rebels" as when with the Texas Brigade at the head of Longstreet's Corps they charged through the historic peach orchard across Devil's Den and up the bloody slope of the "little round top."

I wish to say in behalf of these veterans that they hold no grudge against that young lady who writes so beautifully about their great commander; and should her eye ever be cast upon these lines, we send her greetings across the intervening space to her far-away home in Minnesota. But we wish to give the assurance that General Lee, were he still alive, would accept no crown of laurels the bestowal of which implied the slightest disparagement of the men whom he led. For no one knew better than he that the principal element of strength in the Confederate army which enabled him by skillful leadership to make great strategic movements and win great victories was the fact that practically every man carried within

his own bosom an intelligent appreciation of the cause for which he fought, and was in his own person the embodiment of that lofty principle, patriotism, which since the creation of man has prompted him to his noblest impulses and inspired his most heroic deeds.

[Captain Jones's modesty is worthy of mention. He raised the company and he surrendered the remnant of the regiment at Appomattox. In a letter from Gen. John Gregg dated at Russellville, Tenn., February 10, 1864, to Hon. M. D. Graham, a member of Congress from Texas, the General mentions incidentally that the brigade—Hood's famous Texas Brigade—was then commanded by Capt. A. C. Jones, of the 3d Arkansas Regiment.]

PROTEST FROM PINOPOLIS, S. C., BY MRS. M. L. MACBETH.

Please give me space in the *VETERAN* to protest against the essay of Miss Boyson in your December issue. I am a U. D. C., an old lady, who lived her early youth during the War between the States. Looking back to those times, my soul rises in revolt that our beloved chieftain, Gen. R. E. Lee, should be "damned with faint praise" by the pen of an inexperienced girl, and she a Northerner, who knows nothing of what she attempts to write about.

The essay is absolutely foreign to what we U. D. C.'s of the South expected and desired—which is a truthful word of the war, not a crying down of our leaders. Our lower classes of whites were not more ignorant than corresponding classes at the North. That our upper classes were better educated and cultivated than corresponding ones at the North is a well-known fact except where in large cities they had exceptional advantages. It is true we had very few public libraries; but each home had its own library of many of the best books.

The right to secede is a question that has not yet been settled. I wonder if Miss Boyson knows that Massachusetts threatened to secede before South Carolina. That Lee was descended from Revolutionary ancestors is good reason why he should take up the cause of his State. They fought for liberty, and so did he; he failed, not because of his lack of generalship, as she says, but because of overwhelming odds against us. I would ask Miss Boyson before she puts Lee down on Lincoln's plane to read the book, "The Real Lincoln."

In conclusion, I would suggest that Mrs. Schuyler select her committee who decide upon the prize essay a little more carefully. I can say most positively that the decision does not meet the approbation of the U. D. C. here.

PROTEST FROM THE FLORIDA DIVISION, U. D. C.

I have carefully read Miss Boyson's prize essay on Lee, and in the name of the Florida Division of the Daughters of the Confederacy I should like to protest against its acceptance by the committee in charge of the contest. Such an article, with the supposed stamp of approval of the U. D. C., is calculated to do untold harm not only in the South, but in the North as well.

LULU HAYES LAWRENCE,

President Florida Division, U. D. C.

MISS KATE MASON ROWLAND'S CRITICISM.

Miss Kate Mason Rowland has a brilliant paper in the Confederate columns of the Richmond Times-Dispatch concerning objectionable sentences in "that prize essay."

With the Ithuriel spear of truth Miss Rowland pricks the glowing bubble of Miss Boyson's essay and shows how little reality she has to back her arguments. Like a skilled surgeon,

she cuts into the essay with clean, firm incisions, then raises upon her scalpel the obnoxious sentences for all to see.

She quotes the entire paragraph in Miss Boyson's essay beginning "in the country where the mass of the people accepted ready-made opinions, misconceptions," etc., but dismisses it with courteous sarcasm, her only comment being "the right to secede is here stigmatized as a 'false maxim,' acted upon by an 'ignorant people' who never thought for themselves, but adopted 'ready-made opinions!'"

The writer is especially clear and just in her discussion of the slave question and State rights, and she handles Miss Boyson's statement that "he was a traitor in so much as he sacrificed all to aid the enemies of his country" in a most masterly manner.

Miss Rowland takes Miss Boyson's assertion that "doubtless his fine presence and merry, genial manner cast an irresistible spell upon all who came in contact with him, but for the historians of a later day to represent him [Lee] as a man of stainless virtue is to make him ridiculous," as the text of a magnificent panegyric to Lee and almost as brilliant philippic against his assailants, who are such under the mask of friendship.

Altogether, Miss Rowland has written one of the best and most logical protests yet given against Miss Boyson's essay, and her paper will go far to show the world why the South so vehemently condemns the way the prize was bestowed.

LEARNED THROUGH THE VETERAN.

Capt. W. A. Campbell, of Columbus, Miss., writes of how he found a namesake. He tells how it came about: "Sometime ago there was in the *VETERAN* an account of some boys attacking a Federal wagon train in Northwest Arkansas, and in the party was Walter Parks. As I had a schoolmate who went to Arkansas in the forties named John H. Parks, who had a younger brother named Walter, I wrote him and ascertained that he was my old-time friend and that he had named a son for me. So much for the *VETERAN* putting subscribers in communication with old friends."

The *VETERAN* does not always succeed in finding persons sought. Much notice was given in its columns years ago of inquiry for a young Kentuckian named Grant, who was wounded near Spring Hill on Hood's advance toward Nashville. On the retreat he and the editor had a thrilling experience in crossing Duck River, but nothing has ever been heard from inquiries.

A quarter of a century or so ago Mr. J. W. Cunningham, Agent of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad at West Point, Miss., had a friend from Nashville who traveled with him much in Texas. Mr. Cunningham became so devoted to Mr. Clarke—George S. Clarke—that he named a son for him; but now for many years he has had no knowledge of Clarke. Mr. Cunningham, of West Point, Miss., desires to learn of his friend whom he has so honored.

Joe Turner, Erick, Ok., relates this incident: "On Sunday forenoon at Shiloh, during one of our halts, a boy about sixteen or seventeen broke into our ranks, ran forward about thirty yards to a large tent, pulled down a large United States flag from in front, and amid a storm of bullets waved it at the enemy, then walked quietly back to his line and handed the flag to an officer with as little concern as if he had been on camp duty." He thinks he belonged to Cheatham's Division, but wants to know who he was and to what command the flag belonged.

COL. JOHN R. LANE AND HIS REGIMENT.

[From sketch by Gen. Bennett H. Young in *Courier-Journal* January 9, 1909.]

The battle of Gettysburg, fought on July 1, 2, and 3, 1863, one of the most sanguinary and important engagements in the world's history, marked the beginning of the ebbing tide of the Confederacy, which reached the limit of decadence at Appomattox in April, 1865, in the surrender of General Lee and the immortal Army of Northern Virginia.

In the battle of Gettysburg the 26th North Carolina Regiment won imperishable glory. In that fatal conflict it suffered the highest percentage of loss of any regiment in the Civil War. This regiment had three colonels, all comparatively young men. Zebulon Vance was thirty-one years of age when he assumed command. He was elected Governor of North Carolina in 1862, and resigned to enter upon the duties of his new position.

Colonel Vance was succeeded by Col. Harry G. Burgwyn, not yet twenty-one years of age. General Ransom, commanding the brigade, opposed Burgwyn's promotion, saying he "wanted no boy colonel in his brigade." The regiment was transferred to another brigade, and the boy colonel was promoted to die at Gettysburg in July, 1863, a year later, with wreaths of immortality encircling his youthful brow.

Maj. John R. Lane became the lieutenant colonel. He was then only twenty-six years of age.

This 26th North Carolina Regiment went into battle on July 1 eight hundred strong. Of this number, seven hundred and eight were killed and wounded—over eighty-eight per cent. Thirty-nine officers went into the battle, and of these thirty-four were killed or wounded—eighty-seven per cent. It was part of Pettigrew's Brigade, and its commander sixteen days later died at Bunker Hill, Va.

Capt. Romulus M. Tuttle, of Company F, afterwards a Presbyterian minister in Virginia, led into battle ninety men, all of whom were either killed or wounded. Nineteen were killed outright, twelve mortally wounded, and sixty wounded, but recovered. In the charge young Burgwyn was shot through both lungs, and died on the battlefield the glorious death of a patriot. Brilliant, handsome in person, brave and heroic as man could be, he made the greatest of all offerings, his life's blood, for the independence of his beloved Southland.

In the charge the colors up to the moment of Burgwyn's fall had been down ten times, only to be lifted up by men who knew no fear. The assistant inspector of the brigade then seized the colors and waved them aloft, and instantly he was killed. Lieutenant Wilcox seized them; he fell. Colonel Burgwyn lifted them up. When Private Honneycut pleaded to be allowed to bear them, and as Colonel Burgwyn turned to place them in his grasp, the fatal shot struck him, and he, mortally wounded, sank to the ground. A moment later Honneycut was shot through the head.

The colors, now stained by the noblest blood heroes can shed, lay between the dying colonel and the dead gallant private. When Col. John R. Lane reached his expiring friend, "the boy colonel," he gave him a look of love and a tender grasp of the hand. These brave men parted.

Colonel Lane immediately passed along the line to make proper dispositions. Returning, he found the colors still down; and picking them up, a lieutenant cried out: "No man can take these colors and live!" Calmly the new colonel with a wave of the hand exclaimed: "It is my time to

take them now. Men of the 26th, follow me." A mighty shout answered the call, and the regiment pressed forward and broke the last line which opposed its charge, now made renowned by the most remarkable death roll of the mightiest struggle of the world.

As Colonel Lane turned to see if his regiment was following Charles H. McConnell, color sergeant of the 24th Michigan Regiment, attracted by the splendid bearing of the officer, rested his musket against a tree and took a farewell shot at the advancing Confederates, and sent a ball crashing through the neck and jaw of the advancing colonel. The flag dropped from Colonel Lane's nerveless grasp, and for the fourteenth and last time the colors of the 26th North Carolina fell to the earth.

It was believed that Colonel Lane would die on the field; but he was borne away by the small remnant of his illustrious command, and recovered.

On May 5, 1864, in the battle of the Wilderness, Colonel Lane was again dangerously wounded. At Yellow Tavern he suffered a third mishap, and at Reams Station, in August, 1864, he was struck by a fragment of shell, two ribs being broken and the flesh torn from his side. After recruiting continuously, the 26th North Carolina surrendered at Appomattox one hundred and twenty strong.

Colonel Lane returned to North Carolina at the end of hostilities and engaged in business most successfully and amassed a complete competence. He was loved and honored in North Carolina, and at Confederate meetings he was a distinguished as well as a beloved guest. He wore at Confederate gatherings the gray uniform in which he led the terrible charge at Gettysburg, and none who knew his history could fail to be touched with reverence for the splendid soldier thus clad as in the days of dreadful conflict.

When the Confederates held their Reunion in Louisville



COL. JOHN R. LANE.

in 1900, I thought it would be a pleasing incident to have Colonel Lane as the guest of the Louisville Confederates, and as chairman of the committee on arrangements I wrote urging him to come. Mr. James A. Shuttleworth cooperated with me in entertaining all the Confederates from the Old North State who were willing to receive rough-and-tumble hospitality, and seven hundred came to be our guests. Colonel Lane was assigned to the home of Mrs. Vincent Davis, and he carried with him to the hour of his death delightful memories of his stay here.

I presented him in the convention hall to all his comrades, and, standing in his worn and tattered regimentals, stained in many places with his blood, he received an ovation that is accorded to but few men. No Confederate soldier begrudged this proud old veteran one single shout of applause; and when the magnificent record behind him and his regiment were announced, no other organization and the men of no other State felt that Colonel Lane received even as much as he deserved. His reception and the recognition of his sacrifices for his people touched the innermost depths of his brave soul, and he often told me that he loved the people of Louisville with the same warmth with which he loved the men and women of his own State, and that he considered the week spent here as the happiest and pleasantest memory of his whole life.

In August, 1908, the North Carolina Confederates asked me to come and be their guest at their State Reunion, held in Winston-Salem. On my arrival Colonel Lane was there to greet me; and placing his arms about me and with tears streaming down his cheeks, he told me how he loved Kentucky and the people of Louisville, and that he longed to visit the State once more. He then promised to meet the Kentucky Confederates at their Reunion in Pewee Valley on October 1, 1908.

He wrote several times telling of the joy the contemplation of this visit brought to his mind. With his valise packed and ready to leave his home, the hand of sickness was laid upon him, and he wired his disappointment that this year he could not come, but that he would surely be with us in 1909.

Last Thursday the death angel summoned him to go away and rejoin his illustrious comrades in war and glory who had passed over ahead to be with the immortals.

With a sublime physical courage and strong Christian faith he met the great Conqueror without a tremor, and with the comforting words on his lips, "I am nearing the shore," he bade adieu to this world, and amid tears his friends laid him to rest.

I never knew a kinder, braver, or more knightly man.

VIVID EXPERIENCES IN PRISON.

Rev. John H. Gold, a native of Montgomery County, Tenn. (born November 9, 1839), has written some reminiscences of his prison experiences to an Arkansas paper. He enlisted in the Confederate army at Lawrenceburg, Tenn., November 15, 1861, and served east of the Mississippi under Gen. Pat R. Cleburne and later in Walthall's Division. He was captured at Nashville, Tenn., December 10, 1864, and was in prison at Nashville from December 16 to the 30th, and at Camp Chase, Ohio, from January 4, 1865, to the time of the fall of the Confederacy. With this exception and about three months in the hospital Comrade Gold was continuously in the service from the date of his enlistment to the surrender.

Speaking of his prison experience, he states: "I spent about

a week in the State penitentiary of Tennessee, where the convicts divided rations with us. We were then sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, where we suffered for every comfort, and especially from cold and hunger. A Yankee sergeant came in one day calling for volunteers to work, the reward being a square meal. I jumped into line, and with others was marched outside into the barracks. We washed dishes and swept the dining hall, placing the sweepings, scraps from plates, and dish-water in barrels in the yard to be hauled away. Some of my comrades took from these barrels bits of bread, potatoes, and pork, carried them into prison, and made the mass into what might be called 'cush,' and this they sold for one dollar per plate, such was the hunger of our men. I did not see even one rat after my arrival, and was told they had all been killed and eaten by the prisoners. We were forced to let our fires go out after nine o'clock at night till daylight and to bunk on a plank without straw, a blanket over this and two for cover, and this with the thermometer uniformly ten degrees below zero. My first bunk mate was a noble boy from Mississippi named Madison Carter, who was soon taken sick. I went daily to the physician to get medicine for him. After he had suffered for a week, I tried to get the physician to visit him, as he was very ill. The physician refused, but ordered me to bring him to his office. With the help of a comrade, I succeeded in doing so, and the case was pronounced smallpox, a cart ordered, and he was carried to the pesthouse, where he died a few days later. After this I felt that I was immune, and visited those in prison who had smallpox without fear of infection."

TEXAS HISTORIAN COMMENDS THE VETERAN.

BY JUDGE C. C. CUMMINGS, HISTORIAN TEXAS DIVISION, U. C. V.

I have just succeeded in securing complete the sixteen volumes of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and am in receipt of No. 1, Volume XVII. I consider these data as the most valuable collection of literature of our great "War between the States," as aptly termed by Alexander Stephens. No other publication can, in my judgment, begin to reach your valuable work in importance not only to the present generation but to those coming on. The South has had to endure a crucifixion of truth since the war equal to that of its sufferings under the Southern Cross; but the VETERAN during its sixteen years of existence has had neither variableness nor shadow of turning.

The plan was promulgated by Sherman at the end of the struggle to overwhelm the South by a flood of frothy untruths and to make sure of conquest of mind as well as by physical force. The Greeks stand in history as the fathers of recorded history, and their Nemesis, avenger of truth, was pictured lame because falsehood ever travels faster than fact. Slowly but surely you are weaving a web of facts that will when preserved be as seamless and intact as the inner garment of the Master.

A record in this great war from First Manassas till shot out at the bloody angle in the Peach Orchard at Gettysburg; a reenlistment in the commissary department after being exchanged as a prisoner there and service in this latter till the end of the war, though exempt by wounds of disability; a residence in Texas and Fort Worth of thirty-six years; since its organization, in 1890, as Historian of the R. E. Lee Camp, Fort Worth, one of the largest in the South, and many years Historian of the Texas Division, U. C. V.—this gives me authority to pay your CONFEDERATE VETERAN this deserved tribute to justice and truth.

PRISONERS ON JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

BY CAPT. R. C. CROUCH, MORRISTOWN, TENN.

In the May (1908) *VETERAN* appears an article from Capt. H. S. Smith (128th Ohio Infantry), of Cleveland, Ohio. It seems that a Confederate who was a prisoner of war at Johnson's Island gave some of his experiences there, and the Captain takes issue with him, having spent two years there in command of a company. He certainly gives a bright picture of prison life as he saw it from the outside. Peace and plenty reigned supreme inside the stockade. All that stood in the way of its being a veritable Eden was that the men didn't have their liberty. The Captain closes his article by saying: "Quarters, bedding, and rations were the same as the army had. My knowledge of prison life was gathered from the inside; I had only an occasional glimpse of the outside."

The Captain's account differs very widely from the experience of any prisoner either at Johnson's Island or elsewhere. He is not in accord with the history of the treatment of prisoners written by historians writing with Northern prejudice. Mr. James Ford Rhodes, who is considered authority from a Northern standpoint, says: "It should perhaps be mentioned that in retaliation we reduced the rations of the Confederate prisoners one-fifth and deprived all but the sick of coffee, tea, and sugar, and of all supplies by gift which had previously been permitted. While the reduced ration was sufficient to preserve health and strength, the evidence is irrefragable that at some Northern prisons during the year 1864 the food was insufficient, and suffering from hunger ensued."

If Captain Smith was at Johnson's Island during 1864 and a portion of 1865, he certainly knew that the prisoners there were on reduced rations, and that no prisoner had a tub filled with such scraps of meat and bread as he describes. Every one knows that even crumbs were religiously preserved and every scrap and crumb eaten. Men accustomed at home to every luxury ate greedily the coarsest food, and it was far from satisfying their hunger. Captain Smith ought to know that the grocery in the bullpen was not allowed to sell eatables, and the prisoners were not allowed to receive them from friends on the outside. During those memorable days of retaliation the only thing that I call to mind that flourished and seemed to grow fat were the rats, and they were in abundance.

In our mess by bribing the guard we purchased some flour and bacon, and with the help of the rats we had an old-fashioned "chicken" pie stuffed with rats. Hunger is a fine sauce, and I can assure the Captain that there was none of this left for the slop tub. Of course I do not know as to the water furnished United States soldiers on the outside at their quarters, but on the inside it was filthy. I know too that the houses were poor, that we were crowded, and that we suffered from cold. How can I ever forget it? From Captain Smith's article it is evident that he is a kind-hearted gentleman, and I am glad to read his kind words about prisoners. He was powerless to change things and had to carry out his orders. He has '61 and '62 mixed with '64 and '65. I remember many United States officers kindly. Many of them did all in their power for the comfort of prisoners. What I have written are facts, as I experienced them.

THE PALMETTO GUARD ENTERTAINED.

(From Report in Charleston News and Courier.)

A delightful occasion was the meeting of the Palmetto Guard on December 28, their regular quarterly meeting. On

that evening the Camp was royally entertained by Mrs. Jennie Screven Heyward at her residence. There were of those present Commander R. Heber Screven, Chaplain Rev. John Kershaw, D.D., and Comrades R. Bentham Simons, Charles Webb, H. C. Mazyck, Dr. Joseph Winthrop, Julia A. Le Prince, Robert E. Mellichamp, and A. W. Lanneau. Gen. Zimmerman Davis, of South Carolina Division, U. C. V., Capt. N. Ingraham Hasell, of Camp Sumter, and the Rev. S. Carey Beckwith were also present as especially invited guests.

Business being disposed of, the Camp turned to pleasure, and the members adjourned, by invitation of their hostess, to the dining room, where a beautifully decorated table spread with a most tasteful and bountiful repast awaited them. At each plate was a card with a member's name upon it and a tiny Confederate flag, making a very pretty and appropriate souvenir. There was a "feast of reason" and a constant "flow of punch."

Commander Screven gave the origin of the Palmetto Guard, of which came this Camp, Palmetto Guard Camp, U. C. V., No. 315. * * *

Our great Captain Cuthbert organized in 1851 the Palmetto Guard. Obedience has been its rule of conduct. That magnificent soldier, George B. Cuthbert, taught that obedience to the mandate of the orderly sergeant was the first and last law of the soldier. In the spirit of this obedience they responded, and in the spirit of this same obedience they battled on many a bloody field, leaving their dead from Warick Creek (where they lost their first martyr, Allison) to Averysboro and Bentonville. They went into Gettysburg with twenty-seven men and returned therefrom with but six men. After that they went to Chickamauga, leaving their tribute of blood there. Later still they took part in that magnificent campaign under the glorious Lee from the Wilderness to Petersburg, which, of course, included deadly "Cold Harbor," where Captain Elliott, another great captain, fell, together with "Green," a valiant private, and on to Sailor's Creek and Appomattox, the trail of their patriotic blood marking their line along the path of glory.

A most delightful feature of the evening was the presence near the table of the gracious hostess, who, assisted by several of her young lady friends, waited upon the members of the Camp with all of that grace and charm which is the inheritance of our Charleston ladies, and their lovely, fresh young faces made a pleasant contrast to the gray heads of the veterans.

After the feast was over, the young ladies gathered at the piano and, assisted by the veterans, sang many of the old, old songs so endeared to memory, bringing back to the Confederate soldier the time when hope was bright, when faith was strong and love was young.

As each honored guest passed out into the still night air under the stars he breathed a benediction upon the heads of the fair entertainers.

T. W. Castleman, Major General in command of the Louisiana Division, U. C. V., suggests a meeting in New Orleans or Alexandria on May 13 and 14. He addresses the Camps for their desire on the subject, and favors a date prior to the General Convention U. C. V. to be held in Memphis June 1-3. If a quorum of Camps approve his suggestion, the meeting will be held; otherwise the State Reunion will not be held until the regular time in the fall.

THE D. A. R. OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

ANOTHER COMMISSION TO SCULPTOR RUCKSTUHL.

The central committee on the monument to be erected by the Daughters of the American Revolution on the State-house grounds met last Saturday at the residence of the chairman, Mrs. A. I. Robertson. It was resolved to arrange with Mr. F. Wellington Ruckstuhl for the contract for the proposed monument according to the resolution adopted by the State Convention in session at Sumter last November. A new design for the monument was submitted by Mr. Ruckstuhl and accepted by the State Convention, from which the broken column given by the General Assembly to the D. A. R. "to aid in the erection of a monument to the three partisan generals and the soldiers of the Revolution" has been eliminated. This column having been found unavailable according to the plan adopted by the State Convention, it has been resolved to sell the column and devote the proceeds to the erection of the monument proposed. The broken column, while being entirely unsuitable for a monument to the victorious soldiers of the Revolution, would be most eminently fitted for a symbol of the Confederate cause, and doubtless there are towns in the State which would be glad to have it for a Confederate monument.

Bids for the column and inquiries for information in regard to it should be addressed to the chairman, Mrs. A. I. Robertson, in Columbia. The designs for the monument will be given later, and when completed an interesting programme will be arranged. Mr. Ruckstuhl's reputation as sculptor of the Hampton monument and the Calhoun memorial statue is too well known to need comment.—*The Columbia State*.

CONVERTED THROUGH A BIBLE PASSAGE.

The Martinsburg (W. Va.) Statesman tells a story by Dr. E. A. Noble which pays excellent tribute to the spirit of John Esten Cooke's story of "The Virginia Comedians."

"The book I loved most before I was twenty was entitled 'The Virginia Comedians,' and was written by that notable Confederate soldier, John Esten Cooke. My relationship to the book was one of the most important matters in my whole life.

"The book had been first issued a number of years before, but in 1882 the publishers issued a new edition. As a clerk connected with the publishing house, my attention was called to the republication of this interesting novel, dealing with social conditions in the early days of the South. I was expected to know at least a little of the books which were being published by the concern for which I worked, so I began to read 'The Virginia Comedians.'

"On the street cars and ferryboats between my home in Brooklyn and the office in New York I went through the book very quickly. It was finished on Friday, and the most impressive fact about the book was that the author quoted a passage from the book of Isaiah in a very striking and effective way. That passage of Scripture kept going through my mind. It was as persistent as Mark Twain's famous 'Literary Nightmare.' It beat itself into consciousness at every turn. All day Saturday I was impressed and oppressed by this quotation from the Bible. On Sunday morning I went to church; and when the minister arose and announced the text for the sermon, much to my surprise and astonishment the very passage of Scripture of which I had been thinking for two days had been selected as the text.

"I left the church and went to my home with a special

sense of God's presence and power. That gusty March Sunday can never be forgotten. In the afternoon I went to an evangelistic meeting; and when the invitation was given to make confession of Christ, I went to the altar as a penitent and a seeker. At the close of the meeting I was reveling in the joys which belong to those who are converted to God.

"One of the first things I did after my conversion was to write to Col. John Esten Cooke and tell him what had happened through his fortunate quotation of a passage of Scripture in his book, 'The Virginia Comedians.' I have a letter in reply to mine which I esteem among the treasures of my life. It is needless for me to say that I keep a copy of 'The Virginia Comedians' by me all the time; and when faith gets cold and the spirit of consecration needs renewal, I look at that singular book, which in the providence of God meant so much to me before I was twenty."

REMINISCENCE OF TWO GALLANT REGIMENTS.

BY JAMES L. COOPER, NASHVILLE, TENN.

Referring to the article in the *VETERAN* for December giving an old veteran's reminiscences of the 15th Mississippi and "Brave Bob Allison," of the 20th Tennessee, I must call attention to some errors. The 15th Mississippi was never captured at Fishing Creek and released by the 20th Tennessee; but the 20th did make a gallant charge to the right of the 15th, which was fighting the entire Federal command alone at that time, and the feeling of mutual admiration and attachment that resulted lasted during the war, and I hope yet continues among the few survivors of those famous regiments. All he says about Bob Allison's being a brave, gallant soldier is true, and no one knew him better than I; but General Smith never saw him after he was shot.

General Smith commanded a brigade in the battle of Jonesboro, and I as his aid was with him during the whole day. Bob Allison was shot down near the Federal works, and after our repulse was carried inside their lines. The shot went between the hip and knee, and his leg was amputated a few days afterwards by Dr. Deering J. Roberts, surgeon of the 20th Tennessee, who, as usual with that fearless young "Sawbones," had been pushing up too close to the front in his attentions to his "wounded boys" and had been captured with them. His captors put him and his boys in a church near Jonesboro, and everything possible was done for poor Bob, but he died in a few days. After the Federal army retired from Jonesboro, I saw his grave in the churchyard, plainly marked with his name, company, and regiment, done, I suppose, by Dr. Roberts, who had been his lifelong friend.

Another gallant soldier from Nashville who was killed in that battle was Colonel Gracey, of the Irish 10th Tennessee, "the bloody Tinth." He was a man of striking personal appearance, being considerably over six feet in height, and every inch of him a man and a soldier. I saw him soon after he received his mortal wound. I think he was shot through the bowels. He was staggering from the field, supported by a man under each shoulder. They tried to get him to take my horse, but he was unable to mount him. When I expressed my sympathy and hope that he was not badly wounded, I will never forget his despairing look as he replied: "Yes, Lieutenant, I am fatally wounded." He died that night.

There was a devoted Catholic priest attached to the 10th Tennessee who was killed that same day, I think. His name, as I recall it, was Father Blemuel. Dr. Roberts or General Smith will remember him.

TUNNELING OUT OF LIBBY PRISON.

John Mitchell, of Pomeroy, Wash., claiming to be the last survivor of the seven men who dug the tunnel from Libby Prison, thus providing means for the escape of one hundred and sixty-five men, tells the story of the desperate struggle. Before beginning the work he said the seven men took an oath of secrecy, fixing death to be the penalty of violation. It was decided that if any of them revealed the plot while they were digging the tunnel the others were to take him to the top of the warehouse at night and throw him from the highest window. Mr. Mitchell said:

"After we had spent months in that prison we conceived the idea of digging a tunnel under the warehouse, under the walls of the prison, and far enough outside to give a start to those who were willing to take the risk in the hope of gaining liberty.

"It was a desperate undertaking, as we fully realized; and although believing in the loyalty of every prisoner there, we could not dare to take them into our confidence, for fear the secret would become known to the guards. There was one obstacle, the guard inside the warehouse, whom we could not expect to escape, and we bribed him. After numerous attempts we succeeded in doing this, agreeing each of us to pay him one thousand dollars after we had regained our liberty and our homes.

"It was slow progress, handicapped, as we were, by the fear and danger of being discovered, and having to work with the disadvantage of no tools but our hands and the pocket knives a few had been able to retain when imprisoned. The disposal of the earth and stones as we loosened them was a hard matter. We were unable physically to do such work; but hope sprang up in our hearts, and the prospect of freedom buoyed us up in a manner that now seems miraculous.

"The days and nights grew into years, it seemed, as we toiled, but none of us became discouraged. We grew weaker as the task neared its end; and when it was all but completed, darkness came over me and I succumbed. For weeks I knew nothing. That I lived is due to the fact that I was cared for by a prisoner nurse whom I hold in grateful remembrance. He had charge of my case half the time, and frequently when coming on duty found me lying on the floor, unnoticed and uncared for, where I had fallen in delirium. He made every effort to find out my name and where my home had been; but my mind was a blank, and it was days before I could tell him anything. I remember the joy with which I learned that the plans for escape through the tunnel had been successful and that my six faithful comrades had got away, accompanied by one hundred and sixty other prisoners.

"Of the men who dug that tunnel, I am the only one living. The last of the other six has been dead several years."

CAPT. J. H. LE TELLIER.

BY E. LOUISE STROTHER.

Capt. John H. Le Tellier was born in Charlottesville, Va., January 28, 1842. He was educated in the Albemarle Institute under Col. John B. Strange, who was killed in the 19th Virginia Infantry. Bethany College gave him training while Alexander Campbell was in charge. Captain Le Tellier volunteered in April, 1861, in the 24th Virginia Infantry, Pickett's Division. He entered as a private, and served through all the grades up to captain. He was in the first battle of Manassas, the battles of Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Frazier's Farm, Gainesville, Second Manassas, and Fredericksburg.

He led his company in Pickett's celebrated charge at Gettysburg in 1863 with conspicuous valor. The great confidence and affection felt for him by his men were demonstrated upon that occasion. In connection with the battle of Williamsburg Captain Le Tellier, with the assistance of two others, captured the entire company, 33d New York Regiment, May 5, 1862, under A. H. Drake, the commander.

There were three Le Tellier brothers in the War between the States, the others being Lieutenant Boshier, killed at Gettysburg, and Sergeant Joseph Carter, killed at Petersburg. Captain Le Tellier was so severely wounded in the battle of



CAPT. J. H. LE TELLIER.

Plymouth, in April, 1864, that he was retired. After the surrender the wound was still painful, and even yet at times he is conscious that a Yankee bullet hit the mark in his body for permanent remembrance. The Captain has some interesting souvenirs. A bill for one month's provisions is amusing to the civilians. Here it is:

12 lb fresh beef @ 18c.....	\$ 2 16
83 lb bacon @ 35c.....	29 05
37 lb flour @ 3½c.....	1 30
40 lb hard bread @ 4c.....	1 60
¼ gal. molasses @ 20c.....	05

\$34 16

Company K, 28th Virginia, paid to G. E. Dennis, Captain and Assistant Commissary.

All through the stormy days of marching and fighting the favorite instrument, his beloved guitar, accompanied him. He has few superiors in beauty of touch; so when the camp fires burned after the strenuous day and "the boys were fed," music tender and sweet inspired them to think of the wives

and sweethearts far away; yes, and doubtless renewed their courage to fight more bravely.

A most dramatic incident is related by Captain Le Tellier as one of his war experiences. He had been four months in a hospital in North Carolina and desired to go to his home hospital in Charlottesville, Va. The surgeon put him in charge of a man and sent him on a supply train that was going as far as Petersburg. Grant's army had almost invested Petersburg, and the train from North Carolina could only come within three miles of Petersburg. It stopped in the midst of a pine forest. His assistant took him off, laid him on the ground, put a pillow under his head, and sat beside him. The train, having unloaded, stole silently away before daylight, and the assistant did likewise, leaving the wounded man alone in the woods. It was impossible to move from there, being crippled and extremely weak. Finally he thought he heard some one walking and called aloud for help. The man replied and went to him. He was very large, with long, heavy black whiskers. He was very sympathetic and volunteered to carry the sufferer on his back to Petersburg. It was three miles, and the journey had to be made with caution. This providential friend took the baggage first and then returned for the wounded man. He took Captain Le Tellier on his back, walking steadily without stopping until he put him down in the hotel in Petersburg.

The Captain was so weak that, although he procured the name, it did not remain in his memory; but he says that when his eyes are closed he can distinctly see the man with the big black whiskers and recalls vividly the kiss imprinted upon his forehead in the good-by. Although he has written to a number of papers trying to find the grand man, no word has ever come from him.

After the surrender Captain Le Tellier married Miss Fannie Christian, of Charlottesville, who lived only a short time. His present wife was Miss Frank Patton Younge, daughter of a noted temperance lecturer, Rev. James Younge, of Texas. A daughter, Miss Clifford La Hache, is the only surviving child. Captain Le Tellier has been proprietor and principal of a school in Sherman, Tex., for thirty-eight years. Prominent business men in different parts of the United States have been trained by the Captain's "rod." No person in the community commands greater respect and affection than Captain Le Tellier.

PENNSYLVANIA MONUMENT IN VIRGINIA.

[Address delivered by A. K. McClure at Fredericksburg, Va., November 11, 1908, at the unveiling of the State monument to the Pennsylvania soldiers who fell in assaulting Marye's Heights.]

Mr. President and Union Veterans of Pennsylvania: The world has ever worshiped the heroic alike in war and in peace. It is the heroic who achieve, and only the memories of the heroic are revered. In all the histories of the varied peoples of the world the decay of heroism has dated the decay and final destruction of government. True, heroism has often been prostituted to the infamy of wanton conquest and oppression; but none the less heroism has given the world all its wonderful and beneficent progress, and it will be worshipped until the last syllable of recorded time.

Forty-six years ago the sullen thunders of the Confederate artillery proclaimed the disastrous repulse of two brigades of Pennsylvania soldiers who were ordered to the hopeless task of storming Marye's Heights. * * *

The advance charge was made by Colonel Allabach's brigade, closely followed by the 1st Brigade, under General Tyler, the whole commanded in person by General Humphreys. The aggregate number of the two brigades engaged in this assault was about four thousand men, and fully one-fourth of them were numbered among the dead and wounded, although neither was in action over thirty minutes. Hopeless as it seemed to the soldiers who made this assault with the officers in advance of the men, either to gain the heights or to hold them if gained, these Pennsylvania brigades started with hearty cheers to face the grim reaper of death. Next to Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, it was the most bloody and disastrous assault of our Civil War.

We are not here to discuss the wisdom of army commanders. Only what were accepted as supreme military necessities made Pickett's charge at Gettysburg and Humphreys's charge at Fredericksburg; but they both stand in history, and will ever so stand as high-water marks of the heroism of American soldiery.

There is eminent fitness in Pennsylvania erecting a monument on this historic field to the unfaltering heroism of her soldiers. Other Pennsylvania regiments were engaged in varied conflicts, notably the Pennsylvania Reserves, in command of General Meade, who attacked the Confederate right, only to be repulsed with considerable loss; but all the other Pennsylvania regiments engaged in this action whose heroism is not commemorated on this field have or will have monuments on other fields in which they had been in the flame of battle, and their omission in the ceremonies of to-day is thus explained.

There is also eminent fitness in giving prominence in this lasting memorial to the heroism of Pennsylvania soldiers to Gen. A. A. Humphreys, the division commander of the brigades which made the assault. He was one of the most heroic and respected of our Pennsylvania officers. When his division of the 5th Corps, composed chiefly or wholly of regiments with short terms of service, was discharged, he was assigned to the command of a division of the corps, commanded by General Sickles, and displayed distinguished gallantry at the battle of Gettysburg. He became chief of staff of the Army of the Potomac under General Meade, and was promoted to major generalship. He maintained his highly creditable military record in the bloody battles of 1864 under General Grant, participating in all of them from the Wilderness to Petersburg; and when General Hancock, by reason of his wounds, was compelled to relinquish the command of the second corps in the closing days of the war, General Humphreys was assigned to succeed Hancock, and continued as its commander until the war practically ended by the surrender at Appomattox.

Pennsylvania made the most lustrous record of any of the Northern States in our Civil War. Her War Governor, Andrew Gregg Curtin, stood single and alone in the very forefront of the war executives of the North; and he is crystallized in history as "The Great War Governor" and "The Soldier's Friend." I was by his side as a State Senator representing the Gettysburg district when the terrible conflict began, and was intimately connected with the State government until the broken and decimated armies of the Confederacy finally surrendered because they were compelled to choose between the surrender or dying in an utterly hopeless cause.

Pennsylvania was ever in the advance in effective measures

for the prosecution of the war and for the care of those who offered their lives for the unity of the republic. Although second in population, Pennsylvania organized and sent to the field for temporary and permanent service vastly more soldiers than any other State in the Union; and next to furnishing troops promptly when needed, the most important recognized duty was the systematic care of Pennsylvania soldiers in the field. These soldiers fully appreciated the devotion of their Governor, and freely communicated with him in relation to their wants, many of which were impossible of attainment; but no soldier's letter ever reached the executive chamber at Harrisburg that did not receive a direct answer from the Governor. * * *

Pennsylvania was also the first of the Northern States to send efficient commissioners to every army in which there were Pennsylvania troops to give special attention to taking care of the sick and wounded, and the law of the State provided for the return of the body of every Pennsylvania soldier who fell in battle or died in hospital for sepulture with his kindred without cost to the family or friends of the fallen hero.

Our State was not only the first, but has been immensely the most generous, in providing for the orphans of Pennsylvania soldiers who fell in the struggle. On Thanksgiving morning of the first year of the war our Governor on his way to church was accosted by two poorly clad and evidently suffering children, whose appeal at once attracted the attention of the Governor when in trembling voice they said: "Father was killed in the war." The children were generously supplied, and on that day Governor Curtin began an earnest effort to make generous provision for the orphans of our soldiers. His message to the Legislature on this subject was not at first heartily responded to; but he gathered a hundred or more of the little orphans of our State and brought them to the capital, where, at his suggestion, they were of course accorded a hearty welcome, and the appeals made on that occasion to the Legislature by the Governor and others cleared the way for what now stands out in the sublime history of our State as the grandest illustration of mingled patriotism and humanity. The schools were maintained in every section of the State at the expense of many millions until the orphans of our soldiers as the wards of the commonwealth were fitted by education without cost to enter hopefully into the business struggles of life.

Such is the record of Pennsylvania in providing and caring for the soldiers of our Civil War and for the children who were orphaned in the struggle. When the conflict began, our State was burdened with nearly forty millions of public debt; but with all the many additional millions paid by our people during the war Pennsylvania is to-day one of the very few States of the Union that are practically free from indebtedness.

Veterans of the blue and the gray, we are here to-day to unveil a monument which shall for all time commemorate the heroism and sacrifice of Pennsylvania soldiers on the memorable battlefield of Fredericksburg. The Union veterans of Pennsylvania meet the veterans who bore the stars and bars not as enemies but as friends, with equal interest and pride in a common country. When peace came after four years of bloody conflict, it left the fierce passions of fraternal war in a tidal wave throughout both sections of the country. Nearly every home in the land, North and South, had been shadowed by the angel of sorrow, and it was hard for either section to make the advance toward a reunited American

brotherhood; but there were brave men in both sections who earnestly and eloquently pleaded the cause of peace and fellowship, and among the first was the great War Governor of Pennsylvania. Reconstruction with its blotted record long hindered the restoration of sympathetic relations between the North and South, and kept aflame what should have been the dying embers of sectional hate; but we are here to-day with a restored Union, not merely a Union in form, but a union of hearts, of sympathy, and of patriotic fellowship, and the veterans of the blue will to-day point with pride to the monuments erected to the heroes of the gray who won the victory in this bloody struggle.

It was not the soldiers of either side on the front of the firing line who hindered the restoration of our common brotherhood. Politicians played upon the prejudices and passions to serve political ends; but the veterans of both sides were the faithful advocates of generous and lasting peace. The veterans of the gray will not shudder at the monument we are here to unveil. There are like monuments on every important battlefield of the Civil War, many erected to the heroic soldiers of Lee and many erected to the heroic soldiers of Grant. They no longer stand as monuments of triumph for either the blue or the gray, but are accepted by every veteran of the North and South as monuments to the heroism of our American soldiery.

The day is not far distant when the statue of Lee, the most beloved of all Southern men, who stands in history to-day abreast with the few great soldiers of the nineteenth century, will grace the streets of our national capital along with that of Grant as a tribute of the nation to the greatness of American commanders; and I hope at an early day to see Virginia and Pennsylvania unite in placing on Seminary Hill, at Gettysburg, an equestrian statue of Lee, with the right conceded to the South to embellish that memorable field with statues of her heroic leaders. A few years ago I made an earnest appeal to the Pennsylvania Legislature to inaugurate such a movement, and it was delayed rather than refused for the reason, as then given, that it was not yet the time for so pronounced a declaration from our State that peace with sectional brotherhood had reached its consummation. We are here to-day unveiling a monument to Pennsylvania's fallen heroes on one of the many Virginia battlefields, and there is welcome on every hand for the veterans who won the victory and the citizens who sympathized with the gray; and I would give equal welcome to the statues of the Confederate heroes on the Gettysburg battlefield, and thus enable the visitor to that historic ground to read by the statues and tablets on both sides the complete history of the decisive conflict of the war.

The veterans of both sides have long been teaching the country that peace and brotherhood have been restored to it. There is not a grave of a veteran of the gray in any cemetery in the North, where the graves of Union soldiers are made beautiful and fragrant on Decoration Day, that is not decorated with equal care, and the veterans of the Union thus pay equal respect and honor to the fallen on both sides of the conflict; and the veterans of the gray never fail to decorate the graves of the fallen Union veterans when that tribute is paid to their fallen brethren. A Confederate soldier was a Cabinet officer under Grant, a Confederate soldier was a Cabinet officer under Hayes, and a Confederate soldier is a Cabinet officer under Roosevelt. Surely the time has come after forty-three years of a reunited nation when all the ter-

rible asperities should be only a shadowed memory and when all the grand attributes of generous and affectionate brotherhood should be visible in every section of our great republic. Here, standing among the graves of the heroic dead of both the great armies that were engaged in deadly struggle, all will unite in the patriotic utterance of the great expounder of the Constitution when he replied to the early advocacy of secession by one of South Carolina's great statesmen: "Liberty and Union now and forever, one and inseparable."

PENNSYLVANIA MONUMENT AT GETTYSBURG.

For the finest design in the competition for the \$150,000 Pennsylvania State monument at Gettysburg Samuel Murray, a sculptor of Philadelphia, and W. L. Cottrell, a New York architect, were awarded the first prize of \$500.

The design is a Renaissance composition showing a massive double triumphal arch. The monument will be eighty feet square at the base and one hundred feet high. The arches will be approached by granite steps to the terrace around the monument and will connect with stairs leading to the observation platform around the dome. Around the parapet will be bronze panels, which will bear the names of about twenty-one thousand officers and privates who took part in the battle of Gettysburg.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., ERECTS A MONUMENT.

The Edgefield (S. C.) Chapter, U. D. C., has completed and dedicated a splendid tribute to the unknown Confederate dead. This work has been on hand for quite a time, but Daughters of the Confederacy know no such word as fail; and, despite the smallness of numbers and the many other demands for their labor and their funds, they have dedicated this beautiful tribute to unknown men who gave their lives to the Confederacy. It is their crowning work for the year 1908.



THE EDGEFIELD MONUMENT.

On the day designated a large number of people from the town and vicinity gathered in the village cemetery to witness the unveiling of the monument over the graves of the unknown Confederate dead. Rev. T. P. Burgess, master of ceremonies, opened the exercises by invoking Heaven's blessings upon the occasion. Dr. C. E. Burts had been invited to make the address, and his beautiful, patriotic utterances, delivered in his accustomed vigorous and forceful manner, measured up to the expectation of the deeply interested and responsive audience. Dr. Burts referred eloquently and feelingly to the gallant and faithful service rendered by the unknown and the hitherto unhonored Confederate dead. He commended the Daughters of the Confederacy in the highest terms for the splendid service they are rendering in preserving the traditions of our Southland and in recording its history on printed page and marble shaft. In closing his eloquent address Dr. Burts appealed to the young ladies and young gentlemen to endeavor to lead lives worthy of their fathers.

Mr. S. McG. Simkins next read in clear and measured tone the following poem to the "Unknown," by Rev. T. P. Burgess:

"Unknown! A nameless slab I stand,
Not one, but many, on every hand,
To mark the place where heroes rest
Forever on their country's breast.

Unknown! Silently I proclaim
The everlasting, deathless fame
Of those who gave their lives and fell
Victims to canister and shell.

Unknown! Here soldiers sleep,
And I their memory keep
In sacred care. No name is here,
But it's in the book 'over there!'

Unknown! Some mother's darling boy,
Some noble father's pride and joy
Slumbers here. Sacred duty mine
This spot in memory to entwine.

Unknown! Did no one see him fall?
Yes, God's eye watches over all!
And He who does the sparrows guard
Will keep his country's son and ward.

Unknown! Let flowers here be spread;
Let patriot's tears here be shed;
Let mothers here their daughters bring
And fathers their sons an offering.

Unknown! To die like this is gain,
To die like this is not in vain;
For he who dies for liberty
Wears a crown of immortality.

Unknown! On that bright day above,
That day of joy and peace and love,
From 'unknown' graves will heroes come
To hear their Master say: 'Well done.'"

These words were peculiarly appropriate for the occasion.

Next the beautiful shaft was unveiled by four very zealous and loyal members of the Edgefield Chapter, U. D. C., Mrs. Julian D. Holstein, Mrs. N. G. Evans, Mrs. C. A. Griffin, and Mrs. H. A. Smith. This honor was conferred upon these

ladies because they were instrumental in raising a large portion of the monument fund. The unveiling exercises were concluded with a song, followed by the benediction by Rev. P. P. Blalock.

On the western face of the monument, which is presented in the cut on this page, a Confederate flag is carved, also the dates "1861-1865." On the northern face are the words "Erected 1908." The inscription, "Unknown Confederate Dead," appears on the eastern face, and "Erected by Edgefield Chapter, U. D. C.," on the southern face.

All honor and all praise to the members of the Edgefield Chapter, U. D. C., for their splendid achievement! In marking the graves of the unknown Confederate dead with this beautiful shaft they have honored their town and county.

SOUTH CAROLINA DAUGHTERS.

EXTRACTS FROM RESPONSE TO WELCOMES AT ABBEVILLE CONVENTION U. D. C. BY MRS. N. G. EVANS, OF EDGEFIELD.

The names of Abbeville's men in every department of life are household gods. Her judges, her professional men, her legislators, her statesmen, her orators, her chieftains, and other heroes fill the pages of our history from Colonial and Revolutionary times to the present; and let us not forget the great rank and file of braves who as private soldiers fought and fell on the battlefield unknown to fame by name, who with dauntless courage, unspeakable endurances and sacrifices contributed the largest share to the glory and honor of the Confederate arms.

When the call to arms was made for volunteers in the cause of the Confederacy and in defense of our altars and firesides in the great Civil War, this town and county were among the first and foremost to respond, and sent countless numbers of the flower of her youth and the maturity of her manhood to the firing front, and constantly recruited their rapidly diminishing numbers as they fell on blood-stained fields facing the enemy and driving back the invader of overwhelming numbers, all for the sake of home and loved ones, for manhood and constitutional freedom.

"Whether known or unknown to fame,
Their cause and country are the same;
They died and wore the gray."

Sister Daughters of the Confederacy of Abbeville, let me in behalf of our entire State Division thank you for your whole-souled welcome; and may I avail myself of this occasion with becoming modesty to say something of woman's part in this great struggle and of her holy services in building monuments to perpetuate the glory of our cause and in keeping fresh the memory and the graves of our deathless dead?

Who has or ever can record the achievements of our women in the war? Which of her many-sided traits, which of her many tragic situations will seize first the imagination of a future artist or appeal strongest to the inspiration of the poet who is yet to write the South's greatest epic? Where shall her story begin? Where shall it end? Was it her unspeakable sacrifice in the beginning, when she first buckled on her loved ones the armor of that holy war and sent them away from home to fight for their country, or later her uncomplaining endurance of untold privation and loneliness and desolation or her divine fortitude and resignation when father, husband, son, brother, or lover fell on the distant battlefield and came back to her no more forever, or when she moved like an angel through the hospitals or in the rear of the

firing line, watchful as a Roman Vestal ministering to her wounded soldiers, cooling their fevered lips, soothing their last hours with her gentle words and soft deft hands, or when in the darkest hours of our blessed cause, when our brave heroes in front were being crushed by overwhelming numbers, her faith, kindled by heavenly fires, kept alive the waning hopes and drooping courage of our naked, starving, and shattered armies, and she met with her smiles the ragged remnants of the returning soldiers and pledged them her eternal faith and sympathy?

We who were born since the bugle sang truce at Appomattox and the returning soldier brought home the fate of the Confederacy, reared in an era that bartered the crimson of the dripping sword for the greener blossoms of the olive branch—we have come together in the spirit of the younger South, inspired by the patriotic zeal and love we have for the cause. Unmarked graves of our reposing heroes are scattered in mournful numbers over the hills and ravines of our beautiful Southland. They deserve honor at some one's hands—at whose? The women of the South accept the trust. They who laid down their lives with Johnston at Shiloh, who fell in the wild charge with Jackson at Chancellorsville, who went to God from the rocks and hills of Chickamauga—all are our dead. No government gathers up their bones with paternal care and preserves the records of their glorious lives and sublime deaths. Their government is dead. * * *

My friends, we owe it to the hero dead who fell under our flag (St. Andrew's cross, with its bar and star, that waved in triumph over many battlefields ere it became the conquered banner). We owe it to the brave survivors of the cause as well to show to the world our appreciation of their valor and patriotism by these votive offerings from the hands of the women of the South—great in weakness, noble in their charity, beautiful in their patience, and whose devotion at the cross and sepulcher was but an earnest of their high and holy mission.

INQUIRIES FOR AND ABOUT VETERANS.

B. E. Evans, of Acorn, Ark., hopes through the VETERAN to hear from some comrade who can help him make proof to get a pension. He volunteered at Sumter, S. C., in the Palmetto Regiment. While stationed at Charleston he was detailed to work on the construction of a bridge across Ashley River under Civil Engineer Henry Haines. Later he was sent to work at the Pee Dee Navy Yard. When orders came to vacate that place, he got a furlough to go home, the first he had during the war. Before that was out Lee surrendered, and he did not get a discharge. That furlough was secured by Lieutenant Means.

John F. Adams, Gadsden, Ala.: "Company A, 2d Alabama Infantry, Lieut. T. A. Bowen, of Atlanta, Ga., commanding detachment, 'manned' the four-rifle sixty-pound guns on the point mentioned in the November VETERAN. General Villipigue commanded the post then and surrendered the last fortified place on the Mississippi above Vicksburg. The 2d Alabama Infantry (except Company A, which reenlisted as a whole) was mustered out of service just before the evacuation of Fort Pillow. Our brave and gallant old captain, William H. Hames, is still living at Jacksonville, Ala. Our company, A, was afterwards until the close of the war of the 51st Alabama Mounted Infantry, Col. John T. Morgan (Senator from Alabama) commanding under Gen. Joe Wheeler till the surrender at Greensboro. I should like to hear from some survivors."

Mrs. M. A. Clark, 206 Veach Street, Orlando, Fla., seeks information concerning her husband, Lewis Clark, who fought throughout the entire war. He enlisted at Lake City, Fla., in a cavalry company under Capt. N. A. Hull. He returned home at the close of the war, but died soon afterwards from hardships. Mrs. Clark seeks a pension, but can't find any of his company. She is in need. Any one who can furnish proof of his service will greatly oblige her.

Judge L. G. Hopkins, of Liberty, Mo., who is a native of North Carolina and served with the "Tar Heels" in the Confederate army, says he hears so little of them nowadays that he wants to know what has become of them. He also wants somebody to write an article on the number of troops furnished by North Carolina to the Confederacy, with the per cent of casualties in that and other States compared. A very interesting article could be written on this subject.

Tobe Barham belonged to either the 4th or 6th Texas (Ector's) Brigade. We were both wounded in the battle of Murfreesboro and were taken to Camp Morton. We were exchanged the following April, and were furloughed from Petersburg, Va., to go to our homes in Texas. Our wounds got so bad that we could not travel. We stopped near Lagrange, Ga., for two months. I never saw or heard of him afterwards. I would like very much to have any information of him. Address T. J. Johnson (Company B, 11th Texas Cavalry), care the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

CAPTURE OF BATTERY AT NEW MARKET.

BY J. W. PARSONS, CAPTAIN CO. A, 18TH VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

Capt. D. H. Bruce, of the 51st Virginia Infantry, in the December (1907) number, and Col. George H. Smith, of the 62d, in the November (1908) number, inquire as to who captured the battery in the battle of New Market. I have waited to see if the men who charged and captured that battery would respond. Captain Bruce says on his left two hundred to three hundred yards he saw Colonel Edgar's, Colonel Clark's, and Derrick's battalions going toward the enemy and the Yankees running. Just in front of where he says he saw them is where the battery was captured. They fired five guns at our men, then started off with one of the guns; but after going a few steps they struck a low pine stump which turned the gun over, throwing the barrel on the ground. The gun was abandoned there.

Col. George H. Smith says Derrick's and Clark's Battalion, Echols's Brigade, was on his right, which would be in the vicinity of the Valley Pike. Colonel Smith says the Cadet Corps and the right of the 51st Regiment were much cut up by the heavy fire to which they had been subjected. Neither of them formed on our left when we advanced with Echols's Brigade, but they both promptly followed the movement; and as the line of their march naturally would pass over the position of the left of the enemy's artillery, it may be said they captured the guns left on the field. But this was after the enemy had been put to rout and the 62d and 22d had passed beyond the position that had been occupied by them.

I was with Company A, 18th Virginia Cavalry, Capt. William H. Taylor's old company, on the right bank of Smith's Creek, on our extreme right, and could see from our eminence directly over the entire line of battle. I saw the troops that charged the captured battery. When they got within perhaps ten yards of the guns, they wavered for a moment like they were going to fall back, and the line spread out or

broadened, and looking over it endways it looked ten feet wide. There was just then a very heavy rain storm, and it was very dark, yet I could see the blaze of fire from the guns ten feet beyond the men. The picture is vivid in my mind to this day. Instantly they dressed up in a nice line of battle and went over and silenced the guns. The whole Federal line of battle was giving way. I could see at first a few of them going back, and soon they all ran. Therefore I feel justified in saying that the men who captured those six guns knew it, for the guns were fired very rapidly through their ranks until the gunners were driven away.

I rode up the slope after the battle and looked the place over, and saw the ground well covered with dead men.

Our boys had a lot of prisoners near where the guns were, and among them was a Lieutenant Colonel Lincoln, of the 34th Massachusetts, who was very indignant at being a prisoner in the hands of the vile Rebels. He walked back and forth like a chained bear. He said he was a cousin of Abraham Lincoln. My company was on the skirmish line all morning before the fight. When the cadets marched past us going into the battle, they moved like clockwork. I admired them very much; but it was a shame to put them in there. I had always given them the credit of capturing that battery until I read Col. G. H. Smith's statement; but from the position they held in the line I guess Colonel Edgar's battalion did the work.

General Sigel burned the bridge at Mount Jackson that evening when he crossed the river. The next morning Captain Taylor with Company A forded the Shenandoah River where the bridge had been burned bearing a flag of truce with dispatch from Gen. John C. Breckinridge asking General Sigel to send men back and help to bury the dead; but he did not do it. I think Colonel Smith's time is too short as to the duration of the battle. Before the battle I had ridden up to where Gen. John D. Imboden and staff were on an eminence southwest of the town. Just then General Breckinridge and staff went there too. I think he was the handsomest man I ever saw. General B. looked the country over carefully, took out his watch, and said: "General, we will have to attack them. It's now eleven o'clock, and we can't wait any longer for them to attack us. Call in that cavalry skirmish line." It was certainly late in the day when the fight was over. The 18th was ordered to double-quick across Smith's Creek to press their rear across Means Bottom; but they were over the river when we got on Rudes Hill.

JIM AND HIS SECRETARY.

BY F. A. HAMER, DARDENELLE, ARK.

A few years before the Civil War the negro Jim who was my nurse when a child became enamored of a dusky damsel belonging on a plantation some miles across the Tennessee River. My father, notwithstanding he was a very kind and humane master, considerate of the happiness and well-being of his negroes, didn't want to take the chances of a thousand-dollar negro being eaten by fishes in the blue waters of the Tennessee; so he told Jim to call off his passion from the other side of the river, feather a new dart, and let fly at some one of the dusky beauties on his own or neighboring plantations. But this proved to be a case where love laughs at locks, rivers, and all other barriers. My father, knowing Jim to be quite shrewd, notified Mr. Hill, the owner of the dark beauty, not to permit the marriage for the reason stated above.

All this diplomacy occurred without my knowledge, yet I had often written Jim passes to cross the river and visit plantations on Sunday, all without my father's knowledge. In fact, I was so much attached to Jim, having my life interwoven with his from babyhood up to that time at least, I considered no sacrifice too great and no risk too hazardous to make for him. In fact, while I was the nominal master, Jim was the power behind the throne. Besides, Jim was a diplomat; and when some risky favor was asked, he became very assiduous in his attention to me. He would plan and assist me in my boyish pranks and escapades. He had taken special care of the horse my father had allowed me to claim and use. It was Henry's business to look after, feed, and curry the horses. Jim would frequently in my presence accuse Henry of neglecting my horse, which more than once brought on a difficulty.

Finally Jim concluded he would go over a certain Saturday night and be married to the girl on Mr. Hill's place. He didn't know that my father had headed him off by his order. So when he made his appearance, armed with a pass with my father's name signed to it, Mr. Hill informed him of my father's order, and of course forbade the interesting ceremony. Jim returned wiser, but more determined than ever.

By this time the case had become complicated and assumed a serious aspect for Jim and his affianced, and it called for more diplomacy. After the proper preliminaries, Jim unbosomed himself to me, yet keeping me entirely ignorant of my father's opposition. The order of my father to Mr. Hill and the tangle he got into were all wisely kept from me. He "jes' wanted me to write him a little order to Mr. Hill and say, 'I've 'cluded to let Jim marry Viny if you've got no 'jections to it.'"

So I readily complied, and Jim, armed with the order and other passports necessary, all bearing my father's name, in due time made his appearance at the mansion house of Mr. Hill, accompanied by his best man. With the politeness of a Chesterfield and the dignity of a Choate, he presented his passport and "letters of credit," and was kindly informed by Mr. Hill in his usual calm and quiet way that he was glad indeed that his master had reconsidered the matter and permitted him to have the woman of his choice. The Rev. Mr. Hamer united the two hearts that wanted to beat as one.

The next scene was at the quarters on the home plantation, situated a respectful distance from the family dwelling. One Sunday in June, all unknown to the master, extensive preparations had been made at the quarters for the coming of the bride and groom. They made their appearance sometime in the morning, attended by the proper number of the élite from the neighboring plantations, specially invited guests of both sexes, all dressed in their best Sunday clothes.

Soon after the secretary (this writer) made his appearance, just in from Sunday school with that hungry feeling that always accompanies a healthy boy. He made for the dining room; but, being run out by the girl preparing the dinner table, made his way into the kitchen to consult Aunt Sallie, the cook, who always came to his relief in such emergency. As he entered he observed that Aunt Sallie didn't wear her usual pleasant smile and greet him with the usual salutation of: "What does de white-headed serpent want now?" Noticing her troubled look, he asked in an earnest, sympathetic way: "Aunt Sallie, what's the matter?" "Deed, chile, dere's nuff de matter." "Why, what is it, Aunt Sallie?" "Dere's gwine to be trouble on dis plantation." "How, Aunt Sallie? What about?" "Dat smart Jim of yours done gone over de ribber and mar'd

dat Hill gal arter old Marsar done tole him p'intedly not to and p'intedly tole Mr. Hill don't let 'em. I was passin' through de house arter dey come, and Marsar foun' what bin done. I heard him say he was gwine to make Mr. Hill smoke for 'lowin' that, after he p'intedly tole him not to."

For the first time Jim's secretary realized that the diplomacy had assumed a serious shape. His knees smote each other, his hunger in a manner left him, and it now dawned on him for the first time the serious consequences likely to follow. Without another word he retired from the kitchen, went through the garden, out into the plum orchard, gathered up a lot of worm-eaten plums, and meditated on his doings. Not long before this he had traded for an old hammerless five- or six-barreled rusty pepper box pistol, ostensibly for the purpose of shooting or intimidating old Mr. Givins, his Scotch school-teacher, and thereby cause him to ease up on his whippings, which came quite often and were heartily sanctioned by his father. After having made a woeful failure on that line and paying commensurate penalty, he confided his troubles and also his pistol to Jim, who was the custodian of most of his effects. Soon after Jim came in possession of this formidable weapon he had some grievance with a negro on an adjoining plantation; so he put on his war paint and, armed with the many-barreled gun, went over to square matters and bring his adversary to time, which he did in fine style. * * *

Well, considering the matter seriously, he knew there would be an investigation; so he approached the house with heavy heart. He had already atoned for several small offenses in a bunch; but here was one so serious that he could not tell what the consequences would be. He wanted to consult with Jim. He wanted if possible to learn his father's mind; but not until the next day did his father suspect his having anything to do with it. So well had Jim and he managed the affair that none of the other negroes of the quarters, not even the bride, knew the facts.

At the wedding feast joy was unbounded, and happy laughter rang out on the summer air. He knew the crisis would come that evening. He heard a conversation between his father and mother, and learned that Jim would be permitted to go home with his bride, but would be the bearer of a note to Mr. Hill asking an explanation of his conduct in permitting the marriage after he had positively refused his consent. The secretary was in deep meditation all the evening.

At the proper time Jim made his appearance at the house and informed his master that he had disobeyed him and had married Viny and wanted to know if he could accompany her to her home. The secretary was not present during this important interview, but was saving himself. His father said: "Yes, you can go, and I want you to carry a letter to Mr. Hill; and you hurry up and cross that river before night, and wait in the morning until good daylight before you recross." The secretary never knew the full contents of that note to Mr. Hill, but it dawned on him that he would soon be called on for an explanation.

Earlier than usual next morning the secretary and his sister were off to school. He fed his sister's pet lamb for her (something unusual) in order to get off before Jim arrived. At the proper time Jim arrived with this correspondence:

"Rev. J. H. Hamer—Dear and Reverend Sir: In answer to your passionate note, I have the honor to inclose you a copy of an order with your signature to it, reading thus:

"Mr. James Hill—Dear and Honored Sir: If agreeable to

your wishes and convenience, you have my permission to let my man Jim marry a woman on your place."

During the interview that followed it was ascertained that Jim had on various occasions roamed around to the different plantations with a permit in his pocket with his master's name signed to it, all done by the secretary at Jim's suggestion. The secretary was brought into the presence of his father and there confronted with that formidable document. It was read to him. He acknowledged to being the author of the order and that he had signed his father's name to the document without his knowledge or consent. Then it was that his father revealed to him the awful condition he had placed him in—that he might land in the penitentiary, where old man Click was working out a life sentence for murder.

He had now committed a crime for which he could be sent there. The secretary imagined he could see the sheriff with handcuffs to carry him to jail and hear the groans of the convicts. He had at last placed himself beyond the reach of father and mother, and must now suffer the penalty of the law. His father, however, volunteered to see that he got a short respite, and to endeavor to keep him from prison. The secretary was so distressed that he wanted to sleep in his mother's room that night. He then and there promised his father and mother that if they would intercede with the authorities and save him he would never, never sign his father's or any one else's name to any document without proper consent. The crisis had become so great, the enormity of the crime had become so impressed on his mind, that his parents saw it was necessary to come to his relief. He ever after regarded his father's name as very sacred, especially on paper.

In after years the secretary was orderly sergeant of Company H, 49th Alabama Regiment, was made prisoner of war, and on the way to Camp Chase spent one night in the Nashville penitentiary before he was twenty-one years old. Jim had never separated from Viny. The last time he saw Jim, in the seventies, he was a prosperous pastor of a Colored M. E. Church in Nashville, Tenn. He came to see me in Alabama at his old plantation home, brought me a fine shaving set, and said he and Viny had twelve children, all living.

HARD FIGHTING BY LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

BY H. H. STURGIS, COMPANY H, 44TH ALABAMA REGIMENT.

The article in the December *VETERAN* entitled "Battle at Night by Lookout Mountain" brings vividly to mind the scene as I witnessed it.

Part of Law's Brigade had been sent as skirmishers down the Tennessee River to fire into the wagon trains passing on the other side of the river. We were in position behind the rocks and trees; and as the wagons would start down the narrow and steep mountain road we would shoot the mules. This we kept up all day, effectually preventing them from making a single trip. The river being narrow and the bluff steep, they were forced to abandon the effort of transporting supplies by that route.

Later we were sent back to the foot of Lookout Mountain, and during the afternoon saw the enemy pass on the other side of Lookout Creek. Hood's Division was sent to attack them, three brigades, Hood's (old brigade), Jenkins's, and Anderson's, I think, crossing the railroad bridge and Benning's and Law's crossing the bridge by the dirt road. Law's and Benning's Brigades formed on the western slope of Raccoon Mountain about nine o'clock at night. They threw up a protection of logs and such other things as could be picked

up. We were not allowed to cut any timber, as that would have disclosed our position.

We had little time to work, for soon we heard the battle raging on our left about a mile distant. Soon the Yankees came hurrying to reinforce their line. Our pickets fired into them, and we could hear their orders: "Halt! Left face! Forward!" Then we had a regular "Kilkenny cat fight," a very bad one. We got mixed sure enough. We were driven from our insecure breastworks, Law and Benning failing to connect with our lines. The loss on our part of the line was small, but we were greatly outnumbered. Twice we recovered our works and drove them down the hill. I was cut off, and found myself surrounded with men calling for the 109th New York. I quietly made my way around till I heard others calling for Law's Brigade. Our lieutenant colonel was twice stopped, and the cape of his overcoat torn off in an effort to stop him. Once when we recaptured our works a Federal and Confederate were seen with their left hands in each other's collar, grasping their guns with their right hands, neither being willing to surrender. A lieutenant, seeing the predicament, ordered the Yank to surrender, which he refused to do, when the deadlock was broken with a bullet.

How terrible are such memories now! I saw a man roll down the mountain side, started by a ball from my gun when only a few feet distant from its muzzle. He had the first shot at me, his ball passing through my hat. We quietly drew back with the loss of a few prisoners. The next night we crossed under the frowning brow of old Lookout by a narrow footpath and then started toward Knoxville.

SEARCH OF A HOME BY SOLDIERS AT NIGHT.

BY S. R. W.

"Won't you please tell me a story of the great Civil War, grandmother dear?" said my oldest grandson as we sat around the brightly lighted table on which were scattered school-books, magazines, letters, and other evidences of the evening's occupation. I was busy with a dainty bit of embroidery, and had been thinking how grandmothers of my young days spent their idle moments knitting warm yarn stockings for the grandchildren, whereas those of the present generation embroidered white lawn shirt waists for themselves, as I was doing, and the children ran around with bare legs. As I laid down my work at his appeal I said: "Listen to the storm, children. How the wind and rain beat on the windows! It was on just such a night as this that the soldiers searched my house." A deeply interested crowd of youngsters at once gathered around me; so I had to continue the story which I had unwittingly begun.

"It was forty odd years ago and about this time of the year that I was sitting one evening in my own pretty home. The youngest child was in bed, and Diana, the oldest, was sitting with me. The room was as bright and cheery as ours is now, with the lamp and firelight, and a similar dreadful storm of wind and rain was beating against the glass. Diana was but a little girl, and my only company that night, as my husband was in the Confederate army. Indeed, one could count on the fingers of one hand all the able-bodied men who were left in Franklin. The war had been going on for over two years, and it had been more than a month since we had seen our soldiers, as the enemy in considerable force held the town. I was living just outside the town limits and just inside the picket line, and, not having any near neighbors, my position was very unsafe. It was no uncommon thing for Federal sol-

diers to enter houses to search for Confederates who might have slipped through the lines; also to look for firearms, and incidentally to take any articles of value they might fancy. Knowing that my turn was likely to come at any moment, I was busy that night putting my jewelry and small silver into parcels to be put in a bag fitted with strings which I could instantly tie around my waist if any search parties came, the large crinoline hoop skirt which I wore effectually concealing it.

"When I finished my work, I gave it to Diana to take with her to my bedroom, and started myself to look around the house and see that it was secure for the night. When I found all was safe, I also undressed and retired, but found I could not sleep. As I lay thinking I heard the clock strike twelve, and I also noticed that the storm had abated. Suddenly I heard another sound which made me sit up in bed and hold my breath to listen. I heard it again more plainly; I was not mistaken. It was a human voice, a man's voice speaking in low tones under my bedroom window, and if he was speaking it was to a companion. There was more than one, and they were not there for any good purpose that dark and stormy night. My heart almost stopped beating with fright and dread. What did they want? and what could I do? I arose and dressed hastily, not forgetting to put on my bag of valuables and my hoop skirt.

"While I was thus engaged the doorbell rang, and before I could finish dressing it rang again more impatiently. Hastening down the hall, I asked through the closed door: 'Who is there? What do you want?' 'Open the door!' came the harsh answer. 'I refuse to do so,' I said with some spirit, 'unless you tell me for what purpose you ask admittance.' 'If you don't open it at once, we will break it down,' was the comforting answer I got. 'Won't you please wait till I am dressed?' I pleaded. 'You won't force me to open the door till I am properly dressed.' Without waiting for the grudging assent, I ran upstairs, threw up the window of the bedroom which faced the barn, and called, 'Pickets! Pickets!' as loud as I could, though I was so excited that my voice did not seem to carry very far. At my first call I heard the tramp of many feet rushing together below me, and, looking down, I saw a crowd of soldiers—sixty, at least—looking up with their bayonets pointing toward me, while at least three were guarding every window and five every door on that side of the house. 'What are you calling the pickets for?' some one asked. 'To help me,' I answered. 'They told me to call them if I was ever disturbed. You do not give me any reason for wishing to enter my house at this hour, and I can only suppose you mean no good to me. The pickets are my only help, and so I call them!' 'We want to search your house. We have been told that your husband is here,' said the one who appeared to be in command, 'and I promise that we will respect you.' 'In that case I will open the door,' I answered, making a virtue of necessity, for I put small faith in his promise. 'He is not here, but you can search.' So I went downstairs and let them in.

"The first person to enter was a captain, and I was glad to see that the search party was in charge of a regular officer, for I had feared that it was an unorganized band of robbers such as were only too common. Following him came a file of soldiers, their muddy boots and dripping garments making a sad mess of my nice floor. 'I have orders to search the house,' said the captain briefly; 'and if you will give me the light, I will proceed with my duty.' 'I will carry the light

myself and show you the way,' I responded. 'I want a house to live in after your search is over.' 'You may possibly be disappointed in your hope,' he said with a touch of sarcasm; 'but we will see what we can find first.'

"I led them from room to room, and they examined carefully every press and closet in which a man could be concealed and some which were obviously too small for that purpose, often dropping into their pockets any little thing which took their fancy, with seldom a reprimand from the officer. By the time we came to the living room the captain was beginning to feel angry and baffled, and the party came to a halt before the pleasant warmth of the fire, which was now a glowing mass of embers. I still carried the light, and took care to stand before the panel of the secret hiding place in the room. They rummaged in the closet at my side and glanced around, but found nothing. 'Madam, we have trustworthy information that your husband has come inside our lines,' said the captain. 'Our informant was a negro. The d— guerrilla must be hiding in this house, and our orders are to find him, even if we have to burn the old fox out of his hole! You have been reported to the general as a dangerous Rebel spy; so you would only be meeting your just reward if we burned your house and turned you out in the storm. You can save yourself by confessing that your husband is here.' As he spoke he stepped directly in front of me and looked me straight in the eyes. 'Can you give me your word of honor that Captain Royce is not here?' I met his look with one as steady and direct as his own. 'I give you my word of honor that my husband is not here and that I have not seen him for more than a month; but as I am not a "negro," my word will perhaps not have much weight with you.'

"I saw that the evident truthfulness of my answer impressed him. He motioned me to proceed with the light; and as I complied, the rays of the lamp fell for the first time in the recess on the other side of the chimney. Here my two girls had been playing, and before they went to bed had put their large china dolls to sleep each in its bed and tucked them in for the night. They lay there now with their stiff kid arms outside the cover and their unwinking blue china eyes staring straight up at the captain. He paused for a moment by the side of the little beds, and stood looking thoughtfully at this evidence of the blessed presence of children in the home, then followed me in silence to the next room, which was my bedroom. He looked around and went over to the bed where my little girls were. They lay with their curly heads on their pillows, looking up at him with wide-open, innocent eyes, and he stood silently by their side for some moments. His face lost its eager, alert expression, a look of deep sadness took its place, and I knew his thoughts had traveled far away to the cold, bleak North and the dear home nest in which his treasures lay. Doubtless his were sweetly sleeping undisturbed by the alarms of war, but mine lay here frightened and disturbed by him and his rough soldiers. He evidently had a father's heart, which responded to the appeal of their helpless innocence; and after this his search became perfunctory, as though he was ashamed of his errand and wished it ended.

"When we entered the next room, I happened in passing a mirror to glance at my face, and was astonished to see how white it had become. All my usually fine color was gone, and it was an unfamiliar face, like the face of the dead, which mocked at me from the depths of the looking-glass, although by this time all fear had left me. We now ascended to the

next floor and entered my husband's library at the top of the stairs. As soon as the captain saw the books he went to them and, jerking out some, ran his arm behind those that were left. At that I laughed. 'It was there, but it is gone now,' I said, for I knew he was looking for a pistol.

"One room I had reserved till the last for my revenge and their humiliation; and when we advanced toward it, I turned to the captain and said, 'You have me at your mercy, and I will now confess that the only prisoners you will make to-night are in this room. I entreat you to spare them for the sake of my little children,' and I pressed my handkerchief to my eyes. 'I shall do my duty,' he answered harshly, drawing his pistol and motioning the soldiers to close up. I advanced to the door and flung it open, holding the light high that all might see. The captain rushed in, with the soldiers crowding after him and peeping over each other's shoulders to see the Rebels brought to bay. What they saw was only a tiny snow-white bantam hen and rooster sitting side by side on an improvised roost. They were the dearly loved pets of the children, and I kept them in this play room as the only way to save them from the soldiers, who loved poultry maybe better than they did their country.

"When the captain saw how I had tricked him, he wheeled short about, angry and ashamed, and ordered the soldiers to go downstairs, following close behind them in as dignified a manner as he could command. But alas for his dignity! the rooster was very tame, but the hen was not; and now, disturbed by the noise and light, she flew wildly about, cackling loudly, and at last, making a swoop toward the light, lit on his shoulder. He was startled at being taken so unexpectedly in the rear, and struck savagely at her, making her again take wing, and in so doing she brought his cap to the floor. The rooster also became alarmed by the loud outcries of the hen, and added his note to the general confusion. The captain stooped with a muttered oath to pick up his cap which had rolled out on the hall floor, and I thought it prudent to close the door as soon as possible, leaving the bantams to settle their troubles in the dark the best way they could. As I followed the captain down the stairs I made a slight apology for their bad behavior, to which he returned no answer. When he reached the door, he marshaled out his men, also those who had been left to watch the downstairs rooms, and, turning to me, thanked me for opening the house and apologized for the inconvenience he had caused me. 'When you again have a lady's house to search, please let it be in the daytime,' I replied, then closed and locked the door, made a round of the house to see that no doors or windows had been left open, and returned to comfort the frightened children and get what rest I could for the troubles of the coming day."

LACK OF EQUIPMENTS IN '61.

BY A. F. ROLLER, WEYERS CAVE, VA.

As is known, at the beginning of the War between the States the South was almost without war material. The 28th Virginia, being made up from the counties of Roanoke, Craig, Botetourt, and Bedford, rendezvoused at Lynchburg, Va., for the purpose of equipment. On receiving our flintlock muskets (having been altered to percussion lock) we were without ammunition or cartridge boxes, but were equipped with Bowie knives about a foot long made at convenient blacksmith shops. They were of as many types as there were types of men in the command. Thus equipped, we boarded the cars and started for the front. On our way we were halted

at Orange C. H. and formed in line to receive news and orders. Our major, R. C. Allen, said: "It is reported that the Yankees are already at Manassas Junction. In all probability we will have fighting to do as soon as we arrive there. The eyes of your country are upon you, and we expect you to do your whole duty and quit yourselves like men. True, you have no ammunition; but you have bayonets on your guns and Bowie knives. They will strike terror to the hearts of the Yankees. We will give them the cold steel. Right face, file right, march!"

We again boarded the cars and cautiously proceeded. As there were no Yankees at Manassas, we were agreeably surprised. We went into camp under West Point tactics, soon a thing of the past. In about ten days our ammunition came—nine rounds to the man. It was distributed at dress parade, after which Colonel Preston made a speech somewhat as follows: "My men, keep your powder dry. Nine rounds will fight a great battle. If you take good aim and keep cool, victory will perch on our banner. Right face, file right by companies, to your quarters, march!"

For cartridge boxes cotton bags with a strap to go over the shoulder were supplied. Keeping the powder dry under such circumstances was a careful task, but with tents when not on the march it could be done. Thus equipped, we ventured a little closer to the enemy, perhaps eight or ten miles. We extended our picket lines to within sight of Washington City, but we hardly fired a gun until the middle of July. Then the enemy became aggressive, and we found ourselves gradually receding. We went to Centerville, where we had fortified and where we expected to fight. But we passed by those breastworks and left them in our rear. "What is the matter? Why did not Beauregard fight at Centerville?" That inquiry was on the lips of the rank and file generally. At Bull Run (Manassas) we formed line of battle and awaited the approach of the enemy. Cartridge boxes containing thirty rounds were supplied us, also canteens.

"JEFFERSON DAVIS" ON CABIN JOHN BRIDGE.

In the U. C. V. Convention assembled in Richmond, Va., June 1, 1907, a resolution was adopted to have the "Jefferson Davis" restored to Cabin John Bridge, Washington, D. C.

The President was authorized to appoint a committee to bring the matter to the attention of the United States authorities. This was done. The committee is composed of heads of Confederate associations.

In July, 1907, the President placed the matter in the hands of Hon. Adolph Meyer, Congressman from Louisiana, who reported by letter that he had had several conferences with Hon. W. H. Taft, Secretary of War, and was confident of success.

At the same time Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Commander in Chief U. C. V., indorsed the movement by giving it his support.

In March, 1908, by the death of Hon. Adolph Meyer, the President referred the matter to Hon. Murphy J. Foster, United States Senator from Louisiana.

In May, 1908, upon the death of General Lee, his successor, Gen. Clement A. Evans, took up the matter with enthusiasm, and wrote Mrs. Behan, President of the C. S. M. A., as follows: "I cannot imagine that any patriot in the Union will be offended when it is done."

Letters have been written by members of the committee and the President to the Hon. Secretary of War, Gen. Luke E. Wright, to His Excellency, President Roosevelt, and to prominent citizens in the North and South. Several newspapers

North and South have published strong articles in favor of restoring the name, and thus obliterating the outrageous blunder of one man (Hon. Caleb B. Smith), who, blinded by passion and prejudice, ordered the name cut off, and to-day his unauthorized act stands as a reproach against this great American people.

The Confederate Southern Memorial Association does not wish to stir up strife nor to take it before Congress. We prefer to have the wrong righted in a quiet, dignified manner without any "hurrah." Our object is to preserve to future generations the true and accurate history of the great and imposing structure known as the Union Arch, which was constructed while Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War.

BUTLERISM REVIVED IN MASSACHUSETTS.

(From the Springfield Republican.)

Gen. B. F. Butler, of Massachusetts, occupying New Orleans and governing it under martial law in 1862, forcibly dispossessed the Citizens' Bank of Louisiana of \$215,820 and sent it to the United States treasury as spoil of war. It was very like Butler; but the money, which was in gold, silver, and United States notes, was really the private property of the bank's depositors. In effect, the government confiscated private property without compensation, with no motive save pillage, and that is contrary to the rules of modern war. Since the Forty-Seventh Congress Congressional committees have favorably reported bills providing that the money should be paid back to the original claimants or their heirs through the Citizens' Bank of Louisiana, but not until last week did the bill pass both House and Senate. The President's signature is taken for granted. It has taken over forty years to provide for the restoration of the property; and the conclusion of the episode, which began forty-six years ago, serves to illustrate how strange General Butler was.

C. R. Grant, of Akron, Ohio, replies December 28, 1908:

"Referring to an editorial article in your issue of the 22d inst., I wish you would again read the finding and order of General Butler, sent to the Citizens' Bank under date of June 13, 1862, and see whether you then think your statement that 'it was very like Butler' and the inference you want your readers to draw from it are quite just. You can find this in Volume XIV., Series I., of the 'Records of the Rebellion,' page 475. * * * The money was sent to the Treasury Department, then presided over by Mr. Chase, and by the time it reached Washington Abraham Lincoln had in a special message to Congress approved a law by which the fund would have been the subject of confiscation as the property of Rebels even if it had not been Confederate money.

"Do you think under these circumstances that in taking this now tainted money Secretary Chase and Mr. Lincoln and the Congress of the United States should be made to share in your judgment of 'pillage,' and that the transaction was 'very like' the whole Northern people as well?

"Besides, as to a part of the fund, it appears from the order that it had itself been sequestered from a Kentucky bank as the property of Northern alien enemies in pursuance of a policy adopted by the Rebels before Mr. Lincoln had called for a musket to be used against them.

"It is easy to abuse a dead man, and General Butler has been the peculiar subject of detraction in his own State by the men or their immediate descendants who were once glad to have his services in a cause where they were thus relieved from shouldering arms themselves since that service was

ended. I was on duty near his headquarters during all the time he was in Louisiana, and the safe memory of boyhood has kept his administration there pretty clear in my mind.

"The same generation which has made Abraham Lincoln the saint that in many respects he certainly never was has made Butler a fiend devoid of any good quality, and this is peculiarly true of his own State, into the Brahmanism of which he was an unwelcome intruder. This denial of any merit is in consonance with the tone of the press of to-day, which in regard to the Civil War is distinctly apologetic as to the part taken by Mr. Lincoln in it.

"When Judah P. Benjamin made his last public firing of the Southern heart, he showed the bitterness of the dregs his people would have to drink in the event of their subjugation by saying that in that case the Yankees would write the history of the war. Time has shown that here Mr. Benjamin's usual clear-headedness had deserted him, and goes toward proving that the Southern conception of Northern character—that of the shopkeeper and trafficker—was just; the danger now seems to be that it is spreading beyond the Yankee limits. This deprecatory spirit is plainly not discernible in the South as to its part in the great conflict.

"One great Massachusetts historian has taken considerable space in a preface of his in trying to show that he has used the word 'Rebel' as a compliment which has not been received in the same kindly spirit. I use the word because it is shorter if uglier than its substitute euphemism and, as I think, more accurate."

There is much in defense of Butler omitted from the above extracts. The Republican states in reply to Mr. Grant: "Our correspondent should now read House Report No. 620, Sixtieth Congress, first session, on the case of the Citizens' Bank of Louisiana, the seizure of whose funds by General Butler the Republican described as 'very like Butler.' We did not charge him with corruption in that case; but his performance certainly justified the word 'singular,' which was used to characterize it. Not only did various Congressional committees report that General Butler acted without warrant or right, but Justice Moody, of the United States Supreme Court, when he was Attorney-General of the United States, reported to the President: 'In my opinion * * * the act of General Butler * * * was entirely unwarranted and unauthorized.' The fact that Congress has now voted to return the money in itself settles the legal and ethical aspects of the case. As for General Butler's general record, which our correspondent opens up, it is too painful a subject to explore in a critical or controversial spirit. The General performed some valuable services in the Civil War, for which he will always receive credit; but the dark side of his record must convince any one, it would seem, that his character was strange and abnormal."

Alexander Webster Robinson enlisted in 1861 in Lexington, Ga., with the first volunteers. He was taken prisoner at Gettysburg, returned home after the war, and clerked in a store for George Platt. His friends knew him as "Web." His widow, Emma Robinson, of Clifton Station, Fairfax County, Va., would like to hear from any of his comrades, as she wishes to apply for a pension.

Mother (in a very low voice): "Tommy, your grandfather is very sick. Can't you say something nice to cheer him up a bit?" Tommy (in an earnest voice): "Grandfather, wouldn't you like to have soldiers at your funeral?"—*Lippincott's*.

COURAGE OF A VIRGINIA COLOR BEARER.

BY LIEUT. G. W. FAHRION, COLUMBUS, OHIO.

During the spring of 1862 our regiment, the 62d Ohio, formed a part of General Shield's Division, and on March 23 we participated in the battle of Kernstown, Va. In the afternoon we were subjected to a lively fire from behind a stone fence in our front. We struck the wall obliquely, my company, which was on the extreme right of the regiment, being not more than thirty yards away, while most of the regiment was protected by limestone ridges. My company was exposed to the Confederate fire from the feet up. We lost about twenty-five per cent in killed and wounded.

We had been fighting about half an hour when the color sergeant of the Confederate regiment which I have been told was the 5th Virginia jumped over the stone wall with his flag and dared us to come on, giving us a closer view of the stars and bars than we had yet had. So astonishing was this exhibition of nerve that my men ceased firing and sang out, "Don't shoot that man; he is too brave to die," and not a shot was fired at him for several minutes. When we thought this had gone far enough, we ordered him back. He saluted us and jumped over to his side of the stone wall, and we immediately resumed firing.

I doubt that this could have taken place later on in the war, but this was our first battle. Neither the picture of the proud young Virginian nor the chivalrous spirit of my "Buckeye Boys" will ever be effaced from my memory. I have often desired to meet him.

The time is ripe when we can glory in American manhood and chivalry without regard to sectional lines, and I hope that the patriotic spirit which prompted our youngsters to rally under "Old Glory," showing to the world that we have a united country, may grow stronger and stronger and that we may continue a free and independent nation to the end of time.

ANOTHER QUITE SIMILAR OCCURRENCE.

Account by Elder S. E. Lookingbill, Metropolis, Ill.:

"About November 25, 1863, my command broke camp near Brandy Station, Va., crossed over the Rappahannock River at Raccoon Ford, marched about eighteen miles, skirmishing occasionally with cavalry and infantry, until we arrived on the 26th at Mine Run, where we met Confederate soldiers too numerous to mention. We went in on the right flank of the road about a mile and deployed as skirmishers. The next morning at daybreak we moved to the left about a quarter of a mile in the woods on a rise of ground with a cornfield right in front. The corn was standing in shocks about a hundred feet apart.

"Our command advanced to a rail fence by a cornfield, where we laid down. About a quarter of a mile from us were corn shocks behind which were Confederate soldiers, and just back of the cornfield there was a battery that did us a good deal of harm. After fighting in this way perhaps half an hour, suddenly a man carrying a Confederate flag walked out in the open, waved the flag at us about seventy-five feet away, shook it at us, and then stuck it in the ground. Our captain said, 'Don't shoot that man; he is too brave to be shot,' and we ceased firing until the man walked back to the corn shock whence he had come. There was nothing between us and the soldier who planted the flag in the cornfield. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon of November 27 or 28. This was the bravest act that came under my notice during the war."

ARMIES OF NORTH AND SOUTH.

C. G. LEE, IN THE BALTIMORE SUN.

Mr. Cassenove G. Lee, of Washington, a recognized authority on Civil War statistics, has prepared an interesting table showing the enormous numerical superiority of the Northern army over that of the South during the Civil War. Mr. Lee's figures show that the total enlistments in the Northern army were 2,778,304, as against 600,000 in the Confederate army. The foreigners and negroes in the Northern army aggregated 680,917, or 80,917 more than the total strength of the Confederate army. There were 316,424 men of Southern birth in the Northern army. Mr. Lee's figures are as follows:

NORTHERN ARMY.

Whites from the North.....	2,272,333
Whites from the South.....	316,424
Negroes	186,017
Indians	3,530
Total	2,778,304
Southern army.....	600,000

North's numerical superiority.....2,178,304

In the Northern army there were:

Germans	176,800
Irish	144,200
British Americans.....	53,500
English	45,500
Other nationalities.....	74,900
Negroes	186,017

Total	680,917
Total of Southern soldiers.....	600,000

Southern men in Northern army.....	316,424
Foreigners	494,900
Negroes	186,017

Total

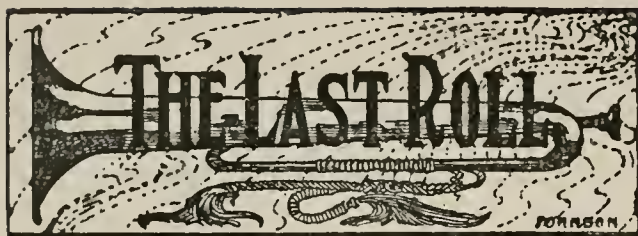
ARMIES AT THE WAR'S END.

Aggregate Federal army May 1, 1865.....	1,000,516
Aggregate Confederate army May 1, 1865.....	133,433

Number in battle:

	Confederates.	Federals.
Seven Days' Fight.....	80,835	115,249
Antietam	35,255	87,164
Chancellorsville	57,212	131,661
Fredericksburg	78,110	110,000
Gettysburg	62,000	95,000
Chickamauga	44,000	65,000
Wilderness	63,987	141,160
Federal prisoners in Confederate prisons.....		270,000
Confederate prisoners in Federal prisons.....		220,000
Confederates died in Federal prisons.....		26,436
Federals died in Confederate prisons.....		22,570

C. D. Eastland, Louisville, Miss.: "If the Federal soldier who captured the flag of the 13th Mississippi Regiment April 6, 1865, in the battle of Harper's Farm or Sailor's Creek will write to me, I shall be glad to tell him who shot him through the right shoulder as he ran off with the flag"



Where God's orders are obeyed,
Now the last sad taps are sounded,
Now the Rebel shout is stayed;
Heaven's the happy camp unbounded
Where the Prince of Peace benignly
Lulls to rest the soul divinely.

MEMBERS J. Z. GEORGE CAMP.

At the annual meeting of Camp J. Z. George, U. C. V., near Carthage, Miss., in August, 1908, the following members were reported to have "crossed over" within the year:

Eld. J. B. Langston, Co. B, 40th Miss. Regt., age 74 years.
W. E. Wilbanks, Co. E, 27th Miss. Regt., age 68 years.
J. L. Jordan, Co. E, 27th Miss. Regt., age 67 years.
Joe F. Williams, Co. K, 5th Miss. Regt., age 63 years.
Henry Collier, Co. H, 40th Miss. Regt., age 82 years.
Marion Wootan, Co. F, 33d Miss. Regt., age 68 years.

CAPT. BENJAMIN C. RAWLINGS.

The congregation of Mt. Carmel Church, Augusta County, Va., was greatly shocked and distressed just at the beginning of services Sunday morning, the 18th of October, by the sudden death in his pew of Capt. Ben Rawlings.

He was born on the 9th of January, 1845, and reared in Spottsylvania County, Va. He went to Rockbridge County as a contractor on the Valley Railroad in 1872. In May, 1876, he married Miss Florence W. Gibbs, the eldest daughter of the late James E. A. Gibbs, of Raphine, Va., and became a citizen of that community.

Captain Rawlings was distinguished as a Confederate soldier in many ways. Without his father's knowledge he left home December 24, 1860, for Charleston, S. C., and there enlisted the first week in January, 1861, in the 1st Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers, Col. Maxey Gregg commanding. From Morris's Island he saw the flash of the signal gun for opening the fire upon Fort Sumter, and he saw the white flag go up when that famous fort surrendered. When his regiment went to Richmond, in April, 1861, he was transferred, at his own request, to Company D, 30th Virginia Infantry, to serve his native State. In his eighteenth year he was lieutenant commanding his company, and was soon promoted to the captaincy on the field at the siege of Suffolk for gallant conduct. After a stay of eleven months in prison, he joined his company again in the trenches near Petersburg, and was on the retreat to Appomattox, surrendering on the 9th of April, 1865. He was the first Virginian to volunteer in the service of the Confederate States.

As a citizen, he took a deep interest in all public matters. He was a genial, high-toned gentleman, and was highly esteemed in his community.

Captain Rawlings joined the Baptist Church, that of his ancestors, in early life, but became a member of Mt. Carmel Presbyterian Church afterwards, and was elected deacon in 1890. As a Christian, he was consistent; as a member and

officer of the Church, he was faithful. He visited the sick and helped the poor—a good man.

"Brave soldier heart! Thy work is done,
Thy glorious crown is this:
Thy Master calls thee home to realms
Of everlasting bliss.

Brave soldier heart! The fight is o'er;
Life's din and noise of strife
Are all forgot since thou art come
To everlasting life!"

JOHN FORD.

At Plantersville, S. C., John Ford died on March 6, 1908. He served as first sergeant of Company A (Capt. J. H. Reed), 21st South Carolina Regiment (Col. R. F. Graham), Haygood's Brigade, A. N. V.

Born January 8, 1846, John Ford was only fifteen years old when the great struggle for constitutional government began; but that did not deter him from placing his young life at the disposal of South Carolina. His first service was on James



JOHN FORD.

and Morris Islands, near Charleston, and in the sanguinary siege of Battery Wagner. His command was then transferred to Virginia, where he saw much service. He was wounded several times, and very seriously on August 24, 1864, by a grapeshot, which shattered his right leg, necessitating amputation. In after years it was twice amputated to prolong his life, which suffering he bore with Christian fortitude.

He was married in 1878 to Miss Lizzie Lucas, daughter of Simon Lucas, of Florence, S. C. He was a rice planter, magistrate, and postmaster in turn.

MAJ. S. J. C. MOORE.

On December 19, 1908, at his home, in Berryville, Va., surrounded by his family, whose constant care and nursing comforted and soothed his last hours as far as it was in human power to do so, all that was mortal of Clarke County's most distinguished soldier, S. J. C. Moore, passed from earth, and his brave spirit returned to the God who gave it. As gentle as a child, with the courage of a hero and the faith of a Christian, he ran his course from youth to hoary age as a soldier, a lawyer, and a citizen, and the end found him at the ripe age of eighty-three, unembittered by the stress of life, but weary of the journey and waiting for his reward.

Maj. S. J. C. Moore was the son of Mr. Thomas Moore, who was for more than half a century Clerk of the County Court of Jefferson County, W. Va. He was born in Charlestown on June 26, 1826, and was educated at the Charlestown



MAJ. S. J. C. MOORE.

Academy. He adopted law as his profession, moving to Berryville from his native town in 1857. He was made Judge of the County Court in 1894, serving with preëminent satisfaction to both the bar and the people until the County Court system was abolished, in 1902.

Major Moore was first married to Miss Ellen G. Scollay, of Jefferson County, W. Va., in December, 1850, and by this union had one son, Rev. S. Scollay Moore, D.D., a clergyman of the Episcopal Church at Parkersburg, W. Va. He subsequently married Miss Ellen Kownslar, a daughter of the late Dr. Randolph Kownslar, and by this latter marriage had one son, Dr. Lawson B. Moore, of Natural Bridge, Va., and five daughters.

When Major Moore went to Berryville as a young man, he identified himself with a military company there, and later as first lieutenant took part in the occupation of Harper's Ferry directly after the passage of the ordinance of secession by the Virginia Convention. When the inevitable conflict of

1861 came upon the South and Virginia called upon her sons to defend her soil, he decided that his allegiance was first due to his State.

Subsequent to the capture of Harper's Ferry his company was assigned as Company I to the brigade of Gen. T. J. Jackson, and was in the first battle of Manassas. Having been promoted captain, he led his company through the campaign of 1862 in the Shenandoah Valley, receiving wounds at Kernstown, and taking part in the battles of McDowell, Winchester, and Port Republic, and then at the engagements of Cedar Mountain and Second Manassas. In the latter battle (at Groveton) he was seriously wounded, and upon recovery was appointed assistant adjutant general of Jackson's old division. In this capacity he participated in the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Mine Run, and entered the Wilderness campaign of 1864, being again severely wounded in the first day's fighting. On recovery he was assigned to the staff of Gen. Jubal A. Early, and served with him in the battle of Winchester, where he was promoted to be adjutant general and chief of staff. While on General Early's staff he took part in the battles of Fisher's Hill, Cedar Creek, and Waynesboro.

He was the first Commander of the J. E. B. Stuart Camp of Confederate Veterans of Berryville, and the Sons of Veterans similarly honored him.

He was a leader of his men. Even in the jaws of death he was at their head. He fared as his men fared; if their haversacks were empty, his was too.

As Mayor of the town of Berryville, as Judge of the County Court, he served his neighborhood efficiently and well, and he was loyal to his Church and devoted to his family.

A committee of the J. E. B. Stuart Camp composed of T. D. Gold, J. R. Shipe, John W. Grubbs, and A. Moore, Jr., submitted appropriate resolutions, which were adopted, expressive of his worth.

CAPT. B. W. BELL.

Capt. B. W. Bell, so widely known through his connection with the United States Secret Service Bureau, died suddenly at his home, in Seattle, Wash., on November 15 of hemorrhage of the brain. He was born in Talladega Springs, Ala., in 1842, and at the breaking out of the war recruited a company at Selma, Ala., which was assigned to the 4th Alabama Regiment. In the battle of Manassas Captain Bell was one of the eleven uninjured members of the command, though his coat was riddled with bullets. He seemed to bear a charmed life, going through the war as a Confederate officer unscathed and since as a special agent and secret service operative of the government, having been in many, many close places.

After the war he was purser on a steamer plying the Alabama River, and then in the cotton business until appointed a United States Court Commissioner some twenty-two years ago, at the close of which term he was appointed special agent in the Department of Justice. His work was so satisfactory that in 1899 he was given an appointment in the Secret Service Department and stationed at San Antonio, Tex. In 1901 he was given charge of the Seattle office, which he held till 1907, resigning to become President of the Puget Sound Wood Products Company. He again took up secret service work in 1908, forming the Bell-Church Company.

Captain Bell is survived by his wife, two sons, and a daughter. Members of the G. A. R. Post of Seattle joined with the U. C. V. and Daughters of the Confederacy in the last sad rites of friendship.

HON. J. L. McCASKILL.

Hon. J. L. McCaskill, Chancellor of the Second Chancery District of Mississippi and Adjutant General of the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., died at his home, in Brandon, Miss., on December 6, in his sixty-ninth year.

He enlisted in the Burt Rifles, Company K, 18th Mississippi Regiment, in 1861, and participated in the battles of Manassas, Leesburg, Lee's Mill, Seven Pines, Seven Days' Battle at Maryland Heights, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg (where he was wounded), and Fredericksburg (where he was captured). After being exchanged he was at Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Resaca, New Hope Church, Kennesaw Mountain, Lost Mountain, Peachtree Creek, and Atlanta. In the latter battle he was again captured and taken to Johnson's Island, where he was kept till the close of the war.

Returning home, he located at Brandon and became associated with the late Hon. W. B. Shelby in the practice of law. In Cleveland's first administration he was sent as Consul to Dublin, Ireland, for four years. He was a graduate of the University of Mississippi, and was a trustee of the institution from 1877 to 1885. In 1876 he was a member of the Senate. He was appointed Chancellor by Governor Vardaman and reappointed by Governor Noel. In the U. C. V. Association he had been Adjutant of the Mississippi Division for a number of years under Maj. Gen. Robert Lowry, Commanding Division.

He was married in 1869 to Miss S. A. McLaurin, and is survived by three sons and a daughter. In the death of Judge McCaskill the State lost an able defender, the judiciary one of its best Chancellors, his community a true citizen, his family a kind and loving protector, and the U. C. V. one of its staunchest and truest comrades. He was a member of Camp Rankin at Brandon.

CAPT. E. M. HYNEMAN.

Capt. E. M. Hyneman died at his home, in North Corinth, recently, aged 78 years. He was born in Owingsville, Ky., in 1830. His parents moved to Mississippi in 1833, settling a few miles east of Corinth. He had spent his entire life there except a short time in Texas and a few years in Florence and Sheffield, Ala. He united with the Christian Church in his early youth, and remained a faithful member. At the commencement of the war he joined the 26th Mississippi Regiment, and served with it until the battle of Fort Donelson, where his regiment was captured. He escaped and joined the 32d Mississippi (Gen. M. P. Lowery) Regiment, and served as lieutenant of his company until the battle of Perryville, Ky., where he was seriously wounded. After recovering from his wound, being left a cripple and unfit for further infantry service, he joined the 12th Mississippi Cavalry, and served with same until the surrender. He died as he lived, a Christian gentleman.

The funeral services were held at the residence of Captain Hyneman's niece, Mrs. Clandia Sherman, Corinth, Rev. W. O. Wagoner, of the Christian Church, officiating.

DR. I. K. FRASER.

Ross Ector Camp, of Rusk, Tex., mourns the loss of one of its staunchest members, Dr. I. K. Fraser, who died November 12, 1908. Dr. Fraser grew to manhood in Cherokee County, Tex. He was a medical student at Rusk when the alarm of war went through the land, and volunteered in the first company leaving the county—Company C, 3d Texas Cavalry—and was assigned to duty under the surgeon of the regi-

ment, Dr. Wallace McDougald, who had been his preceptor. In the battle of Oak Hills Comrade Fraser was so shocked by a cannon ball that his right lung was affected. Ill health followed, and he was discharged, returning to his home in Texas. Recovering partially, he again volunteered, and was assigned to duty as assistant surgeon at Tyler, Tex., where there was a large prison for Federal prisoners and a manufacturing plant for Confederate supplies, and here he served to the end of the war.

Dr. Fraser was an exemplary Christian gentleman—fifty years a member of the Methodist Church, superintendent of Sunday schools, and a steward in his Church. He commanded the universal esteem of all who knew him.

CAPT. GEORGE K. CRACRAFT.

One more of the "Immortal Six Hundred"—leaves but forty-six—has answered the last roll, since Capt. George K. Cracraft, of Readland, Ark., responded at his home, in Chicot County, Ark., on November 19, 1908. He was born in Wheeling, Va., where he was educated and studied law. He practiced law later in Lake Village, Chicot County, Ark. He returned to his native State and enlisted in the Richmond Howitzers at Yorktown, Va., on December 1, 1861. He was with the company in the siege of Yorktown and at Wynns Mill; also at the battle of Williamsburg, on the Peninsula, where he was taken prisoner. Upon his exchange, and learning that a company of his associates at Lake Village, Ark., had been formed, he joined that company at Tupelo, Miss., and upon a reorganization of the regiment (23d Arkansas) he was elected captain of Company G, which he commanded throughout the Iuka and Corinth campaigns. The remnant of the regiment was sent to garrison Port Hudson, where, after a siege of over two months, it surrendered with the rest of the garrison.

He was sent to Johnson's Island Prison, on Lake Erie,



CAPT. GEORGE K. CRACRAFT.

and was confined there for over eighteen months. He was one of the six hundred officers sent to a sand bar in front of the Confederate fortifications at Charleston, S. C., to be exposed to the fire of our batteries in retaliation for an alleged crime of the same character perpetrated by the military authorities at Charleston on six hundred of the Federal prisoners. It is a matter of historic honor that our immortal six hundred remained true to the end under the terrible exposure to shot and shell from the batteries of their comrades.

Captain Cracraft was later sent to Fort Delaware and from there exchanged. After the war he returned to his home in Arkansas and engaged in cotton-planting, and he accumulated a fine property. He is survived by a devoted wife, one son (named for him) and one daughter, by whom he was idolized as husband and father. He was beloved by all who knew him. He was buried in the Little Rock Confederate cemetery. His pallbearers were Gens. B. W. Green, A. J. Snodgrass, and J. Kellogg, and Cpts. William Watkins, James Colton, and C. H. Gates.

[Above data are from James McMurray, Luna Landing, Ark.]

MRS. MARY ISABELLA PITMAN.

On the night of December 1, 1908, Mrs. Mary I. Pitman died at the home of her son-in-law, Dr. J. P. Douglas, at Arlington, Tenn. She was born in Mecklenburg County, N. C., in 1823, her father, W. T. Alexander, being one of the signers of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. There were five Alexanders who signed that document. W. T. Alexander removed his family to Tennessee in 1833, and died in Fayette County some years ago. His daughter Mary became the second wife of Capt. Henry Monger Pitman, a Mexican War veteran, who located at Withe Depot, near Arlington, in 1856, and was the first depot agent at that place. The two sons of his first marriage served gallantly as Confederate soldiers. R. W. Pitman entered the army as captain of Company H,

13th Tennessee Infantry, and became lieutenant colonel of that regiment; while his brother, Sidney Pitman, served as a private soldier. The husbands of his daughters were also soldiers of the Confederacy. Of the second marriage there were three daughters and two sons.

Mrs. Pitman was a remarkable woman, noted for her calmness, patience, and charity. In her life was exemplified the highest type of womanhood.

JAMES LUSLY.

James Lusly died at the Confederate Home, Pikesville, Md., December 5, 1908, after a long illness. He was born in Baltimore, Md., in 1835; and at the beginning of the war left his home, in Baltimore, crossed the Potomac River into Virginia, and east his fortune with the South, enlisting in Company F, 1st Maryland Infantry, J. Louis Smith captain commanding. At the end of the year for which he had enlisted he reenlisted in that celebrated battery of Stuart's Horse Artillery, commanded by Capt. James Breathed, that magnificent and peerless commander, afterwards major of Horse Artillery. With faithful and well-performed service to his credit in this battery, Comrade Lusly, with others, was transferred to the Maryland Line, reporting to Capt. Aug F. Schwartz, commanding Company F, 1st Battalion of Maryland Cavalry, commanded by Lieut. Col. G. W. Dorsey, of Maryland. He remained in that command until Colonel Dorsey was ordered to disband the battalion by Gen. T. T. Munford, commanding the division, which was done at Cloverdale, Botetourt County, Va., April 28, 1865. Comrade Lusly returned to his home, in Baltimore, and there resided until compelled by reason of ill health to enter the Confederate Home at Pikesville April 1, 1890. He was laid to rest in Loudon Park Cemetery, among the comrades there resting until the great reveille shall sound.

W. C. LOVELESS.

William C. Loveless was born in Campbell County, Ga., January 15, 1840. He went into the war early in the struggle, and remained until the surrender at Appomattox, serving as a member of the 7th Georgia Infantry, Longstreet's Corps, A. N. V. He was wounded but once, it is thought, during the Seven Days' Fight around Richmond. He was converted in a meeting held near Richmond, and afterwards lived a consistent Christian life. He returned home after the surrender, and in 1866 was married to Miss Jennie Hill, who survives him with their children. Comrade Loveless had been a resident of Union County, Miss., since 1887. He was taken sick soon after returning from the Birmingham Reunion, and lingered till October 11, when he was called to join "comrades across the river."

MEXICAN WAR AND CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

George Brittain, eighty years old, died at his home, near Jacksonville, Ala., in September. He was an old Mexican veteran, going West with Gen. William H. Forney and others. At the Confederate Reunion at Sulphur Springs last August he was present and enjoyed meeting old friends and comrades. Being a Confederate veteran as well as a Mexican veteran, he drew two pensions.

BUNCH.—William W. Bunch, the last color bearer of Maxey Gregg's 1st Regiment South Carolina Volunteers, died at his home, in Augusta, Ga., on November 6, 1908, aged sixty-eight years.



MRS. MARY ISABELLA PITMAN.

JAMES T. TRUSSELL.

James Temple Trussell was born in Loudoun County, Va., February 4, 1830; and died January 1, 1909. Mr. Trussell moved with his family from Loudoun County, Va., to Jefferson County, W. Va. (then Virginia), in 1844. During the Civil War he served from 1861 to 1862 in Company A, 2d Virginia Infantry, and from 1862 to 1865 he served in Company B, 12th Virginia Cavalry, under Stonewall Jackson. During his latter years he was a "retired farmer." His quiet Christian life and his sterling integrity were his characteristic traits. Very few knew him well but they were his ardent friends.

He was an intimate friend of the late Hon. William L. Wilson, Postmaster General in President Cleveland's last Cabinet. During the war he and Wilson belonged to the same company, and frequently in crossing streams or rough places Mr. Trussell carried Mr. Wilson over in his arms, as Wilson was a small, delicate man and much the younger of the two. Mr. Trussell gave delightful reminiscences of the war. They were free from egotism.

Mr. Trussell passed peacefully to his rest after a short illness, being confined to his bed but a few hours. To the last he was true to his principles, doing the right as he saw the right. Above all, he was a kindly Christian gentleman. If he could say nothing good of any one, he said nothing at all. He was laid away in Edgehill Cemetery, Charlestown, W. Va. It overlooks the beautiful Valley of Virginia, with the Blue Ridge he loved so well in the distance.

Mr. Trussell left a wife (who was a Miss Virginia Garden, of Loudoun County), two daughters (Miss Sarah J. and Miss Lynn Grantham), and one son (James E. Trussell), all of Loudoun County. As I stood beside his grave these words came to me: "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

[From sketch by his friend, Charles C. Lucas, M.D.]

J. I. CANNON.

J. Irvin Cannon died at his home, near Morgan Springs, Ala., September 15. He was born in the same community in 1846, and resided there continuously with the exception of a few years in Texas.

He enlisted in 1863 in Captain McCaw's company, D, 62d Alabama, at the age of eighteen, and served with this command to the close of the war as second sergeant of his company. The regiment was made up of boys of eighteen years and under, and did valiant service at Chehaw, near Tuskegee, and at Spanish Fort and Blakely, near Mobile, in a sixteen days' fight at these places, in which the regiment was continuously engaged.

Comrade Cannon was married to Miss Hopkins in 1867, and to them ten children were born, five boys and five girls. He had been a consistent Church member from boyhood, and was a gallant soldier, a kind and faithful friend and considerate neighbor, and a high-minded, useful citizen.

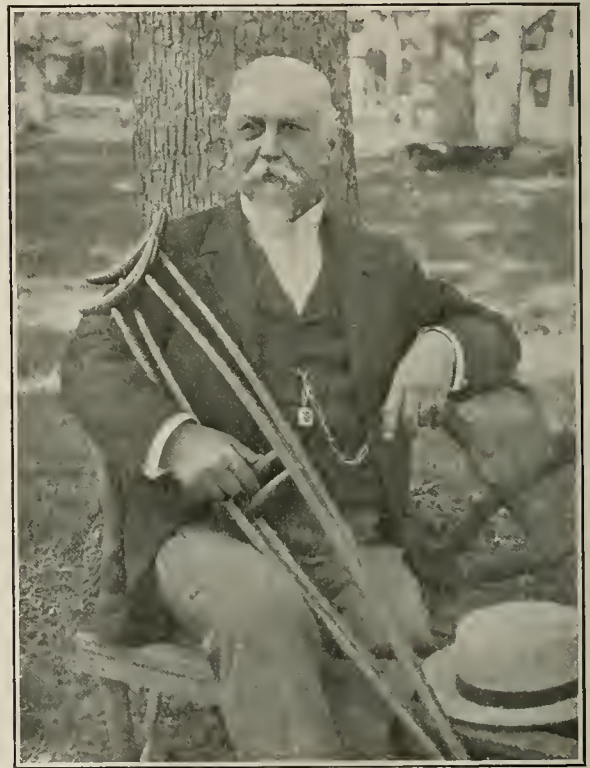
COL. LEGH WILBER REID.

Col. L. W. Reid, who had been in failing health for a long time, died at his residence, on Duke Street, Alexandria, Va., Thanksgiving morning, November 26, 1908. He leaves a widow, who was Miss Jackson, of Fredericksburg, and three children.

Colonel Reid was a son of the late James H. Reid, who for many years was Secretary and Treasurer of the Orange and Alexandria (now Southern) Railroad Company. He was

born at Brentsville, Prince William County, seventy-five years ago. At the outbreak of the Civil War he was superintendent of a large oil company, making oil from coal, in Kanawha County, W. Va. He had previously graduated at the Virginia Military Institute, standing second in the class of 1858. He entered the 36th Virginia Regiment as lieutenant colonel, and served gallantly throughout the four years' conflict. Colonel Reid was wounded at Fort Donelson and lost a leg in the action near Woodstock in October, 1864.

At the close of hostilities Colonel Reid resumed his residence in Alexandria, where he had lived from his sixteenth year; and at the death of his father, over forty years ago, he succeeded him as Secretary of the Orange, Alexandria, and Manassas Railroad, a position he held up to 1885, when he became Assistant Register of the Treasury under Grover Cleveland. Previous to this he had been a member of the Board of Aldermen. He was also President of the Charlottesville and Rapidan Railroad and a director in that company, and for years past had been a vestryman of St. Paul's Church.



COL. LEGH WILBER REID.

A few years ago failing health compelled Colonel Reid to abandon the active business life he had been following, and more recently he had been confined to his home.

Colonel Reid was the true type of the Virginia gentleman. Precise and methodical throughout life, he filled every position he had occupied in the most satisfactory manner, and enjoyed the esteem of all who were associated with him.

MASHBURN.—William Mashburn was born in Polk County, Tenn., in 1840; and died at Hytop, Ala., on January 3, 1909. He served as a private in Company E, 62d Tennessee Regiment Volunteers, and was in the siege under General Pemberton at Vicksburg in July, 1863. He had been a resident of Jackson County, Ala., since the war.

MRS. MODENA WHITE.

Again death has visited us, taking this time our respected and dearly loved Second Vice President, Mrs. M. A. White. She will be sadly missed. Her independent and freely spoken sentiments, her generous and loving coöperation furnished strength and courage to us. It was at her home that our first meeting was held, when a little band of women secured a charter and organized the Fitzhugh Lee Chapter. Mrs. White attended our October meeting after an absence in the South, and every one had a hearty greeting for her. A week later she became ill, and in less than a month she was gone. One of her last acts was to make some badges for our Chapter.



MRS. MODENA WHITE.

As Mrs. Fields's gift of the Confederate flag has been displayed at every meeting since her death, I earnestly hope the badges made by Mrs. White may be similarly honored.

Mrs. White was buried beside her husband in Trenton, Ky., on November 27, the date set for our November meeting and bazaar, which out of respect to her memory was postponed.

[The foregoing sketch is by Mrs. Frank A. Owen, President of the Fitzhugh Lee Chapter of Evansville, Ind. Mrs. White had lived with her son-in-law, Mr. J. Y. Cabaniss, for nearly a quarter of a century. Her recent visit in Florida was to her granddaughter, Mrs. James Dobbin, who as Miss Hallie Gray Cabaniss was maid of honor for the Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, U. D. C., at the New Orleans Convention.]

A. J. STUART.

In Denver, Colo., on the 3d of November Comrade A. J. Stuart answered the final call at the age of seventy-five years. He was born and reared in Tennessee, near Nashville, and served with the intrepid Forrest, bearing the colors of his command through leaden hail. He was wounded (lost one arm), but returned to the command, and sounded the bugle

charge to death on many battlefields. He was a Southern patriot, true till his sun went down, and at his earnest request his body was laid in Southern soil—in the cemetery at Eastland, Tex. He was a charter member of John C. Upton Camp, No. 43, faithful to its purposes, and loyal to his comrades.

STEPHEN DECATUR ELLIS.

Stephen D. Ellis was born in Lincoln County, Tenn., December 26, 1833; and died at his home, near Wanda, Newton County, Mo., September 17, 1907, surrounded by his family and many lifelong friends. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. W. A. Patton.

He was married October 17, 1855, to Mary E. Cummings, who survives him. To this union were born five children: Mrs. Hattie Hale, Wanda, Mo.; Mrs. Frances Lewis, Sweetwater, Mo.; Frank D. Ellis, Tulsa, Okla.; Fredoria T. Ellis, who died in infancy; Mrs. Ida White, Wanda, Mo. Besides these, he had many relatives and friends.

Comrade Ellis went to Missouri in 1857 and settled in Newton County. His convictions were strong, and he was strong for what he conceived to be right. When our country was at war, he went promptly to the front. At the close of the war he battled with depressing financial conditions; but he was never discouraged, and always looked upon the sunny side of life.

He united with the M. E. Church, South, at Wanda in 1866, and lived the consecrated Christian to the end. He was preëminently a patient man; he did not worry about the things that should be left alone with God. He accepted that God doeth all things well. He was a strong man physically and morally. We shall ever cherish his memory.

MRS. P. C. CARLTON.

"One who loved her" writes of the wife of P. C. Carlton, member of the U. D. C. Chapter at Statesville, N. C.: "Yes, if I had known that the angels were to come so soon and bear her pure spirit to the paradise of God, I would have held her hand at parting in a warmer, tenderer clasp, and told her how dear our friendship had always been—if I had known. But now it is too late; she is far above the cold white stars, while her friend of long years weeps above a new-made grave. * * * This dear friend of mine was a gentle, refined, womanly woman, and the quiet dignity, added to many graces, gave her a charming personality that drew to her many admiring friends. The little world where she was best known, where her loyalty and love shone out like some guiding star, was in the home. Her best service was given in making that home the dearest spot on earth to her children. She believed that motherhood was the highest and most sacred trust ever committed to woman; she believed in the old-fashioned idea that the successful home builder must make a surrender of self for the best interests of those given into her keeping. She lived with her children, this patient, loving little mother, and now her children rise up and call her blessed. Another conspicuous trait in the life of this dear friend was her faith in the loyalty of her friends, always believing them true until reluctantly compelled to distrust their sincerity. She could not be happy until by a heart-to-heart explanation all barriers were removed and their friendship cemented anew. This kind of friendship allies us to the angels. Upon the new-made grave of this little mother and truest friend I beg to lay a wreath of immortelles, culled from her own sweet Christian life."

CAPT. JOHN P. BURKHART.

On January 12, 1909, at the home of an old war comrade, Capt. H. H. Duff, a noble son of the South, Capt. J. P. Burkhardt, C. S. A., answered the last roll call. He passed over the boundary line to join that glorious army gone before. He faced death, as he had faced other formidable foes, with a smile on his lips.

Captain Burkhardt was born in Goliad, Tex., in 1844. His early years were spent in his native State, and at the breaking out of the War between the States he enlisted with the 8th Texas Cavalry, Terry's Rangers, whose record is well known to all readers of history. He so served his country during the four years of bitter strife, and at the close of the war, in 1865, he went West, and for more than thirty years was a resident of Portland, Oregon.

His faults were few, his virtues many; a man of noble impulses, a ready friend, and a generous foe; a man of strong prejudices, but tolerant withal, his genial, kindly spirit shedding sunshine and cheer wherever he went.

Captain Burkhardt was the first adjutant of the local Camp of Confederate Veterans, being instrumental in its organization in Portland. He assisted also in the organization of Oregon Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, and his sympathy and commendation of their work through six years of struggle because of the unpopularity of the movement makes his death a personal loss to this organization, and the memory of his service will live.

His funeral was conducted in the chapel of the Sellwood Crematorium January 14. The beautiful and impressive burial service of the Christian Science Church was read by Miss A. Friendlich, of the First Church. This was preceded by a short service in charge of the Confederate Veterans, at which Col. L. C. Garrigus paid an appropriate tribute to the useful and valiant life of the departed. The casket was draped with General Beauregard's battle flag, which is owned by Mrs. Preston Smith, of Portland, Oregon. A number of beautiful floral offerings were sent, conspicuous among which was the Confederate flag reproduced in red and white roses, a tribute from the Oregon Chapter, U. D. C.

[The foregoing is from a report by Miss Nannie Duff Silva, Corresponding Secretary Portland Chapter, U. D. C.]

CAPT. THOMAS J. TOWLER.

Capt. Thomas J. Towler, a citizen of Canton, Tex., passed quietly away on January 21, 1909, honored and beloved by all who knew him. He had lived in Canton all his life except during the time of his active service in the war. He was a member of Company G, Texas Cavalry, and a brave and zealous soldier, bearing wounds and deprivations with soldierly fortitude. After the war, he returned to Canton, and made as good a citizen as he had a soldier, always upholding the highest interest of his city.

He was in failing health for several months, and bore his sufferings with all the quiet endurance that had marked his soldier life. He had many sympathizing friends. The last services were conducted by the Masons, and were attended by a large concourse of people.

MORRIS HARVEY, FAYETTEVILLE, W. VA.

Morris Harvey, a brave and faithful Confederate soldier and a distinguished, successful, and useful citizen, died at Fayetteville, W. Va., on April 5, 1908. Fortunate in all business ventures, the benefactor to hundreds of his fellow-citi-

zens, the proudest of all his life's record was his connection with the Confederate army. Full of honors, full of years, he was laid to rest in the cemetery at Fayetteville, where his life's work had been done.

Entering the war early in Capt. Phil Thurmond's company, he did service in Southwest Virginia and West Virginia under General Echols until the end of the struggle.

In connection with his Confederate service, on one occasion he captured three Federal soldiers alone and disarmed and carried them into the Confederate lines. He was a man of high courage; and although well advanced in years at the time of the war, he bore all its hardships and passed all its dangers without complaint and with the proud consciousness of having discharged his every duty as a soldier.

After the war he engaged in business, purchasing a large number of acres of coal lands, and became earnest and helpful in building the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad through West Virginia. Advance in his coal lands made him a man of wealth, which he used to splendid purposes. He made large contributions to Morris Harvey College, at Barboursville, and during his life gave more than \$75,000 to this institution. He organized many business enterprises, including the Fayette National Bank, all of which were successful. No Confederate soldier ever asked for his aid or assistance in vain. To the veterans his hand was open as "melting day to charity."

In the development of West Virginia, especially in the section that he lived, he was most useful and distinguished. His life was one of service and blessing to his fellow-men.

Loved, honored, trusted, and respected, he was followed to his last resting place by hundreds whom he had assisted, and his memory will long remain green in the community in which he was known.

Stricken with paralysis, he lived only four days. He retained his consciousness and courage to the end.



MORRIS HARVEY.

N. B. CRISS.

[By R. N. Provine, Commander of Camp 553, U. C. V.]

N. B. Criss was familiarly known as Poly Criss. I knew Poly Criss for about sixty years. He was an orphan boy, his father and mother having died when he was quite young. He had just arrived at the age of manhood when the war came on, and he enlisted in Company D, 48th Mississippi Regiment. He participated in all the battles around Richmond up to that of Chancellorsville, where he was desperately wounded by his thigh being broken, which disabled him for further military duty. He was a brave soldier and a good citizen.

He returned home penniless and severely crippled. He engaged in farming, and was successful in that occupation. He raised and educated a family of which he was very proud, and well might any father be proud of such a family. He was a fair example of the saying: "The tenderest are the bravest." He was as tender-hearted as a girl and as brave as the bravest.



N. B. CRISS.

He was a member of the Coffeeville Camp, U. C. V., and an honorary member of our Camp at Pittsboro, and one of the most prompt in attendance at our meetings. So farewell, my boyhood playmate, soldier, comrade, and lifelong friend.

JONES.—Capt. Samuel Jones, of Company A, Desha's Battalion, Arkansas Cavalry, and a member of Tom Hindman Camp, No. 318, of Newport, Ark., died at his home, in Jackson County, Ark., after a long illness, aged eighty years. He is survived by one daughter.

COLBERT.—Hon. John A. Colbert, of Webster Parish, La., recently answered to the last roll, and was buried by his Masonic brethren at Homer, La. He was a gallant soldier of Company I, 9th Louisiana Regiment, Dick Taylor's Brigade,

A. N. V. He was a native of Noxubee County, Miss., and came of a fine old Southern family.

OWEN KING.

The Jackson (La.) News of January 22 states:

"The soul of the venerable Owen King took its flight to the One who gave it birth. He had been in feeble health for several years. His native Irish tongue was always ready, and his wit caused many a one to laugh. He belonged to Scott's Cavalry, and his company, I, went into the war with one hundred men and came out with one hundred and one. His company was not on speaking terms with the Yankees, and seldom saw them. One of the lieutenants, having been captured, was returned to his company in exchange for a turkey gobbler. He belonged to Feliciana Camp, Confederate Veterans, and was presented with a cross of honor by the U. D. C.

"Owen King was a saddler by trade, and is said to have served his apprenticeship with U. S. Grant at Galena, Ill. He was seventy-nine years of age. He leaves two sons and three daughters."

J. D. FERGUSON.

At his home, in Pelahatchie, Miss., on November 2 occurred the death of James D. Ferguson, in his seventy-sixth year. He was a good citizen and a faithful Confederate soldier, having been a member of Company I, 6th Mississippi Infantry, Lowry's Brigade, Army of Tennessee. He was in the battles of Shiloh, Second Corinth, Coffeeville, Trough's Landing, Port Hudson, Port Gibson, Baker's Creek, Jackson, through the Georgia campaign under J. E. Johnston, afterwards at Acworth, Decatur, Franklin, Nashville, on the disastrous retreat of Hood out of Tennessee, and lastly in the battle of Bentonville, N. C. He was surrendered at Greensboro, N. C., under General Johnston. He was a member of Camp Rankin, U. C. V. His wife and several children survive him.

DR. T. N. PITTS.

T. N. Pitts was born in Georgia in 1844, going with his father to Texas in 1854 and locating at Pittsburg, the town taking its name from the family. In 1861 he enlisted in Company H, 3d Texas Cavalry Regiment, under General Ross, whom he followed in all his campaigns until captured. He served a long term in prison. Returning home at the close of the war, he studied medicine and practiced in his home town. He married Miss Russell, who survives him with three daughters. Dr. Pitts was a consistent Church member.

DR. W. H. MCKINNON.

Dr. William Hugh McKinnon, a member of Camp Ryan, U. C. V., died in Fayetteville, N. C., on September 29, aged sixty-five years. He was a valiant Confederate soldier, serving in Starr's Battery, Company B, 13th North Carolina Battalion of Light Infantry. After the war he practiced medicine in Cumberland and Robertson Counties. He married Miss Ella McNeill, who survives him with their six children.

BREWER.—Died at Liberty, Miss., September 4, 1908, Lieut. P. R. Brewer, who was an officer in Company I, 4th Louisiana. Comrade Brewer as a soldier, a citizen, and a Christian gentleman was always faithful in the discharge of all duties, and was beloved by every one in this community.

[Data supplied by George A. McGhee, Camp Adjutant.]

GEN. FRED L. ROBERTSON.

Special Orders No. 8 from headquarters United Confederate Veterans, New Orleans, La., December 12, 1908, stated:

"With a keen sense of personal bereavement the General Commanding announces the death of another great worker in the U. C. V. Gen. Fred L. Robertson was suddenly summoned to answer the last roll call on Tuesday, the 8th inst. He had just passed his sixty-fourth birthday, having been born in South Carolina November 21, 1844.

"At the breaking out of the war he was a cadet in the South Carolina Military School at Charleston, but at once entered the Confederate service in the Columbia Guards, 2d South Carolina Infantry. Subsequently he was made an aid on the staff of Gen. Wade Hampton. How well he followed his leader and how faithfully he served the cause is best evidenced by the fact that he was wounded ten times, twice severely.

"Of late years he had been a member of the official household of the various Governors of Florida, holding positions of great trust and responsibility, and in all transactions measured up to the highest standards.

"After the formation of this federation, he was a leader, occupying places of importance at headquarters and rendering most efficient service. He was Assistant Adjutant General of the Commander in Chief and Secretary of the Finance Committee. He was prominent at all Reunions, aiding in the entertainment of the sponsors and maids and giving pleasure to all by his kindly and amiable disposition and his delightful conversation. Our cause has suffered a crushing blow in being deprived of his services and these headquarters an irreparable loss.

CLEMENT A. EVANS, *General Commanding.*

WILLIAM E. MICKLE, *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff."*

It is a coincidence recalled in connection with Comrade Robertson's integrity that at the Louisville Reunion, when collections were being made for the magnificent badge as a testimonial tribute to the editor of the VETERAN, a purse belonging to one of the contributors was found, and upon inquiry as to what to do with it some one said: "Leave it with Fred Robertson."



GEN. F. L. ROBERTSON.

WILLIAM SHIELDS MCCLINTIC.

William S. McClintic, the son of Shanklin and Margaret (Shields) McClintic, was born in Rockbridge County, Va., November 29, 1843; and died at his country home, near Monroe City, Mo., November 15, 1908.

He volunteered early in the war from the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, joining the Rockbridge Battery under Stonewall Jackson and Lee, and was an active participant in the many great battles of that command on to the surrender at Appomattox. He was wounded at Dam No. 5, on the Potomac River, in the fall of 1861. In 1862 at Cedar Mountain while working his gun he was stricken down with sunstroke, and never completely recovered from its effects, though he continued in the service.

In October, 1869, he married Miss Bettie Arnold, of Campbell County, Va. There are six living children of this union. His younger brother, J. H. McClintic, who was a gallant soldier of the 1st Virginia Cavalry, survives him. In the welfare and success of his old comrades, no matter where found, he always had a lively interest. He was President of the Board of Managers of the Confederate Home of Missouri, and felt it a pleasure and privilege to see that its members had every comfort and attention possible. Of the Confederate Association of his adopted State he was an active and honored member, filling with great credit the position of Brigadier General of the Eastern Division.

Shields McClintic was an elder in the Presbyterian Church, liberal in its support, active and influential in its councils.

He was a Democrat in politics, a member of the Missouri Legislature in 1888 and State Senator in 1892. In Masonry he was a Knight Templar, and the funeral services were conducted with the beautiful and impressive ceremonies of the Masonic order by Rev. P. D. Weeks. He was carried to his last resting place—to "that low tent whose curtains never outward swing"—by two members of the State Confederate organization, Thomas I. Cousins, of Hannibal, and J. William Howson, of Shelbyville, two members of the Masonic Fraternity, J. L. Lyon and W. R. P. Jackson, and two of his Church members, Dr. J. N. Southern and A. M. Vaughn, as pallbearers. The funeral sermon was delivered by Rev. E. McNair, his pastor, who was a Confederate comrade from the Old North State.

Thus has gone from us one who gathered about him peculiarly strong ties of friendship and love. He was manly and true, pure gold in every walk of life.

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well—

Not dead, but sleepeth; not even gone, but present still
And waiting the coming hour of God's sweet will."

The Paris (Tex.) Appeal says of Comrade McClintic: "The life of this rugged, unassuming old soldier, citizen, farmer,



W. S. MCCLINTIC.

statesman, and Christian gentleman was an inspiration to those with whom he came in contact. * * * In 1867 he came to Missouri to locate. With five silver dollars, a stout heart, and two willing hands as his sole capital, he at once laid the foundation of his useful, honorable, and successful career. As justice of the peace, member of the Legislature, and State Senator he proved himself worthy of political confidence. As a private citizen he demonstrated those virtues which count for integrity, progress, and prosperity.

REV. J. M. MASON, D.D.

Rev. James M. Mason, D.D., a member of Camp Lomax, U. C. V., at Montgomery, died in Opelika, Ala., on February 3, after only a few hours of illness. When but a boy Dr. Mason enlisted in the 4th Alabama Cavalry. The regiment was at an early day attached to Forrest's command, and followed that great leader to the end of the war. Young Mason shared in all the exploits of his command, and deported him-



REV. J. M. MASON, D.D.

self with such gallantry that he was soon promoted to a lieutenant. He had many thrilling adventures when on detail. More than once he with a few of his comrades crossed the Tennessee River to scout in the rear of the Federal army.

After the war, being convinced that his duty lay that way, he became a Methodist minister, and was as gallant and true a soldier of the cross as he had been of the Confederacy. He rose to eminence in his Church, and filled many of her

most responsible positions, among others being a member of six General Conferences. He was loved and honored in Alabama as a good citizen, a faithful and able minister, and a man without reproach.

He was for several years Chaplain General of the Alabama Division, United Confederate Veterans. Gen. George P. Harrison, who had been his intimate personal friend for many years, issued the following General Order as Circular No. 1:

"HEADQUARTERS ALABAMA DIVISION, U. C. V.,
OPELIKA, ALA., February 3, 1909.

"It is with profound grief and heartfelt sorrow that the Commanding General announces the death of Col. J. M. Mason, the Chaplain General of this Division, which sad event occurred in this city at 6:30 this morning.

"Suddenly and with little warning he was called by the God he loved and served so well to the better world above. In his departure the Confederate veterans of Alabama have lost a comrade that all loved who knew him. As a follower of the gallant Forrest he won honors that endeared him to all who served with him. He was devoted to our cause next to the service of his God, and always loved to meet with the 'boys who wore the gray.' We will all miss him at our Reunions, where his prayers and benedictions were so comforting to us. In his death the Commanding General has lost a member of his staff whom he loved like a brother and to whom he always looked for counsel and advice.

"While we shall never shake his genial hand again on earth, let us try to emulate his Christian example and meet him when we too 'shall have passed over the river.'"

A delegation from Camp Lomax attended his funeral at Auburn, Ala., and with the reading of their ritual, following the solemn burial service of the Church, his body was laid to rest in the sure hope of a glorious resurrection.

[The foregoing is from Rev. A. J. Lamar, of Smith & Lamar, Agents, Publishing House M. E. Church, South, who participated in the funeral service.]

HOW STONEWALL JACKSON "REACHED HEAVEN."

BY CHARLES EDGEWORTH JONES, AUGUSTA, GA.

When Stonewall's death was earnestly discussed
By grieving Southrons and by all who must
Respect grand traits, wherever blessing earth
And lending human life a priceless worth,
A Confed—member of his glorious band,
Whose fame historic will time's grasp withstand—
Thus bluntly gave his views on subject dear:
"When news of Jackson's death did first appear
In heaven above, two angels straight were sent
To bring him up; and so this escort went
To Yank and Confed camps, but failed to find
The man whose deathless soul they were designed
To place in Paradise. They then turned back
And empty-handed sought the Shining Track;
And as they sorrowfully made report
Of fruitless quest in heaven's eternal court,
Lo! there stood Stonewall of tactician grip,
Who'd flanked them both and made the cherished trip
By rapid, stealthy marching, proving well
Without angelic aid he could excel,
And, backed by prayerful prowess, he could rise
To the sublimest summit of the skies."

LEE BANQUET BY THE C. V. CAMP OF NEW YORK.

The nineteenth annual banquet of this Camp was held at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York City, on January 27. The banquet hall, as usual, was elaborately decorated with bunting, the flag of the Camp occupying a conspicuous place above the table reserved for the speakers. A large proportion of those present were ladies who, with their kaleidoscopic coloring of gorgeous gowns, relieved the monotony of the conventional evening dress of the weaker sex. The principal toast of the evening, "The Army of Northern Virginia and Its Great Commander," was responded to by His Excellency, Governor Swanson, of Virginia, who for more than an hour kept his audience charmed by his rich oratory in portraying the history of that valiant body of men. The tribute that he paid to the Commander of the Camp won well-merited applause. He said: "In responding to the toast, and while it is impossible to recall many individual cases of heroism and valor, it is proper that I should refer to your Commander, Maj. Edward Owen, a soldier who won his laurels on the field of battle, and as a member of that gallant organization, the Washington Artillery, he won for himself imperishable honor on the field. He is mentioned in General Orders for his bravery on the field, and was presented for his command with the guns he had wrested from the enemy in recognition of his valorous deeds. Major Owen's modesty is only equaled by his devotion to the memory of those days of glory, for it was of such that the Army of Northern Virginia was made."

Other addresses were made by the Hon. John W. Vrooman, late of the United States navy, and the "silver-tongued orator from Georgia," John Temple Graves. The boxes in the galleries around the hall were filled with fair ladies in evening gowns waiting for "taps" to be sounded that they might adjourn to the ballroom, where dancing was the order until the wee sma' hours.

The great success of this dinner is but another proof that "peace hath her victories no less renowned than war," for Commander Owen was never more honorably mentioned for his deeds on the field than he was for his great victory in this the nineteenth anniversary in memory of Gen. R. E. Lee. Among the prominent guests other than the speakers were Mr. Henry W. Taft, President of the Ohio Society and the brother of the President elect; Hon. John J. McCook, of the famous "fighting McCooks;" Colonel Cruikshank, Commander U. S. Grant Post, G. A. R.; Dr. Harrison; Governor Swanson, of Virginia; Justus N. Williams, Commander Alex Hamilton Post, G. A. R.; Rev. J. Nevitt Steele, President Maryland Society; Mr. Thomas F. Ryan, Mrs. Donald McLean, B. N. Duke and wife, John C. Calhoun, W. W. Fuller, Gen. O. O. Howard, Hon. William McAdoo (formerly Assistant Secretary of the Navy) and wife, F. R. Pemberton, Hon. J. Hampden Rolf, Nathan Straus, Col. W. M. H. Washington, and Jefferson M. Levy.

ASKS ABOUT A GALLANT FEDERAL MAJOR.

BY W. R. ALDRIDGE, SALTILLO, MISS.

I captured a major at Kennesaw Mountain. The day after we had fallen back to Kennesaw I was on picket duty and out to the front as a vedette, when I saw this major trying to find our picket line, so he could establish his. He was crawling on his hands and knees through a very thick clump of hazel bushes. I have forgotten his name and regiment, but he was from Ohio or Iowa. He was a fine-looking man. I was only

sixteen years old. After he surrendered, two more of our boys came up, and one of them wanted to kill him; but I said no. Then he demanded the major's watch and spurs; but I told him the major was my prisoner and that he should not be robbed of anything he had. I had his sword, and that was all that he should give up. If that major is living, I would be glad to hear from him.

I belonged to Company F, 31st Mississippi Regiment, Featherston's Brigade, Lowrie's Division, Polk's Corps.

NATIONAL PARK AT FRANKLIN.

BY MRS. N. B. DOZIER, CHAIRMAN FRANKLIN NATIONAL PARK COMMITTEE.

It is not my purpose to discuss the battle of Franklin, declared by Gen. S. D. Lee to be the bloodiest of the War between the States, but to let the men who took part in that fatal battle, both those who wore the gray and those who wore the blue, know that the members of Franklin Chapter U. D. C., Franklin, Tenn., are making an earnest effort to perpetuate the valor, courage, and true heroism displayed by them on that fated November 30, 1864. That we may do this we wish to have at Franklin a national park. At one time we desired to have included in this park a greater portion of the battlefield. We shall be happy now to have that portion on the left of the Columbia Pike on which was the old cotton gin and that part of the Federal breastworks on which Gen. John Adams fell and near which brave Pat Cleburne gave up his life and many others on both sides breathed their last.

On the right of the pike we wish the Carter place, on which still stand the Carter house and the old bullet-riddled smoke-house, which were between the two lines of battle. We wish to connect these two pieces of ground, hallowed by the blood of brave men, sons of both the North and the South, by a beautiful memorial arch, a monument to the soldiers of 1861-65. We wish not only to tell them of our plans to honor them, but also to ask their hearty coöperation in this work. Will not every living man, both Federal and Confederate, who took part in this battle write at once to the Congressmen and United States Senators of his respective State and urge them to work for and to vote for the bill asking of the government an appropriation for a national park at Franklin? The bill must be introduced soon, before more of these brave men have answered their last roll call.

There is certainly no more historic battlefield in Tennessee—nay, in this country—than that of Franklin. No battle was ever more grandly fought than was Franklin. Charge after charge was made, the men often in hand-to-hand encounter. As fast as one division was shattered and broken another went bravely forward into the very jaws of death, until six Confederate generals lay dead on or near the breastworks and many in the ranks on both sides had laid down their lives for their country.

We were pleased to see in the *VETERAN* for January and February letters from Federal soldiers favoring a national park at Franklin. We are assured of Mr. Cunningham's great interest in our national park and of his hearty coöperation in this work.

The *VETERAN* has a letter from Mr. J. W. Stallings, of Lafayette, Ala., in regard to the "Flag of the 13th Regiment," mentioned in the November issue. Mr. Stallings states that his lieutenant was shot in both legs and that the flag of the 13th Alabama Regiment was lost. Mr. Stallings would be most grateful for information in regard to the lost flag.

PRIZE ESSAY CONSIDERED IN RICHMOND.

REPORT SUPPLIED THROUGH RICHMOND PAPER.

The Richmond Chapter entered its protest as soon as the article appeared and a committee was appointed to draft resolutions of disapproval. The committee has carefully read the essay; and while it contains much that is laudatory and truthful of the life of Gen. Robert E. Lee, it also abounds in such misstatements and even vilification of the South, her cause and her people, that it would seem impossible that any one could have regarded it just to General Lee or to them.

We do not attempt to refute the charges, villainous as they have been, that were made by Northern historians everywhere in the last forty years; but when such charges are made at the present day, when every true American is using his efforts to reconcile differences, we cannot understand how a committee of such distinguished educators could have given their approval. We therefore recommend to the United Daughters of the Confederacy that some explanation is due from these learned historians who have approved this "historical essay."

We call attention to only one point. These same historians in passing on last year's prize essay call attention to the fact that in 1830 of the six universities in America five were in the South. Miss Boyson in speaking of the period of '61, thirty years after, states that intellectually the South was dead and that most of her people were densely ignorant, without schools or churches. How can we reconcile these two historical essays?

Mrs. Schuyler, in the defense of this young essayist, says she "deserves credit for expressing opinions she knew would be distasteful." Statements and even truth are often distasteful; but if correct history, we would make no objection. We therefore recommend that future essays be passed upon by the history committee of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. General Lee needs no eulogy, the South no vindication. Verification of her rights will come in time, as so beautifully expressed by James Barron Hope beginning:

"In the future some historian shall come forth strong and wise
With a love of the republic and the truth before his eyes;
He will show the subtle causes of the War between the States;

He will go back in his studies far beyond our modern dates;
He will trace our hostile ideas as the miner does the lodes;
He will show the different habits born of different social codes.

He will show the Union divided, and the pictures will deplore;

He will show it reunited and made stronger than before.

Slow and patient, fair and truthful must the coming teacher be

To show how the knife was sharpened that was ground to prune the tree.

He will hold the scales of justice, he will measure praise and blame,

And the South will stand the verdict, and will stand it without shame."

RICHMOND CHAPTER STILL DISPLEASED.

The Richmond Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, on February 12 reaffirmed its position in regard to the much-discussed Boyson essay on General Lee, claiming that neither President E. A. Alderman, of the University of Virginia, nor President C. Alphonso Smith, of the University of North

Carolina, had answered the statements made in the official protest filed by the Richmond Chapter.

The resolutions adopted were directed to be published in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, the official organ of the Daughters of the Confederacy. In addition to the former resolutions, the Chapter on February 12 passed paragraph by paragraph on the following:

"1. That Richmond Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, holds itself responsible as a whole for the foregoing resolutions.

"2. That the Chapter indorses the protest of the editor of the VETERAN when he says in its December issue that it is unfortunate that the United Daughters of the Confederacy gave out a prize to a paper eulogizing General Lee at the expense of nearly all that is true of the South and her people.

"3. That no mention is made in the foregoing resolutions of the oft-printed and quoted clause used by Miss Boyson when she wrote referring to General Lee: 'He was a traitor in that he sacrificed all to aid the enemies of his country, but so were George Washington and John Hampden and William of Orange.'

"4. The Chapter made this protest on account of the many inaccuracies and misstatements in the essay, notably those in reference to the South's condition as a whole and the reflections cast on her people, her private soldiers and officers. Now who were these officers? Stonewall Jackson, Beauregard, J. E. B. Stuart, Jubal A. Early, Joseph E. Johnston, Albert Sidney Johnston, Forrest, Morgan, and many others.

"5. Richmond Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, feels that neither Dr. Alderman, of the University of Virginia, nor Dr. Smith, of the University of North Carolina, has answered the statements made in its official protest on January 28. It feels that a grievous mistake was made by the committee of award and the history committee of the United Daughters of the Confederacy when they conferred the prize and printed the Boyson essay without protest in the official organ of the United Daughters. It considers it unfortunate that the essay did not appear in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN before the United Daughters of the Confederacy Convention in November, 1908, as the essay had been examined in May of that year.

"6. Among the statements in the essay which should have elicited protest is the following paragraph: 'For neither as the exponent of a former patriotism, which the results of the war have made treason, nor as a leader of a lost cause, could he [Lee] attract anything but sentimental interest. His real worth lies in the spirit of the man himself, the loftiness and dignity of his character, the richness and fullness of the soul.' In the next paragraph the writer sneers at Lee's biographers, of whom one was his son, the other his nephew, for endeavoring to portray him as the faultless man, and says: 'For the historian of a later day to represent him as a man of stainless virtue is to make him ridiculous.'

"Had Drs. Alderman and Smith and the essay committee of the United Daughters of the Confederacy protested even in the slightest way against the historical inaccuracies and the many sneers directed against the South, whilst admitting 'the literary merits and structural ability and general thoughtfulness' of the paper, a clearer understanding might have been gained by the Richmond Daughters.

"In conclusion, the Chapter requests the public to read carefully and thoughtfully the whole essay and judge of its merits as a historical paper to be placed in the archives of the United Daughters of the Confederacy."

GEORGIA U. D. C. CALLS EXTRA SESSION.

Miss Alice Baxter, President of the Georgia Division, U. D. C., in compliance with a request of sixty-six Chapters and of the Executive Georgia Board, has called an extra session of that Division to convene in Atlanta on March 11, 1909, with the object of discussing a suitable place for the erection of the Wirz monument. Miss Baxter recites in her call the history of this monument, setting forth that several years ago the U. D. C. decided to erect a monument to the memory of this martyr to the Confederate cause. The money was collected and it was decided to place the shaft in Andersonville. However, the inscription committee put an inscription on it which was not accepted, and Andersonville was abandoned.

The rival claims of two Georgia cities, Americus and Savannah, were next considered; but Richmond was suggested and accepted. However, this did not meet universal approbation, and Mrs. Walter D. Lemar wrote to the various Chapters requesting them to open the matter again, and this called meeting of the Georgia Division is the result.

LOCATION OF THE WIRZ MONUMENT.

The meeting on March 11 is a special call by the President, Miss Alice Baxter, to further consider the location of the monument to Maj. Henry Wirz, the only Confederate executed by the United States government authorities soon after the close of the war. His history has been widely published through the *VETERAN*. The original plan was abandoned happily to erect it at Andersonville. Americus, Macon, and other cities are applicants.

The *VETERAN* suggested the propriety of placing it at Fairview, Ky., the birthplace of the only Confederate President, and which is to be made the Mecca of the Confederacy; but it did not have that intelligent consideration that the plea merited. To place it at Fairview in the Memorial Park that is being provided by the Jefferson Davis Home Association as a contribution by the Georgia Daughters of the Confederacy would be far more creditable to them than it could possibly be erected on Georgia soil. Fairview will evidently become the South's Mecca of the Confederacy. Major Wirz deserves a place—upon the testimony of Union soldiers who were unkind to him in the Andersonville Prison—in such Mecca. To locate it at Fairview now would give fresh impetus to the work of the Association.

CONFEDERATE CHOIRS—UNIFORMS AND TITLES.

BY T. W. CUNNINGHAM, PRESIDENT CUNNINGHAM NATIONAL BANK, JOPLIN, MO.

In your issue for January your article under the caption of "Confederate Choirs, Titles, and Uniforms of Members" has attracted my attention and personal interest. It is not my desire or purpose to engage you in a newspaper controversy; but believing that you are fair-minded in all your dealings, liberal in your views, and unhesitatingly concede to others the privilege of expressing their views, I wish to voice my approval of "the titles of the officers and uniforms worn" by the members of the Confederate Choir.

I am not actuated in my views by any feelings of sentiment or false pride, but indorse most heartily the action of the Choir from a standpoint of right, justice, and liberality, and for my part cheerfully given and most cheerfully rendered.

As far as my knowledge extends, I know of no revolt having broken out or adverse criticisms having been made as to the garb worn or titles given by the members of the Confederate Choir, an organization which creates enthusiasm in

the hearts of the old vets who wore the gray—stirs their souls to the very depths and recalls those days of struggle for rights and privileges which we believe to be ours, ordained by the Constitution and bathed in blood, for which patriots fought. There is no detracting from the bright glory achieved or marring the undying fame won by the Lees, Jackson, Forrest, and the Johnstons in their struggle for the cause they espoused by complimenting the officers of the Choir with military titles. It does not, in my opinion, reflect upon them in the least or detract from their womanly virtues in bestowing upon them the titles of their various rank and positions, nor does it unsex them or call down upon their heads opprobrious epithets or harsh criticisms from the male sex because they appear in tidily fitting coats or jackets of gray and brass buttons and wearing a hat which was recognized as a beacon light thrown out by those whose right it was to command, whose duty it was to lead.

Let the vets join hearts and hands in extending every encouragement to the members of the Choir, give to them every possible aid, and indulge them in their innocent fancies as to garb and military title, and in the future, as at the late meeting at Birmingham, you will see a growth in the enthusiasm, a stronger tie that binds the present to the past in all of our meetings, and there will not one be found who will not rise up and with soul burning with warmth and holy passion cry aloud: "God bless and keep our Confederate Choirs!"

Now, Brother Editor, sit thee down and reflect, and after mature deliberation acknowledge the darkness in which you have groped and recognize the spirit of the organic law of the land, "the right of all in the pursuit of happiness." I, for one, do not believe that the garb worn or the military titles given to the members of the Confederate Choir detract from their dignity or reflect in the least upon the rights of generations past or cast gloom and darkness upon those yet unborn.

WHAT LINCOLN SAID OF OUR LEE.

From a copyrighted article (1886) by Frances F. Browne:

"It is something to be ever gratefully remembered that the last day of Mr. Lincoln's life beamed with sunshine. His cares and burdens slipped from him like a garment, and his spirit was filled with a blessed and benignant peace.

"On the morning of that fatal Friday, the 14th of April, the President had a long conversation at breakfast with his son Robert, a member of Grant's staff, who had just arrived from the front with additional particulars of Lee's surrender, of which event he had been a witness. The President listened with close attention to the interesting recital; then, taking up a portrait of General Lee, which his son had brought him, he placed it on the table before him, where he scanned it long and thoughtfully, and said: 'It is a good face. It is the face of a noble, brave man. I am glad that the war is over at last.' Looking upon Robert, he continued: 'Well, my son, you have returned safely from the front. The war is now closed, and we will soon live in peace with the brave men who have been fighting against us. I trust that the era of good feeling has returned, and that henceforth we shall live in harmony together.'

"During the afternoon the President approved an application for the discharge on taking the oath of allegiance of a Rebel prisoner, on whose petition he wrote: 'Let it be done.' This act of mercy was his last official order."

GENERAL LEE'S BIRTHDAY IN PHILADELPHIA.

One of the most interesting celebrations of General Lee's birthday was held in Philadelphia on January 19 by the Gen. Dabney H. Maury Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy. It is probably the first time in the history of the Daughters (and it is worthy of record) that in a Northern city they were addressed by the Mayor. Mayor Reyburn, of Philadelphia, made a most beautiful address and paid a glowing tribute to Lee, the great American soldier. A beautiful oration was delivered on Lee by Maj. Albert Akers, of Washington. The rooms of the Belgravia were filled by a brilliant audience of Northerners as well as Southerners. A very beautiful silver bowl was presented to the beloved President of the Chapter, Josephine Poe Duer. The inscription on the bowl reads: "1807 to 1909. Josephine Poe Duer From the Gen. Dabney H. Maury Chapter, Virginia Division, U. D. C. In grateful appreciation of your arduous work, your loyalty to principle, your great fight and victory won, and your response to the bugle call of love, patriotism, and country."

A reception followed the ceremonies, at which all made merry over a bowl of Confederate punch and the birthday cake of the Chapter. This being its twelfth birthday, and Mrs. Duer having resigned the presidency, Mrs. Henry E. Bohmer was unanimously elected to fill her place.

[Reported by Mrs. James T. Halsey, Honorary President.]

READING MATTER FOR VETERANS.

The Executive Board of the Tennessee Confederate Soldiers' Home has appointed a Librarian and Historian; and S. A. Cunningham, of Nashville, having been assigned to the responsible duties, seeks the coöperation of friends throughout the State. He requests the publisher of every paper in Tennessee to donate a copy of its current issue. He also requests the donation of books, and in such books he desires to add a fly leaf with print about as follows:

"Contributed to the Confederate Soldiers' Home, of Tennessee, by _____, of _____. These books are to be the property of the Tennessee Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, when the Home for Confederate Veterans shall have been discontinued."

Mr. Cunningham solicits the friendly coöperation of all who can contribute to the entertainment of these old men, a good proportion of whom are venerable gentlemen. In many a home there is some good, suitable book that the family would be glad to contribute. Such books will be properly labeled with the donor's name inserted, as stated. Newspapers should be addressed to "Tennessee Confederate Home, Hermitage, Tenn." Books might also be sent there direct or to Mr. Cunningham, at Nashville, who will arrange for their shipment. He should be informed of such contributions.

The foregoing is given to the readers of the *VETERAN* everywhere in the hope that comrades and Daughters in other States may inaugurate some such movement. The old soldiers now being unable to work would thoroughly appreciate attention in the manner suggested.

A GOOD PLAN FOR CONFEDERATE EXERCISES

Mr. A. L. Hull writes on the subject: "On last Memorial Day in Athens, Ga., the Ladies' Memorial Association instead of having an oration invited several veterans to relate some brief personal experience in the war in their own way. The veterans had charge of the exercises, and one of their number presided. If a speaker exceeded his ten minutes, he was

called down. Ten or more responded, and the occasion was greatly enjoyed. The departure from the stereotyped programme was heartily approved. The plan is a good one to try. It brings the younger generation face to face with the very man who did the fighting and awakens a new interest in the celebration of the day."

SPONSOR FOR RAPHAEL SEMMES CAMP, U. C. V.

The Raphael Semmes Camp, No. 11, U. C. V., of Mobile, has repeatedly designated the popular and gifted Miss Kittie-



MISS KITTIEBELLE STIRLING.

belle Stirling as its sponsor. She represented that Camp at the New Orleans Reunion in 1906, was its sponsor again at the Alabama State Reunion that same year, and has been retained as sponsor by the Camp ever since—at Richmond, Birmingham General Reunion, and again at Mobile. At this last State Reunion she was given unusual prominence because of the Camp's responsibility in entertainments. Miss Stirling's family gave eleven members to the cause of the Confederacy, five of whom came from Pennsylvania to engage in the services of the Confederate States—a most remarkable record.

A YEAR'S CONTRIBUTIONS BY THE W. B. BATE CHAPTER.—From a report by Mrs. W. R. Bryan, its efficient President: Contributions to our Soldiers' Home—Ice, \$72.25; hospital, nurse, and cook, \$48; bed linen, \$30; tableware, \$10; window shades, \$4; jellies and fruit, \$9; expenses of veteran to Reunion, \$6; expenses of veteran to Mobile, \$6. Contributions to Memorial Work—For Sam Davis monument (in addition to the \$80 already given), \$75; to Shiloh monument, \$50; to Arlington monument, \$10; old Blandford Church window, \$5; Sabine Pass, \$1; framing Gaul pictures in History Building, \$2; pictures of Jefferson Davis and General Lee placed in city schools, \$30. Total for these purposes only, \$358.25.

SURVIVORS OF CONFEDERATE COMPANIES.—John W. Woodard, of Shelbyville, Tenn., refers to the report of Douglas Jarnigan upon Company F, 39th Georgia Regiment, as having from an enrollment of one hundred men twenty survivors, and states: "We can beat that number. Company G of the 32d Tennessee Regiment, commanded by Col. Ed C. Cook until he was killed near Marietta, Ga., had a total membership of one hundred and twenty, of whom thirty-two are yet living."

Mrs. A. J. Emerson, 3031 West 30th Street, Denver, Colo., is preparing a book on Confederate monuments, and will appreciate any information in regard to them; also anything of Confederate cemeteries and the monuments therein.

Dr. A. C. Bennett, of Vinson, Okla., desires information of the war record of John Nelson Bennett, who enlisted at Quitman, Van Buren County, Ark., early in 1862, and it is thought was in Captain Hathaway's company of Arkansas troops.

JEFFERSON DAVIS'S NAME TO BE RESTORED ON CABIN JOHN BRIDGE.—A telegram from Mrs. W. J. Behan, President C. S. M. A., New Orleans, La., February 23, 1909, states: "By order of President Roosevelt the name of Jefferson Davis will be restored to Cabin John Bridge. This is the result of a resolution passed by the Confederate Southern Memorial Association in Richmond in 1907."

William L. Ritter, of Baltimore, Md., writes: "Will Miss Boyson please explain why it took 2,700,000 well-fed, well-clad, well-armed Federal warriors four long years to subdue 600,000 half-fed, half-clad, 'ignorant' Confederates?"

A letter has been received from Mrs. J. G. Broadnax, of Greensboro, N. C., asking the VETERAN to voice her protest against Miss Boyson's essay on General Lee.

GRATITUDE OF JOHN A. SUMNER.

I am glad that forty-four years after the Civil War, in which I participated, I am still hale and hearty and able to enjoy all the blessings by which I am surrounded. I am grateful that after these forty-four years of battles by ballot and changing administrations the South can still live up to Jefferson Davis's motto: "Be slow to anger, swift to forgive, ever ready to help the lowly, too proud to stoop to the haughty."

"This is my glory, this is my song;
This is my gratitude all the day long."

LAST MEETING OF LEE AND JACKSON.

ORIGINAL PAINTING OWNED BY MRS. J. B. RICHARDSON.

The widow of Col. John B. Richardson, 1212 Seventh Street, New Orleans, writes of the famous portrait:

"The picture is an oil painting six feet one and a half inches wide and eight feet five and a half inches high. It represents the 'Last Meeting of Lee and Jackson,' and was painted by Julie. A certain number of steel engravings were made from the original, and these engravings bear the following inscription: 'Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1873 by Everett B. D. Julie, of Louisiana, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington, D. C.'"

"I have letters from Miss Mary Custis Lee and Mrs. T. J. (Stonewall) Jackson stating that the picture is an excellent reproduction of the features of these two distinguished Confederate generals. At present the picture is in the Washington Artillery Arsenal, New Orleans, and is fully insured. I am very desirous of disposing of the picture, which I believe should be in an art gallery, where it could be appreciated by the lovers of the high and noble in art.

"Appleton's Cyclopaedia of American Biography, Volume III, states: 'Julio B. D. Fabrino, artist, was born on the island of St. Helena in 1843; and died in Georgia September 15, 1879. He was the son of an Italian father and a Scotch mother. After a careful education in Paris, he removed to the United States at the beginning of the Civil War, and lived in the North several years. Removing to New Orleans, he established himself there as a portrait painter. Revisiting Paris about 1872, he entered the studio of Leon Bonnat, and returning to New Orleans two years later established a school of art in that city. His best-known painting, 'The Last Meeting of Lee and Jackson,' is a composition of great merit.'

"I will be pleased to give further information about it."

A WORD FROM McNEEL—

TO THE DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY—

In regard to that Confederate monument which your Chapter has been talking about and planning for since you first organized. Why not buy it NOW and have it erected before all the old veterans have answered the final roll call?

Why wait and worry about raising funds? Our terms to U. D. C. Chapters are so liberal and our plans for raising funds are so effective as to obviate the necessity of either waiting or worrying.

During the last three or four years we have sold Confederate monuments to thirty-seven of your sister Chapters in this and adjoining States, the names of which we give below. None of these Chapters have experienced any difficulty in raising sufficient funds to meet their payments under the liberal terms of their contracts with us, although only a very few of them had but small amounts in hand at the time they placed their order. Another fact to which we desire to call your attention is that the experience of these thirty-seven Chapters in each and every case has been that it is much easier to raise funds after you have bought the monument than before.

We have sold the U. D. C. Chapters in the following cities: Jasper, Ala., Eufula, Ala., Gadsden, Ala., Monroe, Ga., Washington, Ga., Warrenton, Ga., Lumpkin, Ga., Union, S. C., Lafayette, Ga., Prattville, Ala., Clayton, Ala., Marietta, Ga., Jonesville, S. C., Ocala, Fla., Cedartown, Ga., Bennettsville, S. C., Lumberton, N. C., Thomaston, Ga., Perry, Ga., Hawkinsville, Ga., Hartwell, Ga., Rome, Ga., Eatonton, Ga., Sylvania, Ga., Moultrie, Ga., Cartersville, Ga., Chester, S. C., Troy, Ala., Madison, Ga., Abbeville, Ga., Statesboro, Ga., Lawrenceville, Ga., Millen, Ga., Madison, Fla., Demopolis, Ala., Blakely, Ga., Russellville, Ala., the General John B. Gordon monument, Capitol grounds, Atlanta, Ga.

The above Chapters bought monuments ranging in price from \$1,250 to \$22,500. A majority of these have been erected, and in every case we have received letters of thanks, and in many cases committees write that their monuments have exceeded their expectations.

Our designs, our prices, our work, our business methods have pleased them, and we can please you.

What your sister Chapters have done, you can do.

Would you like to know the easiest, the quickest, and the most successful plans for raising funds for Confederate monuments? If so, write us.

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THE SOUTH SHOULD REMAIN UNITED.

BY JAMES M. HENDRICKS, SHEPHERDSTOWN, W. VA.

I prize the VETERAN most highly. It is true to our principles. In the February number you voice the sentiment of the entire true South on the question: "Should the solid South be broken?" No. The North is as solid against the South to-day as when the war ended. National legislation is always in their interest. They always control.

We ex-Confederates want this government to be the best in the world. Our homes are in it, all our interests are here. We would resist interference of foreign nations; our loyalty cannot be questioned. No people were ever truer to principles and convictions than the Southern people. None of us regret what we did—just the reverse. I am prouder of my four years' service in the Confederate army under Jackson than of all else in life. We were overwhelmed by numbers and resources, but our spirits are unconquered. We had to submit to constitutional amendments passed at the close of the war when prejudice ran high. They forced humiliation on the South; they antagonized the races, and it will end in disaster to the inferior race. There is only one remedy: annul the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments. The negroes' truest friends are in the South and will treat them right, but will not make them equal politically, socially, nor will they worship with them.

TRIBUTES TO JEFFERSON DAVIS IN TEXAS.

A delayed notice of the pamphlet kindly sent in by Mr. F. Charles Hume, of Houston, Tex., is regretted. This pamphlet contains the addresses made in Austin at the centennial birthday celebration of President Davis. Major Hume's address on "Life, Character, and Services of President Davis" is a masterly piece of oratory. He does not defend Mr. Davis, feeling no defense necessary, nor praise him, for praise can add nothing to his character. He only "speaks forth the words of truth," and offers a memory wreath of the immortelles of love to lay upon his grave.

In Hon. Thomas J. Brown's address the women of the Confederacy stood out against the dark background of war like the sculptured angels from the reredos of a church. Gentle angels of pity were these women who soothed and comforted the wounded and dying, and angels of supply as well, for they carded the wool and wove the cloth to clothe our soldiers and tilled the ground for food for their children and to give to the loved ones in the field. Mr. Brown concludes with an earnest plea for the Confederate Woman's Home—a plea that these women who bore the labor and heat of war shall be cared for now by a grateful country.

"MISS MINERVA AND WILLIAM GREEN HILL."

This is a very bright, readable book by Frances Boyd Calhoun, bristling with fun and laughable situations. "Billy" is a motherless small boy raised on a plantation of darkies, from whom he has imbibed his pronunciation and superstition. "Miss Minerva" is an old maid of the typical, extremely proper variety, who inherits Billy on the death of his father. The combination of the two natures leads to very unique scenes and laugh-provoking situations. "Billy's" chums are three very real children, and their funny pranks will appeal to every child lover. Miss Calhoun not only thoroughly understands child nature, but darky nature as well, and her characters are drawn with a fine humor and appreciation of Southern types.

Many responses have come to the plea for "A Talk with the Boys"—all held over until April. In the meantime let others respond. This will evidently be a pleasing and profitable feature, that which we are "most grateful for predominating." Publication day must be advanced, and contributors must be prompt to avoid delay of articles.



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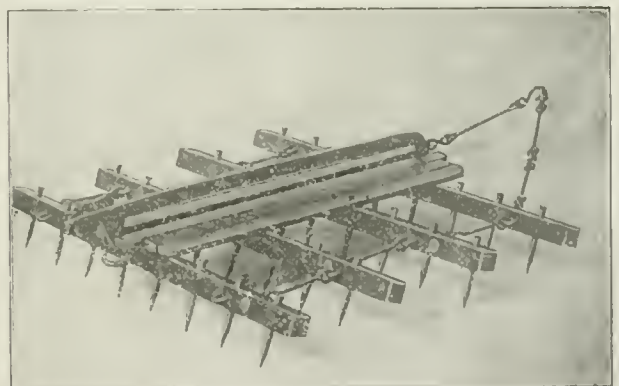
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The VETERAN commends most highly the reliability of Mr. Wakefield and guarantees the return of money if results are not satisfactory. The Harrows are made directly under his personal supervision. Write to him for particulars.



The above cut is that of the great painting of "Lee and His Generals," by George B. Matthews, of Virginia. ¶ General Marcus J. Wright indorses it as follows: "I regard it as one of the finest paintings I ever saw. The truthfulness of feature of all these great generals is most remarkable. The Lithograph copy is a most striking and accurate reproduction of the original. I hope all Confederates will procure copies." ¶ The Lithograph is in color. Size, 27 x 16 inches. State agents can make most liberal contracts. Agents wanted in every city and town in the South. ¶ Sent by mail on receipt of 55 cents. Every home should have a picture. It will make a nice Christmas gift. Address

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The Manufacturers' Report publishes an article by Andrew M. Soule on the "Waste of Cottonseed," one of the most valuable productions of the South. By this it is shown that 5,912,646 tons of seed were produced in 1907, of which 3,843,981 were crushed. Apparently over two million tons of seed were consumed on the farms where they were grown. As only a small amount of this was used for seed, the remainder must have been fed or used directly as fertilizer. Used as feed or fertilizer seed has not half the value per weight as cottonseed meal. Yet each ton of seed contains forty gallons of oil, or a total wasted of \$33,098,800 worth. It was worse than wasted, as oil is of no service in plant production, being, if anything, a detriment. The article goes on also to show that the South loses \$20,-

000,000 a year by exporting its cottonseed meal, since it is of more value locally as a food stuff and fertilizer than is realized on it in direct sale.

Capt. P. A. Blakey, of Mt. Vernon, Tex., writes of visiting the school a short time since and carrying some relics of the war, which he exhibited and explained to the children and gave them a little talk as to where they were captured, the battlefields, etc., and they seemed much interested. This seems a good way in which to arouse the interest of the young; so it is given as a suggestion to others who would like to do something in this way. It is very appropriate also that the children have part in celebrating the anniversaries of our great men.

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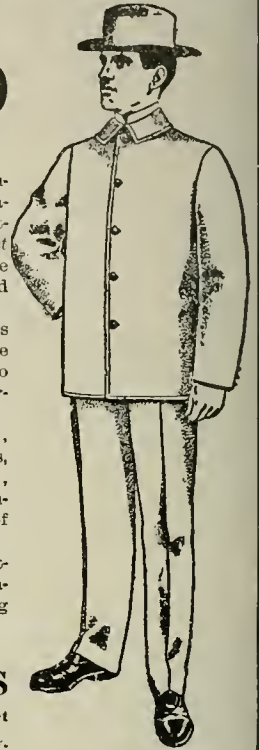
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Rev. A. D. Betts, of Greensboro, N. C., wants the name and address of each living Confederate chaplain. He was chaplain of the 30th North Carolina Regiment.

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Confederate Soldiers

their widows and children, who have claims for horses and equipments taken from the soldier by Federal troops, in violation of the terms of his surrender, must file same before **May 30, 1909**, or they will be forever barred. The undersigned prosecutes these claims; makes no charge unless the claim is allowed; 25 per cent if collected.

Respectfully,

W. L. JETT, Attorney, Frankfort, Ky.

P. F. Lewis, of Newark, Tex., writes of a comrade there in sad circumstances, and he wishes to get proof of his Confederate service so as to get a pension. The comrade is T. H. Tallant, who is also a Mexican War veteran, and his service for the Confederacy was in Capt. William Gordon's company, Baskin's Battalion, made up in Chickasaw County, Miss., and part of the reserve corps, but worked in tanyard on detached service part of the time. Any surviving comrades who can help him prove his record will confer a great favor.

CONFEDERATE WIDOW IN A CHAIR FOR NINETEEN YEARS.—Mrs. E. L. Freer, of Clifton, Tenn., widow of one of our comrades, who has been confined to a chair for nineteen years, writes that she is building a home overlooking the Tennessee River, and that she anticipates delight in feasting upon the view of that beautiful stream and that passing steamers will be a diversion for her. Mrs. Freer is agent for various magazines, including the **VETERAN**, and is grateful for the friendly patronage that has been very helpful in her aspirations.

"Charlotte in Picture and Prose," historical and descriptive booklet of Charlotte, Mecklenburg County, N. C., birthplace of American independence. Seventy illustrations. Fifty cents, postpaid. Address Miss J. M. Alexander, 400 West Trade Street, Charlotte, N. C.

Mrs. E. A. Bullard, of Natchitoches, La., wishes to communicate with some surviving members of the company or regiment in which her husband, William Riley Bullard, served. He enlisted, she thinks, in Shubuta, Clarke County, Miss., in 1863. Mrs. Bullard is eighty-seven years old and wishes to apply for a pension.

By inquiry through the **VETERAN** some information was obtained of the late Henry Thornhill, of the New Orleans Light Horse, who, it seems, was transferred to some other company. Miss Ida May Thompson, of 209 Canal Street, Louisiana Bank Building, New Orleans, now seeks to ascertain the company with which he surrendered. Surviving comrades will confer a favor by replying as fully as possible.

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appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing, therefore we wish to call the attention of all who would enjoy good health, with its blessings, to the fact that it involves the question of right living with all the term implies. With proper knowledge of what is best each hour of recreation, of enjoyment, of contemplation and of effort may be made to contribute to that end and the use of medicines dispensed with generally to great advantage, but as in many instances a simple, wholesome remedy may be invaluable if taken at the proper time, the California Fig Syrup Co. feels that it is alike important to present truthfully the subject and to supply the one perfect laxative remedy which has won the approval of physicians and the world-wide acceptance of the Well-Informed because of the excellence of the combination, known to all, and the original method of manufacture, which is known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

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Vol. XVII.

APRIL, 1909.

No. 4.

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I received your book, which I read with great interest and approval. I sent two copies to Gen. Govan, who speaks highly of your work.—*Gen. A. Williams, former A. A. G. Govan's Brigade, Cleburne's Division.*

I cannot tell you how I have enjoyed reading the book, and only wish it was in my power to place it in the hands of every living soldier of that grand old command.—*Frank H. Govan, former Capt. and A. D. C. Gen. Govan's Staff.*

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MR. and MRS. BEVERLY R. MASON, Principals
MISS E. M. CLARK, L.L.A., Associate Principal

Rev. A. S. Johnson, of Greenville, Tex., wishes some one to write an account of the personal encounter between his father, Col. W. A. Johnson, of the 4th Alabama Cavalry (Roddy's), and the colonel commanding an Illinois regiment near Center, Ala., and also of the forced march that Roddy's Brigade made to take part in the battle of Brice's Crossroads. Survivors of this famous command can doubtless furnish some interesting accounts of these incidents.

C. A. Rece, 424 First Street, Huntington, W. Va., would like to hear from any surviving members of his Camp Chase Prison comrades, Mess 10, of 1864-65, of whom were J. R. Taylor, Cleveland, Tenn.; James Morrow, Tennessee; T. B. Collier, McKinney, Tex.; William Oliver, Athens, Ga., wounded at Knoxville; Lieutenant Sinclair, of Alabama, lost a foot at Knoxville. A line from any of these or others surviving will be appreciated.

Mrs. M. A. Clark, 206 Veach Street, Orlando, Fla., wishes to secure information of the service of her husband, Lewis Clark, in the Confederate army. He enlisted at Lake City, Fla., and served to the close. Doubtless some surviving comrades can give her this information.

W. H. Cleveland, of Temple, Tex., wishes to secure the war record of his grandfather, William Spencer, of Port Lavaca, Tex., who was supposedly with the Texas troops when the war began, and was with Lee at Appomattox. His company, regiment, and brigade are asked for.

Dr. J. W. Meek, of Camden, Ark., desires to procure a copy of the poems written by the Southern poet, A. B. Meek. He will appreciate the courtesy of any one who will kindly furnish him a copy.

C. Danne, of Trevilians, Va., makes inquiry for Harrison Burton, who during the war was a member of Company F, 43d Virginia Battalion of Cavalry, Mosby's Command. Burton's home at that time was Boone County, Ky.

Capt. W. B. Jennings, of Moberly, Mo., wishes to get copies of the VETERAN for January and March, 1894, and it is hoped that some comrades can supply them.

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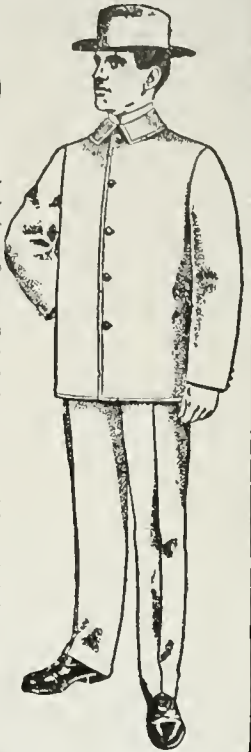
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The Bureau of Plant Industry, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., has issued a circular giving in detail a plan for destroying wild onions. This circular will be sent free upon application.

If afflicted with SORE EYES use DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

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Anyway, let's talk it over.

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Practical Business College
Raleigh, Columbia, Atlanta, Nashville,
Montgomery, Jackson (Miss.),
Little Rock, or Dallas.

M. R. Cobb, of Terrell, Tenn., R. R. No. 1, Box 54, who belonged to Company E, 1st Tennessee Regiment, Col. Pete Turney, would like to hear from some of the survivors of that regiment.



A beautifully colored work of art 6 1/2 x 9 1/2. "THE CONQUERED BANNER," with poem. Suitable for framing. Every Southern home should have one. Only 10c, with stamp. Write your address distinctly.
C. WAGNER, 205 West 91st St.,
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MRS. CHARLES ELLISON, Urban Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.

Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month before it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail set will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The civil war was too long ago to be called the late war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.

VOL. XVII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL, 1909.

No. 4

S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION.

The funds for the Jefferson Davis Home Association to purchase his birthplace in Fairview, Ky., are being given so cordially and by Southerners everywhere that the officials are sanguine of success. The close proximity of the expiration of options (April 27) is the only feature of special concern at present. The spirit of the people in behalf of securing all the lands desired is so strong that the management determines upon making every possible effort to achieve it.

All who favor this undertaking and contemplate aiding are urged to have their reports made before April 27.

A Hopkinsville special to the Nashville Tennessean of March 23 states: "The options which are now held on the property desired will expire on April 27, and the chief concern of the promoters is to secure the necessary funds, so that these options may be closed at that time. The only threatening feature of the case is that the people, not realizing the brevity of the option, will be slow in making contributions, and thus let the time expire. Should the land not be secured under these options, it is believed they could not again be renewed at anything like the low prices now agreed upon. To this end special efforts are being put forth to get the money by that time and secure the property. Col. Bennett H. Young, of Louisville, and S. A. Cunningham, of Nashville, editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, were at Hopkinsville last week, and they stated that the sentiment was growing rapidly, and that it would only be a short while until Jefferson Davis's birthplace would be the scene of similar ceremonies as those which took place at Hodgenville on the one hundredth anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birth. Colonel Young addressed a meeting of citizens at Hotel Latham, and his speech aroused much enthusiasm in the project. The Jefferson Davis Home Association, the organization which has been formed and duly incorporated for the purpose of raising money, secured options on the desired land for carrying out the memorial park project."

Colonel Young and Mr. Cunningham visited Fairview, and the former was delighted with the property selected.

Chapters of the U. D. C. in many sections are raising dollar subscriptions, and to each subscriber a certificate is given, an engraving of which has been published in the VETERAN. If other Chapters who expect to cooperate will raise the funds, the certificate will be sent promptly. There was never a better occasion than this to show how the Southern people respond to an appeal, and suitable response to this would have a remarkable effect morally. Besides, it would relieve

the necessity of some great-hearted Southerners advancing funds to secure the property, as it must be done.



R. F. Vaughan writes from Fairview, Ky., in hearty indorsement of the Jefferson Davis Home Association. He says the citizens of Fairview are highly gratified with the work being done, and propose to aid it all they can by a barbecue to be held on the 3d of June. Mr. Vaughan gives all the committee a most hospitable invitation to visit his city, promising not only a warm welcome, but that vehicles will be sent to Hopkinsville to meet them at any time.

WATCHFULNESS OF SOLICITORS IMPORTANT.

Mrs. Robert Houston writes from Meridian, Miss., as President of Winnie Davis Chapter, U. D. C., to Col. Bennett H. Young and Capt. J. H. Leathers, Louisville: "Will you or

either of you inform us whether there is such an enterprise in contemplation as a Lincoln and Davis memorial at Hodgenville, Ky.? A man named Shipman has been soliciting for the Lincoln memorial, but has changed to the Davis and Lincoln idea, and is soliciting from the Chapters U. D. C. in this State, and is likely to get money which would otherwise go to the Davis fund. Please answer immediately."

Captain Leathers writes the VETERAN in reply: "There certainly of course is no contemplated joint memorial to Lincoln and Davis in Kentucky. Nobody named Shipman has been authorized to solicit funds for the Jefferson Davis Home Association. No one is authorized to solicit funds for the Jefferson Davis Home Association without proper credentials from the Executive Committee to that effect."

Subsequent to the above correspondence Mrs. Houston writes the VETERAN of a man who lives at Meridian, but is not a native of that part of the country, who claims to be an ex-Federal soldier and is a Republican. He has been appealing through the press for contributions to the Lincoln memorial at Hodgenville, Ky. "When my Chapter U. D. C.," writes Mrs. Houston, "met on the 2d, the President read a letter from Shipman asking for aid to build the Davis and Lincoln memorial at the same place, Hodgenville. My husband, Mr. R. M. Houston, has seen Shipman, and he denies that there is any Davis and Lincoln scheme."

CONFEDERATE WOMAN'S MONUMENT.

BY DR. H. M. HAMILL, NASHVILLE, TENN.

I was a boy under Lee in his hardest fighting division the last year of the war. I wear with pride my bronze veteran's cross, the gift of the U. D. C. My mother was a Confederate woman, and therefore of that worthy company whom the "Confederate woman's monument" is designed to honor. I can well remember her tireless service at sewing, nursing, cooking, and other loving ministry to sick and wounded Confederates, and how her brown hair grew gray and health failed under her self-imposed burden during those dark days of war. I trust this will be my warrant for timely criticism of the proposed woman's monument as recently pictured in newspapers and exploited as the accepted symbol of the women of the Confederacy. I first saw the design a week ago as I sat with some ladies in a Florida train, and I think I express the judgment of both women and men when I condemn it. It violates every canon of art or good taste or historic condition. In brief, it presents the typical woman of the Confederacy standing in defiant pose upon a pedestal something after the manner of that other "I Will" Chicago travesty in symbolism that confronted Exposition visitors except that this brawny Southern Amazon in her right hand is brandishing an antique sword which she grips by the blade and not by the hilt! Beneath her feet, as the text of a stump speech which she is artistically supposed to be making, is carved the sentence, "Uphold Our State Rights."

Not a line of womanly grace or modesty or tenderness, not a hint of the dear home keeper and home builder of the Southland, not a reminder of the sweet and gentle minister of mercy and comfort who bent over the hospital cot and soothed the pain of the wounded soldier and left in his heart of gratitude forever a true picture of that noblest of all memories of the Confederacy, the patient, self-sacrificing, unwearied helper and comforter of the boys in gray. Nor is there a hint in the unsightly figure proposed of those thousands of heroic souls

who in loneliness and dread of evil tidings from the front took care of the absent soldiers' home, kept in order the servants, taught the children, made lint of their cherished linens for the army surgeon, brewed home medicines for the sick, watched after the growing crops, wrote brave letters to the front when their own hearts were breaking, and thus won imperishable love and honor from every soldier in gray down to the latest of his descendants. Think of the sweet little home body of the Southland, brandishing a big sword by the blade and declaiming like a candidate for the Legislature an oration upon State rights!

No, I am not an artist, but I think I know a work of art when I see it, and I am tolerably sure that the Confederate woman does not care to be reincarnated in bronze as a composite of the classic Amazon, the Wagnerian Brunehilda, and Carrie Nation! That old picture of the Carthaginian women weaving the strands of their hair into bowstrings for husbands and sons or of Cornelia pointing to her children as her jewels or even the little brown mothers of Japan twisting their braids into a mighty rope to sound the temple bell have more art and beauty and pathos and truth to me than this besworded symbol of a kind of Southern woman that never existed and I pray never may exist save in this artist's fancy.



BEST POSSIBLE PRINT OF THE DESIGN.

PRESIDENT TAFT'S ADMINISTRATION.

In the February *VETERAN* there was expressed deep anxiety in regard to the methods of the incoming President, especially in their relation to the South. There seemed to be but one way of securing coöperation that promised good to this section and to the whole country, and that was for the President to select representative men, in so far as he favored the South, who were indeed faithful to the principles for which Southern people will ever contend.

President Taft seems to have imbibed correct views on the subject. He is duly considerate of negroes, and desires to encourage them in all laudable undertakings and to have them share emoluments in proper consistency. At the same time he demonstrates a right regard for his white fellow-citizens and seeks the restoration of conditions whereby they will feel that justice is being done them. That and nothing else can restore a truly fraternal Union. Nothing can secure the true restoration of sentiment so effectively as to ignore renegades. The policy of the dominant party has for many decades been seriously injurious to thorough restitution in appointing men to office who became traitors to their innate principles—if they had any—for the spoils of office. If President Taft will stop this, inexpressible good will result.

The most significant thing in this direction that has ever been done is the appointment of Judge J. M. Dickinson to the responsible place of Secretary of War. President Taft could hardly have found a man equally as efficient and suitable in the South. May Judge Dickinson be as useful and creditable to the government as was Jefferson Davis in that same position!

Judge Dickinson was born in Columbus, Miss., a few years too late to have been a Confederate soldier; but every instinct of his nature was with the Confederates. In this connection the belief is expressed that, busy as he has been in grave matters, he has taken occasion more frequently perhaps than any comrade has to suggest suitable articles for the *VETERAN*.

While a native of Mississippi, Judge Dickinson has ever

been deeply identified with Tennessee, his maternal grandfather, Jacob McGavock, having been a leading and forceful man of Nashville. His uncle, Col. Randall McGavock, commander of the 10th Tennessee Regiment, was killed in the battle of Raymond, where a small brigade of Confederates was overwhelmed by numbers.

Judge Dickinson is chosen as a Democrat without compromise of principle, who never voted against his party, a fact that will stand to the breadth of President Taft's patriotism. He accepts a position at perhaps less than half his salary as a leading railroad counsel and man of large business affairs. This sacrifice indicates the truest patriotism, and the *VETERAN* has no fear that good will come to the South and to the country through his appointment.

The foregoing expressions are recorded without a word of conference with Judge Dickinson or any of his friends who have authority to speak for him. The editor of the *VETERAN* cannot conceive of "Mack" Dickinson in a rôle other than that of absolute loyalty to the people of the South. In this connection he does not overlook the future of party conditions, but considers rather the principle which should prevail—that when the President or the lowest magistrate assumes the responsibilities of office he should cease to be a partisan and serve all the people and all of their interests with equal concern for all.

THE SAM DAVIS MONUMENT.

A very unexpected suspense occurs in the speedy completion of the Sam Davis monument. The excavation and foundation work has been completed for several weeks, and the great bronze statue nine feet high is in Nashville. The marble company, having an elaborate order to fill, was making excellent progress when unhappily a dark seam appeared in the quarry, necessitating the removal of the machinery to another place and delaying the completion of the order.

In the *VETERAN* for May there will appear a most interesting story by one of the men who captured Sam Davis, and the finest history yet written of the young man and his deed; also a supplemental list of contributors. The names of all who have contributed are to be placed in the base of the monument.

Since the above was written news is received that the marble will be ready by the middle of April. So the dedication may be expected soon thereafter.

WARNED ABOUT MOVING PICTURE SHOWS.

BY MRS. CORNELIA BRANCH STONE, PRESIDENT.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy and All Southern Mothers:

By Dick Dowling Camp, U. C. V., Houston, Tex., my attention is called to the representation of battle scenes of the War between the States by the now prevalent "moving picture shows," in which much that is misleading and contrary to history is represented, thus infecting the minds of Southern children with an incorrect idea of scenes transpiring in the days of the sixties.

There is nothing more impressive to the mind of a child than pictures, which are potent object lessons, and the mothers of the South should see to it that the minds of their children are not filled with these false impressions. These pictures if used to portray partisan prejudice and not to represent the truth of history should be avoided more strictly even than the misleading histories that have been imported into Southern schools. In both we ask only the truth, and we should tolerate nothing less.

Mothers, look to it that your children are not paying tribute to misrepresentation and keep them from such impressions.



JUDGE J. M. DICKINSON.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

CO-OPERATION APPRECIATED.

Occasionally it becomes necessary to send statements of subscription dues. To the one sent out early in March general and prompt attention was given. This fact is gratifying, since it shows a heartiness of cooperation that should have existed all the time. That it costs hundreds of dollars to give these notices should induce immediate attention. Some suggest that they are not necessary; but a prominent business man wrote recently his thanks for the notice, and added: "I have no other way of knowing how my account stands." It is indeed strange that each one doesn't realize from the date by his address that he owes from that date. That's what the date is for. The expirations of subscriptions average not less than fifty every day, and friends of the VETERAN could render a helpful service in looking to the dates by their names.

Again, there should be charity exercised in regard to the issues. Sometimes a mistake occurs; an issue is not printed as well as it should be; some article may fail of the spirit that is entertained by the subscriber, and instead of becoming angered he should exercise patience, judging expressions as a whole. A good plan would be to complain directly to the editor if a serious error occurs. This spirit of cooperation is of great importance. Let us stand together in all things for which the VETERAN is an advocate.

Responses by the multitude to appeals for such objects as the Jefferson Davis Home Association and the Sam Davis monument are recently most gratifying. The appeal is to all alike, wherever situated, and the liberality shown creates both humility and courage. Of one thing every patron is assured: no appeal will ever be made through the VETERAN that has not for its purpose a motive as sacred as are the memories of the Confederate cause and of the dead who gave their all in its behalf.

That which is of greatest importance is to extend the circulation. Ah, the time we have to work for it! Please do two things: First, see by the date of your own subscription that it is paid in advance. Remember the new rate of three years for \$2.50 and five years for \$4. Then think of the people you know who ought to be subscribers and send such names. Sample copies will be sent unless they are already patrons. Attention! This request is to you: The VETERAN will send some literature if you will write a postal card saying that you will cooperate. It would like in response to send you postals suitably printed to be addressed to such persons with your commendation, telling them a sample copy would be sent to them. This would be an expense of only one cent to you and the little care to address the cards. The VETERAN would gladly spend \$1,000 on a trial of this method.

OF INTEREST TO KENTUCKY VETERANS.

A letter from W. L. Jett, an attorney of Frankfort, Ky., asks this magazine to call the especial attention of all Confederate soldiers and their widows and children to his advertisement in these pages, for all such claims will be barred after May 30, 1909. Any claim filed before that time can be proven later; but the statute of limitation for filing is the time stated.

MONUMENT TO CONFEDERATE WOMEN.

Widespread interest is being taken in the movement to erect uniform monuments to the women of the South who throughout the great war struggle and through the reconstruction period were invincible and who have been zealous through all these intervening years for all that patriotism and Christianity inspire.

Gen. C. Irvine Walker, of Charleston, Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department, U. C. V., was chosen some years ago to cooperate with the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, who inaugurated the movement, and have been specially represented by Col. James Mann, of Norfolk, and recently by special invitation Mrs. Mollie R. M. Rosenberg, of Galveston.

These representatives in their zeal to accomplish the work have accepted a design, and are asking the active cooperation of all Confederates to secure funds whereby this monument may be erected in every Southern State. As the VETERAN understands it, the cost of the statue and the bronze tablets is to be \$5,000; and, the sums already contributed from each State being deducted, a statement of the sums still required is published. The press of the South has cooperated beautifully, and a vigorous campaign is on to secure the necessary amount. When the statue is secured, additional funds are to be raised for the pedestals. These would vary in proportion to size, quality, etc., say \$1,000 or more.

The VETERAN has favored some movement to honor our women from the first, and after a long and intimate friendship with General Walker would do much to aid him in the cause. However, the design submitted is so painful that the VETERAN must protest against its adoption.

The defiant expression on the woman's face and her stern hold on the flag are bad enough; but the sight of her clinched hand around the blade of the sword instantly pains, and altogether it is too grievous a representation of what is desired to permit the execution of the project to go on without emphatic protest.

Monuments of this design would certainly reflect so seriously upon the divine qualities of Southern womanhood that if they were furnished free there would be serious objection to exposing them to public view.

The war is certainly over and our women are not in politics; so the demand, "Uphold Our State Rights," the conspicuous line at the feet of the figure, is another objectionable feature.

The editor of the VETERAN is deeply concerned for the success of the worthy object. Many, many thousands are deeply interested, and he may not comprehend altogether the situation. He may be mistaken in this; but he has not heard a single commendation in talks with a number of Confederates who are taking pride in the undertaking.

Please wait until the U. C. V. meeting in Memphis, June 8. Then let there be appointed a large committee to consider the subject. J. W. Apperson, the Commander in Chief of the Sons of Veterans, and General Evans, Commander in Chief of the Veterans, could request comrades who might suitably be appointed committeemen in advance to consider this subject, so that they might have the matter well in hand when the Convention meets. It is grievous to disapprove the action whereby the design has been selected; but justice to all who are interested impels the appeal to wait for conference with the Sons of Veterans and the Veterans, who are so anxiously and so cordially operating with them.

This is purely a question of taste and judgment as to propriety. Those who favor are as patriotic as those who oppose the design.

PRESIDENT ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The comments of the VETERAN upon the centenary of President Lincoln's birthday are different from what was originally expected. In the outset brief report was intended of the various celebrations and the tributes to his kindness to individuals, but the office was soon so surfeited with eulogies that it was impracticable to print them. Then there were those who did not concur that felt they should have access to the VETERAN. In what follows there is no spirit of ill will, but a desire to express the truth concerning Mr. Lincoln.

COMMENT BY MRS. M. P. SHEPARD.

The centenary of Abraham Lincoln! What a flood of eloquence, encomium, and praise it has brought forth from pen, pulpit, and after-dinner speech! He has been set upon a pedestal and clothed with attributes that make him little less than divine. Washington has been made to step down from his long-approved pinnacle of greatness, while one enthusiast in his blind fanaticism has compared him most favorably with Jesus Christ himself.

He has been placed so far above the ordinary mortal that we feel justified in our curiosity to know how big he really was and if all these attributes of greatness have been thrust upon him or do they accord with facts that history has made indisputable?

His admirers and eulogists have claimed for him supreme qualities of integrity and honesty. How do these comport with his treatment of the peace commissioners sent to him in March, 1861? These commissioners were given the most positive assurance of good faith on the part of the government and the pledge that the evacuation of Fort Sumter (which the commissioners demanded) would most surely take place very shortly; and yet while these men were kept there day after day on the strength of these promises Lincoln was secretly making the most hostile preparations, and on the 6th, 7th, and 8th of April, 1861, transports and vessels of war, troops, ammunition, and military supplies sailed from Northern ports bound southward. "Where could be found in all the annals of crooked diplomacy a more fiendish act of duplicity and insincerity?"

He took the oath of office "to preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution," and yet he did not hesitate to violate its principles whenever it suited his policy to do so. Though "devoted to the Union," yet he took the initiative (utterly disregarding the usages of war among civilized nations) and precipitated upon the unprepared South a war unequalled for cruelty and barbarism in all modern history.

He is called "The Great Emancipator." Yet in his inaugural address in 1861 he said: "I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so." His subsequent actions showed how little regard he had for this pledge. Like Talleyrand, the most unscrupulous of men, he "used words to conceal his thoughts."

His admirers have laid special force upon his great heart, pulsating with throbs of justice, kindness, and humanity. Did his heart pulsate with these noble qualities when, disregarding all the rules of civilization and humanity, he declared martial law in the States of the South, flooded the country with violence and bloodshed, and legitimized the most atrocious form of irregular warfare?

He was commander in chief of the army. Yet was he ever known to set his seal of disapproval upon the actions of

his generals in their conduct of the war? General Butler's treatment of the people of New Orleans was horrible almost beyond belief. "Peaceful and aged citizens, unresisting captives and noncombatants, were confined at hard labor with chains attached to their limbs, were held in dungeons and fortresses, and Union soldiers were encouraged to insult and outrage the wives, mothers, and sisters." But Lincoln allowed him to remain at that post until the "French emperor threatened to recognize the Confederate States unless Butler was removed."

Destruction and devastation became synonymous with Sherman's march through Georgia to the sea, then the Carolinas; while Sheridan over a hundred miles through the beautiful Valley of Virginia so obeyed the cruel and inhuman orders of his superior general that in truth "a crow flying through its desolated wastes would have to carry its provisions with it." This is but an incomplete picture of the cruelties inflicted upon helpless noncombatants. These atrocities were never checked by a word or command from the President of the United States. His emancipation of six millions of slaves, his exciting them to insurrection, his placing guns in the hands of negroes to murder their former masters exceeded in atrocity and cruelty the tyranny of any despot in any age. His giving the ballot to ignorant negroes who had no more knowledge of the rights of suffrage than so many mules is but in keeping with the policy pursued by him from the beginning.

Let us see if his conduct in respect to prisoners was in accord with his "great heart pulsating with kindness and humanity to all." The Confederate government on more than one occasion sent propositions to Washington for the exchange of prisoners. No answer was given. Mr. Ould, the Commissioner of Exchange, offered to make purchases of medicine from the United States authorities to be used exclusively for the relief of Union prisoners. He offered to pay for them in gold, cotton, or tobacco; and, moreover, agreed on behalf of the Confederate government that such medicines might be brought into the lines by United States surgeons and be distributed by them. Incredible as it may appear, no reply was ever received to this offer. One final effort was now made for an exchange.

"A delegation from the prisoners at Andersonville was finally sent to Washington to plead their cause before the authorities at Washington. It was of no avail. Mr. Lincoln refused to see them. They were made to understand that the interest of the government required that they should return to prison and remain there."

During all this time Northern prisons were full of Southern prisoners, where thousands of them were allowed to freeze to death, to die of slow starvation and disease caused by privation and want. The brutal atrocities practiced in these prisons almost exceeded the fiendish cruelty shown to the helpless women and children in the South. And yet all this was in the midst of plenty. The official reports giving truth to the statements of the matchless Ben Hill in the Senate of the United States prove that a greater number of soldiers died in Northern prisons than in Southern, notwithstanding the fact that Northern armies had devastated the South, reduced soldiers and people alike to the most straitened conditions for food, and that medicines had been made contraband of war.

Was Mr. Lincoln a man of high ideals? Was he a lover of the sublime, the beautiful? Was he a Christian, a gentleman? Facts compel us to say: "He was a hypocrite in re-

ligion, a vulgar buffoon, indecent in his anecdotes, and cruel in his instincts." What, then, has been the basis of all this fictitious greatness? What has been the cause of thus raising him to the very pinnacle of fame accorded no other American, not excepting even the great Washington himself? We answer: "Assassination." Assassination placed the crown of the martyr upon his brow. Henceforth "all things unclean became divine."

BY ANOTHER SOUTHERNER.

The question of honoring the birthday of Abraham Lincoln by the Southern people is a question indeed. At first blush it would seem meet and proper that the day should be honored inasmuch as it is generally agreed that "the war is over." That Lincoln was a fairly good man, certainly a rare genius in a way, is admitted by nearly every one in the South as well as in the North; this, too, despite the fact that he unquestionably violated the Constitution and willfully assumed powers not rightfully his as President and acting upon which he plunged this country in a bloody war the like of which was never before recorded in history. Half a million of the flower of the young manhood of this country were cut down, and their bones now lie bleaching upon every hill from Gettysburg to the Rio Grande. The beautiful Southland was ruthlessly overrun, plundered, and devastated, vividly recalling the atrocities of the barbarous Goths and Vandals in Italy a thousand years ago. Southern manhood was prostrated and crushed and Southern womanhood everywhere outraged and insulted, and for what? For a sentiment called Union.

Southern people, in my opinion, are ready for the olive branch at any time the people of the North may extend it in honesty and genuine sincerity, but not until then. Whenever the people of the North are ready to honor June 3, the birthday of Jefferson Davis—as gallant a knight as ever drew a sword and as pure a statesman as ever championed the rights and liberties of a free people—then, but not one hour sooner, should the people of the South honor February 12 as Lincoln's anniversary.

Magnanimity and charity are all right and proper within certain bounds; but I respectfully submit that it is ill becoming a high-minded people to "bow low and kiss the great toe" of the idol of the white people of the North and the negroes of the South, while their own matchless leader, champion, and hero continues to be denounced as a "Rebel and a bloody traitor." Let's maintain our self-respect at all hazards.

DIFFERS WITH THE LINCOLN EULOGISTS.

The Lincoln centenary has brought forward both eulogists and those who endeavor to show the clay feet of the idol. Among the latter is an article sent in by J. R. Gibbons, of Buxite, Ark., who tells why he thinks the War President has received too much praise. He says he lived near Rockingham County, Va., just eight miles from Limeville Creek, the home of the Lincoln family. Abe Lincoln's grandfather moved to Illinois; but the rest of the connection remained in Virginia, espoused the cause of the South, and made good records in the Southern army.

Mr. Gibbons says: "I would not do anything to detract from the honor really and truly due Lincoln for his greatness; but I do say that Lincoln was the only man in America who could have prevented the Civil War. Yet he not only did not prevent it, but by his acts he precipitated it. Mr. Davis sent a commission to try to arrange any difference between the Federal government and the seceded States. Seward, Lincoln's Secretary of State, promised Mr. Davis that Fort Sum-

ter should be evacuated right away, and that he (Seward) would notify Mr. Davis when it was done by telegram even before he could receive Judge Campbell's letter. (Judge Campbell being then in Washington negotiating for the Confederate States.) At this very time an expedition to reinforce and provision Fort Sumter had already sailed, and no orders were ever given by Lincoln to evacuate the fort, as had been promised. Not only this, but he sent his fleet to reinforce the place. I believe this aggression, together with Lincoln's avowed intention 'to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the government, and to collect the duty and imposts,' was practically an avowal of an offensive war, and was the match that touched off the gunpowder. Lincoln could have put out the match."

"SENTIMENT IN THE SOUTH AS TO LINCOLN."

Request coming from a Chicago paper for expression on the above, S. A. Cunningham, editor of the *VETERAN*, wrote:

"As the authorized representative for many years of all Confederate organizations—men and women—I am requested to give briefly the opinion that has prevailed at the South in regard to President Abraham Lincoln.

"Of course he was detested in the outset. Becoming President of the faction that was committed to robbing the South of its hundreds of millions in slave property, there was general prejudice against him. Soon, however, although the country was at war, when he declared that it was not his purpose



PRESIDENT ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

to interfere with the institution of slavery, and he on many occasions showed personal kindness to Confederates and other Southerners when their lives were at stake, there grew a kinder sentiment toward him, and his assassination was regarded in the South as the most dreadful event that occurred in the awful days of the sixties. Renegade Stanton was blamed for much that is charged against Lincoln in the latter days of the war especially. It seemed that Stanton had

such influence that he dictated much for which President Lincoln was censured. Stanton's record was made a theme in Congress by Gen. Joe Wheeler, and the record was so bad that strong effort was made to expunge it from the House Journal.

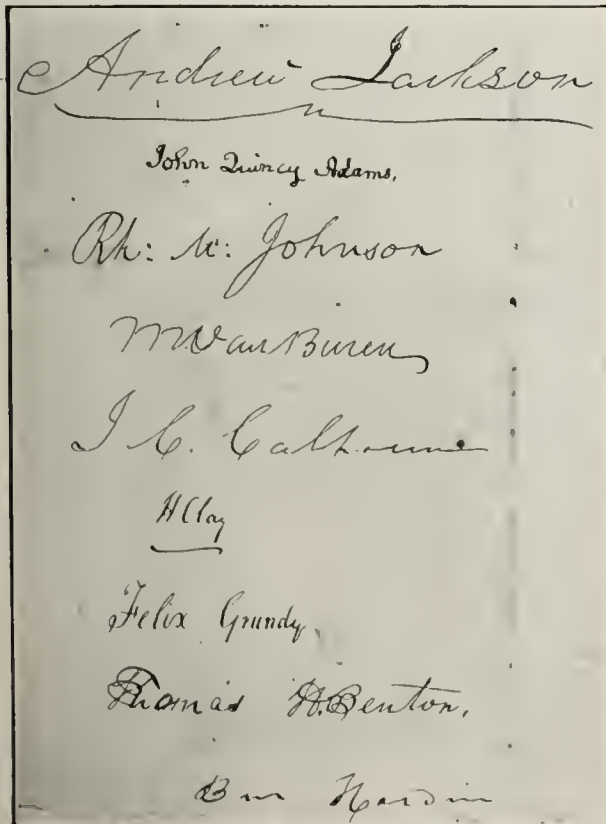
"Southern people do not think Mr. Lincoln was a great man, but that he was indeed sincerely kind, and that if he could have lived and gotten rid of Stanton there would have been no reconstruction. They do not forgive Mr. Lincoln for his Emancipation Proclamation under his oath of office, ready as they were to surrender their tremendous interests in the negroes, whom they had on their hands and have supported so faithfully much of the intervening period.

"In explanation that Mr. Lincoln was not a great man, it is believed that thousands of others might have done as well or better. We are too prone, North and South, to exalt a man who achieves much, possessing great power. There has not been a President in the history of this country when there were not thousands of his peers who would with the same opportunities have made equal, and many of them far more brilliant, executives.

"Let us be just to Mr. Lincoln. He was an eminently kind man; but his mold was not great, and we believe he would have been too honest to admit that the mantle of greatness fitted him becomingly."

REMARKABLE COLLECTION OF AUTOGRAPHS.

When being entertained in the home of Mr. George D. Langston, of Louisville, mine host produced a leaf of paper



containing perhaps the rarest autograph collection of very distinguished men ever written upon one sheet. The signatures were secured by John Fairfield, Senator from Maine during

the period of 1825 to 1840, when these men were conspicuous in public life at Washington. John Fairfield was Mrs. Langston's great-uncle, and was at one time Governor of Maine.

Richard M. Johnson was Vice President from 1837 to 1841 during the presidency of Martin Van Buren. All of the other characters are more familiar, especially to Southern readers.

After the signature of Ben Hardin appeared the name of his State, Kentucky, which was erased from the engraving owing to a misunderstanding of instructions by a workman.

CAMP BEAUREGARD, NO. 130, U. S. C. V.

In an address in February, 1909, Commander W. O. Hart, New Orleans, says:

"My Dear Comrades: On assuming for the second time the position of Commandant of the Camp I do so realizing not only the great honor conferred upon me, but in a deep sense its responsibility. Our Camp is known throughout the South as the banner Camp of the U. S. C. V. Confederation, and it should be our aim, individually and collectively, to increase its efficiency and renown.

"We should have five thousand members. The material for it exists in our city; and if we all properly work, we may add to our rolls many hundreds additional.

"Unless we are true to the memories of the past, we cannot be true to ourselves, and we can in no wise show greater reverence to our ancestors and their brave deeds than by keeping up our organization, increasing its power for good, and extending its influence.

"It shall be my endeavor to have at every meeting if possible something of special interest to our members. You will become interested in the work of the Camp if you attend its meetings, and in addition I suggest that you attend the exercises of the Daughters of the Confederacy four times a year, when crosses of honor are bestowed on worthy veterans and their descendants; and if you visit the Soldiers' Home occasionally, your visits there will bring comfort and cheer to the veterans. Attend entertainments at the Soldiers' Home; for the larger the attendance, the more encouragement there is to those who entertain. The Louisiana Confederate Choir will visit the Home during the year at least once a month, and I trust that often many of our comrades may be there also.

"The General Reunion will be held at Memphis June 8, 9, and 10, and I hope that our Camp may send a large delegation and attend the meetings of the Sons' Convention regularly.

"The State Convention of the Daughters of the Confederacy will be held in that city sometime in May, and we should assist that organization in entertaining visitors.

"Visit the Memorial Hall at your earliest convenience, and try to get your friends who are eligible to membership in the Camp to go there also. There is no historical museum in the world the equal of it.

"We should all observe Memorial Day, June 3, when the graves of our departed heroes are strewn with flowers, showing that, though dead, they are not forgotten.

"I shall be glad to see any of you at any time, and any suggestions that you may have for the betterment of the Camp will be gladly received."

Mr. William Way Moore, of Mereta, Tex., champions Miss Boyson's statement of the illiteracy of the South in a humorous manner. He says: "She was partly right, as most of the Southern men who joined the Union army were ignorant and illiterate, and I suppose the North judged the entire South by the standards of these men."

VISIT TO HAVANA, CUBA.

It was an unexpected event even to the day of starting that the editor of the *VETERAN* took a week's vacation to Havana, Cuba, when the March edition was fully in press. Leaving Nashville at noon of Saturday, he joined Maj. J. L. McCollum, his wife, their daughter, Miss Elsie, and little granddaughter, Elizabeth Mell, in Atlanta—Major McCollum has been Superintendent of the Western and Atlantic Railroad since it was leased by the N., C. & St. L. system. He went into the war as a Raccoon Rough with Gen. John B. Gordon as captain of the company, and ever looked specially after the welfare and comfort of General Gordon at Reunions, and continues as a member of the staff to his successors.

The trip was by the "Dixie Flyer," a route inaugurated by the N., C. & St. L. management and which is very popular between Chicago, St. Louis, and Jacksonville. The party when all together comprised the above-named, Mr. W. M. Camp, Manager of the Pullman Palace Car Company over the territory (having headquarters in Atlanta), Comrade Rev. J. W. Bachman and Mr. T. H. Payne and wife, of Chattanooga; also Dr. F. P. H. Akers, wife, their daughter, Mrs. William Percy, of Atlanta, Mrs. DeVoe, of Brunswick, and Mr. John R. M. Dillon, of Clarkston, Ga. A more agreeable party could hardly have been gathered.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred F. Wallace, of Chattanooga, had preceded the others on a visit to Havana, and Mrs. Wallace died there. This circumstance was the only thing that marred the pleasure of the trip. It changed the return plan, the Chattanooga members returning with the wretched, childless husband. An illustration of exacting rules by the Cuban authorities is given in the fact that they demanded fifty dollars to transport the casket of Mrs. Wallace from the dock to the steamer. The United States government boat took it free of charge. These arbitrary and grafting rules are making much against commingling relations with Cuba. The docks are suitable to receive seagoing vessels; but the authorities require everything transferred to other boats for the revenue secured thereby. It is said that Mr. Flagler has bought docks at Matanzas and will make that the landing place for his boats to connect with the Florida East Coast Railroad line; so there will be over fifty miles of railway travel in Cuba to reach Havana.

Cuba is a great island, and its annexation to the United States may be devoutly desired. It would add much to the



EXTERIOR OF FITZHUGH LEE'S HEADQUARTERS AT MARIANO.

South's interest, while a benefit to all the country. Annexation cannot be brought about speedily, although the largest property holders, especially in Havana, favor it anxiously.

The most desirable thing that can be done looking to this important consummation is the dissemination throughout Cuba of the English language. An illustration of the sentiment prevailing among the better class of Spaniards is had

in Mr. Nicolas Altuzarra, whose beautiful residence is on the Prado (66). This gentleman purchased a home in Atlanta when his large family of children were small and kept his family there for several years, so they would instinctively learn English. The youngest of seven children, a bright youth of sixteen, is to come to the States to complete his education in English. This would seem a wise course.



REAR VIEW OF THE BUILDING.

Mr. Altuzarra owns the great house occupied by Gen. Fitzhugh Lee in a suburb of Havana. It was the United States government headquarters through both occupations until withdrawal of its forces from Cuba this April 1. He and mem-



INTERIOR VIEW NEAR MAIN ENTRANCE.

bers of his family attended our party on a visit to this place and showed us through it. His great desire is to have an American college established on the property; and although its construction cost \$350,000 and it has been appraised in adjustment of values since its occupation by the United States at \$167,000, he volunteers to put it into a syndicate for American educational purposes at \$100,000. An idea of its magnitude may be had in the fact that Mr. Altuzarra has a contract for repainting it at a cost of \$5,000. More of this later.

The time is opportune for the South to make favor with the people of Cuba. The M. E. Church, South, is doing much to its credit in this respect, but the interest should be general. It may seem a great undertaking; but take Cuba as a whole, and its population would certainly be superior to the class of emigrants landing in Castle Garden, numbering now close

to a half million a year, and they might easily enough be made an adjunct to the South in mutual interests.

Ugly as are the reports of the people in morals, as a whole they are doing wonderful things in charity among the lowest of their population.

With the Florida East Coast Railway completed to Key West (and that is soon to be achieved), the sail would be but six to seven hours to Havana, and it would become easily accessible; while boats from Tampa would compete, so as to make passage economical, and the South's share in the benefits would well repay the care of annexation.

The editor will be pardoned for concluding this brief report with sentimental reference to the marvelous improve-

Havana at present realize the prodigious achievements by our government, but the record is preserved.

Colonel Black (ever honored be his name) in his report to Washington of the work done in Havana stated: "My thanks are especially due to Mr. P. D. Cunningham, chief engineer of the city, who has assisted me in all of my duties, which embraced all possible classes of municipal work, even that of a quasi legal character."



SIDE VIEW OF THE BUILDING.

ment in the beautiful city of Havana. That city will be recalled as the source of yellow fever that caused so much anxiety and death in many Southern States every few years. His first visits there were in the beginning of the great sanitary work by the United States when his son was personal assistant to Col. William M. Black, United States Engineer, and later when Colonel Black had charge of sanitary work in all of Cuba. His son, Paul Davis Cunningham, chief engineer for Havana, with from 3,000 to 4,000 laborers had the



GLIMPSE AT ONE OF THE VERANDAS.

walls of ten thousand houses scoured and inaugurated plans for taking all filth far out to sea and also of building as fine streets as can be found anywhere. Not many people in



IN THE GROUNDS—MR. ALTUZARRA AND SEVERAL OF HIS CHILDREN.

The present disturbances in the government of Cuba threaten the necessity of the reoccupation of the island by the United States. If the strong powers of this government were exercised there permanently, the people would adjust themselves to the conditions doubtless and great results for their good would follow. The South should be alert for Cuba.

LAST WORDS ABOUT THE PRIZE ESSAY.

A number of interesting articles have been received by the *VETERAN* about Miss Boyson and the judges of "that prize essay"—such a number, in fact, that to give place to all a special edition would have to be issued. Many of these articles are forceful refutations of Miss Boyson's statements, and some have espoused the cause of the judges. As it is impossible to publish all the articles, which in fairness must be done if any is given, this magazine has decided to close the incident as far as its columns are concerned.

The entire South agrees in its condemnation not of Miss Boyson or the opinions she held, but of the acceptance of these opinions by Southern judges. Senator Ben Hill said: "When the forthcoming historian shall come to estimate the character of Lee, he will find it rising like a huge mountain above the undulating plains of ordinary humanity, and he must lift his eyes to heaven to see the summit."

Now Miss Boyson's schoolgirl eyes failed to gauge the sublime heights, yet she very earnestly denies any "intention" of offending the South by her "estimate." Dr. Alderman, using only the pocket foot rule of syntax and "structural ability," failed to consider the glaring historical errors that marred the euphemistic sentences past patient acceptance; yet he too protests against any "intent" to do less than fill his post of judge to the best of his ability! Dr. Smith, though making a less vigorous defense, uses the same self-justification.

Mrs. Enders Robinson, Historian General U. D. C., issues a circular urging that the prize be discontinued. This possibly is the wisest solution of the matter, and will prove the most dignified protest against the position taken by the judges.

Further attempts to defend General Lee against slurs, antagonistic attacks, and misstatements is about as useless as to call away a child whose baby hands are trying to overturn the Capitol at Washington or to punish an iconoclastic small boy for his futile efforts to cover the pyramid of Cheops with sand poured on from a teaspoon!

NOTED EVENT IN TENNESSEE JOURNALISM.

MR. MILTON OCHS BUYS NASHVILLE AMERICAN.

The removal from Chattanooga to Nashville of Mr. Milton B. Ochs and his family is an event of unusual social interest, as it commingles relationships among the best Southern families in the two sections. Mr. Ochs, having purchased the Nashville American, the oldest and most noted paper in the State, becomes prominent in every public interest. Mr. Ochs is one of the three brothers who have forged to the front in American journalism as have no other trio in the history of the country. The senior Mr. Adolph S. Ochs, who bought his first newspaper, the Chattanooga Times, from the editor of the VETERAN, has become conspicuous in journalism wherever English dailies are printed in giving "all the news that is fit to print." His New York Times is second to no daily paper.

Mr. George Ochs is in charge of the Philadelphia Public Ledger, while Milton has remained until now in charge of the eminently successful Chattanooga Times. Elsewhere Mr. Ochs sets forth his purposes in regard to the American.

These distinguished newspaper men are sons of the late Julius Ochs, noted for his intelligence and philanthropy.

MRS. FANNIE VAN DYKE OCHS.

Jeanette Sterling Greve, of the Chattanooga Times staff, writes of Mrs. Milton Ochs, who is to live in Nashville:

"Among the many charming young matrons of whom Chattanooga boasts, none is deservedly more popular than Mrs. Ochs, and her removal to Nashville is a source of the deepest regret to her friends in Chattanooga. Of quick wit and engaging manners, she pleases on first acquaintance. As that acquaintance ripens and the rich qualities of her intellect and her heart are seen the feeling deepens into admiration and love. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that every person in Chattanooga is her friend. She was born in Chattanooga not so very many years ago. (Since she says she has ceased to have birthdays, it is not necessary to be more explicit.) There she grew up and married, and there her three children were born. When only a schoolgirl she had all the small boys for her devoted slaves, and later as Miss Fannie Van Dyke she was one of the acknowledged belles of the city.

"Mrs. Ochs is of distinguished ancestry on both sides of her family. Her people were among the pioneers who in the early days of Tennessee helped to make of the State the grand old commonwealth it has become. Her father, Capt. W. D. Van Dyke, at the time of his death a member of the firm of Van Dyke, Cooke & Van Dyke, was an attorney-at-law, as were his father and his grandfather before him. He was a son of Judge T. Nixon Van Dyke, of Athens, for many years chancellor of that district. Captain Van Dyke served the cause of the Confederacy throughout the four years of the great conflict between the States as an officer of the 59th Tennessee.

"Captain Van Dyke's wife was Miss Anna Mary Deadrick, a daughter of the late Chief Justice Deadrick, also one of the oldest families in Tennessee. Among Mrs. Van Dyke's ancestors were two noted surgeons—Dr. Ephraim McDowell, of Kentucky, who was the first in this country to perform the operation for ovarian tumor, and Dr. William Deadrick, of Athens, who made many important discoveries in medicine.

"Captain Van Dyke brought his little family to Chattanooga in December, 1866, and here Mrs. Van Dyke still makes her home. There are four children—one son, T. N. Van Dyke, and three daughters, of whom 'Miss Fan,' as she is still affectionately called, is the youngest.

"On April 26, 1893, a romantic love affair culminated in the marriage of Miss Fannie Van Dyke and Mr. Milton B. Ochs,

who has recently become the publisher and editor of the Nashville American. Mr. Ochs is a son of the late Julius Ochs, a man noted for his intellectual attainments and his broad spirit of philanthropy, and a brother of Adolph Ochs, the wonder-worker of the New York Times.

"It may be said of her now as when she was married: 'Miss Fannie Van Dyke embodies in her personality every quality that distinguishes the brilliant belle of society. She is fair of face, brilliant, accomplished, sparkles with wit, is ever affa-



MRS. MILTON B. OCHS.

ble and cordial, and her warmth of manner and sunny disposition illumine every gathering she graces."

"The children of Mr. and Mrs. Ochs are two sturdy boys, Van Dyke and Adolph, and a daughter, Margaret, whose vivacity and charm are reminders of her mother's early years.

"In giving Mrs. Ochs to Nashville, where Mr. Ochs has already entered upon his new sphere of activity, a distinct loss is felt in Chattanooga. In the Church, in charity, as well as in social life, she will be greatly missed, and many feel that her place here can never be quite filled by any one else."

WHAT VETERANS ARE MOST GRATEFUL FOR.

Judge James S. Aden, of Paris, Tenn., responds to the request in the VETERAN as to "what it is for which comrades are most grateful:"

"I was orderly sergeant of Company G, 7th Tennessee Cavalry, of which Gen. W. H. Jackson was first colonel. The last of September, 1862, our company was picketing and scouting between Holly Springs and Corinth. At Corinth General Rosecrans, with twenty thousand to thirty thousand troops, was entrenched. Generals Van Dorn and Price ("Old Pap") concentrated about twenty thousand Confederates at Holly Springs and marched against Corinth. On October 3 and 4, 1862, was fought the battle of Corinth. A Missouri brigade charged the last ditch of Rosecrans, 'stomping' the life out of many, when the retreat was ordered by General Van Dorn. Company G was rear guard on the retreat, and 'Old Pap' came out from behind us shedding tears. We had been scouting, picketing, and fighting for ten days or more. At Chewalla Creek our regiment was camped for the night.

"For five days and nights I had been without rations of any kind when I was ordered into a small patch of corn to get feed for my horse. I secured ten ears of corn and a very small pumpkin. While one end of an ear of corn was heating in the fire I ate raw corn off the other and of the raw pumpkin. I am now very grateful that I can sit down to my own table, surrounded by my loving wife, eight sons, and one daughter, and eat to my heart's content."

BY J. W. COOK (43D MISS. INFANTRY), HELENA, ARK.

Complying with your request in the February VETERAN, I make notes of Hood's expedition into Tennessee. The writer had some strenuous experience in that, and was devoutly thankful for escaping the awful slaughter at Franklin, and perhaps more so a little later in the battle at Nashville. Adams's Brigade of Loring's Division (commanded by Colonel Lowry in the battle of Nashville) occupied the line just to the left of the Franklin Pike and I believe the division covering that thoroughfare. The Federals attacked us about 10 A.M., but we held our own with their three lines of battle all day. Late in the afternoon the extreme left of our army gave way when the enemy began rapidly turning our left flank. To prevent that we were ordered to move by the right flank double-quick. A soldier was shot and fell out of the column. Thinking it was a messmate, I ran back some one hundred and fifty yards and found it was Lieutenant Berryhill, of the next company, and that he was dead. Retracing my steps as fast as I could, I found the command rapidly falling back. Just then Lieut. Pat Henry, of General Adams's staff, came along and, taking in the situation, stopped about forty of us and commanded us to "deploy." In a moment the little skirmish line was formed. He then commanded "Forward," and in another minute the line was in the trenches hotly engaging the three long blue lines of the enemy, who were trying hard to pass our chevaux-de-frise. We held them long enough to re-form our main line of battle, when we were run over and captured.

We were sent to Camp Douglas, which seemed the worst fate that could befall us. To tell the hardships there would take too much space. I may do so at another time. I saw the Federal soldier climb the flag mast and adjust the rope that had been misplaced while lowering to half-mast in honor of Lincoln, and in coming down I saw him fall ninety feet. I heard a prisoner say: "There goes a messenger to Lincoln." I thought my hardships there were great, and so they were;

but on returning home after the close I found that only a few days after my capture my messmates and bedfellows, Colonel Sykes, Captain Perry, and Will Owen, had all been killed by a tree falling across them while asleep in camp; and had I not been captured, I would doubtless have shared their fate.

BY G. W. R. BELL (WHEELER'S CAVALRY), GAYLESVILLE, ALA.

Your suggestion in the current number of the VETERAN meets my hearty approval. There are so many things for which to be thankful that I find it hard to place any one thing in the superlative. I think the one great thing we ought to be grateful for is our preservation through and deliverance from the many perils, hardships, and privations we suffered and endured in defense of our homes and firesides. I think the most frequent reminders are comfortable quarters and a full commissary.

These cold, rainy, or sleety nights when after family devotions I can undress in front of a good wood fire and get onto a good, soft, warm bed with no fear of the sound of bugle or drum to wake me from my peaceful slumbers—O, how it calls forth my sincere gratitude! Then how memory carries me back to the winter of 1863-64, that most severe winter of the war period, the time when Burnside was at Knoxville and Longstreet at Morristown, and the Federal and Confederate alternately occupied the territory between the two armies! We were fighting, picketing, freezing, etc., with not a cooking vessel of any kind for the whole company except one small tin bake pan and with only our summer clothes, or such as we had at Chickamauga. I do not know how I would have gotten along had it not been that in going up there we went by way of Philadelphia, and there General Woolford (thanks for his fright and hasty departure) supplied me with a lot of those button-together dog flies, which my cousin and I carried under our saddles, and they beat no protection badly.

Several years since a man who wore the blue in that campaign wrote the VETERAN that he wanted an expression from our side as to the severity of that campaign.

Wheeler, you know, escorted Sherman to the sea, and I went along with him and blew the bugle for him instead of carrying an Enfield, as I did in East Tennessee. Well, as Bill Arp used to say, the big thing that I'm glad of about the war is that it is over, and my prayer is that the peace of our country may never again be so disturbed.

JOHN C. BAIRD IS GRATEFUL.

In response to your request to write "For What Are Comrades Most Grateful?" I will write for the VETERAN a little of my experience. I was a private in Company E, 1st Alabama Cavalry, General Wheeler's command. Ask one of the boys who rode with Wheeler and fought the Yankees in seven different States what he appreciates most, and I believe he will say: "A good night's sleep." The suffering of the infantry was great at times, but they sometimes went into winter quarters; but the cavalryman had his winter quarters on the picket line, and sometimes he sat his horse for hours with icicles hanging from his hat and his horse almost covered with a sheet of ice.

On the long raids we rode both day and night for two or three weeks with only a short stop occasionally to feed our faithful horses. Often on those rides I would sleep on my horse until he would break ranks, and I would be awakened by a limb of a tree striking me in the face. Now after forty-

three years I am very thankful that I can go to sleep when the sleet is falling with no fear of being ordered to "saddle and mount" for a long ride.

I will not say that Wheeler's men did any harder fighting than many other troops; but I do not believe there was another body of troops either in the Federal or Confederate army that did more of it or was more continually at it than the men who rode with Wheeler. Our regiment was in the advance at Shiloh, and had its first engagement Friday, April 4, 1862, and its last one mile out of Raleigh, N. C. When General Johnston surrendered in North Carolina, General Wheeler disbanded and asked all who would to join him in the Trans-Mississippi Department. Some of us made the effort; but before we reached the Mississippi River we learned that the end of the war had come.

I am now sixty-four years old and these are the first lines I have ever written about that war. Maj. V. M. Elmore, who died in Montgomery last year, I think, was the last surviving officer of our regiment. If there is one living, I do not know it; but if there is and he should see this, I would like to hear from him or any private either.

PARTED FOR FORTY YEARS.

The VETERAN has received a strangely pathetic story illustrating again that truth is indeed stranger than fiction.

J. M. Cokely at the beginning of our great war lived in Montgomery County, Tenn., some ten miles from Clarksville. He enlisted in the Confederate service, leaving his mother alone in the old farmhouse.

He served gallantly and well till the end of the great struggle; then, weary and worn, he made his way back to his old home, only to find it in ruins and his mother gone. Every effort made to trace her was in vain. Concluding she had sickened and died somewhere among strangers, he settled himself in White County to win sustenance and forgetfulness.

Forty years had passed when he heard that a woman bearing his name was living about a hundred miles away. Investigation revealed the long-lost mother. She had thought her boy dead and maybe buried in the trenches on some battlefield, and had mourned him all these years, as he too had mourned.

The mother is now eighty years old and the son is crowned with the silver of age; but their joy is like the opened gates of that paradise where there will be no parting nor any shadow of sorrow, a paradise they have prepared themselves for by earnest Christian living.

GENERALS LEE AND GRACIE AT THE CRATER.

BY COL. GEORGE N. SAUSSY, SYLVESTER, GA.

At the last Richmond Reunion it was the writer's good fortune to meet Comrade Smith Lipscomb, formerly of the 18th South Carolina Infantry and now a resident of Bonham, Tex. Comrade Lipscomb has the distinction of being one of the three survivors of his company at the Crater.

"Elliott's Salient" constituted the fort on the Confederate side, while the heavy works across the narrow valley on Hare's Hill were garrisoned by Burnside's 9th Corps. These works were in easy rifle range of each other. Skilled sharpshooters made targets of head or limb when exposed. In construction of the embankment there was left a terrace or ledge around the inner side of the works just high enough above the floor level of the fort to enable a soldier to expose head and shoulder above the parapet.

A few days before the Crater explosion General Lee, accompanied by Gen. Archibald Gracie, of Alabama, went to Elliott's Salient on an inspecting tour. General Gracie was conscious of the peril of any one exposing himself above the parapet of the fort; but General Lee seemed to have forgotten this, and mounted the ledge for an observation of the opposing works. Immediately General Gracie interposed his person between General Lee and the enemy's line, placing himself so as to receive any fire that might be directed at that point.

Standing near the two generals on the floor of the fort was Comrade Lipscomb, who, recognizing the imminent peril of both officers, without any formality or salute, seized the skirts of the coats of each general, and with a vigorous jerk brought both of them to the floor of the fort. Instantly the parapet was swept by a fusillade from the enemy's sharpshooters. A moment later it is more than possible that these two officers would have been killed. General Lee, realizing the situation, turned to Comrade Lipscomb, saluted, and said: "I thank you, sir; I thank you."

The quick consciousness of the danger to General Lee and the delicate heroism of General Gracie are beautiful examples of the self-sacrifice that animated officers and men of the Confederate army.

General Gracie did not long survive this handsome but quiet act of heroism, as he soon after fell in action, giving up his glorious life for the cause he had espoused.

GEN. ALEX P. STEWART AS A CANNONEER.—E. W. Tarrant, Superintendent of the Texas Orphan Home at Corsicana, writes: "Is it too late to publish another incident to illustrate the mettle of the man, Lieut. Gen. Alex P. Stewart? As was the case with most of the batteries attached to Stewart's Corps when we were starting into Tennessee in November, 1864, Tarrant's Battery was not well supplied with horses, even mules being used to draw our caissons, and many of the horses being not well trained for hattery purposes. As we were crossing Shoal Creek, near Florence, Ala., the horses to one of our guns balked in the middle of the stream. Every member of the gun detachment was at the wheels, myself with them, and with our united efforts we were unable to push forward the gun upon the horses. General Stewart, riding up just at this time, saw our need of help; so without a word of command he handed his bridle reins to his orderly, dismounted, and waded into the stream, taking station at the right rear wheel just opposite me, and said: 'Altogether, men.' The infantrymen, passing and seeing the General acting as a common cannoneer, put their shoulders to the wheels, and in a brief interval we had the horses in a run to get out of the way of the gun carriage; nor did they check up until they reached the summit of the hill on the east. I related this incident in Jackson, Miss., in the presence of General Stewart. He disclaimed any recollection of the event, and was evidently disconcerted at the mention of it."

W. H. Johnson, of Hickory, Miss., makes a most excellent suggestion. He says that at every Reunion there are a number of old veterans too feeble or lame to walk, but who want very much to take part in the parade. His idea is to ask the electric traffic company to furnish sufficient cars to carry these men, have them gayly decorated with flags and bunting, and let them follow the main body. The idea is a good one, and such cars or suitable carriages should be provided.

CONFEDERATE DAUGHTERS IN MINNESOTA.

ADDRESS BY MRS. JOSEPH JOHNSON.

We have been brave enough to invade the "North Star State," the home of the Moccasin flower, and where, I am told, Minnesotans never sing "There is a better land." We come not to arouse antagonistic feelings, but to tell you of our grand and glorious work.

During my two years' residence in the "Twin Cities" I have often been asked: "What is the object and origin of your association, now known as the United Daughters of the Confederacy?" I was very much amused when on one occasion some one remarked to me: "Why, I never heard of the

ritory, Montana, Nebraska, New York, Ohio, Oregon, Utah, New Mexico, Minnesota, and Mexico.

The first Southern body of women to call themselves "Daughters of the Confederacy" originated in my own grand old State, "Imperial Missouri," in the year 1890. "A meeting of St. Louis women was called for, and a society was organized with a membership of one hundred and sixteen." Their first work of importance was the Confederate Home at Higginsville, Mo., built by the united efforts of the women of Missouri in 1893, and standing to-day, supported by the State, as a beautiful monument to their untiring energy.

The Daughters of the Confederacy are banded together for mutually preserving to posterity facts, loyal deeds, and valorous acts, embodied in or intimately associated with their individual lives and daily experiences, as well as to perpetuate through all generations the names of those illustrious families participating in the great cause. Its membership includes not only those original daughters, but the daughters of their daughters unto our generation, thus perpetuating this glorious organization for all time.

The motto of our national organization is the beautiful words: "Love makes memory eternal." The objects of our association are historical, educational, memorial, benevolent, and social; to collect and preserve the material for an impartial history of the War between the States, and to teach the coming generations that Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, and Stonewall Jackson were not traitors to their country, but high-minded Christian gentlemen, statesmen, soldiers, and patriots. In our great loyalty to and appreciation of our organization we must not forget these eminent Southern generals and the brave soldiers who fought so valiantly in defending what they believed to be their perfectly justifiable rights. Their names, now revered by all, will be perpetuated through all coming generations for the hardships endured and sacrifices made. Their careers elicit the admiration of the world, coequal with that extended to the names of Napoleon, Wellington, and Cromwell. In 1889 at the Piedmont Exposition, held at Atlanta, Ga., attended by the masses, the enthusiasm which greeted our beloved and only President of the Confederacy, Jefferson Davis, will long be remembered by those present.

The Southerner's valor and patriotism is known the world over, and who ever knew a Southern woman to falter where love and duty called her? Southern women are noted for their affability and refinement, and in no quarter of the United States is more hospitality shown than in the South.

We love, honor, and cherish the memories of those who wore the gray. Such a heritage I am proud to own. We come not to fight the war over again, as a few of our Northern friends think, but to heal the wounds; for we are a united country, and the stars and stripes are dear to the heart of every true Daughter of the Confederacy. * * *

Situated as you are, many miles from Mason and Dixon's famous line, I realize that the work will be hard and sometimes may become irksome, yet greater will be your reward and you stand as a living monument to the heroic lives that were sacrificed in 1861 to 1865.

I must also impress upon the Executive Board the necessity of working together in harmony, remembering the beautiful motto of our country, "United we stand, divided we fall," and ever bearing in mind the object to which we are striving; and while this is also a social organization, my great desire is for this Chapter to be known as one of the most energetic Chapters in the U. D. C.



MRS. JOSEPH JOHNSON.

Daughters of the Confederacy. What are you—a lot of organized anarchists?" I hope the good people of Minneapolis and St. Paul don't think we look like a lot of anarchists, and with your kind indulgence I will give you a brief history of our work, which, I feel sure, will meet with the approbation of every intelligent man and woman, whether of the North or of the South.

This organization is composed of between 45,000 and 50,000 women, and we are a distinct class, inasmuch as we are working for and giving our time, money, and talents to a cause with no thought of future remuneration whatever. We have Chapters in all the Southern States, including Maryland, West Virginia, and Missouri. We have Chapters also in Washington, California, District of Columbia, Illinois, Indiana, Indian Ter-

At your annual election of officers bury all personal animosity, if any should ever exist, and put into office those women whom you know to be thoroughly capable and who will perform accurately the duties of said office, for without such the Chapter is powerless.

I cannot refrain from saying that this Chapter will always occupy a sacred place in the memory of my home Chapter—the St. Louis. She will watch with pride and interest your future progress, and through her worthy and charming President, Mrs. W. L. Kline, she desires me to extend to the Robert E. Lee Chapter of Minneapolis her cordial greetings.

INCIDENTAL TO EVACUATION OF RICHMOND.

BY J. R. WINDER, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Four years of consummate skill and military genius spared Richmond from Federal occupation. Through the signal defeat of General Grant's army at Cold Harbor, June 2 and 3, 1864, the culmination of an extended engagement practically changed the base of Federal operations to the south side of James River. Petersburg, twenty-two miles south of Richmond, was invested and subsequently became the key to the strategical point of operation; not, however, until General Lee had exhausted all resources for recruiting his worn-out and depleted army. To maintain a line of defense from Richmond to the Weldon road, south of Petersburg, was an additional tax upon his resources. This line was necessarily a mere skeleton.

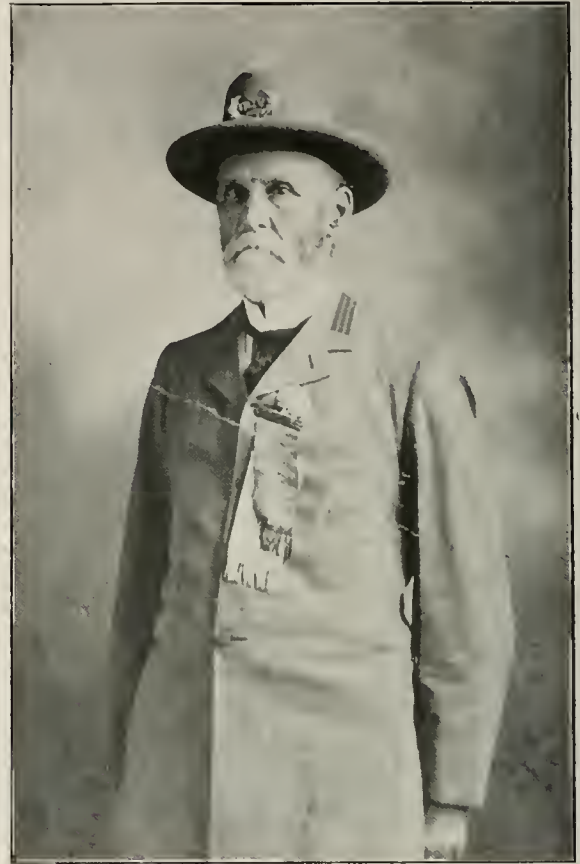
On the night of April 2, 1865, the men below Richmond were withdrawn from the trenches near Fort Harrison. Artillery and wagons were rumbling over Mayo's bridge throughout the night going west. On the morning of April 3 all had passed over except the rear guard of General Ewell's command. The bridge was burning—some one had fired it before the rear guard reached the bridge.

A small body of Federals entered the lower part of the city at an ordinary gait. They were well aware that it was an evacuation of the city, as smoke and flame were greatly in evidence, together with an occasional explosion that rent the air. Many buildings had been fired by the rabble, who were running to and fro bent on mischief. They engaged in breaking open stores, robbing, and plundering.

On April 5 our forces arrived at Amelia C. H., where it was expected that rations would be issued; but we were sadly disappointed. Numerous raids had been made on our wagon trains by Sheridan's cavalry, bent on destruction in every possible way. The army made slow progress while attempting to protect its supplies, as General Sheridan had more cavalry than General Lee had men of all arms. At Sailor's Creek a hard battle was precipitated, in which our loss was severe in killed and wounded and prisoners. Farmville was reached and considerable artillery was destroyed, as we had no horses to remove it. Many men who were out foraging were captured. We had nothing to eat but corn.

Our next move was toward Appomattox. We reached there about 5 P.M. Saturday, April 8. A report was current that two trains loaded with provisions had reached there from Lynchburg. Requisitions were made, and different commands were on the way to the depot for those supplies when the Federals opened their batteries suddenly and made the place untenable; so our men proceeded no farther in the direction of the depot, but deflected out of range of their guns. After that we lay down to rest at midnight. We were informed that night of General Lee's intention to surrender the next

morning, and that any who wanted to get away and join Johnston's army might do so before the terms of surrender were made. We were not completely surrounded by the Federals, and the road was yet open to Lynchburg. Acting under these instructions, at 2 A.M. about twelve hundred men took the road to Lynchburg, reaching there about twelve that day.



J. R. WINDER.

As soon as we arrived we were told that General Lee had surrendered. Our next move was to Greensboro, N. C. Arriving there about April 17, we reported at headquarters, receiving information that General Johnston would also capitulate; that there were plenty of supplies on hand and to help ourselves. At Greensboro there were provisions enough to last the army for months, but they had to be destroyed.

WOUNDED TEXAN'S TRIP HOME ON CRUTCHES.

BY JOSEPH M'CLURE, FORT WORTH, TEX.

I was a member of Company A, 18th Texas Cavalry, dismounted, at Little Rock, Ark. I was captured at Arkansas Post January 13, 1863, and imprisoned at Camp Douglas, near Chicago, and was exchanged at City Point, Va., in April, 1863. We were for some time recruiting and in service around Lynchburg, Petersburg, and Richmond. Remnants of the 15th, 17th, and 18th Arkansas, and 10th Texas were consolidated into one regiment. We were transferred to General Bragg at Tullahoma, Tenn. We were placed in General Granbery's Texas Brigade, under Pat Cleburne and Hardee. We were in nearly every fight from Tullahoma, Tenn., to Atlanta, Ga., where at daylight on July 21, 1864, the enemy had a cross fire on us, and I was wounded twice by balls

from two directions. I was carried to the Griffin Hospital, where I lay for thirty-two days. Then, using crutches, I was granted a sick furlough for sixty days, and a grand, good lady, Mrs. John M. Garrick, called at the hospital for a Texan that she could take out and care for. This noble woman cared for me and washed and bandaged my wounds and supplied me with good clothes from August 24, 1864, to July 14, 1865. Then she gave me money to use on my way home.

I started home on July 15, using crutches much of the way. The railroads were destroyed in so many places that I had to walk about half the way to Vicksburg. I arrived there on Sunday. Soon a nice gentleman, seeing my condition, asked me where I was from and where I was going. He kindly gave me a five-dollar United States bill and said I would need it on my way. This cash came in good time, for that which Mrs. Garrick gave me was Georgia and Alabama State money, and was not good for my needs across the river. I walked on my crutches from Vicksburg, Miss., to Mount Prairie, Tex., where I rested three days with a friend who furnished me a young but wild mule to ride home; but to control the mule I had to leave one crutch. That ride almost wore me out; it was very hard on me. The mule trotted very hard, and I kept him in a gallop most all the way to Alvarado, where I landed at home on August 15, 1865, just one month on the trip. I found all good things waiting for me. I had a fine rest. After three weeks I returned to my friend, J. J. Davis, his mule in good condition. I stayed with him a week, and enjoyed with him fine deer-hunting.

Well, I went into the war on January 15, 1862. I was born at Duquoin, Perry County, Ill., on March 10, 1844; and by God's will I wore the gray, of which I am proud to-day. I read the *VETERAN* and learn of the old-time places that we so vividly recall. Just think of Chickamauga, where we slashed and ran over each other for almost a day, and of New Hope Church, where they with nine solid lines went at us and so close that their dead and wounded would, in falling forward, hit us with their guns, and of that dark night charge Pat Cleburne made with us and almost caught Hooker and Thomas, but where their solid line of battle fired at us not over ten yards away! I thought all but myself were killed; but no one was hurt, as old Pat told us they would overshoot us. They wheeled to run, and running over each other became demoralized. General Cleburne told us that they would and that they would call for their commands, and he ordered us to answer them like quails answer their lost, saying that they would come to us the same way, and so they did, as well as I recollect.

VALIANCE OF CAPT. CHARLES MORGAN.

BY R. D. FIREBAUGH, ROCKBRIDGE BATHS, VA.

The recent death of my old friend, Capt. Charles F. Morgan, who was brigade inspector for General Imboden's command, reminds me of an incident to which I was an eyewitness and which I feel should be recorded.

Captain Morgan was the son of Colonel Morgan, Superintendent of the Virginia Penitentiary at Richmond before the war. Captain Morgan was a gallant soldier of the Confederacy, and was never happier than when in a charge. When the surrender at Appomattox took place, Imboden's Brigade, hearing the news, disbanded near Lynchburg. I was detailed in charge of broken-down horses near Middlebrook, Va., with two comrades, who were absent from their horses the day of the occurrence to which I refer, April 17.

Gilmer's Battalion, an independent organization of Confederates, was retreating south through the Valley of Virginia, believing they might be handled roughly by the Federals, who regarded them as bushwhackers. These men, numbering some sixty-five to eighty, were mounted, some without saddles, some even without bridles, and some on foot. They picked up every available horse with a C. S. or U. S. brand, and took horses belonging to private individuals. I decided to follow them in the hope that I might persuade them to relinquish the horses belonging to private soldiers. When I overtook them, I told the leader that I took him to be a gentleman and stated my business, explaining that they had the private property of my comrades. He replied that if I would follow them until they got better mounted I might have the horses. I agreed to this, and rode along with them until in sight of Brownsburg, when we met Capt. Charley Holt, of the 62d Virginia Regiment. I told him my trouble, and he instructed me to pass ahead of them into the village, where I would find Captain Morgan at a certain house; that he (Captain Holt) would stay with these men and see that they did not flank the village. I found Captain Morgan as instructed and stated the case to him. He inquired if I was armed, and to my reply that I thought it best to go unarmed he stepped back into the house and armed himself. By this time the men were coming up the street, and Captain Morgan, cocking both his pistols, halted them and demanded the horses, saddles, and bridles, telling them he would die right there if they did not give them up without any parleying, that these horses belonged to his men. They obeyed him at once, complaining as a pretext that the house at which they got the horses had a Union flag displayed.

I do not claim any credit for this piece of bravery, as I was unarmed. It was simply the determination of Captain Morgan that secured the result. They knew if they attempted to pass him he would get two or three of them before they could fire on him. Gilmer's men were not cowards; they did very valuable service for the Confederacy. This shows what grit and determination sometimes accomplished. I was a member of Company I, 62d Virginia Mounted Infantry, Imboden's Brigade.

Almost under the brass guns captured by the 1st Tennessee Regiment in the battle of Perryville, Ky., a Confederate officer was lying desperately wounded. A Federal captain of infantry came up in search of a friend. He expressed his sorrow at the Confederate's condition, moved him into a comfortable position, and gave him water from a canteen. He said that nearly all his regiment, the 1st Wisconsin, were killed or wounded in defense of the battery the Confederates had captured. That Confederate, Capt. B. P. Steele, Tullahoma, Tenn., is anxious to learn of that Federal captain.

R. J. Hancock, of the 9th Louisiana Regiment, writes from Charlottesville, Va., an entertaining article containing an episode of the war when Cupid and not Mars was the god being worshiped. Soldiers' hearts are proverbially soft to a woman's charms, and Major Hancock gives a pleasant account of the blarneying Irishman winning over an aggressive though beautiful girl to the Southern cause by his gift of words. The Major says the episode was recalled to his mind by hearing "Coming through the Rye" beautifully sung.

FROM NASHVILLE TO TANNERY ON DUCK RIVER.

BY CAPT. A. C. DANNER, MOBILE, ALA.

When Hood's army arrived before Franklin in November, 1864, it was by reason of its long, hurried march from Atlanta poorly equipped, especially as to clothing and shoes. Those who went through and survived the terrific battle of Franklin were indeed ragged, worn out, and suffering in body and mind, but still had the spirit of fight in them.

When the army arrived before Nashville, General Hood learned that down near the mouth of Duck River on the opposite side from his army there was located a large tannery and shoe manufacturing establishment operated by the United States government. As his army was suffering terribly for the want of shoes, it was very desirable to get hold of this factory and any leather and shoes that might be there before the Union forces abandoned and destroyed it. At that time it was expected that the Confederate army would capture and occupy Nashville.

Immediately on learning of the existence of this big tannery a young staff officer was detailed to go down and try to secure the tannery and leather that might be there and, if possible, start to making shoes. A company of cavalry was selected to go on this expedition, and splendid fellows they proved to be—young, but veterans in service, well mounted, and used to hardships.

A guide was procured and the company started at once; no wagons, no artillery, simply what they could carry on their horses in the way of rations, arms, and ammunition.

Arriving at Duck River somewhere near its mouth, the river was found to be greatly swollen by reason of heavy rains. No ferryboats or means of crossing could be found. The people living in the neighborhood welcomed the Confederates and did what they could for them. They told the young men that it was absolutely impossible to cross the stream in its present condition, it being so high and the current so strong and swift. Their advice was to go back; but the Confederates were not going to do that. They could give up their lives in doing their duty, and the young staff officer in charge of the expedition proposed that they swim the river on their horses. The natives said that it was impossible, that they would be swept out through the mouth of the river and drowned. Nevertheless, volunteers were called for to go into the river, and every fellow went. It was a perilous undertaking; but the horses as well as the men were used to dangers and difficulties.

Success crowned the efforts of the little company. They landed, but were scattered about along the bank of the river from a quarter to a half mile below where they went in, the swift current having swept every horse down the stream; but at last all landed safe, with guns and cartridges dry.

The tannery was soon located. Many rumors were heard about it, such as it being strongly guarded with a large force of Union troops, while other reports were to the effect that it had been abandoned. The little command of Confederates, however, rushed on, really hoping to find some troops still there on guard. It was believed that if the tannery had been abandoned it would also be destroyed. They preferred to fight and capture it rather than get there too late. It was but a few miles to the tannery, and it was found to be all complete, having just been abandoned. No shoes were there, but there were many pieces of leather, and steps were being taken to begin the manufacture of some kind of foot covering to answer as shoes for the barefooted boys in front of Nashville. Be-

fore this was actually begun, however, orders were received to return immediately and join Hood's army as it fell back. The battle of Nashville had been fought and lost, and the army was in retreat. With grief and sorrow we prepared to go.

A roll of leather was tied to each saddle, knowing that even this would be of immense value to the men if time could be found to turn it into shoes of some kind.

The company went back and joined the army on its retreat; and as the men marched down the pike, many of them barefooted, with feet bleeding, a part of the way over snow, the regret as to not having had the time to use the splendid tannery grew more bitter. But those were days when Confederates had to meet with many disappointments.

This episode is given as I remember it after these many years. I have not met since then any one who was on that raid, and I have sometimes wondered as my mind has often dwelt upon it if I were not dreaming. I do not know what



THE WAY THE FIGHTING WAS DONE.

The difference being that we fought four to one. The above is from pictures of real feathers—a treasured present from Capt. C. A. Dunn.

company of cavalry it was, but the officer in command of it told me that it was a Tennessee company, recruited from around Memphis, and I think he stated that it was Forrest's original company.

Now is there any one alive who was on that expedition? If so, will he (or they) write to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN giving his address? The writer of this would be glad to correspond with and meet some of those who made that raid and successfully swam that swollen river with him.

By the by, while writing about Hood's campaign I want to take issue with your correspondent (Mr. J. K. Merrifield, of St. Louis) who in his interesting article printed in the November VETERAN says: "General Hood allowed his army on the day after the battle of Franklin to go over the field, and what the troops saw there (1,640 dead comrades) took all the fight out of them."

I am sure Mr. Merrifield is mistaken about this. The battle of Franklin almost destroyed the Confederate army. It was badly disorganized for want of effective men and still more so for lack of officers, but not demoralized. For instance, my recollection is that Cockrell's Missouri Brigade came out of the battle of Franklin commanded by a lieutenant, all the officers of higher rank having been killed or wounded; but those left were ready to fight, as they did at Nashville and on the retreat from Nashville, few in number and poorly organized and equipped as they were. They were used to the sight of dead soldiers, and it did not demoralize or take the fight out of them to see their dead comrades on the field of battle. The retreat from Nashville was one of the most heroic and orderly of which history gives any account. The advance of the Union army frequently found when they came to our rear guard that there was plenty of fight left in us.

THE OLD DOMINION RIFLES.

RECORD OF COMPANY H, 17TH VIRGINIA INFANTRY.

BY GEORGE WISE, ALEXANDRIA, VA.

This company was organized in Alexandria, Va., on the 6th of December, 1860, under the following: "The undersigned citizens of Virginia, prompted by a desire to contribute in the most effectual manner to the vindication of the honor of our State, the preservation of the liberties and inalienable rights transmitted to us by our patriot fathers, and the protection of the lives, liberty, and property of our fellow-citizens, for the safety of which we pledge our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor, being also deeply impressed with the truth that a well-organized and disciplined militia is the best defense against foreign invasion, civil commotion, and lawless violence, in order to further and cultivate a martial spirit amongst our people, have formed ourselves into a military corps, and do hereby ordain and establish for our government constitution and by-laws."

Early in February, 1861, the Alexandria Battalion was organized, and our captain, Montgomery D. Corse, was elected its major.

On the morning of the 24th of May, 1861, the enemy, having taken possession of Alexandria, surrendered to them by the civil authorities. The battalion went to Manassas on flat cars and were carried to where Southern troops were concentrating.

On the 10th of June the 17th Virginia Infantry was organized, with M. D. Corse as colonel, and the Old Dominion Rifles became Company H therein. It occupied this position until the day of surrender at Appomattox.

On the 1st of June the captain of the Warrenton Rifles (Company K, 17th Virginia), John Q. Marr, was killed in a skirmish at Fairfax C. H., being the first Southern soldier killed in the war.

Thirty-three of the men having been on detached service were honorably discharged or transferred to other commands, thus reducing the effective strength of the company materially.

During the war one officer was killed and five wounded, seventeen privates killed, and the same number wounded; two privates died of disease—making a total of twenty killed, twenty-three wounded, and two who died.

Nine of the company were commended for gallantry on the field of battle. The company was at the surrender at Appomattox.

This band of patriots, ranging mainly from sixteen to twenty-two years of age, were of the first order, and the regiment gained the honorable sobriquet of "The Bloody Seventeenth."

During the battle of Sharpsburg the regiment lost seventy-six per cent of the number carried into the fight.

Number of transfers during the war, 8; honorably discharged, 10; on detached service, 15; number of known living, 24.

[Comrade Wise sends list of the members of the company.]

THE TENNESSEE VALLEY FROM 1862 TO 1865.

BY L. C. CHISHOLM, SCOTTSBORO, ALA.

The Tennessee Valley from Corinth to Decatur was frequently occupied alternately by both armies. The disturbance caused by this condition induced many of the citizens to go to Tuscaloosa, Fayette C. H., and to Rome, Ga., and to other points away from the Tennessee River and the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. Schools were impossible and children greatly neglected in the general menace of conflicting armies.

In September, 1862, we moved our family to Fayette C. H. We were fortunate in finding a nice little school conducted by an educated teacher, a Northern girl, who was seeking her fortune in the sunny South. We rented land on the river near by and put the negroes to raising provisions, such as corn, potatoes, and vegetables generally; but no cotton at all, although it was and is the chief product in that section.

The farmers usually grew enough feed for home use, but cotton formed their chief income. The refugees from the Tennessee Valley, with their negroes and stock, greatly reduced the supply of feed and provisions of every kind. This made it hard upon the families of soldiers, as all kinds of provisions went up to fabulous prices.

Fayette County had as many soldiers in the army as any county in the State of the same population, and their families soon began to feel the effects of the high price of provisions. Conscious of being a party to the cause, I determined to do all in my power to relieve the soldiers' families. Corn was abundant in the Tennessee Valley, but it was a hundred miles off. I went down and bought three thousand bushels of corn, and started three teams to hauling and delivering it at the courthouse in care of Bedford Williams, Probate Judge, and John Earp, Circuit Clerk, for free distribution to needy soldiers' wives. This relieved my conscience, but it did not relieve the people very long. The utter destitution brought on by the war was distressing in the extreme. Only one trip was made with the wagons before the Federal forces came through the valley and burned every crib of corn they could find.

About this time the Confederate authorities at Richmond began to send money to the soldiers' wives, which gave some relief. But other matters soon developed that were harrowing. My service in the army required me to move back near the headquarters of my command. I obtained a house at Allen's Factory, on Bear Creek. I found that the thieving bands often visited this section. Young men of honorable families became so demoralized that they acted as if "might gave right" to anything wanted.

Two of my friends, Charley Price and Wat Foster, started from Tuscaloosa for Florence, expecting to stop with me on their way home; but they were halted on the road by three men late in the evening and robbed of their horses, watches, and money, and left in the road. They were in the dark. When the moon rose, they congratulated themselves on being alive and able to walk home. Foster started a vigorous chase after a fat possum (?). He received a "shower bath" from his supposed possum that so stifled him that he did not know what "struck" him. Price caught on to his mistake, and fell down on the leaves, laughing till Foster recovered from the shock. They waded the creek and reached my house a little after midnight.

I had been expecting robbers, as they had gone to several places not far off. It so happened that night that Dr. Cogburn, of Tuscaloosa, and R. L. Ross, of Tuscumbia, were spending the night with me. I had often said that I believed a little killing would put a stop to that work of robbery; and while I had no desire to kill any one, I believed I had men in my house that would kill rather than be robbed. So, being backed by two well-armed men, I determined if robbers came to make a fight. I never felt so brave before. I really hoped that if they intended to rob me they would come that night. Everything was favorable, as their work was usually on moonlight nights.

But while all were asleep I heard some one yell out: "Hello!" I awakened my wife and said, "The robbers have come," and as quickly reached for my double-barreled gun, cocked both barrels and called a servant to open the door. I believe Charley Price heard me, for he yelled out: "It is Charley Price and Wat Foster. We have been robbed and want to stay with you till morning." Ross and Cogburn were up with pistols drawn. But matters were soon explained. The boys were invited in, and robber talk was the order of the hour, Price and Foster each giving his version of their misfortune. We treated the boys the best we could in war times; but the windows had to be opened that night, though it was cool and airy.

Soon after this in a mile or two of me a fight did occur in which one robber was killed, and after this was settled I heard of no more robbing.

ABOUT THE FIGHT AT HARRISBURG, MISS.

BY A. E. GARDNER, KOSSE, TEX.

In "An Interrupted Scouting Expedition" in the January (1909) *VETERAN* I think Comrade Kennedy is mistaken in saying that Jay Short was first lieutenant of Company D. I was a member of S. D. Ramsay's company, E, and Jay (or A. Q.) Short was our first lieutenant.

I became fully initiated at Harrisburg, Miss., Thursday, July 14, 1864. I was just eighteen years old. After the battle on Wednesday, the 13th, we found the Yanks at Pontotoc, about seven miles, I think, from Harrisburg. Gen. A. J. Smith was their commander. They retreated all day, and we followed them closely till night, when we slept on our arms

and waited for daylight. On the road we passed several army wagons burning, with the mules killed.

At daylight on the morning of the 14th we were in line of battle waiting for some demonstration from the Federals; but none came, save now and then a stray shell from their batteries, a mile or more distant. By and by the report came along the line that Gen. Stephen D. Lee had taken General Forrest's place. We were told that he was a nephew of "Marse Robert," and a West Pointer, etc.; but we had always "got thar first" even without "the most men."

About ten o'clock we were ordered to advance and at double-quick. At that time of day in the middle of July in Mississippi it was hot under any circumstances. We soon arrived in full view of them, about three hundred or four hundred yards in front of us, and men began to fall on both sides of me. I took an ardent notion to help some poor fellow off the field; but the loud voices of those in the rear saying, "Close up! Close up!" reminded me that I had no crape on my arm and that my principal business was to fight. I was in a pickle, for I wasn't mad a bit. I always was a poor fighter when in a good humor.

All at once I became very sick, sure enough sick. I reckon the heat and the sight and smell of blood caused it. The spell lasted about five minutes; and when I recovered, I was mad and cool as a cucumber. I started in with forty rounds of cartridges, but up to that time had shot only two or three times and somewhat at random; but my old Springfield had done some good work for about one hour or so when orders came for us to fall back. Mabry's Brigade was on the extreme left of our army and my company on the left of our brigade; so we did not suffer as most of the boys on the right.

After that fight I was detailed on a scout under Lieut. Dan Humphreys to watch the enemy out on the river about Friar Point, Miss. We had several more small engagements, the last of which occurred at Selma, Ala. I was paroled at Gainesville, Ala., on May 12, 1865. My parole was signed by E. R. S. Canby, Major General U. S. A. I should be glad to hear from any of my old company or any old friends.

CONFEDERATE FLAGS IN THE OHIO CAPITOL.

In the Statehouse at Columbus, Ohio, are a number of Confederate flags which were captured by Federal troops during the war. The U. D. C. of Columbus are interested in learning something of these flags, and through Mrs. Alice Rogers Ulrey, President R. E. Lee Chapter, No. 49, Avondale Avenue, Columbus, Ohio, the request is made for any information of these commands and the incidents of their capture. The following is all that is known of them so far:

"Rifle Scouts," captured at Selma, Ala., by 4th O. V. I.

Chickamauga Valley, Ga., on September 2, 1863, 22d Alabama, captured by Solomon Fish.

Jackson County C. H., W. Va., July, 1863, by L. C. Latham and Dan Murphy, 11th West Virginia.

The 9th Texas, battle of Corinth, Miss., captured by O. B. Gould, of Ohio.

The 1st and 4th Florida Infantry, captured by 17th Ohio at Murfreesboro, Tenn., December 7, 1864.

"First Regular Rebel Regiment," captured by 81st Ohio at Atlanta, Ga.

The 51st Georgia, captured at Kingston, Tenn.

The 22d Georgia, H. A., captured by 47th Ohio at Fort McAllister.

The 3d Ohio Infantry captured Confederate flag at Fayetteville, Tenn.

HOW SAM DAVIS PROCURED CERTAIN PAPERS.

Mrs. E. S. Payne, of Castalian Springs, Tenn., has procured a statement from her father, Thomas T. Martin, of Fountain Creek, Tenn., which pertains to the deeply interesting theme of Sam Davis and how he procured certain papers found on his person when captured by the Kansas Jayhawkers. This theory has been advocated from time to time since the wonderful story has been in the public mind. Mr. Martin writes in regard to it as follows:

"I enlisted in Company I, 11th Tennessee Cavalry, and was detached by General Wheeler as an independent scout. I worked with Sam Davis, Polk English, and others. I was with Davis and English a great deal. While one would go in to report, the others would remain and watch the movements of the Federals.

"We made our headquarters for some time at the home of Robert English, a true Southerner, who lived on Big Creek, near Campbellsville, Giles County, Tenn. He was an uncle of Polk English. Just after Sam Davis was hanged Polk English and I went to the home of his uncle, Robert English, and he told us then, with the injunction never to reveal the facts while he lived, that one of his young negroes, a sprightly fellow, was in General Dodge's headquarters and heard the officers discussing Sam Davis's mission and the contents of some papers, after which they laid them on the table. The boy watched his chance; and when he got the opportunity, he stole the papers and made tracks for home. He said: 'Marse Bob, here's some papers I got in General Dodge's tent and thought they might be of some use to Marse Sam.' Sam Davis spent the night before he was captured at Bob English's

home, and he gave Sam the papers. If Polk English or I had been there, one of us would have been given the papers.

"As soon as I heard the sad news I rode that night from Mr. English's home to Sam Davis's father's home, about forty miles, and told the family the sad fate of their son. At that time the Federals had out a reward of \$100 for my capture."

"BIG MISERY" AND "LITTLE MISERY."

BY M. L. VESEY, MEMPHIS, TENN.

I suggest through the VETERAN that all Confederates who attend the Reunion in Memphis next June wear a printed badge showing their company and regiment. Most of us were young and many beardless in 1865; and as all of us are old and grizzled now, it is difficult to recognize many comrades even with whom we were intimate during the war. These badges would bring about pleasant meetings of comrades that would not otherwise occur. The following instance will illustrate conditions:

When the Reunion was held in Memphis in 1901, as a member of Company I, 14th Mississippi Infantry, I had met but few of my old comrades. I met a veteran with a band on his hat on which was printed "Co. E, 14th Miss. Inf." I told him that I belonged to that regiment and knew most of his company, as E and I were from the same county. He said his name was Paine. I still did not remember him until he explained that he belonged to the color guard and said: "You remember that Andy Paine, of Company K, from Columbus, Miss., a very large man, was color bearer. There being two Paines in the color guard, Andy Paine was 'Big Misery' and I am 'Little Misery.'" I remembered "Little Misery," and we had a pleasant chat about old times and comrades.

Companies E and I of the 14th Mississippi Regiment were commanded by distinguished men. The first captain of Company E was Judge Frank Rogers, a distinguished jurist and lawyer of Aberdeen. He was killed while leading his company in a charge at Fort Donelson. His no less distinguished brother, Judge William Rogers, of Texas, has a monument to his memory at Corinth, Miss., at the base of a fort against which he was leading a charge when he fell.

Company I was originally commanded by Samuel J. Gholson, who resigned a prominent judgeship when Mississippi seceded from the Union. Judge Gholson came into national prominence back in the forties as one of the principals in the celebrated election contest case between Gholson and Word on the one side and Prentiss and Claiborne on the other. S. S. Prentiss's speech before Congress in this case gave him a national reputation as an orator, but was of no avail, as Gholson and Word were seated.

[The editor of the VETERAN is pleased to commend the indication of company and regiment at Reunions. He proposed it in an early issue of the VETERAN, and it occurred to him when as a boy soldier he went on furlough through the Carolinas and Virginia with metal letters "Tenn." on the lapel of his coat.]

Miss Emma Gellenger, a bright U. D. C. of Frederick, Md., sends the VETERAN a vivid picture in words of the battle fought on South Mountain September 14, 1862. Mr. James Peteat, of Yanceyville, N. C., was in this battle. Recently he visited the scene of the struggle, and gives a graphic account of the occasion. Mr. Peteat pays warm tribute to Chalmers Glenn, captain of Company I, and Lieutenant Colonel Ruffin, commander of the 13th North Carolina Regiment in that fight.



POLK ENGLISH AND THOMAS T. MARTIN.

EXPERIENCES AT GETTYSBURG AND IN PRISON.

PAPER BY E. J. LAKE TO THE TOM GREEN CAMP, LINDALE, TEX.

This Camp decided to have a historical paper at each meeting. The subject given me was to be "My Experiences as a Prisoner of War."

I was born in South Carolina, and joined the army at the Governor's second call for troops. I went to a camp of instruction near Columbia and joined the 3d South Carolina Volunteers. We went to Richmond and thence to Fairfax C. H. My first battle was that of Bull Run and my last at Gettysburg.

The Army of Northern Virginia in the battle of Gettysburg was divided into three corps under Generals Longstreet, A. P. Hill, and Ewell. On the first day of the battle Generals Ewell and Hill engaged the enemy. General Longstreet, with whom was our regiment, was at Chambersburg, eighteen miles away. That night we were double-quickened to the battlefield. Longstreet on the right wing was to begin the attack, A. P. Hill in the center to follow, then Ewell, who commanded the left wing.

Our orders were: "Hold your fire till close to the battery." We were under the side of a hill, but charged on our unseen enemy to find not a battery, but a battalion of eighteen pieces, with infantry support. They were driven back; but we had to follow a movement of Hood's Division, who were being flanked, so we could not hold our captured artillery. I was shot in this charge and was carried to a field hospital. Too badly wounded to go with our army on the retreat, and with all the wounded, I was captured. A detail of surgeons and men was left to care for us. In this they were assisted by ladies from Baltimore. We were taken to David's Island, near New York City, stripped of all our clothing, and given hospital shirt and drawers. We were very kindly treated, the ladies of Baltimore establishing hospital kitchens and supplying all our wants.

Gangrene got into my wound, and I suffered severely. Later we were sent South on exchange, one hundred and ninety-seven of us being placed in the hull of a freight boat, with no sanitary attention even to our wounds. Many were seasick, and our condition was pathetic. At Richmond we were given thirty days' furloughs under Lee's orders. I had been able to write home only once during my time in prison, but I managed to notify my father of my coming. He met me halfway and carried me home, where my mother greeted me with open arms, though my clothes were very comical, the coat I had received when leaving prison being for a twelve-year-old boy, the trousers a good fit for a three-hundred-pound man.

EXECUTION PREVENTED BY GENERAL FORREST.

BY AN OLD VETERAN.

Twenty prisoners belonging to Forrest's Cavalry incarcerated in Fort Delaware were ordered to be shot in retaliation for the shooting of some slaves and white men in 1864. Forrest sent in a flag of truce with a message that he would shoot twenty Federals for every one of his men who was executed. The execution was abandoned. O'Neal, one of the prison guards, was accustomed to curse and mistreat the men under his charge. One day he kicked one of our soldiers, John Haywood, who turned and gave him a left-handed lick in the face. O'Neal was only prevented by the relief guard from killing Haywood.

Claibe Freeman, of Brownsville, Tenn., another prisoner,

was a particular friend of Haywood's. A mutual friend of theirs died in prison. His wife wrote for news of him, and Freeman and Haywood answered her letter, begging for money to keep them from starving. She sent them thirty dollars, which they divided. They afterwards saw her in Arkansas and paid back this sum.

"BURY ME ON THE FIELD, BOYS."

BY GEN. A. W. HUTTON, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

In Scribner's Magazine for January, 1907, Volume XLI., page 80, is a criticism by Gen. E. P. Alexander of the battle of Bull Run. In a note at the bottom of page 89 he mentions that Maj. Robert Wheat, of the Louisiana Battalion (known as the "Louisiana Tigers"), was seriously wounded, but recovered, and that Major Wheat in the battle of Gaines's Mill, June 27, 1862, just before starting on a charge upon the Federal lines said to a friend, "Something tells Bob that this is his last," and that he had advanced but a short distance when he fell, only living to exclaim: "Bury me on the field, boys."

This article was read here in Los Angeles by Mr. Clark Porter, of San Francisco, and his relatives residing here. This reference to the last words of Major Wheat brought to their minds a poem which was written in July, 1862, by their father, Rev. David H. Porter, D.D., who then resided in Savannah, Ga. On looking up the old poem pasted in a scrapbook, they found from a footnote made by their father that he had based the poem upon these words of Major Wheat.

I herewith inclose you a copy furnished me by Miss Burney Porter, of this city.

DR. PORTER'S POEM.

Bury me on the field, boys,
 Bury me on the field,
 Where fearless hearts and stalwart arms
 The weapons of freedom wield!
 Bury me on the field, boys,
 Where the banners of liberty wave!
 'Tis here I have met the foe in death,
 And here would I have my grave.
 Bury me on the field, boys,
 Bury me on the field;
 For though we die, our Southern soil
 We must not, will not yield!
 Bury me on the field, boys,
 For the warrior in death loves to lie
 Where last upon earth his spirit caught
 The shout of the battle cry!

Bury him on the field, boys,
 Bury him on the field,
 Where patriot blood in crimson flood
 His scorn of the despot sealed!
 Bury him on the field, boys,
 Where he won the proud victor's crown;
 Where, grand and sublime, rose the sons of the South,
 And the hireling foe went down.
 Bury him on the field, boys,
 Bury him on the field,
 Where, stunned as if by thunder shock,
 The ranks of the tyrant reeled!
 Bury him on the field, boys;
 Let him lie where he gallantly fell,
 Where louder than all the battle's roar
 Hosannas of victory swell!

A WOUNDED FEDERAL COLOR BEARER.

FROM REPORT OF HIS EXPERIENCE—SAM BLOOMER.

The battle of Antietam, or Sharpsburg, "one of the deadliest of the Civil War," was fought September 17, 1862. Sharpsburg, a small town, is on the Antietam Creek, near which the Confederate army was posted before the battle. Gen. R. E. Lee commanded the Southern army, and the Union forces were under the command of Gen. George B. McClellan. General Lee's forces were "outnumbered at least two to one." The loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners aggregated not far from 25,000 men, about equally divided.

The 1st Minnesota Regiment was in the thick of the fight all day. It was located at the extreme right. Sam Bloomer was the color bearer of the regiment, and early in the forenoon while he was resting the flagstaff on a fence in front of him a Minie ball struck his right leg below the knee-cap, passing straight through. At the place of egress the bullet left a ghastly wound. About that time our line was broken, leaving its faithful color bearer to his fate. Sam crawled to the foot of a big oak tree for protection against the Confederate fire; but as our men fell back and the Confederates occupied the place, he found a change of base desirable. He crawled painfully and slowly around the tree to avoid the fire from his friends. Sam had ripped away his clothing, dressed his wound as best he could, and kept it bathed with water from his canteen, and then bound his leg above the knee with the strip from his blanket to prevent a fatal loss of blood. Several days thereafter when the injured leg was amputated that strip was out of sight, enveloped in the swollen flesh on either side.

"Not far from noon," says Sam, "a Confederate soldier, whom long afterwards I learned was W. H. Andrews, first sergeant of Company M, 1st Regiment Georgia Regulars, came up; and learning my condition and the fact that I was between two fires, he and some of his comrades piled cord wood around me to protect me from the shots. I have no doubt that more than a hundred bullets struck that barricade during the day. Early in the evening Stonewall Jackson came riding by. He halted a moment, spoke kindly to me, asked to what regiment I belonged, and ordered the men who had charge of a lot of Union prisoners to supply my wants and make me as comfortable as possible. A captain of a North Carolina regiment a little later stopped and chatted with me, gave me a drink from his canteen, and spoke kindly and encouragingly. He rode away, but returned during the night and replenished my canteen with cool water. Previous to this a Confederate officer appeared whose conduct was unlike that of General Jackson and the North Carolina captain. He reviled me with bitter words, called me a nigger thief, etc. I had a revolver and a short sword under my rubber blanket on which I lay, and in my rage I attempted to get at the revolver, intending to shoot the fellow; but he had his eyes on me and shouted: 'Disarm that man!' The soldiers of course obeyed, although with a show of reluctance, and all that I could do was to protest indignantly. I hated to part with the sword, as it was a present to me from Capt. Louis Muller. I asked the officer to let me retain the weapon; but he was inexorable, and I never saw the sword again. This was long ago, and time softens our animosities, and I don't know that I would harm that fellow if I should meet him."

Sam lay there on the ground until the evening of Thursday, the 18th, when the Confederates carried him on a stretcher to a little barn surrounded by straw stacks, where he lay

another night. He was not alone, for there were more than one hundred other prisoners in the hands of the Confederates, whom it was their intention to parole.

Sam sent word to the officers of his company by Minnesota troops telling of his sad condition. He and three others of the wounded men were conveyed in an ambulance to the Hoffman barn. Sam was obliged to sleep on the ground another night, as there were hundreds of others ahead of him awaiting treatment by the surgeons. The next day Dr. Pugsley amputated the injured leg.

THE "MOCKER" AND THE "JAY."

BY W. E. POULSON.

A boy in blue and one in gray
Met in a Southern wood one day;
With greeting free and very frank,
'Twas "Hello, Reb," and "Hello, Yank."
Said Reb to Yank: "At what look you?
You gaze as if at something new.
Are you entranced at our blue skies
Or at our lovely butterflies?"

Said Yank to Reb: "'Tis very true,
I do see something to me new—
That lovely bird, a fine fellow,
Song so sweet, so soft, so mellow,
And his feathers so fine, so blue,
So like my uniform in him;
So that in truth I say to you
I'm proud I am a boy in blue.

Our linnet is a singer, too,
But does not touch that bird in blue,
Nor does compare with his fine form
On which fits well his uniform;
Nor do I think that I have heard
Or ever seen another bird
That, taking all things together,
Is so handsome with his feather.

In fact, his color and fine voice
Have made me take him as my choice
To represent our army true,
The pride of every boy in blue.
He takes me back to days gone by,
When in the strife both you and I
Were fighting for what each thought right,
Struggling for glory day and night."

Said Reb to Yank: "That's our blue jay;
He fills our hearts and souls each day.
But had you for a minute heard
The notes of our great mocking bird,
That bird of gray, that all day long
Fills the woods with wondrous song,
Head erect, and a fighter, too,
You'd soon forget your bird in blue."

Just then a sound that startled him
Came from above, from an oak limb—
A song so loud, so long, so thrill
That did the woods and welkin fill
With melody so grand, so sweet
That seemed to reach the mercy seat.
Then Yank knew his bird of blue nor linnet
Beside the gray just wasn't in it.

JEFFERSON DAVIS CENTENNIAL.

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.

How turns the cycle, Warder of the Years,
That standeth on the eternal's blinding height?
And so the watching Warder, listening, hears,
And flashes back his answer writ in light.

Yea, tell us, O thou Warder on the peaks—
Say, shall the fame of him endure for aye?
And so the listening Warder, answering, speaks:
"The soul of truth and honor cannot die!"

O, know ye not, proud Southrons, of the way
That men call new that life is always old,
And all the splendor of your golden day
Was builded on the principles he told?

Your eyes were blinded in the aftermath
That followed fast on war and blood and pain;
His silent finger pointed to the path
Where stern, unbroken spirits meet again.

Your hands were empty, but your days were free
To gird again the land your fathers gave;
His days ebbed sadly by a dreamless sea,
Reft of the liberty men gave the slave.

Your voices cried for bread and drove the plow
With unused hands and forced the earth to yield;
His voice was dumb and calm the eagle brow—
His great heart broke upon your bloody field.

Men heaped upon him calumny and spite—
The hissing rage of erstwhile friend and foe;
He only kept his stern face to the light—
Forgave the ruthless tongues that gave the blow.

And so he passed—just on the warder stroke
That called the golden hour of the land—
When all the pulses of the South awoke
To claim her lilies from an iron hand.

But once again, O Warder on the peaks:
Say, shall the fame of him endure for aye?
And once again the Warder, answering, speaks:
"The soul of truth and honor cannot die!"

SECESSION IN PUTNAM COUNTY, TENN.

BY J. M. MORGAN, GAINESBORO.

At a public meeting of the citizens of Putnam County, Tenn., held in Cookeville April 22, 1861, Hon. E. L. Gardenhire was unanimously chosen chairman and William J. Reagan and B. B. Washburn secretaries of the meeting. Enthusiastic speeches were made by Hon. John H. Savage, Hon. S. S. Stanton, Hon. E. L. Gardenhire, Col. S. H. Combs, Col. T. B. Murray, Judge James T. Quarles, W. H. Botts, and others to a large and eagerly listening audience. The subject discussed was about the crisis in our government and the course to be assumed by the slave States.

The chairman appointed H. H. Dillard, Col. John P. Murray, Benton Marchbanks, W. Q. Hughes, Holland Denton, Tim H. Williams, and J. C. Apple a committee on resolutions. It was perhaps the largest meeting ever held in Putnam County, and there was great enthusiasm. Only three persons in the assembly voted against the resolutions. The preamble stated:

"The antislavery party is the enemy of the Union and

the Constitution, advocating the equality of the negro and the white races and the abolition of slavery. To accomplish this the antislavery party has been organized and now constitutes the dominant party in all the free States. And now, having possession of the Federal government in all its departments, it is attempting by conquest and coercion to carry out its damnable heresies entertained for many years toward the South and its institutions. The North has turned a listless ear to all supplication of the South in behalf of their cherished constitutional rights and treated with contempt every proposition for the honorable pacification of our difficulties. A civil war, with its untold horrors and consequences, is now commenced by the sending of an armed fleet by the Federal government to enforce its will upon the Southern Confederacy. Counsel and reason having been in vain exhausted in an honorable effort to secure our rights under the Constitution, we are now driven to the deplorable necessity of appealing for the defense of our homes and our institutions to the stern arbitrament of the sword and that God who rules the battles; therefore

"Resolved: 1. That we indorse every effort that has been made by convention and otherwise to bring about a peaceable settlement of our existing difficulties, and thereby preserve the Union intact; but having failed and all reasonable hopes of pacification being extinct, we do now deem it the wisest policy in Tennessee to unite her future destiny with the Southern Confederacy.

"2. That we regard the war now waged upon the Southern Confederacy by the administration as unnational, unwise, and unholy, without authority under the Constitution; that we look upon this act of the President of the United States in calling out troops and making war without the sanction of Congress as an unjustifiable assumption of power.

"3. That the position assumed by our Representatives in the State Legislature to use all means to speedily get Tennessee from under the tyrannical rule of Abraham Lincoln meets our unqualified approbation, and they are hereby directed to use all means in their power to dissolve the connection of this State with the general government and unite her fortunes with the Confederate States, and that we will ratify their action when submitted to us for approval.

"4. That the duplicity of Lincoln has our contempt; we detest his tyranny and defy his power.

"5. That we will resist his usurpation unto death; that we have no compromise with tyranny or with the tyrant who has trampled our Constitution and now seeks to enslave us.

"6. That we are opposed to Andrew Johnson for any place or position, and think him unworthy the position he now occupies, and we hereby request our Senators in Washington to no longer attempt to represent us in the Lincoln Congress."

The foregoing is a copy of the preamble and resolutions read at Cookeville April 22, 1861, copied then by me.

In a personal letter Mr. Morgan writes: "I was one of the three who voted 'no' on the passage of the resolutions. I was then a law student, and had an office in Gainesboro, Jackson County, Tenn. I had been contending earnestly for the Union for months, and was sorely mortified at the firing on Fort Sumter. I thought it premature; but when coercion came calling for Tennesseans to fight the Gulf States of the South, I gave down and volunteered for the South and went as a private soldier in the first company that left Jackson County, leaving home on the 14th of May, 1861, and returning at the end of the war, May 22, 1865."

THE RINGING ROLL OF "DIXIE."

(Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.)

The old brigades march slower now—the boys who wore the gray—

But there's life an' battle spirit in a host o' them to-day!
They hear their comrades callin' from the white tents far away,

And answer with the ringing roll of "Dixie!"

They feel the old-time thrill of it—the battle plains they see—
Again they charge with Jackson and face the fight with Lee;
And the shoutin' hills are answered by the thunders of the sea
When they rally to the ringing roll of "Dixie!"

The battlefields are voiceless—once wet with crimson rain;
O'er unknown graves of heroes wave golden fields of grain;
But phantom forms—they leap to life and cheer the ranks again,

Far-answering to the ringing call of "Dixie!"

Beat, drums, the old-time chorus; and, bugles, blow your best;
And wave, O flags, they love so well above each war-scarred breast!

Till they vanish down the valley to their last eternal rest,
Still answering to the ringing roll of "Dixie!"

CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Year by year the ranks of the Confederate veterans are thinning; rapidly, too, the mothers of the cause are falling into their last sleep, and the time will be, only too soon, when at no convention, no meeting will there be left any who witnessed the great and wonderful struggle for liberty.

Rich in traditions and in memories of mother and sire, the "Daughters" and "Sons" are prepared to take the vacant places; but they, too, must pass on with the great majority. Shall the "cause" die with them? Shall no living monuments record the gallant dead?

It was to meet this need that the brilliant brain of Mrs. E. P. McDowell Wolf, daughter of Virginia's Governor, James McDowell, conceived the idea of a new organization to be called the Children of the Confederacy. Mrs. Wolf is born of a long line of soldier ancestors, her people having won many laurels on battlefields of 1812 and 1862. With such blood in her veins it is small wonder that she should want to preserve her Southland's record, and that she saw in the youth of the South the best method of commemorating the stirring days of the sixties and of preserving the glorious deeds of Southern men and women—deeds that should "go sounding down the ages," a crystal-clear chronicle of valor and patriotism.

The first Children's Chapter was organized in Georgia by Mrs. Marmelstein, the wife of the brave captain of the battle ship Alabama. The idea once accepted was rapidly utilized. State after State indorsed it, and it met with the full approval of the President General of the Division. Children's Chapters are being organized everywhere, for the States, like wise gardeners, realize the importance of pruning and preparing plants to take the place of those nipped by death's unkindly frosts.

While all the States have accepted the Children's Chapters as auxiliaries, Florida alone has given them a charter, allowing through this charter self-government in everything that does not come into opposition to the constitution of the U. D. C. Division of the State. They have a voice in State ques-

tions, and participate in all public commemorative days and exercises. Each Chapter has a directress from the parent Chapter. Under her care parliamentary laws and usages are studied and historical inaccuracies are prevented; but Chapter government is in their own hands, and they take an intense pride in its proper conduct and the work they do. Historical papers are prepared and read by members of the Chapter, and there is a close rivalry among the Chapters for the banner offered by Mrs. L. A. Raines, of Savannah, Ga., for the best work done during the year.

The Children's Chapter is a kindergarten or primary department of the general organization of the U. D. C., and a graduate from it is well equipped to enter the larger body.

Too much cannot be said for this work. If the traditions are to be preserved, if reverence for the cause is to be taught, it behooves every Chapter of the U. D. C. to begin now. Let auxiliaries be formed of the eager children. In their fertile minds now is the time of planting if a harvest is to be reaped. Assure a future to the U. D. C. by teaching the children the truths their grandsires died to preserve and a love of country which will only ennoble them as citizens.

CONFEDERATE HALF DOLLARS.

The Confederate money issue was in paper and bore the relative value of par, yet toward the last a bushel basket of it was given for a pair of boots. In 1879 B. F. Taylor, of the Louisiana Board of Health, wrote E. Mason, Jr., a celebrated Philadelphia numismatist, of four silver half dollars minted by the Confederate States, one of which was in his possession. When the Southern army captured the United States mint in New Orleans, it was intended to manufacture silver coins for the Confederacy. A design was submitted to the authorities and accepted. This bore on one side the imprint of the regular United States half dollar of that time—a seated Goddess of Liberty surrounded by thirteen stars. The reverse side was entirely original. A shield in the center bore seven stars, one for each seceding State. Above the shield was a liberty cap. Around the central design was a wreath composed of sugar cane and cotton. Around the border at the top ran the inscription, "Confederate States of America," the lower part of the coin being marked "Half Dol."

This die was cut by an engraver named Patterson, and the coins were struck by the foreman of the coining room, Colonel Schmidt. Only four coins were struck, owing to the scarcity of silver. One of these was sent to the Confederate government at Richmond, one to Professor Biddle, of the University of Louisiana, one to Dr. E. Amas, of New Orleans, and one kept by Mr. Taylor, who was at that time in charge of the mint. Numismatists have offered Mr. Taylor seven hundred dollars for this coin, but it was refused.

That the Confederate government also planned an issue of cent pieces was accidentally discovered by a coin dealer in Philadelphia who was given a small coin for examination. This was about the size of the United States cent, but bore on one side a head of Liberty wearing a cap. Around the border of the coin ran the "Confederate States of America" and the date 1861. The reverse had "One Cent" stamped in the center, with a border of Southern products, small ears of corn and wheat and tiny hogsheads, held together with a cotton bale. Investigation showed that this coin was engraved and struck by a man named Lovett, of Philadelphia, employed by the Confederacy for the work. Lovett hid his die, fearing the Federals, and years after it was discovered.

MEMORIES OF SURRENDER AND JOURNEY HOME.

B. GEORGE H. MITCHELL (JAILER), NEW CASTLE, KY.

I have seen several accounts about President Davis's escort in the VETERAN. I as one of them write you a few reminiscences of that time. I was in Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge's regiment, Company G, 9th Kentucky (Wheeler's) Cavalry, when Joseph E. Johnston engaged in an all-day's battle with Sherman at Bentonville, N. C. At night after the battle we began a march, not knowing our destination. We learned afterwards that a detail of cavalry was ordered to report at Salisbury, N. C., by forced march.

The regiments of George G. Dibrell, of Tennessee, and W. C. P. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, were selected, and General Dibrell was placed in command. We marched day and night. The second day citizens said they heard that Lee had surrendered. We did not believe it; but the third day we intercepted some of Lee's men on their way home. Then it was that gloom seized the boys. We marched as silently as a funeral procession. It was the first time I ever saw the 9th Kentucky march for one hour without some merriment breaking out in the columns.

We marched on to Salisbury, and there we met President Davis with some of his Cabinet officials. I remember the President. Gen. John C. Breckinridge and Judah P. Benjamin were at the head of the column as we rode into the town. We remained there until the next afternoon. We then marched southward to Washington, Ga. There we were issued twenty-six dollars apiece in gold and silver on the 8th of May, 1865. On the morning of May 9 we were disbanded.

Generals Cerro Gordo, Williams, and Dibrell had us saddle and form in line near the town, the officers in front, and the oath of parole or allegiance was administered. We then broke ranks, bidding each other good-by.

Williams taking command of the Kentuckians and Dibrell the Tennesseans, we started for home—a sad day to the boys.

President Davis, Benjamin, John C. Breckinridge, and W. C. P. Breckinridge with others started for parts unknown. Mr. Benjamin and John C. Breckinridge made their escape. The others were captured.

I enjoy the Confederate Reunions. I was at Richmond, Va., at the last Reunion held there, and had the pleasure of shaking hands with Mrs. Hayes, the center of much attraction. Although I had never met her before, it did my soul good to take her by the hand in loving remembrance of her father, Jefferson Davis.

"ELASTICITY" OF CONFEDERATE CURRENCY.

A neatly typewritten paper with the signature of a person who gives his position as fourth sergeant of Company A, 4th Mississippi Regiment, tells a ridiculous story in regard to the distribution of "elastic currency" at Vicksburg. He writes:

"While the writer, in company with his colonel, was walking along Washington Street, Vicksburg, one day a ten-inch bomb-shell from one of Grant's mortar guns fell with a crash through the roof of a drug store just on the opposite side of the street from us. It passed down to the second floor and then exploded, blowing out the whole front of the building and setting fire to the store. After a moment of excitement, we rushed into the house, and with the aid of a few citizens extinguished the flames.

"While doing this I discovered under the counter a box containing about one bushel of Mustang Liniment advertisements printed so as to appear very much like five-dollar bills.

They were printed in green, with a lame horse for the centerpiece and a man applying the liniment to the wound on the shoulder of the horse. Taking to regimental headquarters our box of 'new money just received from the Treasury Department at Richmond,' we opened up the box and counted far into the night, and found that according to the face value we had on hand six hundred and eighty-nine thousand dollars.

"On the next morning at ten o'clock the whole brigade was ordered on dress parade, and each man was paid according to his rank for six months' service. General Vaughn made a nice talk to the boys. We saluted him and gave three cheers for Jeff Davis, and were ready to die in the last ditch. The rest of the money, about two hundred and seventy thousand dollars, was sent under strong guard to General Pemberton's headquarters to be paid out to the other soldiers as he saw proper.

"Once more business in Vicksburg, which had reached low-water mark on account of a lack of currency to handle the trade, flew open like a nine-bladed knife. Pie stands started up all over the city, Pine Top whisky was thrown upon the market at the low price of thirty dollars per quart, XXX sugar cane whisky (exclusively for the use of commissioned officers) eighty-five dollars per quart net, and other necessities, such as playing cards, poker checks, and tobacco, reached enormous prices. Everybody was happy, the banks were offering a premium for the new issue, the old Confederate issue of 1862 fell thirty-nine points in seven days; but at last the boys had spent their last dollar and it was in the hands of the money devil.

"Such is the power of an elastic currency when based upon the faith of a patriotic people."

The foregoing may be classed as a joke; but the comrade might have sent a private note admitting that it was a hoax. Surely he did not mean for anybody to listen to his account of the "dense ignorance" of the true South. The name is not given, because it seems so out of reason that such a thing should have been carried so far.

THE GARB OF GLORY.

They wore the gray in the old, old day,
And blue was the garb of these;
They felt the press in the Wilderness
When thunders shook the trees.
They felt the press in the Wilderness
When the ramparts burst to flame;
They gave their years and their women's tears
With never a thought of fame.
Now gun is still and sword in sheath,
And we weave for both the laurel wreath.

They wore the gray in the ended fray,
And blue was the garb of these;
But the sons of gray wear the blue to-day
And the wood sings harmonies.
The sons are they of the men in gray,
But blue are their mothers' eyes;
And the skies of gray are blue away
With the blue of Southern skies.
On the brows of the men in blue appears
The silver gray of the vanished years.

[Selected by Mrs. R. A. Halley, Chicago, from Douglass Malloch's "In Forest Land."]

PRESIDENT DAVIS AND HIS DOG, TRAVELER.

BY L. H. L.

By the natural hypnotic suggestion of custom one's first thought of Mr. Davis is of his courage and daring as a soldier or of his brilliant career upon the forum and before the people. Few even among his most ardent admirers knew of the infinite tenderness, the abiding gentleness and courtesy that formed so large a part of his complex character. Yet the home life of Mr. Davis would make as beautiful a book as did the account of his life written by his devoted wife.

He was very fond of animals and birds, and knew a great deal about their habits and peculiarities. Every wandering in the woods for him was made beautiful by his "feathered pensioners of the air;" for he rarely ever went out without bread, crackers, or seed to meet the eager demands of his tiny friends. He always gathered the scraps from the breakfast table to feed his peafowls, and his dressing gown pockets were heavy with grain for his beautiful pets—"the bird for kings," as some one calls them. He had a large flock of these peafowls, of which he was very proud and fond. Every morning Mr. Davis would take his exercise on a short pavement leading from the back steps at Beauvoir. "It is just the length of my exercise path in prison," he would tell his friends. Up and down, up and down this pavement he would walk, at his heels and all around him his flock of peafowls. One old cock especially would spread his gorgeous tail, droop his wings, and strut after Mr. Davis in the most comical fashion. Evidently the bond of friendship between the two uncrowned kings was a close one.

Fond as Mr. Davis was of his peafowls, his especial pet was his dog, Traveler. This dog had a very wonderful history. Mr. Dorsey, husband of Mrs. Sara Dorsey, from whom Mr. Davis purchased Beauvoir, was a man in whom the wanderlust was predominant, and he had traveled all over the world. On the Bernese Alps Mr. and Mrs. Dorsey purchased a young puppy, whose father was a Russian bulldog. This puppy they named Traveler, and the story of his life reads like a romance. They carried the young dog everywhere with them, and he was trained for Mrs. Dorsey's special bodyguard. Once while camping on the Arabian Desert Mr. Dorsey had one of his Arabian servants punished severely for theft. The next day Mr. Dorsey and some of the Arabians went a two days' journey, leaving Mrs. Dorsey and the camp in charge of an old Arab sheik. That night while asleep under the tent Mrs. Dorsey was awakened by a spring and a growl from Traveler, then the shriek of a man. She sprang from her cot, got a light quickly, and found the Arab who had been beaten by Mr. Dorsey's orders pinned down to the ground by Traveler, a huge knife lying beside him, where it had fallen from his hand. He had cut his way into the tent and crept in, evidently determined to wreak his vengeance upon her for the stripes he had received.

Mrs. Dorsey had magnificent diamonds, which she wore one night to a reception at the Tuileries. On her return to the hotel she went at once to her room, while her husband and some friends walked out to smoke. She went quickly to sleep, but was aroused by the sound of a desperate struggle on the floor, where Traveler had succeeded in throwing the thief who had followed her, attracted by the glitter of her diamonds. This man was one of the worst characters in Paris, and the gallows was cheated when he died of the wound in his throat torn by Traveler's teeth.

After Mr. Dorsey died, Traveler was given to Mr. Davis, and became his constant companion and guard. He allowed

no one to come on the place whose good intent he had any reason to suspect. The entire place was under his care; not a window or door was locked or barred, for everything was safe while Traveler kept his sentry march on the wide porches that surrounded the house on every side.

If Mr. Davis wished to safeguard the coming and going of any one and give him the freedom of the place day or night, he would put one hand on the person's shoulder and the other on the dog's head and say: "Traveler, this is my friend." The dog would accept the introduction very gravely, would smell his clothes and hands, and "size him up" generally; but he never forgot, and henceforth Mr. Davis's "friend" was safe to come and go unmolested.

As fierce as the dog was (and he was feared from one end of the beech to the other), and as bloody as was his record, he was as gentle as a lamb with little children. Mrs. Davis's small niece, a child about two years old, made the dog her chosen playmate, and the baby and dog would roll together on the grass in highest glee. She would pull his hair, pound on his head, or ride around the place on his back, the dog trotting as sedately as a Shetland pony. This child lived some little distance down the beech; but it went home day after day in perfect safety, guarded and guided by Traveler.

Mr. Davis was very fond of young girls, and many enjoyed his hospitality, and these girls Traveler seemed to regard as his especial charge. If they went to walk on the beech, he always appointed himself for escort duty; he would rush around in hot pursuit of fiddler crabs, which was a pet diversion of his, and would bark and throw up the sand with his paws in wild glee when he had succeeded in driving a number of the ungainly objects into the sea. This was only when the beech was clear of intruders. Let a strange man or woman appear, and Traveler was instantly at the side of his charges, and it would have taken a brave man to molest them in any way in defiance of those bristling teeth.

But even fiddler crabs had no attraction for Traveler when he went to walk with Mr. Davis. He was then a bodyguard pure and simple, and had all the dignity and watchfulness of a squad of soldiers detailed as escorts. Mr. Davis would become buried in thought and almost oblivious to surroundings. Traveler had his own ideas of what was right and proper; so if in absorption Mr. Davis would walk very close to the water Traveler would gently take his trousers leg in his teeth, or by bounding between him and the sea he would manage to call attention to the big waves coming in.

One day Traveler seemed very droopy and in pain. As ordinary measures did not relieve him, Mr. Davis wrote a note to a friend who was the most celebrated physician in that part of the country. The doctor came, but nothing seemed to relieve the dog's suffering. All night he moaned and cried, looking up into Mr. Davis's face with big, pathetic eyes as if begging help from the hand that had never before failed him. All those long hours Mrs. Dorsey, Mr. Davis, and the doctor kept their hopeless watch, for the work of the vile poisoner had been too well done for any remedy. Just at daylight he died, his head on Mr. Davis's knee and his master's tears falling like rain upon the faithful beast. As Mr. Davis gently laid the dead dog upon the rug he said softly: "I have indeed lost a friend."

Traveler was put in a coffinlike box, and all the family were present at his funeral. Mr. Davis softly patted the box with his hand, then turned away before it was lowered in the ground. The dog was buried in the front yard of Beauvoir, and a small stone beautifully engraved marks the place.



DEATH OF A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

Just as of old, with fearless foot
And placid face and resolute,
He takes the faint, mysterious trail
That leads beyond our earthly hail.

We would cry as in last farewell
But that his hand waves and a spell
Is laid upon our tongues, and thus
He takes unworded leave of us.

And it is fitting. As he fared
Here with us, so is he prepared
For any fortuneing the night
May hold for him beyond our sight.

The moon and stars they still attend
His wandering footsteps to the end;
He did not question, nor will we,
Their guidance and security.

So, never parting word nor cry,
We feel with him that by and by
Our onward trails will meet, and then
Merge and be ever one again.

DR. JAMES H. REED.

Dr. James H. Reed, one of our Confederate comrades, resided for a long while at Battle Creek, Mich., where he made lasting friendships. At a meeting in his honor the physicians of that city requested M. B. Duffie, a personal friend (not a physician), to speak of Dr. Reed. Mr. Duffie told the story of his acquaintance with the deceased. It was similar to the feeling that one true man entertains for another who has fought against him. Dr. Reed served in the 14th Mississippi Infantry, while Mr. Duffie was a member of the 19th Michigan Infantry. Both were prisoners part of the war. The latter was captured by the former's command in an engagement that occurred between Spring Hill and Thompson's Station, Tenn.

Dr. Reed as a resident of Michigan conformed carefully to the customs of the people. On the Fourth of July his home was conspicuous in decorations. When the Spanish War began, Dr. Reed "buckled a sword belt around his own blue-coated son" to serve the country. He was popular with Union veterans generally, and by the service held in his honor he was evidently a worthy representative of his Dixie land.

"When the gray-coated legions went down in defeat
And their bugles resounded a hopeless retreat;
When their battle-torn banner, the stars and the bars,
Paid obeisance at last to the stripes and the stars;
When their muskets were stacked and sabers sheathed
And peace to our country at last was bequeathed—

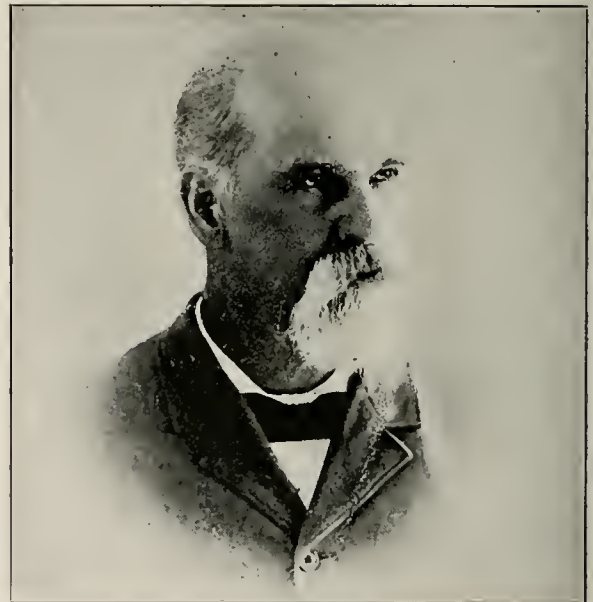
Then, then came the time when hatred should cease
To welcome the dawn of an era of peace.
No North and no South, no East and no West;
We stand now to-day a nation most blest.

For those who went down in the smoke of the strife
And sacrificed all—yea, even their life—
A tear and a cheer are justly their due—
A tear for the Gray, a cheer for the Blue."

DR. JAMES MADISON McLAUGHLIN.

Dr. J. M. McLaughlin, who died at Springville, Ala., on October 23, 1908, was born at Leeds, Jefferson County, Ala., in March, 1838. He was the son of John McLaughlin, one of the first settlers of Tennessee, who removed later to Alabama, and whose father, Alexander Andrew McLaughlin, emigrated from Scotland to Tennessee.

James McLaughlin read medicine with Drs. Robertson and Freeman at Springville, and then attended the Atlanta Medical College for two years. From that place he enlisted in the Confederate army as a member of Company C, 18th Alabama



DR. J. M. McLAUGHLIN.

Regiment, and was soon made captain of the company. In 1864 he was appointed lieutenant colonel, as which he continued to the close of the war. He had declined the appointment as assistant surgeon of his regiment.

Dr. McLaughlin was married in 1877 to Miss Isadora Forney, and their one child is Mrs. Katherine Burt Forney, widow of the late Prof. Jacob Forney, of the Alabama State University. Comrade McLaughlin was a loving husband and father, a good citizen, a brave soldier, and a Christian gentleman.

ROGERS.—Capt. Charles Austin Rogers, for many years a resident of Mexico, Mo., died at the hospital in Fulton, Mo., on January 5, 1909, aged about eighty-two years. He was captain of Company K, 1st Missouri Cavalry, and was a brave and gallant soldier. He was also a soldier of the war with Mexico.

W. C. WILKERSON.

W. C. Wilkerson was born in Birr, King County, Ireland, in March, 1836. He came to America in 1856, and lived first in Mississippi City and later in New Orleans. He became very much interested in the burning questions of the times, and very earnestly espoused the cause of the South, making it his own. He joined the Louisiana Guards, Walton's Battalion, and with them took a gallant part in the capture of the



W. C. WILKERSON.

arsenal at Baton Rouge. Later Mr. Wilkerson served with Hays's Brigade in the battles around Richmond, and was in Second Manassas, the Sharpsburg campaign, and at Fredericksburg. In 1863 he received from Mr. Davis personally a commission as lieutenant. He was captured on the Gulf Coast and was held a prisoner of war at Fort Lafayette, New York Harbor, and at Fort Delaware until June, 1865.

After the war he settled at Silver

Springs and devoted his time to mercantile and banking pursuits. He was a devoted member of the Methodist Church and a loyal Pythian. He was kind, genial, and demonstrative, and his eyes were the windows of his soul and his tongue a silver bell that rang only to notes of truth and righteousness.

Mr. Wilkerson married Miss Gabrielle Berner, and one daughter came to bless this union. In 1897 he married Miss Sara Summers, who survives to mourn the loss of a true and devoted husband.

CAPT. G. W. JACKSON.

Capt. George W. Jackson, late captain of Company B, 2d Kentucky Mounted Rifles, died at his residence, near Nepton, Fleming County, Ky., on the 9th of February, 1909, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. He was a native of Fleming County, born May 20, 1835.

Captain Jackson enlisted in the cause of the Confederacy early in the year 1861, serving as a private in the State of Georgia. When General Bragg advanced his army into the State of Kentucky during the summer and autumn of 1862, he returned to Kentucky, and with a commission of captain recruited and organized a company for the Confederate service which was attached to the 2d Kentucky Mounted Rifles of Gen. Humphrey Marshall's brigade. It was then operating in Northeastern Kentucky and Southwestern Virginia, and continued to serve there until the summer and autumn of 1863, when the command was ordered to North Georgia. It there participated in the battle of Chickamauga and the operations immediately succeeding that engagement, including General Wheeler's famous raid in the rear of General Rosecrans's army.

During the month of December, 1863, Captain Jackson was ordered with his company and battalion to Jacksonville, Ala., with a view to going into winter quarters and recruiting their

stock. Soon, however, orders were received (during the Christmas holidays) to move by way of Atlanta through Georgia, South and North Carolina to Southwestern Virginia.

Attached to the command of Gen. John H. Morgan during one of the raids of that gallant chieftain, he was captured in the engagement of Cynthia, Ky., on June 12, 1864, and confined as prisoner at Johnson's Island until the surrender of the Confederate armies.

Captain Jackson was married on November 12, 1872, to Miss Luvenia C. Teagar, who, with an interesting family of five sons and two daughters, survives him. So has answered to the last call another of the Southland's brave and steadfast soldiers to join the hosts that have gone before. "One by one the sands are falling."

SOLON KELLY.

On the 17th of June, 1908, Solon Kelly answered to the last roll calling him from the battle of life to eternal rest. Early in 1861 he enlisted in Company A, 56th Alabama Regiment, in Huntsville, Ala., and participated in many battles, among which were those of Shiloh and Corinth. He was captured and paroled at Vicksburg.

After the war he settled near Huntsville and successfully engaged in farming. In March, 1879, he was married to Miss Avie Hobbs, of Huntsville, who, with two children, Hubbard Kelly, of that place, and Mrs. Ambrose Grayson, of Shawnee, Okla., survives him.

He was a member of Egbert Jones Camp, and was buried by its few remaining members. He was a subscriber for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN since its birth, being ever zealous of the cause set forth in each issue.

[By Mrs. A. L. O., a Confederate soldier's daughter.]

DR. S. W. ROBINSON.

Dr. S. W. Robinson was born in Orangeburg, S. C.; and died at his home, in Rankin County, Miss., in November, 1908, in his seventy-third year. In his youth he removed to Mississippi and settled near Pisgah, which continued to be his home. He prepared himself for a physician, and had reached the frond rank in the practice of his profession; but when the war came on he enlisted in Company G, 28th Mississippi Cavalry, as a private, and faithfully did his duty until captured and sent to Camp Douglas, where he remained till the end of the war. Through his knowledge of medicine Dr. Robinson was detailed as assistant to the prison surgeon, and became as a ministering angel to his suffering comrades, saving their lives and keeping them true to their principles, for he dared there to assert and maintain the principles upon which his people went to war. As a soldier he was ever true, as a citizen public-spirited and charitable, as a friend ever ready to serve, and as a physician devoted and faithful.

WILLIAM MILLER.

The death of William Miller at Lebanon Church, Va., on the 7th of January, 1909, caused general sorrow in his community. He was born there, the son of Joseph and Nancy Claggett Miller, and ever lived there except during the war. He served in Company E, 11th Virginia Cavalry (the famous Laurel Brigade), and he faithfully performed the duties of a soldier. After the war he preserved the comradeships thus formed. He was Chaplain of his Camp, and always enjoyed attending Reunions, to which he was generally a delegate. He was a strong worker and officer in his Church as well. He was twice married, and is survived by his wife and children—two sons and a daughter.

DEATHS IN CAMP LOMAX, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

The following resolution was adopted at the last meeting of Camp Lomax, U. C. V.:

"Be it resolved by Camp Lomax, No. 151, U. C. V., that in the loss of our seven comrades, M. B. Graham, W. M. Gilky, John G. Harris, E. G. Rike, C. A. Lanier, J. P. Bryan, and L. C. Strong, the United Confederate Veterans have lost loyal, brave, and devoted brothers, the State faithful and patriotic citizens, and mankind generous and unselfish examples of lofty patriotism and fearless devotion to duty."

THOMAS L. ROGERS.

Thomas L. Rogers, of Pawhuska, Okla., who was a Confederate soldier under General Stanwatie, died on the 1st of January, 1909, aged seventy-one years. He was the first lieutenant under Captain Butler, joining the Confederate army at Denmark, Ind. T., in 1861, and serving throughout the war with much credit. He was a mixed-blood Cherokee Indian, and very prominent in Indian matters after the war. He was an active member of the Masonic Fraternity, being a thirty-second-degree Mason, and his funeral was conducted with Masonic ceremonies. The funeral procession was led by ex-Confederate and ex-Union soldiers. To his death he retained the love of the Confederacy, and it was his pride to don the suit of Confederate gray which he always kept on hand. His friends were loyal, and general sorrow has been felt over his death. His life after the war reflected honor and credit upon the cause for which he fought.

WILLIAM MITCHELL.

It is with a sad heart that I have to record the death of my old comrade and lifelong friend, William Mitchell, who died January 4, 1909, in Quincy, Fla. He and a number of boys, including myself, under the age of sixteen enlisted in January, 1862, in Company C, 6th Florida Regiment. He was taken prisoner in one of the battles near Atlanta, Ga., and was confined for many months in that accursed Camp Chase (Ohio) Prison. Not long before the war closed he, with a number of others, was released, and on returning South he rejoined his regiment and served until the close of the war. I knew this man intimately for fifty years both in the army and as a citizen, and I don't believe that President Davis had a braver or more loyal soldier or the State of Florida a better citizen than Comrade Bill Mitchell. In his death he leaves behind him the thing most devoutly wished for—a blessed memory.

[Sketch by A. S. McBride, Quincy, Fla.]

JOHN G. WHEELER.

Col. J. G. Wheeler died at his home, in Manor, Tex., late in February, 1909. In the VETERAN for September, 1903, page 393, appears an account of Comrade Wheeler in the battle of the Wilderness, taking General Lee's horse by the bridle and urging him to go to the rear with the plea: "Don't go, General. We will go without you." [It will be remembered that the time and place of this occurrence were much discussed in the VETERAN some years ago, and it is quite evident that at two places—perhaps May 6 and 12—quite similar events occurred.]

"Colonel Wheeler at the time of his death was a retired merchant and banker. He was a man of unusual originality, intellect, and culture, a strong man in the widest sense, a man of sterling integrity and the highest ideals.

"J. G. Wheeler, born in Marshall County, Ala., March 13, 1834, came to Texas in 1854 with his mother and brother and

settled in Hays County, Tex. At the beginning of the war he was editing a paper at La Grange, Tex., but closed the paper and went with the Terry Rangers to Kentucky. He was attacked with pneumonia and discharged from the army, so severe was his illness, and came home and remained till the following June, when he went to Virginia and joined Hood's



COL. J. G. WHEELER.

Brigade. He participated in many battles there, including that of the Wilderness, in which he lost his left arm.

"After the war he returned to Texas, and at the first election in Travis County after the war he was elected to the office of County Clerk, from which office he was removed under the reconstruction laws, shortly after which he built a storehouse where Manor is now located, and the post office was known as Wheeler's store. He lived at Manor from that time until his death.

"In 1867 he was married to Miss Maggie Brown, of Bexar County, Tex. By this marriage they had ten children. All of his children except two live at Manor.

"His brother, ex-Lieut. Gov. T. B. Wheeler, of Arkansas Pass, and Governor Wheeler's son and all of Colonel Wheeler's children were at the funeral except Thomas Benton Wheeler, who was unavoidably absent. A large concourse of friends attended the funeral, and the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community goes out to the bereaved children of our departed friend and neighbor."

JUDGE WILLIAM A. ROBY.

On Friday, February 19, 1909, Judge William A. Roby, one of the best-known and best-loved citizens of Ashley County, died at his home, in Hamburg, Ark.

He joined the army when a mere boy, but he was so delicate that his officers insisted upon his applying for a discharge. The boy's spirit was stronger than his body, and he refused to leave. He served bravely till the end of the war, and was one of the best-loved and esteemed members of his regiment.

He was an example of true Southern manhood, with patriotic fervor and a warm devotion to the best interests of his State. He was a true friend, a courteous, Christian gentleman, and a noble member of the Lodge of F. and A. M.

JUDGE WYNDHAM KEMP.

Judge Wyndham Kemp, a Virginian and a hero of the battle of New Market, where the V. M. I. cadets distinguished themselves, a member of the squad that fired the salute over the grave of Stonewall Jackson when he was buried, and a



JUDGE WYNDHAM KEMP.

member of one of the oldest law firms in Texas, died in El Paso recently.

Wyndham Kemp was of old colonial and English ancestry, the son of Anne Louise (Perin) Kemp and Judge Wyndham Kemp. He was born January 3, 1845, in Gloucester County, Va., where he was reared. In 1861 he was a student at the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, Va. He went to the front with the corps of military cadets from that institution, which distinguished itself.

On account of their extreme youth, the cadets were mustered out following the battle of New Market; but Wyndham Kemp soon afterwards became a member of the Richmond Howitzers. He was one of the few soldiers to fire the salute over the grave of Gen. Stonewall Jackson, who was mortally wounded in the battle of Chancellorsville. In the battle of Sailor's Creek he was captured, and remained a prisoner until the close of the war.

After the close of the war, when admitted to the bar, he went to Texas and located at Calvert, where he became a member of the firm of Davis, Beall & Kemp, and this firm continued to exist until the death of the late Maj. B. H. Davis. There was an interim of a year in the partnership, when on account of poor health Judge Kemp resided in Palestine. He went to El Paso in 1884, renewing the partnership with Major Davis, brother of the late Capt. Charles Davis, former Mayor of El Paso, and later they were joined by Capt. T. J. Beall.

Wyndham Kemp was first married at Concord, N. C., to Mary Lewis Maury, February 7, 1876. Of this union two

children, Maury Kemp and Anne Perin Kemp, survive. On February 14, 1888, at Snyder, Tex., he was united in marriage to Mary Samuel Herndon, the widow who survives him with their four children, John Page, Emily Wyndham, Herndon B., and Roland Kemp. Judge Kemp is also survived by two sisters, Mrs. Emily Page and Mrs. Joseph E. Washington, of Wessington, Tenn.

On December 31, while entering a carriage at Fort Bliss, Judge Kemp wrenched the muscles of his leg, and had been confined to his home since. His condition, however, was not considered serious until a few days before his death. Death was due to heart failure and a complication of the lungs.

Judge Kemp had for years been chairman of the El Paso bar committee. He was a member of the Society of Sons of the Revolution, also a member of John C. Brown Camp, Confederate Veterans, and an Odd Fellow, a member of local Lodge 284. The deceased was a vestryman of St. Clement's Episcopal Church. For a number of years he was City Attorney of El Paso and a member of the Public School Board. He was also chairman of the County Democratic Committee. Flags on the City Hall and courthouse were at half-mast on the day of the funeral.

Upon receiving word of his death Mayor Sweeney sent a notice of his death to the Superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, Va.

ATTENDANCE AT JUDGE KEMP'S FUNERAL.

The El Paso papers show the high esteem in which Judge Kemp was held by his people, where he lived for many years. They report attendance, official organizations of Confederate Veterans and the Grand Army of the Republic, all anxious to show their regard for one who had nobly and honorably worn the gray; then the bar, to which he belonged, and the Church, of which he was a humble but devoted member. The regular army was represented by the officers from Fort Bliss, the cadets from the schools, and the fraternal societies—old and young. Judge Kemp's active concern for the VETERAN was coexistent with its history, while his personal interest and that of his family will remain a sacred comfort to the editor of the VETERAN.

GEN. FAYETTE HEWITT.

Gen. Fayette Hewitt, one of Kentucky's most distinguished sons, died early this year in Frankfort, and was buried in Elizabethtown. In his youth he was a close student, and at an age when most boys are only entering college he had gone through the usual curriculum in languages, mathematics, and science. His close devotion to his library told upon his health, and he went to Louisiana as an invalid, remaining there several years and receiving appointments of high honor not only from the government, but from the vote of the people as well. Later he located in Washington, and was there when the war broke out. He at once resigned his position under the government and went to Virginia for the purpose of enlistment.

The newly formed Postal Department of the Confederacy wired to General Hewitt and requested his assistance in organization. He remained in this department till it was in perfect operation, then resigned from active service. His record as a soldier is very brilliant. He was appointed assistant adjutant general and sent for duty with Gen. Albert Pike, commanding the Department of the Indian Territory. Later by transfers he served under Generals Hindman, Holmes, and Walker, and was appointed to the staff of General Breckinridge. General Helm being without an adjutant, General

Hewitt was transferred to his staff, and was with this command at the battle of Jackson. Later in the campaign in Tennessee he was in the battle of Chickamauga and all the subsequent engagements in which Helm's command took part.

His courage was of that superior kind which enables a man to be perfectly collected and cool and not to be thrown off his guard or unsteadied by the most imminent and trying danger. Going into the battle of Entrenchment Creek, he saw a soldier throw away his blanket because it was so in the way while fighting. General Hewitt remonstrated and told the man he would need it if wounded. Then he tied the blanket behind his own horse. This horse was shot under him, and General Hewitt unbuckled the blanket and carried it till another horse was procured. After the battle General Hewitt restored the blanket to its owner, who was in the field hospital badly wounded. The man said he had seen the horse shot; and if it had been him he would never have thought of that blanket, but only of getting away. Besides this horse, he had two others shot under him, but was never injured himself, though balls repeatedly passed through his clothing and hat and once through his hair.

At the close of the war he went to Elizabethtown, Ky., and for a time was principal of the Female Seminary. Then when the expatriation law was repealed he resumed his practice of law, combining with this many years of hard work for questions of State, keeping ever what was best for his people before his eyes, and never being wearied in his endeavors to carry out all laws. His private character was as noble as his public character was grand and worthy of all imitation. He was brave, courteous, unassuming, generous to an extreme, kind and obliging, a considerate friend, and a brave and knightly foe. In his death Kentucky lost a splendid citizen and many citizens lost a perfect friend.

MISS EMILY MASON.

"Death loves a shining mark," and yet at times he will leave the most brilliant untouched for years, that, like tall church spires, they may point a guiding finger heavenward.

Miss Emily Mason was born in Kentucky, but of Virginia ancestry, and lived in the latter State till her fifteenth year, when her family moved to Washington. She met and knew all the Presidents from Monroe to Roosevelt, and she spent a part of her girlhood as the guest of her brother, the Governor of Michigan.

During the Civil War she was much engaged in hospital work, being at the head of the Georgia division in Wynder Hospital with eight hundred men under her care. The orphans of some of these men she took under her own protection. After Lee's surrender she had thirty of these depending upon her, all of whom she placed so well that they became self-supporting or, marrying well, became the heads of prosperous families.

In the death of Miss Mason, on February 16, 1909, one of the most notable figures of Washington society has passed away. Tall, erect, with her abundant white hair worn in the fashion of fifty years ago, she attracted all attention at once, and her sparkling black eyes and vivacious manner held entranced all who were so fortunate as to be thrown with her.

She was ninety-three years old, yet "time could not wither nor custom state her infinite variety." By the right divine of intellect, courtesy, and the marvelous charm of her brilliant conversational gift she held a social sway that was never questioned. Her afternoon teas were veritable salons, and she their heart and the center of attraction. Like Madam De

Staël, she was the empress of intellect, and like her too she wore her crown with modesty. She was the honored guest wherever she appeared, and to the end of her life men burned incense at her shrine.

Miss Mason wrote only one book, but was a constant contributor to the best magazines. She was a fine linguist, having crossed the ocean fifty times, and spent many years at for-



MISS EMILY MASON.

eign courts. She was introduced at the court of Alfonso of Spain, was a close friend of the Empress Eugénie, and was presented at the Austrian court and received on the most intimate terms by the Royal Duke and Duchess. Her court dress of scarlet velvet and gold embroidery was given by her to the Catholic Church and cut up into vestments.

Her funeral was conducted by the highest Church dignities, and was notable for the marvelous profusion of flowers, the gifts of statesmen, public organizations, and of the friends who were so tender and loving.

JOHN WALKER ROBINSON.

One by one the gallant old Confederates are being gathered home. The one now to answer the last roll is John Walker Robinson, who died at his home, near Mansfield, Newton County, Ga., March 3, 1909, aged sixty-three. He entered the service at the age of eighteen, and was rapidly promoted, serving at last on the staff of Gen. Sidney Morris. He was captured in January, 1864, and kept prisoner in Camp Douglas till May, 1865. He was a brave and noble gentleman and soldier, a typical knight of the Old South. He was universally beloved, and his funeral was attended by a large concourse of friends, including his Camp, the Jefferson Lamar of Covington, by whom he was highly esteemed.

STATISTICS OF SOLDIERS IN BOTH ARMIES.

BY GEN. GATES P. THRUSTON (U. S. A.), NASHVILLE, TENN.

I notice in the excellent March number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN that you reprint from the Baltimore Sun Mr. Casenove G. Lee's ancient Civil War statistics as to the number of soldiers in the armies of the North and South. There is no historical foundation whatever for the statement made by him that the "total enlistments in the Confederate army" consisted of "six hundred thousand men."

A much more distinguished and reliable Southern authority, Dr. Woodrow Wilson, of Virginia (now President of Princeton College), in his admirable "History of the American People" states the number of Federal and Confederate soldiers in the Civil War as follows: "In the North four men out of every nine of the military population had enlisted for a service of three years in the field—in all, 1,700,000 out of a military population of 4,600,000." (Volume IV., page 267) And again (page 267) he gives the numbers in the Confederate armies as follows: "The total military population of the South (the seceding States) was but 1,055,000. Nine hundred thousand of these she drew into her armies for at least three years of service, and before the war ended mere half-grown boys and men grown old were included in the muster." The Confederate soldiers in the border States were not included in Dr. Wilson's statement.

In the carefully prepared "History of the United States," by Mr. Waddy Thompson, of Atlanta, Ga., published in 1904, after its Civil War chapters had been received by that prince of gentlemen and soldier, Gen. John B. Gordon, he states that "it is probable that the total number of enlistments in the Confederate armies was nearly a million." (See preface and page 406.)

I am so fond of the editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and read the magazine with so much pleasure that I am anxious that it shall be historically accurate in its statements.

General Thruston has been studying the statistics of the two armies for years, and there can be no question of his absolute sincerity in seeking to have the truth established; but he has been in the South so long that he must be pardoned for pride in reducing discrepancy of numbers. General Thruston is one of the best citizens in the South, and none the less good for having married twice into families of cultured, ardent Southern people. True, he simply quotes in the foregoing from cordially accepted Southern authors; yet the VETERAN, while having due esteem for him and them, does not agree to quite so great compromise of the statistics that have been so long accepted. The Union army reduced from 2,800,000 to 1,700,000 and the Confederate increased from 600,000 to 1,000,000 men is too great a difference. Southern authors should be very careful of their figures. A compromise from both sides as to actual three-year soldiers might be nearer the truth.

ANOTHER ESTIMATE AS TO FIGURES.

Rev. Dr. John R. Deering, of Lexington, Ky., refers to the article (March VETERAN) by Mr. C. G. Lee on the strength of the Northern and Southern armies in the great war, and expresses the opinion:

"It is correct, I believe, save that it does not include as part of the Union strength the men serving on the Northern side in the navy of the United States. The author of 'Lee and His Cause' uses the same figures for the forces of the United States engaged on land, but increases them by the number of men in the naval service of the Union; so that

the aggregated strength opposed to the South is more exactly represented by his figures—namely, 2,987,776 men.

"The Encyclopedia Britannica, an authority of high reputation for fairness and accuracy, gives somewhat smaller numbers—viz., 2,759,049 men 'called out' by the Federal government, and as in actual service 2,656,053 men. The difference is not great, but it seems to me that fairness requires the historian to include in his figures the thousands of hardy and trained seamen who fought us on rivers, coasts, bays, gulfs, and high seas where our numbers scarce deserve mention.

"If this be done and 600,000 men be accepted as the Confederate strength, it will be seen that we fought a good fight. 'O, the fearful odds of that unequal fray'—almost five to one! It lacked but 12,224 men of that—exactly. And, as Mr. Lee has shown, there were more negroes and foreigners against us by 80,917 than we had men in all our Southern armies! Leaving out all differences in supplies, equipment, transportation, manufactories, materials, skilled labor, foreign influence, national credit, and the like, we had in the mere mass of men against us too much weight to overcome. We might have done more, yet could not have been successful."

VICTOR SMITH—"BILL ARP, JR."

News is received that Victor Smith, a son of Maj. Charles H. Smith ("Bill Arp"), died at his home, in Bayonne, N. J., on March 13. Notice is given herein not only because he was the son of a Confederate, but through personal interest and his extraordinary career as a Southerner.

Back in the early eighties the editor of the VETERAN made a most strenuous but unsuccessful effort to establish Our Day, "an exponent of Southern sentiment in New York," and while thus engaged he received a letter from Major Smith stating that his son Victor was in that city and he had written him to call. The bright young fellow did call, and an intimate association followed, continuing for several years.

His romantic experience up to that time from his leaving home excels fiction. He had been employed on construction of the railroad line connecting Rome and Atlanta, now a part of the Southern system, and was ambitious to become a civil engineer. He was so fine with a pen, however, in correspondence and drawing that he was kept at clerical work against a promise made by his chief, so he determined to quit; and knowing it was against his father's wish, he drifted North. In Cincinnati he secured employment in a church choir, having a fine voice; but he became impatient of that and moved on farther. He became associated with a young Canadian, and he gave his last forty cents to sleep in a farmer's barn. The farmer, becoming interested in him, carried the two in his market wagon to a slaughter house in Baltimore the next morning and made a plea that they be given work. The manager, seeing the boys were not large and strong enough for the work, handed them a couple of dollars and asked them to try elsewhere. Young Smith resented the offer, saying he was not a beggar but wanted work. He next got employment on a farm near Baltimore, and made a good plow boy. He forged ahead later to New York, and secured a clerkship in a shoe store at three dollars per week, which sum he shared with the trifling Canadian. After paying room rent, his food was mainly bread and water. Weeks elapsed before his family knew anything of him, and they were in sore distress. The joyous news reached Georgia that Victor was in good health and with the writer.

Victor Smith was ambitious in journalism and full of nerve. He called upon Ballard Smith, Managing Editor of the New York Herald, who gave him space work. This was

precarious; but he was getting a good start, when one day his chief spoke rudely to him and he instantly resigned. In the meantime he began to write stories for the New York Ledger. He would go to the Ledger office and see Mr. Bonner in person, who would take the story and in a week return it to him or give him ten dollars.

One day he called at the Tribune office and sought employment. The managing editor being absent, his assistant, Mr. Rhodes, became interested in the youth and gave him work, and he got on quite well in space work; but he resented "cut of copy" and resigned. He had become so useful to the Tribune that differences were reconciled by his copy going direct to the foreman with no censor upon it; yet he was the only Democrat who wrote for the paper and he was the only writer on the paper so trusted.

During his connection with the Tribune the owner of the paper, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, then Minister to England, cabled orders to have Victor Smith write its anniversary history. On the occasion of a death in Mrs. Reid's family at the home of Mr. Mills (owner of the great Mills Building) Victor Smith was assigned to the work of reporting the event, and he was often with the family through personal esteem.

The racing interests were of so great pecuniary concern that the Dwyers and other famous horsemen—"the board of control"—made Victor Smith one of the judges "on all race tracks within the metropolitan circuit" at a salary (the writer understands) of ten thousand dollars a year. Later the Jockey Club, which had superseded the board of control, reappointed him as judge.

In the fall of 1894 he gave up the race course, returning to journalism, and became a member of the editorial staff of the New York Press. He established its strongest feature, "The Tip of the Tongue." During its existence Victor wrote for *Our Day* some good articles, prose and poetry, as "Bill Arp, Jr."

With all of his varied experiences Victor Smith remembered the old folks at home. He married, and is survived by his wife and a son.

OFFICIAL COMMENT ON THE BOYSON PAPER.

BY MRS. LIZZIE GEORGE HENDERSON, FORMER PRESIDENT.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy:

Since the judges for the U. D. C. prize paper in Columbia University were selected at the beginning of my first term as your President General, and moreover since I as a member of the committee to select those judges (appointed by my predecessor, Mrs. Smythe) am partly responsible for the selection of these judges, I deem it not out of place for me, after all that has been said and done concerning their recent awarding of the prize for 1907 to Miss Boyson, to write this communication to you with regard to the committee's action.

Referring to the minutes of the St. Louis Convention, you will see from the discussion of the resolution establishing that prize that the one thing which controlled us in that action was the fact that we could in this way stimulate those from all sections, and particularly from the North, who were preparing themselves to teach the youth of the country, to study authentic histories as to the causes leading to and shaping the South's course all through the War between the States. I remember that in the discussion some one said she thought it would be better to establish the prize in a university where the words "white pupils" would not be necessary.

Those of us who appreciate the importance of using every opportunity offered us of inducing the men and women in the North who were to teach the children of their section to really

go into a thorough study of all connected with the South's part in the history of this country from the beginning till after the reconstruction period was passed urged that as our reason for putting it in the North. For well we knew that when the people of the North knew the truth of history with regard to our actions all through this country's history we must be looked upon by those of fair minds as patriots determined to transmit unshorn to our children the rights secured to us by our fathers in the Constitution of these United States framed by them, and by those who were our one-time enemies as at least honestly mistaken in our construction of that Constitution. We knew also that when once the truth of history with regard to the terrible reconstruction period was known the bloody shirt might wear itself into tatters, waving right in the faces of the people once so ready to believe all accusations against us, and never gain for itself a hearing. We knew that the time had come when for these United States to reach the destiny mapped out for them by our fathers, North and South, we must be fair to each other.

We must remember that the same destiny awaits us all; that what affects one State affects all; that we are the same people with the same high purpose to see that our good ship of State is guided safely through those great rocks of race question, pauper, immigration, socialism, anarchy, and other vexing questions. And we as daughters and granddaughters of as great patriots as the world ever saw wished to help with this "consummation so devoutly to be wished." We knew the country had been flooded with so-called histories to teach the children that we were worse than barbarians, and we believed then, and I think most of us believe yet, that the prize in Columbia University is a fine thing with which to accomplish our purpose. And when we know what damage unfairness can do, shall we do an injustice to another by dividing her sentences and making it appear that she has said what it is evident she did not mean to say when the whole paper is read? Shall we invite study of our course and then become offended because a girl who has been taught all her life to look upon us as "traitors" and everything else unlovely does not change all her opinions after just a few months' study in the right direction? Surely when we think calmly and fairly after reading for ourselves all that she wrote we cannot be so unappreciative of the result of our prize.

As a member of the committee it will not be thought discourteous to that committee for me to admit that I think we, the committee, made a mistake when we departed from our original plan to begin at the beginning and come gradually up to and through the reconstruction period, thus bringing the whole history of the South before the eyes we wanted to see it. But we gave that subject on General Lee's centennial year, and we departed from our plan, thinking to honor him thus. And so Miss Boyson missed the opportunity which otherwise might have been hers of being encouraged to look deeply into history for the part taken by the South during all the time before the War between the States. She would have found, as Mr. Coleman (the gentleman who secured the prize the year before) did, that the South was not so ignorant as she thinks, and she would have found that General Lee's belief that he owed his first allegiance to his State was taught him not only by his Southern forefathers, but that he learned it also from "Rawle's View of the Constitution," which was taught him in West Point, the United States Military Academy. My friends, let us be fair, though others be unfair.

Referring again to the St. Louis Convention minutes, you will also see that the judges were to be selected to award the

prize for the best essay on some subject connected with the history of the South. This is what they were asked to do, and this is what they did, and I must say that I cannot see where they are to be censured for their action. Do we appreciate the fact that these gentlemen, with hands full to overflowing with their university duties, gave us their time and the benefit of their knowledge because they were such loyal Southerners that they with us wanted to get the facts of the history of the South before the people of the whole country? Surely we have not thought of how they were trying to help us with our purpose. Conscious of the South's patriotism, they were not easily scared by the word "traitor" when used in connection with such names as Robert E. Lee, George Washington, John Hampden, and William of Orange. Shall we be less certain of the verdict of the world as to the character of "traitors" when such names are given to illustrate the writer's meaning? I am writing this to you to beg you to read for yourselves each of you just what she said and then see if you do not think that our prize had been wisely spent when a girl reared and educated in the North can write the estimate of General Lee which she has given us.

WOMEN WANT BUILDING FOR MONUMENT.

[Miss Sallie S. Hunt, of Stonewall Jackson Institute, Abingdon, Va., has pictured a "Dixie Home" in New York as a "monument to Southern women" of Confederate times wherein ambitious but poor Southern girls may live under the best protection and economically while having the advantages of that great city for students. The story goes on.]

As I waited the figure of a dear old Southern mammy in white cap and apron came toward me, and with a polite bow she said: "Miss — says she will be down in a minute. Will you have a fan?" I couldn't resist the impulse. "Where do you come from, way up here?"

"I followed my chile from Virginia. I never leave her. You will have to feel at home in this house if you're a Southerner, for everybody here is chums."

Right readily did I agree to this, for the atmosphere was pervading me and making me feel so comfortable. At this point my hostess appeared with a "Warm welcome to Dixie, Miss —! I'm so glad you are here at last. We've been looking for you a long while. Will you go upstairs and look around and choose your quarters?"

We found ourselves in a wide upper hall with doors on either side. Over the doorways were such familiar names as Virginia, Tennessee, North Carolina, Texas, etc., designating the names of States which had furnished the rooms. On the topmost floor was one very long room with cots down each side and partitions separating these. On peeping in one sees in each of these compartments a press in the wall for wardrobe, a table, and chair, all spotlessly clean and nice. The front end of this room had a window almost across the whole width for ventilation, and at the rear end the door opened into a lavatory—ever so many bath tubs, stationary washstands, etc.—a regular dormitory system.

"What is this?" I inquired.

"This is my dream realized," the house mother said. "Here our dear Southern girls who must work for their daily bread come to get their preparation. Some cannot afford to have separate rooms and a maid's attention; so they keep the dormitory themselves, and you see the perfect cleanliness and comfort here. We are such a happy family, going out to see the best that comes, and all inspired not only with a love of study and improvement, but with the intensest loyalty to our beloved Southland and its traditions and a burning zeal to

hold up the standard of pure and refined Southern womanhood."

Here I just could bear no more; hot tears came to my relief. This has been my soul's desire so long! You don't know how I have agonized over our poor Southern girl students in New York. * * *

Friends, this is all a dream yet to be realized—I mean the home is. Why can't we make it real? If our precious dead could speak—the mothers, wives, and daughters of the South—would they not say: "Give our children, who have to hew their way, sharpened instruments with which to work?"

Our girls have talent and ambition; their hearts grow sick with hope deferred. Build them a home where they can get these advantages. When the home is bought and paid for and the cost of boarding in New York thus brought within their reach, have a consecrated house mother there guarding and directing them, one who has power to interest others in the work and can interest Camps in endowing scholarships. I believe there are many of the conservatories, etc., which will give scholarships to the most talented students.

The girls could give entertainments and add to the beneficiary fund, and the Dixie Home would be the most attractive place in New York City. We must begin this work, if only in a small way, hoping it will grow into a thing of beauty.

How many of the Camps will respond to this cry? The New York Camp will, I am sure. All the States will do a noble part by their children, and the people will feel when they come on to New York that there's an old Southern welcome awaiting them at Dixie Home.

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

REPORT OF TREASURER FOR MONTH ENDING FEBRUARY 28, 1909.

Receipts.

Balance on hand from last report, \$8,645.67.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Director for Virginia, \$25. Contributed by Blue Ridge Chapter, No. 917, U. D. C., Purcellville, Va.

J. W. McCarrick, Norfolk, Va., \$25.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Director for Virginia, \$36.15. Contributed by Old Dominion Chapter, No. 67, Lynchburg, Va.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, \$22.11. Contributed by William Lester Chapter, No. 104, U. D. C., Prosperity, S. C., \$2; John Hames Chapter, No. 493, U. D. C., Jonesville, S. C., \$5; Graded Schools, Greenville, S. C., \$15.11. Lake County Camp, No. 279, U. C. V., Leesburg, Fla., \$10.

Mrs. W. R. Clement, Director for Oklahoma, \$19.50. Contributed by Chickasaw Chapter, No. 299, U. D. C., Ardmore, Okla., \$5; Choctaw Chapter, No. 614, U. D. C., South McAlester, Okla., \$5; Julia Jackson Chapter, No. 554, U. D. C., Durant, Okla., \$1; Marion W. Vail Chapter, No. 200, U. D. C., Oklahoma City, Okla., \$2.50; Stonewall Jackson Chapter, No. 40, U. D. C., McAlester, Okla., \$1; Mrs. Mary Hightower, Ardmore, Okla., \$5.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Director for Virginia, \$12.50. Contributed by Black Horse Chapter, No. 9, U. D. C., Warrenton, Va., \$10; Julia Jackson Chapter, No. 982, U. D. C., Clifton Forge, Va., \$2.50.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, \$26.25. Contributed by Charleston Chapter, No. 4, U. D. C., Charleston, S. C., \$15; Williamsburg Chapter, No. 1031, U. D. C., Kingstree, S. C., \$2; Gibbes School, Charleston, S. C., \$7; Public School, Stallville, \$1.25; School, Heriot, \$1.

Mrs. Oliva M. Champion, Director for Mississippi, \$50.

Balance on hand March 1, 1909, \$8,872.18.

WALLACE STREATER, Treasurer.

"ROBERT E. LEE, THE SOUTHERNER."

In this book Thomas Nelson Page, the author, has given a masterly delineation of one whom he aptly terms in his title "Robert E. Lee, the Southerner." Mr. Page has not in this written a history of the war, he says, nor of the great campaigns Lee conducted, only of Lee, the man; nor does he mean his book to be a eulogy, lest his praise be like white-washing a statue by Praxiteles.

The book can practically be considered under three heads—Lee the youth, Lee the warrior, and Lee the defeated. In the first the author deals with the environments that entered into the character-building of the immortal commander. He draws a vivid picture of Stratford, the ancestral home of the Lees—its wide verandas, stately colonnades—and the magnificent forests. Here Lee grew up in close touch with his brave father, "Light-Horse Harry," whose watchword was "honor," and his gentle, tender mother, to whom the boy was "both son and daughter." Descended from a long line of cavaliers and nurtured on precepts of charity and loyalty, the boy became a worthy scion of the home in which he was born—a home which had the unique distinction of having also witnessed the birth of two signers of the Declaration of Independence.

During his life at West Point Lee never received a demerit, and graduated second in a class of forty-six. Page makes special mention of a book studied by this class, "Rawle on the Constitution," and "which taught with great distinctness the absolute right of every State to secede and the primal duty of every man to his State." That this book had its influence is shown by the fact that of the three hundred Southern graduates nine-tenths followed their States into secession!

Mr. Page shows well the influences brought to bear on the character of Lee by circumstances. His first appointment to the engineer corps was by Andrew Jackson. His quiet determination to obey orders in spite of opposition is shown by his building of the breakwater at St. Louis. The dash and bravery and quickness to grasp opportunity brought him out of the Mexican War covered with glory and a marked man before the world. In sharp contrast the infinite tenderness of the man was shown by his writing home even in the midst of his triumphs for news of a horse that had grown old in his family service.

Lee was opposed to secession, and tried in every way to keep intact the bond of union, and he did not believe in slavery. Page quotes a well-known authority to prove that Lee manumitted his slaves early during the war, while Grant held slaves until by actual emancipation they were set free. The author follows Lee in anxiety of his own heart and brain before he reached his decision to follow his State into secession. On the one hand was the country which had educated him and whose banner he had borne; on the other, his State, with whose fibers his heartstrings were twined, the State he had been taught to feel must come first. Lincoln offered him the supreme control of the United States army; but in his rejection Lee proved the man by saying "his sword should never again be drawn save in the defense of his State."

Mr. Page gives Lee as a leader in some brilliant descriptive stories of the great battles in Virginia. Tender, true, compassionate, suffering every ill his soldiers suffered and holding in his heart every man as his brother, shrinking from carnage, yet bravely leading where duty called, quick to grasp the inspiration of the moment and to retrieve disaster even in the happening—a conqueror born, yet destined to defeat!

All through the book there is no more perfect writing than

in the description of Lee after the surrender riding among his men in farewell, for Mr. Page dips his pen in his own heart and every Southern heart as well. Lee in his defeat is the capital of the column of a perfect character. Page tells of the rich business offers made him both here and abroad, and of his reasons for rejection; then of his quiet life as the president of a boys' college, his love for the children and animals around him, and his death just as he offered the benediction.

Page's book, "Robert E. Lee, the Southerner," is well written, bright and attractive in print and style, one of the best of Scribner's editions. It should be read by every Southerner and Northerner as well, for he gives a true history and praise where it is deserved to North and South alike.

"ECHOES FROM THE GLEN."

The doubt as to the authorship of the poem on "Rodes' Brigade at Seven Pines," as expressed in late contributions to the VETERAN, can be put to rest by a recent letter from Capt. William Page Carter, of Virginia, who states that he wrote the poem after the battle of Seven Pines while wounded and in Richmond. In those days his pen name was "Larry Lee." This noted poem will be found with other verses by this pleasant writer in an artistic little volume called "Echoes from the Glen," issued by the Grafton Press, of New York, and of which a leading newspaper of the North has this to say: "'Echoes from the Glen,' by Capt. William Page Carter, author of 'Pelham of Alabama,' etc., brings together in dainty form a strong array of poems by this popular Southern writer. The volume is divided into three main groups—Poems of Sentiment, War Poems, and Dialect Verse. It is hardly necessary to say, so well are they known, that Captain Carter's love poems are imbued with tenderness expressed in most graceful form, and that his poems of war are full of fire and the ring of truth, because they are an expression of the author's own experience in the field. His verses in darky dialect are classics of their kind and full of the real old plantation melody. Some one should set them to music."

This is but a sample of the many complimentary notices of Captain Carter's poems. He is an excellent type of the old-time Virginian and a cousin of Thomas Nelson Page. While his home is in Virginia, a considerable part of each year is spent in Washington City.

"WATERLOO," BY THOMAS E. WATSON.

Those who have read anything from the pen of "Tom" Watson have enjoyed his vivid style, his clear-cut expressions, and his thorough mastery of the subject. To read his description of the battle of Waterloo is to be a living witness of it in detail, to experience the thrill that animates in anticipation of victory (for of course we are with and for Napoleon), to have that awful fear and anxiety when reinforcements do not come, and to feel that numbness of despair which comes with the realization that all is lost. A more vivid picture could hardly be painted in words, and the impression does not soon pass away. "He analyzes the characters of the generals in command, he describes in detail the positions occupied by the various bodies of soldiery, and compares the relative strength and advantage of the several positions. He searches, so far as may be, into the motives and strategy of the two opposing generals and discusses the spirit and character of the two armies. Step by step, without haste and with unflagging interest, he resolves the confusion, 'the shout-

ing and the tumult,' to an orderly sequence, a 'clear-cut study of cause and effect.' The creation is superb!

There is much in the battle of Waterloo similar to our own battle of Gettysburg—the fate of the Confederacy hanging in the balance, the delay in taking advantageous positions, the tardiness in moving troops, and the awful, awful slaughter in vain. The soul is sickened by the recital, yet we read and read again and say with Napoleon: "Ah, if it were to be done over again!"

The book is handsomely bound in cloth, with decorations. Published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington. Price, \$1.50; postage, 8 cents.

"BULL RUN TO APPOMATTOX—A BOY'S VIEW."

A book with chevaux-de-frise of statistics rarely appeals to the normal boy; but the great drama of the war, written for boys and containing a boy's view of the events themselves as well as circumstances relating to these events, will win and hold all readers.

L. W. Hopkins was a boy of seventeen when he entered the army, and his book, "From Bull Run to Appomattox," contains a clear and unprejudiced account of the great struggle. He had lived what he wrote about, and he makes us see things as he saw them—a soldier's life in field and camp. The book is well written in a pleasant, readable style; it is not without its touch of humor, as is shown by its laughable episode of the runaway horse carrying him into the very midst of his enemies, and his fright when, unmounted against orders on picket, he heard approaching footsteps and, trembling, awaited the appearance of what proved a black cat out on forage duty for itself, and the amusing account of the efforts of "Company Q" to win laurels in a misdirected manner.

Hopkins shows the life the soldiers led in a series of pictures that are very vivid—the camp fires burning bright with the soldiers lying around them; the bacon frying on a stick, the grease dripping on the crackers and serving for butter; the horses tethered to the wrists of their sleeping masters, and the sudden bugle call to "hoot and saddle;" the fierce rush to battle, with shot and shell whizzing all around; the pursuit, the retreat, and the dreary roll call that showed the absent.

It is in the loving delineation of the character of Lee that Hopkins is at his best, and the description of the death of Jackson and the dashing charge of Pickett at Gettysburg rises to a height that should give the book high rank with appreciative readers.

"THE LONE STAR DEFENDERS."

In this book S. B. Barron has given his personal recollections of the great struggle. He does not call it a history of the war. It is well written, and is filled with the "moving accidents by field and flood," natural to a chronicle of the stirring times of 1860.

Mr. Barron gives a soldier's experiences in the terse language of one who has lived what he writes about. He shows the sharp contrasts of the life—the mingled laughter and pathos; the starvation, exhaustion, and patient endurance of the half-clad army, and the enthusiasm and love with which they followed their leaders.

The organization of Company C, Texas Cavalry, just after the wild excitement of Lincoln's election, when the fire of secession burned bright, was very easy; but its equipment was difficult, almost impossible. They were well mounted, but were without uniforms, and were chiefly armed with huge knives with wooden handles. Barron tells how these tyros

in the art of war were first disciplined and then became part of the command of General Ross. Under this gallant leader they were in the thickest of the fight, and won honors in many engagements, notably that of Franklin, Tenn.; and of this fierce-fought battle Barron gives a most thrilling account.

The company's march through the Indian Territory is well described, especially the incident of the Indian maiden. She was walking in the middle of the road when she met the company, and with the stoicism of her tribe walked straight on, the company having to pass on the right and left, leaving her to pursue her way through the center. In the Indian Territory the company was recruited by Choctaws, whose war cries became almost as distinctive of Company C as the famed Rebel yell was of the Confederate army.

A magnificent bit of bravery is well told by Barron—General Ross's gallant feat of carrying guns across the frozen Yazoo in the teeth of the enemy's gunboats. Barron has an appreciation of the comedy that underlies everything. His description of the old patriot who went on his long march holding an umbrella over his head, a negro beside him carrying his gun, is rich; and equally good is the account of the newly joined company of Mississippians. This company boasted a soldier seven feet high, a boy weighing three hundred pounds, and its captain carried his private baggage on a camel!

The book will repay a close and careful reading.

THE DRED SCOTT DECISION.

Its legal and historic status, by Elbert William R. Ewing, Attorney and Counselor United States Supreme Court. Cobden Publishing Company, Washington, D. C. By J. H. McNeilly, D.D., Nashville, Tenn.

Here is a book both needed and timely. It deserves the close study of every one who would know the real nature of that notable decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, which, according to Mr. Justice Miller, "overshadowed all others on the subject in the importance of the principles laid down and in the immense influence it had upon the history of the country."

It was this decision as contravening the teachings of the abolitionists that stirred them to fury and that hastened our terrible Civil War. No decision of any court has been more widely misunderstood or more malignantly misrepresented than this opinion of the court written by Chief Justice Taney, and this not only by the politicians, but by the writers of the history of those times. Such writers as Fiske, Elson, Schouler, and Hart, who claim impartiality, have denounced it not only as false in law, but as made for political effect.

This book, by a lawyer of ability who has given immense labor to its preparation, conclusively vindicates the judgment of the court and also vindicates the truth of history on every point in which the decision is called in question.

It is unfortunate, especially for the South, that the history of the United States has been written mainly by New Englanders, who have not only glorified their own section as the fountain of all good in our institutions, but have done it at the expense of other sections, especially of the South.

It was a doughty old Dutchman of New York, I have heard, who said that the Mayflower that brought over the Pilgrim Fathers brought also a cargo of trumpets, and that New England had been blowing those trumpets ever since. This witness is true. New England was the mother and most strenuous promoter of abolitionism; and not content with

falsifying the facts of history, writers of that section have persistently sought to blacken the character and malign the motives of those who stood with the South in her contention for her constitutional rights.

The historians mentioned and others influenced by them have denounced the Dred Scott Decision as "infamous," "inhuman," "cruel," and "obiter dictum," and some have endeavored to "pillory in everlasting infamy" the name of Roger Brooke Taney, one of the purest, gentlest, kindest men who ever wore the judicial ermine. The Decision was concurred in by seven out of the nine judges, all of whom except one were theoretically opposed to slavery and were loyal to the Union during the war.

It would take too much space in this magazine to go into the details of the case as set forth clearly by Mr. Ewing. Suffice it to say that Dred Scott, a negro slave belonging to an army surgeon, sued in the Federal Court in Missouri for his and his family's freedom, alleging that, his master having taken him into the free territory of Illinois and also into territory north of the line of the Missouri Compromise, he became free by virtue both of Illinois law and of the Missouri Compromise forbidding slavery in the territory north of that line.

Dred Scott sued as a citizen of Missouri against a citizen of New York, his ostensible owner. The Federal Court decided against Scott, claiming jurisdiction in the case. On appeal the case went to the Supreme Court, with the record of all the pleadings, involving the merits of the case. The Supreme Court overruled the lower court and decided that it had not jurisdiction; but also on the pleadings before it gave decision as to the points involved, as all the judges, even the two dissenters, agreed was proper to do. It decided: First, that a negro was not a citizen of the United States, according to the Constitution as adopted, and so was not entitled to sue as a citizen; second, that the taking of a slave into a free State or into any territory of the United States did not make him a free man; third, that the Missouri Compromise, which excluded slavery from the territory north of a certain line, was contrary to the Constitution of the United States.

There was the bitterest denunciation of the Court with the announced purpose to disregard the Decision. This determination to rebel against it was put on various grounds:

1. That the decision against a negro's citizenship of the United States was wrong in morals and historically not justified.
2. That the Decision did not represent the opinion of the court, but only of the Chief Justice.
3. That on all questions except that of jurisdiction the opinion was merely obiter dictum—that is, an opinion that had no bearing on the case, and so was of no binding force.
4. That the opinion on the Missouri Compromise was especially an obiter dictum, a needless expression of individual opinion and made simply for political effect.

On all these points Mr. Ewing answers the objections fully and conclusively, and he shows beyond doubt that the Court was bound to decide as it did according to the Constitution and that it was the opinion of seven of the nine judges, and that what are denounced as obiter dicta are necessary and essential parts of the Decision; and especially was it necessary as to the Missouri Compromise, because Scott's counsel urged that as the ground of the claim of citizenship.

This book and the author's other volume, "Northern Rebellion and Southern Secession," should be read, studied, and

digested by every man who would know the truth as to the history of that fearful conflict which destroyed slavery and also overthrew the Constitution of the United States adopted by the fathers.

"THE SPIRIT OF THE SOUTH."

"The Spirit of the South" is a compilation of orations, essays, and lectures by Col. William H. Stewart, of Portsmouth, Va., a veteran of the Confederate service. The book is of rare merit, being written in choice, scholarly English and glowing imagery. Every word seems to fit into its surroundings with the perfection and beauty of a Florentine Mosaic.

Most of these essays have already attained wide celebrity, especially the brilliant tribute to Lee and the close and clear-cut delineation of the character of Thomas Jefferson, whom he terms "the largest and brightest fixed star in the political firmament of the United States." The Jeffersonian simplicity applied only to outward show, for his grasp of circumstances and mighty wielding of power were far from simple. His advocacy of the franchise was bestowed only when the voter could read and write, and his strenuous advocacy of the establishment of a law that "no person shall be capable of acting in any office, civil, military, or ecclesiastical," who had expended money to attain that office would appall the political boss of the present day, though it might serve as a drastic cure of the body politic.

This essay on Jefferson might be incorporated in the curriculum of every school with decided advantage to the scholars. Stewart's fealty to his country is embodied in his poem.

BOTH STRONG AND WISE.

In the future some historian shall come forth strong and wise,
With a love of the republic and the truth before his eyes;
He will show the subtle causes of the War between the States;
He will go back in his studies far beyond our modern dates;
He will trace our hostile ideas as a miner does his lodes;
He will show the different habits of different social codes;
He will show the Union riven, and the picture will deplore;
He will show it reunited and stronger than before.
Slow and patient, fair and truthful must the coming teacher be
To show how the knife was sharpened that was ground to
prune the tree.
He will hold the scales of justice, he will measure praise and
blame,
And the South will stand the verdict, and stand it without
blame!

Capt. M. S. Cockrill and Dr. W. J. McMurray, of the Executive Committee for the Tennessee Confederate Soldiers' Home, worked together constantly and gratuitously for many years in behalf of the inmates of the Home. They traveled thousands of miles in their private conveyances. Besides these, several others served—Maj. R. H. Dudley, ex-Mayor of Nashville; Mr. J. B. O'Bryan, who so efficiently served as chairman at our first great Confederate Reunion, and since his death the place has been filled by Mr. Ed R. Richardson, a leading merchant of Nashville; and Dr. McMurray's place has been ably filled by Mr. Tim Johnson, who resides at Antioch, a few miles out of Nashville. Capt. M. S. Cockrill said in a tree-planting ceremony recently: "I plant this tree to the memory of Dr. W. J. McMurray. May it grow as straight as his character, and may its shade be as comforting as his friendship!"

MORE HISTORY OF SAM DAVIS.

BY HON. N. W. BAPTIST, COVINGTON, TENN.

[A letter of inquiry was sent to Mr. Baptist, and the following facts are given in answer to that letter.]

Your favor of the 6th inst. was received this morning. Of course I would do anything to serve you or the cause you represent. As soon as your letter was received I phoned Randal and had him come to my office at once, where for one hour I listened to a story full of interest and pathos.

John S. Randal was born near the boundary line of Canada, and when he was six years old moved with his father to the State of Michigan, where he lived near Benton Harbor until about twenty-one years ago, when he removed with his family to this town and county and engaged in the sawmill and lumber business. He has lived here ever since, and is sixty-six years old. He served nearly four years in the 66th Illinois Regiment during the Civil War.

Some time after the fall of Vicksburg, while at Eastport, on the Tennessee River, he was sent in a detail of twenty-five men from his regiment as an escort to General Dodge. He does not remember the name of the captain who commanded the escort. He knew Capt. W. S. Boyd very well, and states that he commanded a company in his regiment, but was not in command of the detail mentioned. However, he recollects the names of several who were in the detail of twenty-five men, and will furnish them later should you desire.

While in Pulaski as an escort to General Dodge he was ordered, together with four or five other members of the escort, to accompany a half dozen scouts down the road from Pulaski toward Lawrenceburg for some special duty, the nature of which was not communicated to him or the other men by the officer in command until later on. After going down the Lawrenceburg road about eight or ten miles, they came to a crossroad, where the officer in command ordered a halt and had his men to dismount and secrete themselves in the bushes near by. Some time afterwards they discovered two men on horseback coming up the road toward them. Both were dressed in Confederate uniforms and one of them had on the uniform of a Confederate captain. As soon as these two men had approached within half pistol shot under command of their officer the detail arose from their concealment with their guns leveled upon the two parties and commanded them to halt and dismount, which they did.

The man who appeared in the Confederate captain's uniform was a Federal officer and Federal spy known as "Captain Chickasaw." The other man, apparently about seventeen or eighteen years old, was Sam Davis. He was searched, but no arms were found upon his person. He had over his shoulder what Randal calls a hank of cotton yarn, and in a cloth haversack he had a ball of cotton yarn about the size of a man's double fist. He was questioned closely, but refused to talk about anything connected with his presence there or his business. In searching his pockets they found a sheet of paper with the names of the commands and the officers attached to the same then in Pulaski under General Dodge. They immediately had the two men to remount and the detail took them back that evening to Pulaski. Randal says that on the way back he was impressed with the manly face and demeanor of Sam Davis, and before the direful tragedy was enacted was thoroughly convinced that he was no ordinary man.

Either that evening or the next morning, Randal does not now remember, he and one other comrade were ordered to accompany Captain Chickasaw back to the place of the cap-

ture of Davis and bring back the hank and ball of cotton yarn which they had thrown on the ground at the time of the capture. They found it and returned to Pulaski. On opening the ball of yarn the papers, showing disposition of troops, etc., were discovered.

On the day of the execution of Davis Randal was on his horse within six feet of the scaffold, and heard distinctly every word uttered by the officer, who promised him in the name of General Dodge release or to send him under flag of truce, mounted on a good horse, into the Confederate lines if he would disclose the name of the party who gave him the information. He heard distinctly Sam Davis's reply when he told the Federal officer that he was nothing more than a private in the Confederate army, that the man who gave him the information was worth ten thousand times more to the Confederate cause than he was, and that if he had a thousand lives he would give them all rather than betray the man who placed confidence in him. Randal says that when the officer rode up to the scaffold and spoke to Davis they both sat down on the steps of the scaffold, and that the conversation above mentioned occurred while they were both seated, but in distinct tones of voice. He states further that when Davis ended his speech he seemed impatient under the importunities of the Federal officer and at once rose and stepped back upon the scaffold, indicating a desire if they intended to hang him that they would proceed at once.

Randal says he never in all his life witnessed such a pathetic and heroic scene; that he sat on his horse with the tears streaming down his face, and he saw many other Federal soldiers in tears.

Randal is a good citizen and much esteemed by all good people here. He is a modest man, and I am certain that the first time his story was ever told was in my office this morning. When I approached him, he freely gave me the facts, and added that he had thought many times during the past twenty years that he would write out a full account of the whole transaction, culminating in the death of Davis, and publish it; but had been restrained by the thought that perhaps as a Federal soldier he had better not mix up in the matter.

HOW CHICKASAW AND SAM DAVIS HAPPENED TO BE TOGETHER.

Subsequent inquiry of Colonel Baptist as to what Mr. Randal thought of the conditions that placed Chickasaw and Sam Davis together brought forth the following:

"Mr. Randal does not recall any conversation he had with Captain Chickasaw with reference to how he met up with Sam Davis on the morning of his capture; but his recollection is that he heard at the time how the meeting took place between Chickasaw and Davis, and that he got the information from Davis himself. The facts as he recollects them were about as follows: Some Confederate had made his escape from prison in Pulaski, and Captain Chickasaw had been detailed to search for and recapture him. Sam Davis was within the Federal lines and wished to get back to his command or at least to the Confederate lines somewhere near Decatur, and had been told by some citizen or citizens in the neighborhood that there was a Confederate captain, possibly a conscripting officer, also within the Federal lines and somewhere near Pulaski who was going to Decatur, Ala., in a few days, and Davis while searching for that officer fell in with Captain Chickasaw, who evidently caught on to the situation and led Davis into the trap which resulted in his capture.

"Mr. Randal, although not one of the guard detailed to

guard Davis while in Pulaski, and several other young Federal soldiers about the age of Davis were permitted to go in and talk with Davis while being guarded, and they were directed to ascertain if possible from Davis in general conversation and in an unguarded moment while jollyng as boys who the person was that gave Davis the information as to the military situation within the Federal lines around Pulaski. Mr. Randal also thinks that there were some shrewd detectives detailed for the same purpose, and that these detectives were put in the prison with Davis apparently as captured Confederate soldiers.

"Mr. Randal says the Federal officers at Pulaski showed the greatest anxiety to save the life of the boy and get the name of his informant; also that the opinion prevailed that his informant was wearing the uniform of the Federal army, and that his detection and capture were of the utmost importance to the Union."

SAM DAVIS A THEME BY JOSHUA BROWN.

At a meeting of the Southern Society and "the Dixie dinner" on February 22 Joshua Brown, a member, talked of Sam Davis. He gave the scriptural quotation, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends," as introductory, and added:

"In the trying days of our Civil War it fell to my lot to witness one of the sublimest acts of heroism that have ever been recorded in the annals of the world. All ages and in great crises all races of men have produced their heroes and martyrs; but in the incident I propose to narrate there was something so unusual, so much more than ordinarily pathetic and sublime that I cannot but believe it will stand apart in our history.

"In a company of scouts with which I served as a soldier in 1863 I had as one of my comrades a Tennessee lad, Samuel Davis. We had been sent within the Federal lines to obtain information deemed of great importance to General Bragg, then in command of the Confederate army near Chattanooga. Plans of the forts about Nashville and other important data had been obtained, and our chief of scouts, known as Captain Coleman, intrusted these papers to Sam Davis to convey to General Bragg. In the effort to cross the Tennessee River we were captured and the papers concealed beneath the seat of Davis's saddle and in his boots were discovered.

"Gen. Grenville M. Dodge, commanding the United States forces in that department, was very anxious to discover the source from which Davis had obtained these important documents. This distinguished officer says: 'I took him into my private office at my headquarters and told him of the very serious charge against him, that he was a spy, having concealed upon his person accurate information in regard to my army, and I must know where he obtained it. I endeavored to impress upon him the danger of his situation, fearing that he did not realize it. Up to this time he said nothing; but when I made this remark, he said in the most respectful and dignified manner: "General Dodge, I know my danger, and I am willing to face it." I still insisted that he should tell me, and that there was no chance for his life unless he gave me the source of his information. He then replied: "I know that I will have to die; but I will not tell where I got the information, and there is no power on earth that can make me tell. You are doing your duty as a soldier and I am doing mine. If I have to die, I do so feeling I am doing my duty to God and my country." I pleaded with and urged him with all the power I possessed to give me some chance to save his life, for I saw he was a most admirable young lad of the highest

character. I offered him his freedom, a pass through the lines with his horse, and told him no one would know of this but myself. His one reply was: "It is useless to talk to me, for I do not intend to do it. You can court-martial me, but I will not betray the trust imposed upon me." He thanked me for the interest I had taken in him, and I sent him back to prison. I immediately called a court-martial to try him.'

"He was executed on November 27, 1863. On that Friday morning we heard the drums and saw a regiment of infantry march from the jail. Sam Davis was seated on his coffin in the wagon as they moved to the gallows. He looked around and saw us at the window of the prison with Captain Shaw, our commander, known as 'Captain Coleman,' the man who had given Davis the papers. Davis arose from the coffin and gave us a last farewell salute, which was the most dramatic act I have ever seen. Captain Shaw with great feeling and sorrow said: 'If Davis tells, we will all be hung; but he will not tell.' The officer who had been detailed to superintend the execution said to Davis: 'I regret having to do this. I feel that I would almost rather die myself than do what I have to do.' Davis replied: 'I do not think hard of you. You are doing your duty.'

"At this critical moment, with the noose about his neck, a member of General Dodge's staff approached the boy and asked him if he would not give him the name of the one from whom he received the papers found upon him, adding: 'Davis, it is not too late yet.' Standing there with the rope about his neck, with perfect composure, this heroic lad said to the officer: 'Thank General Dodge for his efforts to save me, but say to him that if I had a thousand lives I would lose them all here before I would betray my friends or the confidence of my informer.' And turning to the provost marshal, he said: 'I am ready.' Thus passed away one of the sublimest and noblest characters in history, one who died for principle, his duty to his comrades, and a patriot to his country.

"Proudly may we of the South hand down to the ages the name of Sam Davis, for 'none died with greater glory than he, though many died and there was much glory.'"

FATHER BLEMILL AND CAPTAIN GRACIE.

W. L. Jett, Frankfort, Ky., writes: "The 2d Kentucky Infantry may overlook your giving the 6th Kentucky credit for the fighting they did at Hartsville; but when you undertake to transfer the chaplain of the 4th Kentucky Infantry to the 'Bloody Tenth Tennessee,' the 4th will not stand for it. Father Blemill lost his life praying for a mortally wounded soldier. He was ours; no other shall claim him. There is only a handful of the 4th Kentucky left; but there will be trouble in Tennessee if you don't give up the gallant, glorious, martyred priest-chaplain of the 4th Kentucky."

Ed Porter Thompson's "History of the Orphan Brigade," page 274, credits Thomas Owen through the Sunny South with the following in regard to Father Blemill: "He was of French extraction and a priest of the Catholic Church. He served as chaplain of the 4th Kentucky Infantry. His faithfulness to every duty endeared him to Protestants as well as Catholics. He knew no difference in his ministrations. In the battle of Jonesboro, Ga., he was killed by the explosion of a shell. General Lewis, as our forces fell back from an impossible undertaking, saw Father Blemill kneel by a wounded South Carolinian, Captain Gracie, and raise his hands in prayer, and at that instant a cannon ball from the enemy's gun cut off his head. When the dead were gathered from that gory field, Captain Gracie and Father Blemill lay side by side."

A WORD FROM McNEEL

To the Daughters of the Confederacy

IN REGARD to that Confederate monument which your Chapter has been talking about and planning for since you first organized. Why not buy it NOW and have it erected before all the old veterans have answered the final roll call?

Why wait and worry about raising funds? Our terms to U. D. C. Chapters are so liberal and our plans for raising funds are so effective as to obviate the necessity of either waiting or worrying.

During the last three or four years we have sold Confederate monuments to thirty-seven of your sister Chapters in this and adjoining States, the names of which we give below. None of these Chapters have experienced any difficulty in raising sufficient funds to meet their payments under the liberal terms of their contracts with us, although only a very few of them had but small amounts in hand at the time they placed their order. Another fact to which we desire to call your attention is that the experience of these thirty-seven Chapters in each and every case has been that it is much easier to raise funds after you have bought the monument than before.

We have sold the U. D. C. Chapters in the following cities: Jasper, Ala., Eufaula, Ala., Gadsden, Ala., Monroe, Ga., Washington, Ga., Warrenton, Ga., Lumpkin, Ga., Union, S. C., Lafayette, Ga., Prattville, Ala., Clayton, Ala., Marietta, Ga., Jonesville, S. C., Ocala, Fla., Cedartown, Ga., Bennettsville, S. C., Lumberton, N. C., Thomas-ton, Ga., Perry, Ga., Hawkinsville, Ga., Hartwell, Ga., Rome, Ga., Eatonton, Ga., Syl-
vania, Ga., Moultrie, Ga., Cartersville, Ga., Chester, S. C., Troy, Ala., Madison, Ga., Abbeville, Ga., Statesboro, Ga., Lawrenceville, Ga., Millen, Ga., Madison, Fla., Demop-
olis, Ala., Blakely, Ga., Russellville, Ala., the General John B. Gordon monument, Cap-
itol grounds, Atlanta, Ga.

The above Chapters bought monuments ranging in price from \$1,250 to \$22,500. A majority of these have been erected, and in every case we have received letters of thanks, and in many cases committees write that their monuments have exceeded their expectations.

Our designs, our prices, our work, our business methods have pleased them, and we can please you.

What your sister Chapters have done, you can do.

Would you like to know the easiest, the quickest, and the most successful plans for raising funds for Confederate monuments? If so, write us.

The information will only cost you the price of a postal, and it may be worth a monument to you. WRITE TO-DAY.

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PROPRIETORS

L. Hall, 534 South Harwood Street, Dallas, Tex., who served in Company C, 43d Alabama Regiment, Gracie's Brigade, commissioned by President Davis as first lieutenant of the regiment in 1864, and who was left on the battlefield of Sailor's Creek (or High Bridge), supposed to be mortally wounded, would be glad to hear from any of his old regiment who may be living in Texas. He was carried to the hospital at City Point and later to Lincoln Hospital at Washington, and reached his home, in Greene County, Ala., in July, 1865.

Shortly before the Civil War William I. F. Purnell went from his home, in Maryland, to Jackson, Miss., supposedly to practice medicine, as he had fitted himself for that profession. It is known that he entered the Confederate army, and his daughter now seeks to learn where and how he served. Any information may be sent to A. R. Barrett, 42 West Coulter Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A. V. Blondell, of Frederick City, Md., wants the address of Watson C. Morgan, who was wounded in the battle of South Mountain, if he is still living. Write Comrade Blondell in care of J. L. Mitchell.

J. Phipps, 1603 San Jacinto Street, Austin, Tex., wishes to procure Volume II. of "War between the States," by Alexander H. Stephens, and the same volume of "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government" in any binding. He has the first volumes of these sets. They must be in good condition.

The Confederate Memorial Literary Society, of Richmond, Va., needs several numbers to complete its file of the VETERAN, and would be glad to hear from any one who can supply them. The numbers are January, February, March, 1893; October and November, 1894; and November, 1904. Write to Miss Susie B. Harrison, Assistant House Regent, of what you can supply.

Rev. Waldo W. Moore, of Homewood, Scott County, Miss., writes that he wishes to secure the sword of his father, Capt. A. M. Moore, of Company I, 40th Alabama Regiment, who was captured at Noonday Creek, Ga., in June, 1864, and his sword taken from him. His name with company and regiment was engraved upon it. Any information of it will be appreciated.

Surviving comrades of William C. Wallace, who served with a Kentucky regiment in Kirby Smith's command, will confer a favor by writing to his widow, Mrs. William C. Wallace, Pleasant Street, Gainesville, Fla., any information of his service, so she may be enabled to get a pension.

C. W. Bell, Adjutant of the Camp U. C. V. of St. Petersburg, Fla., reports its good condition, with twenty-nine members after having been organized less than two years, and over half of these being live, enthusiastic workers. Only two deaths have occurred in the membership since organization, those being E. B. Plunkett and N. B. Ellis. This Camp was represented at Birmingham in 1908, and expects to be at Memphis with a strong showing.

C. S. A. VETERAN GRAVE MARKERS

Orders recently received and shipped:

Mrs. H. A. Rugeley, Bay City, Tex.,	12 markers.
Miss Jane McKeehan, Fayetteville, N.C.,	60
Mrs. B. D. Lamar, Augusta, Ga.,	52
Mr. J. S. Drakeford, Tuskegee, Ala.,	100
Mrs. L. A. Bergeron, Calvert, Tex.,	110

Mrs. Bergeron says these markers fill a long-felt want, and all those who have seen sample are well pleased and she will recommend them.

Send me 25 cents in stamps for sample big star by mail. I don't furnish flags. Price, 25 cents each, with iron rod ready to set. Fifty or sixty markers will go as cheap by freight as twenty-five. Address

Wm. H. BIRGE, Franklin, Pa.



If afflicted with SORE EYES Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Unusual engagements for articles in this issue after the first forms were made compel the postponement to May of several important papers intended for April. In the Last Roll, for instance, sketches of Chaplain General J. William Jones and Mr. John C. Kennedy, who was of the Sam Davis Monument Committee, and several others are delayed. Contributors should send what they desire in early issues as promptly as practicable.

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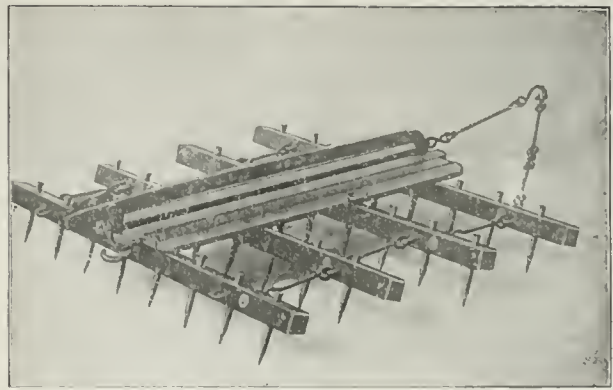
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The VETERAN commends unstintedly the reliability of Mr. Wakefield and guarantees the return of money if results are not satisfactory. The Harrows are made directly under his personal supervision. Write to him for particulars.

B. W. Witcher, of Summit, Ala., desires to hear from any one who belonged to Company C, 1st Confederate Regiment, made up in Atlanta, Ga., which went out under Capt. J. R. Rhodes, and was afterwards under Capt. Dan Pittman. Comrade Witcher was wounded at Missionary Ridge, and again at Jonesboro, Ga., and then sent to Macon, Ga., where he was at the surrender.

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W. AMOS MOORE, C. V., Mackay Building, San Antonio, Texas

D. M. Cloud, Adjutant of U. C. V. Camp at Benton, Ark., wishes to get in communication with some comrades of Amos James, who was a member of Captain Griffin's company of Spate's Texas Regiment, which was paroled at Galveston in April, 1865. This information is needed in helping Comrade James to get a pension.

Mr. J. Ben Fuqua, Clerk and Master, Waverly, Tenn., wishes to procure a copy of the poem on General Lee in which occur the lines:

"He did not die, but on that day in Lexington

Time held the stirrup while he mounted and rode the streets of gold."

Perhaps some reader of the VETERAN can furnish a copy of this poem, which he is very anxious to secure.

The known survivors of the "Coleman Scouts," of which Sam Davis was a member, are: — Moore, Columbia, Tenn.; William Roberts, Fosterville, Tenn.; A. H. Douglas and E. M. Patterson, Nashville; Bob Cotton, Franklin; and Thomas Joplin, Hermitage, Tenn.

I. S. Standefer, of Roscoe, Tex., seeks information of his brother, Abram P. Standefer, who joined Capt. Adam Johnson's company, which went from Burnett, Tex., and was attached to Gen. John Morgan's command. This brother was with Morgan on his raid into Indiana, but escaped, and was afterwards lost in battle. A man of the same name was a prisoner at Rock Island. Any information of him from surviving comrades will be appreciated.

R. D. Reynolds, of Fort Myers, Fla., writes that Walter S. Turner, who served in Company I, 30th North Carolina Regiment of Infantry, wishes to locate some member of that company who can testify as to his service in the Confederate army. He has had financial reverses and wishes to apply for a pension.

William W. Old, Esq., of Norfolk, Va., wishes to make up the first six volumes of the VETERAN, and those having any of these volumes complete or in part will kindly write him as to price and condition.

William Love, of Greensboro, N. C., would like to hear from W. L. Edwards, of Company K, 47th North Carolina Regiment, or any of his children. His last-known address was Prairie Home, Mo.

Confederate Soldiers

their widows and children, who have claims for horses and equipments taken from the soldier by Federal troops, in violation of the terms of his surrender, must file same before **May 30, 1909**, or they will be forever barred. The undersigned prosecutes these claims; makes no charge unless the claim is allowed; 25 per cent if collected.

Respectfully,
W. L. JETT, Attorney, Frankfort, Ky.



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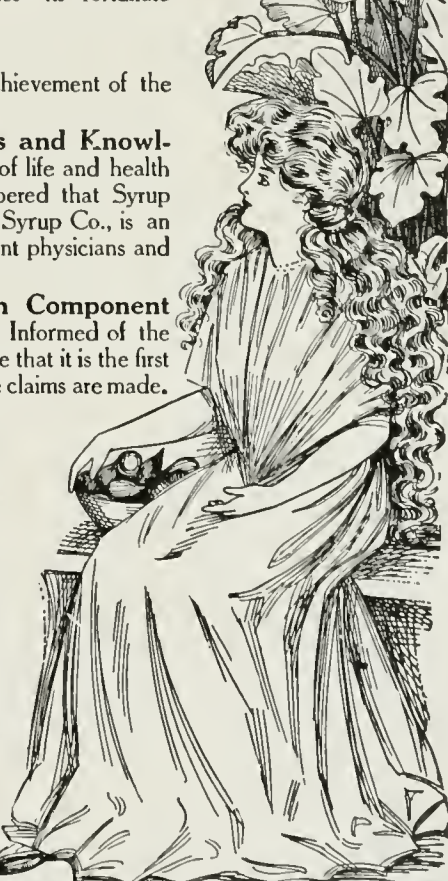
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Known Quality, Known Excellence and Known Component Parts and has won the valuable patronage of millions of the Well Informed of the world, who know of their own personal knowledge and from actual use that it is the first and best of family laxatives, for which no extravagant or unreasonable claims are made.

This valuable remedy has been long and favorably known under the name of—Syrup of Figs—and has attained to world-wide acceptance as the most excellent family laxative. As its pure laxative principles, obtained from Senna, are well known to physicians and the Well Informed of the world to be the best we have adopted the more elaborate name of—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—as more fully descriptive of the remedy, but doubtless it will always be called for by the shorter name of—Syrup of Figs—and to get its beneficial effects, always note, when purchasing the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup

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The course of *The Nashville American* will be its bid for the patronage it will seek, and the maintenance of the business it at present enjoys. Should its future conduct win the approval of the people it will serve, *The Nashville American* will have fulfilled the earnest mission of its publisher.

For eighty years *The Nashville American* has been printed in Davidson County. In that time it has waged many battles for just principles; at times, perhaps, its course has been criticised. Newspapers, like men, are not infallible. *The Nashville American* has made its measure of mistakes, as we all at times have erred, but it has a superabundance of honorable traditions which it is the hope of the new publisher to sacredly preserve. As for the rest, the slate is clean; the past is behind, and the course set for a new *Nashville American*—we hope the best *Nashville American*.

Read *The Nashville American*. We believe you will like it
WE KNOW YOU WILL RESPECT IT

The Nashville American

OF TENNESSEE

Confederate Veteran.

Vol. XVII.

MAY, 1909.

No. 5.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER.

An index to the articles in this number is not given as usual. There are too many subjects for the space on this page.

The Jefferson Davis birthplace has been secured, thanks to the patriotism and liberality of Comrade Bennett H. Young for advancing the balance necessary. The Sam Davis Monument has been dedicated. Reunion notices are given.

In the sixty-four pages there are strong articles: "A Mean Report of Our Negro Problem;" "Varied War Experiences;" "Grant's Narrow Escape at Vicksburg;" "C. S. A. Soldiers' Burial Ritual;" "Fall of Richmond;" "Experiences in the Enemy's Lines;" "Duel between Gens. (A. S.) Johnston and Huston;" "Battle of Natural Bridge, Fla.;" "John Brown's Execution at Charlestown;" "The Battlefield of Nashville;" "Hard Fighting at Nashville and Munfordville;" "An Annuity for Confederates" (suggested); "Correspondence by Confederates;" "Fighting at Spottsylvania C. H.;" "A Soldier's Epitaph;" "Boy Memories of the War;" "Rambling Thoughts of the Civil War;" "Wilcox's Alabama Brigade at Gettysburg;" "Hardships of Georgia Regulars;" "Ninth Kentucky Cavalry, C. S. A.;" "The Withams Breech-Loading Cannon;" "Name Replaced on Cabin John Bridge;" "Perilous Service at Fredericksburg;" "Last Roll;" Etc.



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The business of this company is growing so rapidly that it is now desirable to increase the capital from \$150,000 to \$250,000; and for that purpose it offers all of its treasury stock (\$100,000 worth) at par, \$10 a share, the proceeds of which are to be turned into the treasury of the company to further enlarge the scope of its business. The stock is issued under the direction of Mr. Edward S. Munford, Vice President of the National City Bank, of Washington, D. C. This house was established by its present officers, has been continuously under their management, and they will continue to direct its affairs.

Eight years ago (our company was organized in March, 1901) the South, with a population of nearly twenty millions, was almost without current literature of its own; now, as the result of our work, there are hundreds of Southern writers. We have hundreds of Southern books in active circulation, and several hundred Southerners are now preparing work that it is probable we will issue. There are few Southern authors whose work is of value that do not publish their books through us. Ours is the most distinctive house in the United States, and in building up our prestige as the publishers of Southern books we have not neglected to develop the house from the national and international aspects.

The company has met all of its obligations to the entire satisfaction of all that it has done business with from the time that it was incorporated. It has never been sued, hence no judgment has ever been rendered against it; and in the few suits that it has instituted each has been decided in its favor in the lower courts and upon appeal.

In these eight years the company has increased its assets out of its earnings by more than \$150,000, besides having paid cash dividends on all outstanding stock, the last of which was ten per cent.

Our authorized capital stock is \$250,000, of which \$150,000 has been issued.

In listing our assets at more than \$150,000 in excess of our liabilities we do not include copyrights, plates of publications (which plates enable us to produce further editions at a small cost), and contracts that we have made for the publication of books that have not been issued as yet. For instance, we do not take into consideration our contract with Ambrose Bierce for the publication of his collected works in ten volumes, the initial edition of which will be two hundred and fifty sets, at \$100 a set, with the sole right to us to publish in book form all of his writings for the future, as well as those of the past—and his works are a part of permanent American literature. The real value of our assets—after deducting our relatively insignificant liabilities, amounting to approximately \$12,500—is much in excess of \$150,000.

In building up our business we have paid in cash for advertising alone more than \$50,000, while thousands of columns of reviews of our publications have been printed in the leading newspapers and magazines of the United States and Great Britain without cost to us. We do not recall any newspaper or magazine of importance that has a literary department that does not review our books.

We have established a clientele that we estimate to be not less than thirty thousand families, and includes every dealer in books in the United States that we deem responsible and some of the leading dealers abroad. Our customers include the more important of the public libraries in the United States (nearly all of them that have funds for the purchase of books). About eight

thousand customers buy our publications of us at retail, constituting our Mail Order Department.

Great values to the company already have been earned, but are yet to be developed to their fullest from year to year. This is the only publishing house that is distinctively Southern while national and international in its literature. There is a great educational awakening in the South, and the twenty millions of Southern people in that section, aside from the Southern people in other parts of the United States, with great pride are developing their literature. The South is growing rapidly through the influx of population from abroad and from different parts of this country, and the new settlers are compelled to know Southern history and to obtain all of the literature that it is possible for them to secure that bears upon their new home. From the beginning we have had the future of our house in view, and our publications have been selected because of the permanency of their value. Thus "Four Years under Marse Robert," a two-dollar book, by a man who was known only locally at the time that we first published it, five years ago, is now selling at the rate of 1,120 copies a year.

The business has been conducted conservatively from the beginning, and this is shown by the fact that of the hundreds of publications that we have issued we have outstanding less than two thousand dollars, representing about fifteen books, where we have not received as yet the expense of production, which expense without doubt ultimately will be received by us.

We opened our offices in New York City in the Flatiron Building in 1903, and we are now in our sixth year in that building. We still occupy the building, 431 Eleventh Street, Washington, D. C., our first home, and we rent two other places for warehouses—one in New York City, West and Hubert Streets; the other, 929 D Street N. W., Washington. Thus our stock is scattered, with little fire risk.

We are in a position—and no other house is in such a position—to issue at a small expense relatively a magazine that shall be devoted to world literature, international in scope, yet distinctively Southern in much the same sense that the *Atlantic* relates to New England and *Harper's* to the Middle Atlantic States. It is hardly possible that our following of something like thirty thousand wealthy Southern customers alone should fail to pay three dollars a year for such a magazine. It is our opinion and that of those well informed that we have consulted that the magazine should have a circulation within five years of fully one hundred thousand. It would have a clear field and would be a monopoly. No one could enter our field and hope to compete with us in the publication of such a magazine.

Upon a circulation of ten thousand our magazine would net expenses, and all over that circulation a net profit to us upon the circulation alone would be one dollar a year for each subscriber. The advertising possibilities are immense. It would be the only medium in the South that could be used for high-grade illustrated advertisements. In our opinion the magazine within a few years would net quite as much as *Harper's* and the *Century*—as much as \$250,000 a year. The advantage to our book publishing business from such a magazine would be hard to compute.

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W. W. Prickett, of Allatoona, Ga., who served in Company A, 1st Georgia Cavalry, wishes to prove his record while in prison at Chattanooga, Tenn., in July, 1864. He would like to hear from the sergeant in charge of the prison at the time if he is still living. Any comrade who remembers him: will please write.

James A. Phillips, of Hughes Springs, Cass County, Tex. (R. R. No. 3, Box 19), would like to hear from any surviving comrades of the 1st South Carolina Regiment who can testify as to his service in Fort Sumter with that regiment. He is in distress and need, and hopes to get a pension if his service can be proved.

J. A. Taylor, Morton, Miss., is anxious to get any information of F. C. McNeily, who volunteered from Morton, Miss., in Company G, 28th Mississippi Cavalry, Armstrong's Brigade, Jackson's Division. His home was at Charlotte, Tenn. He was wounded at the battle of Franklin. Mr. Taylor was lieutenant of Company G, 28th Mississippi Cavalry.

Dan Coffman, Kaufman, Tex., wishes to communicate with any comrades of William P. Knight, who was of Forrest's command and acted as a spy for General Forrest during the war. Before and for some years after the war he lived near Nashville, Tenn.; and when he died in Texas, in 1901, he had about reached the century mark.

Milton M. McLaurine, of Ballsville, Va., would like to hear from any surviving comrades of the 18th Mississippi or 17th Alabama, in which commands his brothers served. He and two other brothers were in the Powhatan Troop, 4th Virginia Cavalry, and another brother (a cripple) in some reserve command in Alabama. His father gave six sons to the Confederate army.

L. F. Airheart, of Kemp, Tex., is anxious to hear from any surviving member of Company H (commanded by Captain Dickey), Thompson's Regiment, Shelby's Brigade. He was captured at Little Rock, Ark., in September, 1863, and sent to Camp Morton, where he stayed eighteen months. Anderson Boyd, Sam McAdams, and Will Bowels were with him in prison, and he would be glad to hear from them or any others who knew him as a Confederate soldier, as he wishes to apply for a pension.

A soldier of Terry's Texas Rangers named Grable, his first name thought to be Charles, was wounded in a fight near Woodburn, Warren County, Ky., and was left at Henderson White's, on Drake's Creek, for several days. He gave to Miss Relda White, a young daughter of the house, a silver Texas star which he wore. He was afterwards carried to Louisville a prisoner and then to Camp Chase. The star is still kept by the recipient, now Mrs. F. A. Bell, who lives at South Union, Ky., and she would be glad to know if the soldier boy is still alive.

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MEN WHO PLAN

For their future welfare accumulate day by day their surplus funds.
Are you accumulating such a fund? There is no safer depository than the

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

of our strong bank, which furnishes you greater security for your deposits than any bank in the State.

The American National Bank of Nashville

"THE ONLY MILLION-DOLLAR NATIONAL BANK IN TENNESSEE"

Capital, Fully Paid	\$1,000,000.00
Shareholders' Liability	1,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits (earned)	570,000.00
Security to Depositors	\$2,670,000.00

Watch Charms

FOR

Confederate Veterans

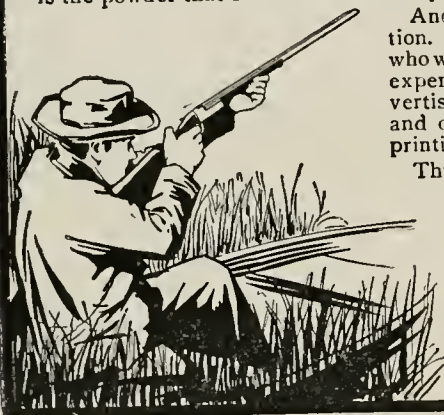
"JACKSON" CHARM as illustrated, \$6.00. Write for illustrations of other styles. List No. 18. "Children of the Confederacy" pins, handsomely enameled, regulation pin, sterling silver, gold plated, 55c. each, postpaid.

S. N. MEYER

Washington, D. C.

GUNNING FOR ORDERS

is much like gunning for birds. You must have a definite aim, because indiscriminate advertising, like indiscriminate shooting, results in empty pockets. The printer furnishes the shot, and postage is the powder that carries it wherever you direct.



And you *must* have good ammunition. Foolish indeed the sportsman who would use pebbles for shot to save expense, yet equally foolish is the advertiser who wastes energy, postage and opportunity on weak, ineffective printing.

Think it over; then let's talk it over. We have furnished ammunition for so many successful campaigns that we know you will find our experience of value.

Anyway, let's talk it over.

BRANDON PRINTING CO.
NASHVILLE, TENN.

The Direct Route to

Washington
Baltimore
Philadelphia
New York and
all Eastern Cities
from the South
and Southwest

is via Bristol and the

Norfolk & Western Ry

Through Trains
Sleepers, Dining Car

Best Route to

Richmond
Norfolk, and all
Virginia Points

WARREN L. ROHR, Western Passenger Agent
Chattanooga Tenn.

W. B. BEVILL, General Passenger Agent
Roanoke, Va.



Confederate
Veterans'
and Sons of
Confederate
Veterans'

UNIFORMS

We are official manufacturers of uniforms and goods you need. Send for catalogue. Our goods are strictly military and guaranteed to give entire satisfaction. Send for catalogue and prices.

THE M. C. LILLEY & CO.
Columbus, Ohio.

20 Post Cards FREE

Home of Andrew Jackson, hunting scenes, views in Washington, D. C., and other souvenir cards of national interest—20 in all—FREE if you send Jno. F. Draughon (), Nashville, Tenn. (mention this paper), names and addresses of 5 or more young people most likely to attend a business college or secure a business education BY MAIL.

IF YOU want to RISE from the DOLLAR-A-DAY class into the FIVE-DOLLAR-A-DAY class, then START RIGHT by asking for FREE catalogue

DRAUGHON'S
Practical Business College
Raleigh, Columbia, Atlanta, Nashville,
Montgomery, Jackson (Miss.),
Little Rock, or Dallas.

Jackson Everly, of Vanvoorhis, Montongalia County, W. Va., wishes information of Maj. James Lapo, of a Missouri regiment, but does not know its number. He was in the battle of Wilson's Creek.

ECZEMA—PILES

PINE TREE OINTMENT CURES

Eczema, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Ringworm, Pimples, Barber's Itch, Baby Rashes, Dandruff and Scaly Scalp QUICKLY. Torturous Itching stops instantly.

"Special" Pine Tree Ointment Cures

Itching, Bleeding and Protruding Piles quickly and permanently. Suffering absolutely stopped at the very beginning of the treatment. These remedies are on sale at up-to-date druggists' or direct from the Laboratory on receipt of 50 cents. R. W. GRAVES, 713 Fatherland Street, Nashville, Tenn.

LET ME DO YOUR SHOPPING

No matter what you want—street suit, wedding trousseau, reception or evening gown—INEXPENSIVE, or handsome and costly—send for my samples and estimates before placing your order. With my years' experience in shopping, my knowledge of styles—being in touch with the leading fashion centers—my conscientious handling of each and every order, whether large or small—I know I can please you.

MRS. CHARLES ELLISON, Urbau Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.

Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month before it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The civil war was too long ago to be called the late war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR.
SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.

VOL. XVII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1909.

No. 5.

J. S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

SENDING SAMPLE COPIES TO FRIENDS.

The editor would like to know how it is that many personal friends who are in sympathy with the purposes of the VETERAN do not more generally subscribe for it. A multitude of such persons are unstinted when they have opportunity to show themselves friendly. Many of them would not hesitate to the amount of several years' subscriptions, and yet they do not order the publication that they would enjoy and which would enable them to keep in touch with the noblest men and women living. The proprietor has never solicited a subscription directly, and does not expect to do so. Of this issue a thousand copies or more will be sent to persons whose patronage would be gratefully appreciated, including many pleasant acquaintances in addition to personal friends. After reading to hand to others would in most instances be appreciated.

OFFICIAL NOTICE OF THE REUNION.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., February 1, 1909.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 5.

I. The General Commanding announces that, according to the custom heretofore in force, which leaves to the General Commanding and the Department Commanders the fixing of the date of the Reunion, the nineteenth annual Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans will be held in the city of Memphis, Tenn., on June 8, 9, 10, 1909, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, respectively, those days having been named by our host as satisfactory. For the fifth time in the brief life of this order the people of Tennessee throw open their doors and invite the survivors of the glorious armies of the Confederacy to partake of their hospitality, while the noble and patriotic citizens of Memphis a second time beg the wearers of the gray to be their guests. They promise that this second welcome to their homes and hearts shall far exceed the grand reception given eight years ago. No city in the South has shown such marked advances in every respect in so short a period of time; and while the cordiality of the present entertainment will be on a broader and wider basis, commensurate with her enlarged condition and greater commercial importance, it will not be, cannot be, more hearty or enthusiastic. * * *

II. The General Commanding with much pleasure announces, at the request of its most energetic President, Mrs. W. J.

Behan, that the Confederated Southern Memorial Association will hold its meeting at the same time.

III. The General Commanding sincerely hopes that the press of the entire country will endeavor to stir up interest in the coming meeting, and to this end he requests that this order be published and editorial comment made thereon.

CLEMENT A. EVANS, *General Commanding.*

WM. E. MICKLE, *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff*

JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME SECURED

BY CAPT. JOHN H. LEATHERS, LOUISVILLE, KY.

The Jefferson Davis Home at Fairview, Christian and Todd Counties, Ky., comprising about sixteen acres of beautiful land, has been bought and paid for in cash.

The acquisition of the property has been made possible by a generous Kentucky Confederate advancing a large part of the money needed to pay the cash for the property, and it now belongs to the Jefferson Davis Home Association.

It remains for the people of the South to furnish the funds to erect a fitting memorial to the exalted name and services of a man who deserves the love and affection of the Southern people. Mr. Davis stood for constitutional liberty for which the very flower of the youth of the South poured out their blood on a thousand battlefields, and their survivors and their descendants should see to it that there is erected to Mr. Davis's memory on the soil where he first saw the light a tribute to his sacrifices and sufferings and labors for the land and the people he loved.

The great North and the great West will see to it that a large fund is poured out freely to appropriately honor the name and fame of Abraham Lincoln at his birthplace. The South alone by voluntary subscription must furnish the money to equally honor our beloved President. Let every Camp of Confederate Veterans, every Camp of Sons of Veterans, every Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy, and every patriotic Southern man and woman take some part in this noble work. We now own his birthplace, and we want \$50,000, and will get it, to erect a fitting memorial to Jefferson Davis.

A list of subscribers will be published monthly in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Send subscriptions to the Treasurer at Louisville, Ky., or, if more convenient, to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN at Nashville, and a beautiful certificate of membership in the Jefferson Davis Home Association will be promptly forwarded to you. The sooner the money is raised, the sooner the memorial will be erected.

JEFFERSON DAVIS'S BIRTHPLACE SECURED.

The VETERAN is pleased to announce to the people of the South that the birthplace of Jefferson Davis has been secured for the purpose of erecting on it a suitable memorial to that great and good man, and that what the North has done for Mr. Lincoln's birthplace the South may do for Mr. Davis's.

The VETERAN has worked without stint for the consummation of this object, and its editor attended the first meeting of the Orphan Brigade, in which the project was promulgated, nineteen months ago. General Buckner and his associates took up the project promptly and secured the coöperation of other friends in Kentucky, and a corporation was organized to secure and hold the land necessary for the consummation of the plan. The conception of this most worthy object was by Dr. C. C. Brown, now of Bowling Green, Ky.

Options were taken by the late W. B. Brewer April 27, 1908, good for one year. The early responses to the call for funds to purchase the required ground in Fairview, mainly in Todd County, on the line of Christian County, were not sufficient to give the management of the enterprise any great hope; but sentiment has grown rapidly. In the March VETERAN Gen. Bennett H. Young prepared a call which gave renewed impetus to the movement, and there has been collected about \$3,000. The options could not be extended, however, and it looked as if the enterprise, on the plan espoused, would fail. Seven thousand dollars was the least that would buy the land. Great-hearted and prosperous Gen. Bennett H. Young offered to advance the amount required to secure the five blocks of land in Fairview needed to assure sufficient space for all purposes. The erection of a memorial hall or suitable monument and park area was thus secured.

General Young and Mr. Cunningham went to Fairview and closed the options, making the payments and taking deeds to about seventeen acres of land, which, as stated, is sufficient for the objects of the corporation. Friends there took the most active interest in behalf of the Association purchases.

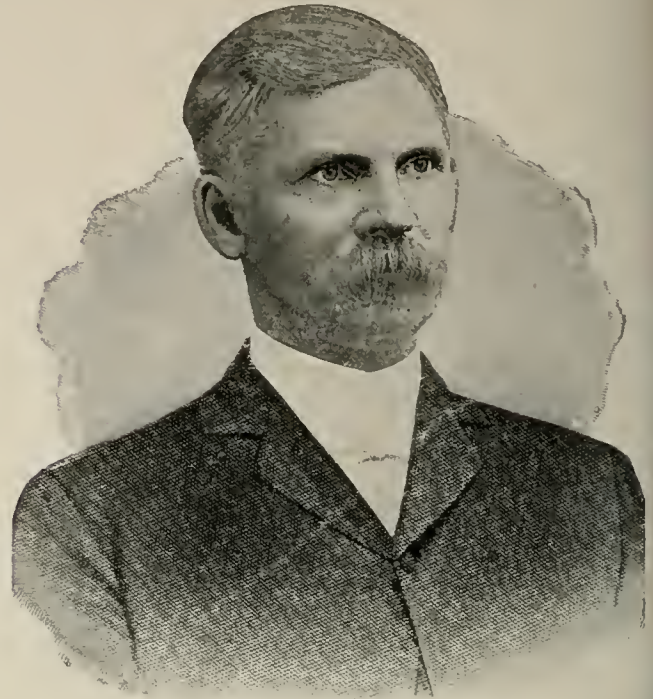
At seven o'clock in the morning the representatives of the Jefferson Davis Home Association had driven to Fairview from Hopkinsville over a delightful turnpike, and at once began the preparation of the papers. W. B. Reeves, Jr., an attorney of the Association, drove over from Elkton, the county seat of Todd County, and certified that the titles were all right. The property of Dr. C. B. Woosley, containing nine acres with a handsome two-story house, was the first parcel conveyed. General Young laid down a \$5,000 package of legal tender, and the Doctor executed and delivered the first deed which made the memorial a success.

General Young, with the assistance of Mr. Reeves, soon wrote and had signed all conveyances, and by ten o'clock the routine work was completed, and the birthplace of Jefferson Davis was secured for public use.

The loyal friends in Fairview, Dr. S. E. Stuart, Messrs. Wiles, Vaughan, Yancey, and others, were overjoyed at the outcome, many of the people in the village having predicted that the efforts would end in failure. It meant much to Fairview and to the devoted friends there who so long and so earnestly had advocated the purchase of the property, and had done all in their power to help those who had undertaken the task.

Quite a crowd had gathered about Mr. Yancey's store to witness the closing transactions; and when the visitors slipped into their buggy to return to Hopkinsville, they were enthusiastically cheered.

Much work is yet before the Association. The most difficult task is yet before the men and women of the South who sympathize with this movement. There can be no retreat.



GEN BENNETT YOUNG, WHO SAVED THE HOME.

Success alone will justify the loyal devotion of the people to their great leader. The place where Jefferson Davis was born will become a shrine which thousands will yearly visit, and Fairview, where this memorial is to be erected, will become a Mecca for those who feel worthy pride in the glory and splendor of Southern womanhood and manhood.

The place is accessible from railways at Pembroke, Hopkinsville, and Elkton, and the richness of the country intervening would justify an interurban railway via Fairview.

A debt of gratitude to Gen. Bennett H. Young will not be forgotten. To him the South is indebted for securing the beautiful area designed as a memorial to President Jefferson Davis. Let us all be active to return to him the money he so generously advanced.

LIKENESS OF MR. DAVIS ON CRUISER PLATE.

The last edition to the United States navy is the magnificent armored cruiser Mississippi. The name State will present the battle ship a sixty-two-piece set of silver which will cost seven thousand dollars, the presentation being made at Natchez. The set is very artistic and is the work of a Philadelphia firm. The largest piece of the set is a punch bowl with a capacity of seven and a half gallons, and with the old wooden gunboat Mississippi etched upon one side and the new war ship of that name upon the other.

The centerpiece is a fine likeness of Jefferson Davis, the famous Mississippian, and one side of this bears an etching of Beauvoir, his old home, and beneath a medallion of Mr. Davis in citizen's clothes as he appeared in the last days at Beauvoir. The reverse side of the centerpiece has Jackson, the first capital, and beneath this a medallion of De Soto.

A VISIT OF MR. DAVIS TO FAIRVIEW.

Every incident in any way connected with the life and acts of Jefferson Davis is now eagerly sought. Early in October, 1875, the Christian County Agricultural and Mechanical Association secured the favor of Mr. Davis to address the Association at the annual fair at Hopkinsville. Ky

The citizens of Fairview, being apprized of the visit, determined to invite Mr. Davis to partake of a dinner at his natal home, and dispatched a messenger to confer with him, who returned with his acceptance, the following Monday being designated. The evening previous (Sunday) Mr. Nelson Wade offered to the committee a cane made from an old black locust which formerly stood immediately in front of the residence of Mr. Davis's father, which must have been planted by the father of Mr. Davis. The committee of citizens, composed of Dr. E. S. Stuart, Rev. T. H. Shaw, and G. W. Braden, at once secured the cane and with equal dispatch hurried a representative to Hopkinsville with orders to have a gold head put on it for presentation to Mr. Davis. Their representative returned at daylight Monday morning with the cane ready for presentation.

At nine o'clock the Fairview brass band moved some three-quarters of a mile to meet Mr. Davis and escort, and to the soul-stirring strains of "My Old Kentucky Home" escorted him to the residence of Dr. Stuart, where he remained for some time. Mr. Davis was then conducted to the portal of his natal home, where a stage had been erected, and he at once addressed the citizens, who had assembled from miles around, closing with the soul-stirring sentence: "The noblest work of man is to do and suffer for his fellow-man." At this juncture James R. Wiles, an old Confederate soldier, stepped forward and in a few appropriate words presented the cane to Mr. Davis as a token of the esteem of the citizens of Fairview.

At dinner the cane seemed to be in Mr. Davis's way, and a lady offered to take care of it for him; but he declined, saying: "I prize this token too highly to permit it out of my hands." The band continued to play until dinner was over. Thus closed one of the pleasant reminiscences of Fairview in connection with the visit.

A good story is told by Comrade Wiles in connection with the presentation. He had gone to Hopkinsville in the stress of having the cane ready and had been up all night. Then he was timid besides, and when called upon to make the presentation said he could not possibly do it. There was by his side the little woman who was to become his wife, and did, who at once told him that it was the opportunity of his lifetime, and that he should not miss it under any circumstances. That gave him courage, and he has been proud ever since of his part in the ceremony.

THE KIND OF MONUMENT FOR CONFEDERATE WOMEN.

An old paper by Gen. George D. Johnston, of Tuscaloosa, Ala., is concluded with these words: "Such briefly and in part is the record of the Confederate women. They deserve, and I rejoice that the Sons of Confederate Veterans have assumed the duty and responsibility of erecting, a fitting monument as a public testimonial to their exalted virtues and services and to the undying reverence and gratitude of our loyal-hearted people. Let it be carved of purest marble from the quarries of their own sunny land, crown it with the figure of a Southern matron draped in her modest and becoming garb, and grave upon its base in simple script this faithful tribute: 'To the Women of the Confederacy, unconquered and unconquerable.' The subject seems too sacred to be treated otherwise."

GEN. WALKER ON THE WOMAN'S MONUMENT.

Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Special Representative U. S. C. V. and Chairman U. C. V. Committee on Coöperation, writes:

"*Editor Veteran*: I regretted exceedingly the stand you felt obliged to take as to the bronzes for the State monuments to the Women of the Confederacy, and thank you, feeling as you do, for your very kind and conservative expressions. As you very justly say: 'This is purely a question of taste and judgment as to propriety.' We have earnestly and honestly after more than a year's thought and deep consideration, weighing everything, had these models made, which are but imperfectly presented by the photographs. We think they are in good taste and appropriate. But be assured of one thing—that nothing would induce us to urge their acceptance if the great mass of Southern opinion is opposed to them.

"To learn whether this is so or not, it is proposed on the evening of June 8 at the Memphis Reunion to present by magic lantern slides true photographic reproductions not of the 'sketch models,' as those are which we have heretofore been obliged to use, but of the full-size completed models. If they are then condemned, which I cannot think possible, we will simply have to make another trial. But we do not propose to give up our aim to honor these noble women until we have presented bronzes worthy of the glorious subject and of the godlike heroines and satisfying those who have contributed and will contribute to their erection."

TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. D. C.

The Tennessee Division of the Daughters of the Confederacy will meet in convention May 12 at Jackson, Tenn.

Preparations for a great convention are nearing completion, and the program will be ready for the printer in a very few days. The Division has grown to great proportions, largely exceeding five thousand, and there never has been so general an interest in the annual Convention, most of the Chapters having signified their intention of being represented.

From the indications, the fine old town of Jackson, where so many notable conventions have been held, will leave nothing undone to make this meeting brilliant and successful. The freedom of the city will be tendered by his honor, Mayor Polk; welcome addresses by veterans and sons of veterans, and a welcome from the Supreme Court by Chief Justice Beard; also addresses of welcome from Madison Chapter, D. A. R., Mrs. Dancy, and from the Musidora McCorry hostess Chapter by the President, Mrs. Holland. The State President will be escorted to the chair by the Children of the Confederacy singing. Luncheons, receptions, and other charming features have been arranged in honor of the U. D. C. Rates at the leading hotels are from fifty cents to one dollar per day, European plan, and the railroads have given special rates, which are one and one-third fare plus fifty cents (certificate plan). These are only rough and incomplete notes of the Convention.

MRS. M. B. PILCHER, *Pres. Tennessee Division, U. D. C.*

MR. JOHN S. RANDAL MAKES A CORRECTION.—Hon. N. W. Baptist, of Covington, Tenn., corrects for Mr. Randal (see page 185 April VETERAN): "Captain Boyd was in command of the detail of twenty-five men who left Eastport as an escort for General Dodge, but was not in command of the small detail which left Pulaski and captured Sam Davis at the crossroads. I misunderstood him, and when he stated that Boyd was not in command of the detail I thought he referred to the detail of twenty-five men sent as an escort to General Dodge. This correction is not perhaps important, but Mr. Randal wishes to be as near exact as he can in the matter."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

MONUMENT TO SAM DAVIS DEDICATED.

April 29, 1909, will long be remembered as the day on which the superb monument to Samuel Davis was unveiled in the presence of many thousands of people on Capitol Hill in Nashville, Tenn. A picture of the monument and a brief history of how it was conceived and the work executed, together with the list of subscriptions not heretofore published and what is regarded as the most accurate and impressive sketch of the matchless hero ever written, may be expected in the June VETERAN.

THE MEMPHIS REUNION DRAWS NEAR.

The coming Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, the United Sons of Veterans, and the Confederated Southern Memorial Association is a subject of widespread interest among all who are members of or are interested in these important organizations. There is pathos of conditions in this connection; for while many vigorous men and loyal women will be in attendance, the fact can't be overlooked that a large majority of the original members have answered the last roll or are too feeble to go. While good cheer and much joy may be expected on the occasion, it behooves the survivors to be more and more thoughtful of the good that can be done at this and the few remaining gatherings.

First of all, the memories of our fallen comrades during the war and since should have consideration. The "story of the glory" which they wrought should be foremost in all discussions. The rapidly growing sentiment among those who fought at the front on the other side is worthy of a special praise service. It appears now indeed that Confederate patriotism and valor may be intrusted largely to the men who won in the end.

The time has come when there should be no bickering or ill temper; there should be no unseemly scramble for place, for there is no higher rank in the world's estimate than that of the PRIVATE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER. Every member should hasten to perform deeds of kindness, and rivalry should be to honor the other fellow above self.

VETERAN headquarters will be announced in June issue.

IN HONOR OF SOUTHERN WOMEN.

BY HELEN F. PULLIAM, EUREKA SPRINGS, ARK.

The grand idea of honoring the women of the Confederacy is now before the people of the South, and the subject is one in unison with the high ideals and chivalric characteristics of our ancestry and Christian civilization. Then as one of those women so honored (for I would gladly have sacrificed my life for the great cause) permit me to suggest that no mistake should be made as to the form of the memorial which shall show to the world how a nation can honor woman, and for the first time in the history of nations. I am confident that I voice the sentiment of a majority of the South when I say that a monument to correspond in many respects to that of our honored President Jefferson Davis's monument would prove acceptable and grand in realization, and would indeed be a fitting tribute to the noble women of the Confederacy for their exalted patriotism and patient endurance.

I am now eighty years of age and look back upon the trying

scenes of the days of '61 to '64 with proud satisfaction, believing that while the North had the material benefits of that great struggle our beloved Southland had all of its glory and military fame. I wish you great success in your efforts to preserve the truths of history.

IN VINDICATION OF WIRZ.

Col. James H. Fannin writes an article for publication Colonel Fannin, of the 1st Georgia Reserves, was the commandant of the post at Andersonville (the place of Wirz's work and of his martyrdom through duty), and he was in close touch with all that occurred. He thoroughly vindicates Wirz from the charge of brutality, and he gives a vivid though concise account of the unavoidable sufferings of the prisoners and of Wirz's unceasing efforts to mitigate them. Wirz realized the crowded condition of the prison, and endeavored to induce an exchange of prisoners, but in vain.

A detail from the prisoners themselves were the cooks, and to them was given all food for preparation. Food was very scarce; but it was equally divided between soldiers and prisoners, and everything sent to the prisoners from the North was at once given them. The fuel question was a serious one, and Wirz met it as best he could by sending small squads of prisoners out under guard to cut and bring in wood. Wirz had fifteen thousand prisoners in Andersonville, and of course among them were malcontents and belligerents, men who required a firm hand to control; but Wirz was never unnecessarily exact or strict in his rules and never cruel. Colonel Fannin testified at the trial of Wirz and protested against his execution.

WIRZ MONUMENT AT ANDERSONVILLE.

Miss Alice Baxter, President Georgia Division, U. D. C., is to be congratulated in having the worry of locating the Wirz monument at last settled. It is to be erected at Andersonville. The most spiteful notice seen on the subject is from the National Tribune, published in Washington, D. C.—viz.: "After carting their nasty little monument around the country, having it contemptuously kicked out of Richmond and snubbed by Atlanta, the Daughters of the Confederacy have at last decided to put it up at Andersonville. It will do as little harm there as any place, since few people will ever see it. Andersonville is a trifling little village of only 245 people, on an out-of-the-way railroad and about a mile from the site of the prison and the cemetery. The Daughters did not dare put up the monument near the prison grounds, since the government will undoubtedly take possession of these and would at once throw the stone into the dump."

The Daughters of Georgia dare to do what they think is right under all circumstances, and the government is not apt to throw any Confederate monument into any "dump" anywhere or at any time.

WEAR THE NAME OF YOUR COMMAND.

BY P. A. HAMAN, LEARNED, MISS.

I wish a few words to approve the suggestion of M. L. Vesey in the April issue that comrades who attend the Reunion wear badges showing their company and regiment. Get white ribbon three inches wide and have the figures and letter representing number of regiment and letter of company printed in red—Confederate colors—one inch or more in length and attach the piece of ribbon thus printed to the front of hat crown. You will be surprised at the effect. The writer has done this for a number of years, which has brought him again to the knowledge of old comrades and to enjoy hours of sweetest pleasure he would otherwise have missed.

AVOIDING OFFENSE—ART OF DOING IT.

A Church paper under "Talks with Subscribers" in advance of sending out notices of subscriptions due says: "Do not feel that we will send you a dun. We simply in a business way ask you to send us the amount due." This reminds the VETERAN of a lad in a barber shop who was told that he must have his hair cut. The little fellow was in distress, and after being seated in the barber's chair decided that he could not stand it and began to scream, when the editor happened to conceive the little fellow's dread of being "cut," and he brought peace to all concerned by suggesting that to trim the hair would be sufficient.

A statement of account in the most courteous manner nearly always offends. Occasionally the patron responds and expresses gratitude at being reminded that he is getting behind with his subscription. Some say the only way they have of knowing is by the receipt of statement. Strange it is, however much a man may be absorbed in his business, that he has not curiosity enough to consider why a date is printed with his name on the address. He must assume that it is for some purpose. To observe that and remit when the date is behind that of his calendar would save the VETERAN more than a thousand dollars each year. But many will overlook it, and a statement or a "reminder" must be sent just as other unavoidable things must be done to the end of time. An ugly, inexcusable thing is to censure the publisher for seeking to collect that which is not due. No publisher is ungrateful or mean enough to do that intentionally.

The new rule of the VETERAN to give three years' subscription for \$2.50 or five years' for \$4 is working delightfully. These amounts include arrearages as well. Don't forget this and send \$2 or whatever the amount in arrears and then add the reduced rate for payment in advance. Patrons frequently send \$4.50, for instance, in this way, when \$4 would pay for the same time—five years. The most unhappy feature in subscriptions is for a man to write that he did not order a continuance, and therefore will not pay. For sixteen and a half

years nearly there has never been a copy of the VETERAN sent beyond the time except upon the presumption that it is desired and that pay is expected. There has never been an illiberal transaction knowingly by the management of the VETERAN. Its purpose and spirit are on the opposite line; therefore let us all be liberal and cordial. The VETERAN has a great share in gratuitous service to noble men who can't pay, and it depresses the management to be accused of the reverse. Now a word of gratitude—no, it cannot be expressed: in the judgment day, when the intents of hearts are known, each patron of the VETERAN will see how it is.

REPORT ON MISSOURI CONFEDERATE HOME.

Comrade E. G. Williams, of Waynesville, Mo., sends an official pamphlet containing the result of the committee investigating the condition of the State Confederate Home in Missouri. This committee—E. B. Fields (Chairman), Fred S. Hudson, and Samuel C. Major—are men of well-known probity and honor, and their report can be perfectly relied upon.

Charges being made that James L. Pace, the Superintendent, had been guilty of immoral practices on five counts, an investigation was ordered by the Senate. Count by count the committee reports upon the charge, finding most of them entirely groundless.

In the findings the committee say that the only charge that is not entirely without foundation is the drunkenness of the inmates. Of the two hundred men, a few get drunk whenever they can get liquor, and this has caused one or two fights; but the majority of the men are sober and peace-abiding.

In their summary the committee say: "We find the inmates well clothed, well fed, and they have comfortable rooms and good beds, and are well taken care of. That some complaints should be made by the inmates of the Home, considering the number there are and their physical and mental condition, is to be expected. A great many of the complaints set before your committee we find to be trivial and without reasonable basis, and some were imagination pure and simple. Your committee therefore find the charges to be untrue and without foundation and that the Home is well managed, and the old soldiers are being well taken care of."

TO CELEBRATE THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

BY W. E. HASKELL, PUELLER OF BOSTON HERALD.

I send you by this mail a copy of the current issue of the Boston Herald containing the first announcement of the inception of a movement to commemorate the three hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims and the founding of New England by a world's tercentennial exposition in Boston in 1920.

New England alone of all parts of the Union has never had its world's fair, and it is believed that the national and universal interest in the historic event which the exposition will commemorate will command the enthusiastic approval and support of the American people of all sections and of all classes.

This early announcement has been deemed necessary in order that the world shall know that the United States reserves the year 1920 for a world's fair, and that Boston and New England will give the intervening years to plans and preparations for an exposition on a scale and magnitude commensurate with the importance of the event which was the birth of the American nation.



BRIGADIER GENERAL SAM PORTER, SPONSOR MRS. A. L. BOND, MAIDS OF HONOR MISS NELLIE SENTELL AND MISS FANNIE DUSBY—THIRD BRIGADE, OKLAHOMA DIV., U. C. V.

PATRIOTISM IN THE SOUTH.

The following is from an address made by Secretary of War J. M. Dickinson before the Southern Club, Chicago. At the meeting Judge Dickinson was seated between Gen. Fred Grant and Mr. Robert Lincoln. The story was told to illustrate the renewed good feeling between the North and the South:

"This is illustrated by an experience of a friend of mine, a distinguished Chicagoan, who was South shortly after the Spanish war. He met an old Confederate soldier and said to him: 'There is one thing about this war that brings me great content, and that is that it has brought the two sections of the country together.' The old Confederate with great emphasis startled him by saying: 'No, sir; you are entirely mistaken. The Spanish war has not brought the two sections together.' My friend, who was very much surprised and thought he had stirred up an unreconstructed 'fire eater,' answered: 'I beg your pardon, but I thought that it had.' The old soldier said: 'No, sir; the two sections of the country have long since been united in a common patriotism, and the Spanish war simply demonstrated that fact.'"

Commenting upon the incident, Judge Dickinson said:

"There was probably no period succeeding the Civil War when the South would not have joined the rest of the country against a foreign foe. If there was any resentment felt toward the people of the North, it did not go to the extent of implanting any treasonable sentiment in the South in respect to the common attitude toward the outside world.

"If the North was surprised that there should be Southern volunteers for the Spanish war, the South was unable to comprehend the occasion for such surprise.

"The protest of the South in reconstruction times was against being treated as conquered provinces. The South considered that secession having failed by the arbitrament of arms, then the States in what the North called rebellion having laid down their arms were back in the Union with all the constitutional rights they had always enjoyed. It was the anomalous view of the reconstructionist opposing this view that created more sectional hard feeling than actual hostilities had done. The South did not manifest its patriotism in the Spanish war for the purpose of showing good will to the North, but because that patriotism was as genuine here then as it was in every foreign war in which the nation had ever engaged"

IMPORTANCE OF WAR RECORDS.

Mr. I. N. Rainey, Secretary of the Confederate Historical Association of Memphis, Tenn., sends the *VETERAN* a copy of his Camp roster, in which is given the name of each member with his company and regiment and rank. Confederate organizations are urged to prepare such records. Comrade Rainey writes on the subject:

"I notice and read with interest your inquiry column containing earnest, too often hopeless, inquiries; efforts of comrade to locate comrade; daughter, son, or widow to obtain information as to the war record of father, husband, or other connection. For several years I have had the honor and pleasure to be Secretary of the Confederate Historical Association, Camp 28, of Memphis. Hardly a week passes that I do not have a letter asking for the war record of some soldier of the great war, of one who has probably been dead for years. Sometimes he may have been a member of our Camp; if so, his record stands on our books and an answer can be promptly given to the anxious inquirer. Too often his record cannot be given and it is impossible to obtain it.

"It is the duty of every Confederate veteran to join some Camp, and thereby to put himself on record. It has almost become a necessity. The farther we leave 1861-65 behind us, the more difficult it will be to get the record of those who fought in the great war.

"Comrades, for the sake of your dear old wives, who some day may want pensions, for the sake of your sons and daughters, their children and children's children, give them something to be proud of—your record. The best and surest way to do this is to join your nearest Camp."

R. T. Pryor writes from Mayfield, Ky.: "In the article about Morgan and his men at Hartsville, Tenn., which appeared in the *FEBRUARY VETERAN*, F. H. Waddell, referring to the communication from James A. McDonald, of Kansas City, Mo., says that Hanson's Brigade, instead of Ransom's, marched the first day to Beards's Mill and went into camp, and the next morning the brigade was drawn up and General Morgan selected the 6th and 9th Regiments to go with him to Hartsville. Comrade Waddell is mistaken, for it was the 2d and 9th that went. I belonged to Company D of the 2d Kentucky, and I was at Hartsville, for I caught a Minie ball that morning, December 7, 1862. I suppose Comrade McDonald will remember very well when the Yanks blew up our caisson. I should be glad to hear from any of these comrades."

MONUMENT IN CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

Captain Micajah Wood sends newspaper accounts of the monument to the Confederate dead at Charlottesville, Va., and of its proposed unveiling on May 5.

The basic stone of the monument was laid with very appropriate ceremonies some days ago. In the excavation prepared for the huge stone was placed a copper box. This contained many interesting memorials, Confederate money, roster of soldiers that left Charlottesville, list of the dead, lists of those whose untiring efforts made the monument possible, etc. On this box the twelve-thousand-pound stone was laid, and upon this firm foundation the beautiful monument was erected.

This is of blocks of solid granite, the first two left unhewn to signify strength; next a block highly polished, then a die four feet square. This is surmounted by the main die, which holds the pedestal for the beautiful bronze statue of a Confederate soldier. Each side of the polished stone of the base is beautifully engraved with suitable inscriptions, and the base holds three bronze tablets of handsome repoussé work. The entire height of the monument is twenty feet six inches and its weight forty-five tons.

Elaborate unveiling ceremonies have been planned for the occasion. These will embody a procession of all the military, civic, and scholastic bodies of the city, as well as the secret orders, with bands of music, and addresses by Senator John W. Daniel and Capt. Carlton McCarthy.

A SECOND SOUTH CAROLINIAN.—Brig. Gen. R. R. Poe, commanding the Third Brigade, Arkansas Division, U. C. V., writes from Clinton, Ark.: "W. J. Crenshaw, now of our town, who enlisted at Columbia, S. C., in 1862 in Company E, 2d South Carolina Infantry, Capt. Z. L. Lightburn's company, Canaday's Regiment, was wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., and discharged in December, 1863. He desires to secure the address of comrades who can assist him in making proof of service for a pension. Mr. Crenshaw is a good man, but is very poor, and we are anxious to assist him."

"THE SOUTH AND THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT."

At a dinner given by the North Carolina Society of New York Hon. William H. Taft, then President elect, made a speech on the subject of "The South and the National Government." This was so forceful, logical, and of such wide research into existing Southern conditions that Andrew Carnegie had it published for circulation in pamphlet form, for he felt that it would do much to enlighten the South as well as the North as to their respective duties toward each other and aid in bringing about a stronger allegiance between all good citizens who are desirous only of what they believe to be the best good of the nation as a whole.

Mr. Taft is a man of large heart, of warm sympathies, but cool brain, of sound judgment and lofty purpose, and his speech was a polished and brilliant address. He handles the negro question in the South with eyes open to conditions as they are, as they were, and as they are represented at the North. He says: "It is to no purpose to point out that early in the history of the country the North was as responsible for bringing the slaves here as the South. We are not concerned with whose fault it was that there was such an institution as slavery; nor are we concerned with the probability that had the Northerners been interested in slaves they would have viewed the institution exactly as the Southerners viewed it, and would have fought to defend it because it was as sacred as the institutions of private property itself."

He feels that slavery in itself was bad, that its abolition was wise, and that the South is fully to realize it; but he says that it is useless to stir up the smoldering embers of strife by discussions upon its merits; that the consequences of this institution are still with us, and should be the problem for solution rather than for crimination and recrimination, for the excision of the slave cancer left a wound that will be long in healing.

Mr. Taft says: "Nearly five million slaves were freed. Only five per cent of these could read or write, and a much smaller per cent of them were skilled laborers save in the agricultural field. They were but as children in meeting the stern realities of life as free men, and as such they had to be absorbed into and adjusted to Southern civilization. (How could they have any knowledge of responsibilities? Hitherto they had been cared for and protected, and never had to plan what they should eat nor where withal they should be clothed, for as children the master regarded them and provided for them.)"

Farther on in his able speech Mr. Taft says: "The fear that in some way a social equality between the races shall be enforced by law or be brought about by political measures really has no foundation in fact. The Federal government has nothing to do with social questions, and the war amendments do not declare for social equality. All that the Constitution attempts or can attempt to secure is equality of opportunity before the law in the pursuit of happiness and the enjoyment of life, liberty, and property. Social equality is something that grows out of voluntary concessions by the individuals forming the society."

Possibly it would have been well if Mr. Taft had carried the question a little farther and added that this equality was desired neither by white nor black, for the best among the negro race realize and approve the question of class distinction.

It is because of the courteous sympathy of Mr. Taft's full comprehension of the South's view-point that he says: "The Southern people are high-strung, sensitive, and outspoken, and considerations of sentiment are frequently quite as strong as

those of some political or economic character." He then adds in another part of his speech: "The Southern people are homogeneous and preserve their traditions. They are of the purest American stock, and the faith of the father is handed down to the son almost as a sacred legacy."

Again: "For a long time succeeding the war the South continued poor. Its development was much slower than any other part of the country. Prosperity seemed Northern prosperity, not Southern, and in such a time the trials of life in the present only accentuated the greater trials of the past, and reminiscences of the dreadful suffering and privations of war were present on every hand, and feelings that the controversy had given rise to remained with an intensity that hardly seemed dimmed with the passage of time."

In speaking of the marvelous growth and development of the South, Mr. Taft gives many statistics, among which these may be quoted: "The manufacturing capital of the South in 1880 was \$250,000,000; in 1908 it was \$2,100,000,000; while the manufactures themselves increased from \$450,000,000 in 1880 to \$2,600,000,000 in 1908. The farm products in 1880 were \$660,000,000, while in 1908 they reached \$2,220,000,000. The Southern exports in 1880 were \$260,000,000, while in 1908 they were \$648,000,000. In this marvelous growth the manufacture far exceed the agricultural products, thus entirely changing the character of Southern industries. Her growth has far exceeded the growth of any other part of the country."

Reverting to the negro question, Mr. Taft says:

"I believe that the solution of the race question in the South is largely a matter of industrial and thorough education. I believe that the best friend that a Southern negro can have is the Southern white man, and that the growing interest that the Southern white man is taking in the best development of the negro is one of the most encouraging reasons for believing the problem is capable of reasonable solution. The hope for the Southern negro is in teaching him to be a good farmer, how to be a good mechanic, in teaching him how to make his home attractive, and how to live more comfortably and more according to the rules of health and morality.

"Some Southerners who have given expression to their thoughts seem to think that the only solution of the negro question is his migration to Africa, but to me such a proposition is utterly fatuous. The negro is essential to the South in order that it may have proper labor. An attempt of negroes to migrate from one State to another not many years ago led to open violence at white instigation to prevent it. More than this, the negroes have now reached 9,000,000 in number. * * *

"The proposition to increase the supply of labor in the South by emigration from Europe, it seems to me, instead of being inimical to the cause of the negro, will aid him. As the industries of South continue to grow in the marvelous ratio already shown, the demand for labor must increase. The presence in the Southern community of white European labor from the southern part of Europe will have, I am hopeful, the same effect that it has had upon negro labor on the Isthmus of Panama. It has introduced a spirit of emulation or competition, so that to-day the tropical negroes of the West Indies do much better work for us in the canal construction since we brought over Spanish, Italian, and Greek laborers.

"Ultimately, of course, the burden of negro education must fall on the Southern people and on Southern property owners. Private charity and munificence, except by way of furnishing

an example and a model, can do comparatively little in this direction. It may take some time to hasten the movement for the most generous government appropriations for the education of the negro; but the truth that in the uplifting of the negro lies the best welfare of the South is now being accepted by all the far-sighted Southern leaders. Primary and industrial education for the masses, higher education for the leaders of the negro race, for their professional men, their clergymen, their physicians, their lawyers, and their teachers, will make up a system under which their improvement, which statistics show to have been most noteworthy in the last forty years, will continue at the same rate.

"On the whole, then, the best public opinion of the North and the best public opinion of the South seem to be coming together in respect to all the economic and political questions growing out of present race conditions."

Of course Mr. Taft touched on the political questions of the day, but did not go into them very deeply. He deplors the persistent solidarity of the South in politics, for he seems to think that many men vote with one party and rejoice in the success of the other, and he says such half-hearted alliance is the bottom of the non-success of the Democratic party.

In his peroration Mr. Taft says: "The recent election has made it probable that I shall become more or less responsible for the policy of the next presidential administration, and I improve this opportunity to say that nothing would give me greater pride because nothing would give me more claim to the gratitude of my fellow-citizens than if I could so direct that policy in respect to the Southern States as to convince its intelligent citizens of the desire of the administration to aid them in working out satisfactorily the serious problems before them and in bringing them and their Northern fellow-citizens closer and closer in sympathy and point of view. During the last decade, in common with all lovers of our country, I have watched with delight and thanksgiving the bond of union between the two sections growing firmer. I pray that it may be given to me to strengthen this movement, to obliterate all sectional lines, and leave nothing of difference between the North and South save a friendly emulation for the benefit of our common country."

The South is infinitely reasonable; and if the policy of Mr. Taft is at all commensurate with his speech, there will be little of the restiveness under Northern rule, Northern misunderstanding, and Northern coercive measures that has marked many previous administrations. The wise Greek Socrates said: "Measure no senator till he be dead, lest a morrow find that measure cut short by acts." Mr. Taft begins his administration to a good "measure," and the South unites in the wish that four years from now "that measure" will not be "cut short by acts."

"DENSE IGNORANCE" OF THE SOUTH.

Under the caption, "The South and Education," the Baltimore Sun states:

"In his speech at the Harvard banquet in Baltimore the other evening Dr. Eliot, late President of Harvard University, spoke of the stream of young men who went to Harvard from the South before that section became impoverished by the Civil War and was eaten out by the locusts and canker-worms of reconstruction. 'There is still in the South,' Dr. Eliot said, 'an embarrassment of finances for giving young men an opportunity for procuring an expensive education; but this, I think, is rapidly disappearing, and I believe soon the South will again be sending her quota of men to Harvard

and the North.' It had always been a custom in the South until it was interrupted by the war to send many boys to Northern colleges; not because there was not an abundance of good colleges in the South, but in order perhaps that the boys might get the benefit of a more invigorating climate and opportunities for getting new ideas by mixing with the people of other States.

"The Hon. John Prentiss Poe has favored the Sun with some figures and statistics taken from the census of 1860 which are most interesting in connection with Dr. Eliot's remarks. It appears that in 1860 there were three times as many collegiate institutions in the Southern States as in the Middle and New England States combined, about twice as many teachers, and nearly twice as many students. Of public schools New England had 15,738, the Middle States 23,999, and the Southern States 18,020. Of academies and other schools New England had 878, the Middle States 1,688, and the Southern States 2,445. Virginia had more public libraries than any other State in the Union, but not more volumes.

"The figures as to colleges and college students are as follows: New England States—Collegiate institutions, 21; professors and teachers, 222; students, 3,506. Middle States—Colleges, 47; teachers, 349; students, 7,121. Western States—Colleges, 167; teachers, 969; students, 22,820. Southern States—Colleges, 194; teachers, 1,045; students, 18,999.

"The war and then the reconstruction dealt Southern education a blow which put upon an impoverished people the cost of educating millions of a nontaxpaying population and which deprived two generations of people of a fair opportunity to obtain an education.

"The struggle of the South under the calamities which have been put upon her has been heroic, and the other sections of the Union have never fully comprehended it all."

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MARCH 31, 1909.

Receipts.

Balance on hand from last report, \$8,872.18.

Mrs. John W. Tench, Director for Florida, \$30. Contributed by Dickison Chapter, No. 56, U. D. C., Ocala, Fla., \$20; Jackson Chapter, No. 909, U. D. C., Stark, Fla., \$10.

Mrs. John J. Crawford, Director for New York, \$25. Contributed by Mrs. L. Z. Duke, New York.

N. B. Forrest Camp, No. 4, U. C. V., Chattanooga, Tenn., \$11.50.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bock, Director for Virginia, \$42. Contributed by Pickett-Buchanan Camp, No. 21, U. D. C., Norfolk, Va., \$25; M. Levy, New York, N. Y., \$2; Wythe Grays Chapter, No. 136, U. D. C., Wytheville, Va., \$8; Stonewall Chapter, No. 176, U. D. C., Berryville, Va., \$5; Gen. Dabney H. Maury Chapter, No. 177, Philadelphia, Pa., \$2.

Mrs. Georgia C. Young, Director for Montana, \$4.05. Contributed by Mrs. John Wade, Helena, Mont., \$2; Mrs. Will Wood, Helena, Mont., \$2.05.

Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, Galveston, Tex., \$10.

Mrs. John W. Tench, Director for Florida, \$5. Contributed by W. H. Milton Chapter, No. 1039, U. D. C., Marianna, Fla.

Total receipts, \$8,999.73.

Balance on hand, \$8,999.73.

WALLACE STREATER, Treasurer.

It would be hard to exaggerate the importance of the Arlington monument. It will stand as the special evidence of the South's patriotism and pride.

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS TO UNITED DAUGHTERS.

BY MRS. CORNELIA BRANCH STONE, PRESIDENT GENERAL.

Again your President sends greetings to you with all good wishes that the springtime has brought you health and happiness and harmony of action and endeavor, with the hopeful resurrection lesson that nature teaches, that if fruition shall come to us later this is the season of labor. Therefore it becomes my duty to urge you to summon your forces for the work that is before us if the objects of our organization shall be fulfilled.

The committees of the General Association, U. D. C., have formulated plans for this purpose and ask your coöperation. The Chairman of the Committee on Education, Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, Charleston, has ably outlined this work in most comprehensive form, and it is requested that State Presidents and Chapter Presidents in States where no Division exists will appoint a State Committee of Education to carry out her plan. State Division Presidents will give support and aid to the work of Mrs. J. Enders Robinson, Historian General U. D. C., for without such support she cannot execute the excellent plan proposed for the advancement of this department. State and Chapter Registrars are asked to respond promptly to the request of Mrs. James Britton Gantt, Registrar General U. D. C., for data and records of their offices.

It is well to call your attention to the near approach of the annual Reunion of our dear veterans of the Confederacy, which will be held in Memphis, Tenn., June 8, 9, and 10. Let us rally to their banners, which will be proudly unfurled, and show them by word and deed that we cherish their service and sacrifice, that we may still be to them as in the past an inspiration and strength. We honor ourselves in paying tribute to these heroes of imperishable fame.

Since my last open letter to you Dr. J. William Jones, chaplain to Gen. Robert E. Lee and Historian of the Confederate States, noted scholar and divine, has joined the ranks of that immortal host who now "rest under the trees" of life eternal—the men who followed the command of Lee. Our loving sympathy goes out to the widow and sons, who are called to mourn this irreparable loss, for their sorrow is ours.

The chief commemorative work of the General Association U. D. C. is the placing of two monuments—one on the battlefield of Shiloh, where gallantly fought and fell many of the South's bravest defenders led by the great chieftain, Albert Sidney Johnston, who fell there a sacrifice to his Southland, and the erection of a monument in the Arlington National Cemetery, where sleep some of our Confederate dead. This has a triple claim upon you; for, resting as it will on the soil of the home of Robert E. Lee, it will be a memorial to that peerless commander; again, it will typify the spirit of the Confederate States, which was the defense of constitutional government; and it will further mark the spot where, through the magnanimity of a provision of Congress, honorable place was given to some of our Confederate dead and where daily care is shown to their graves. Shall we be less thoughtful of these, our dead? The Executive Committee of the Arlington Confederate Monument Association, Col. Hilary A. Herbert Chairman, is asking every Chapter throughout this organization to set aside one day in the near future for concerted action in collecting funds for this purpose. The committee's plan will be sent out to you, and your President asks your earnest and active coöperation, that a large sum may be realized with little individual cost.

The Veterans are asking your assistance in the purchase of the home and birthplace of President Jefferson Davis, at

Fairview, Ky. Send contributions to Maj. John H. Leathers, Louisville, Ky. Let each Chapter give something to this worthy historical object.

Let each of us be mindful of the valuable work being done by the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and show appreciation by subscribing, for it keeps us in touch with much that we should know. Join with your President in making our great Association of patriotic and historic value. By so doing we honor and glorify a past so full of heroic memories, the history of a chivalrous, valiant people.

MRS. ENDERS ROBINSON'S GENERAL CIRCULAR.

Mrs. Enders Robinson, Historian General of the U. D. C., has issued a circular letter. In this she suggests that the Presidents of Divisions unite with her in arranging for the preservation of all historical papers, books, etc., through the establishment in her State of exchange libraries.

She urges each State President to at once appoint a librarian and assistant librarian, also select a library city. She gives eight articles, each consisting of several sections, forming a constitution for the library system.

STEADFASTNESS OF THE U. D. C. IN MISSOURI.

By mistake an out of date article is in type concerning the Missouri Division, U. D. C. It concerns the Jefferson City annual convention, "the most successful ever held." It referred to Mrs. Joseph B. Gantt, the President, as an intelligent and enthusiastic leader and a most excellent presiding officer, and stated that she was the inspiration of the convention. Part of Mrs. Gantt's address is fitting now, and it is as opportune as when delivered.

No body of women in this wide, wide world is so rich in heroes and in glorious memories as the fifty thousand Southern women who compose the great organization of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. You, the members of the Missouri Division, have done well your part in wearing not laurels but the roses of peace entwined with lilies of pure love and devotion to crown the heads of the noble, unselfish Confederate soldier. You will not suffer the memory of his brave deeds in defense of his country to crumble in the dust. On the other hand, each year you hold up afresh to an admiring world the unstained banner of his marvelous courage, splendid ability, and sublime patriotism. As your executive officer I am glad to meet with you and rejoice with you over any success you may have attained in this most glorious cause. Like the children of old, who feared the Lord, we will speak often one to another and write a book of remembrance which shall be ours when we make up our jewels of constancy, faithfulness, and love for the cause we have espoused.

Father Ryan says: "Twine a few sad cypress leaves around the brow of any land, and be that land beautiful and bleak, it becomes lovely in its consecrated coronet of sorrow, and wins the sympathy of heart and history." So when we Daughters of the Confederacy think of the crown of thorns worn by our dear Southland it should indeed cement our hearts in love for each other and for the cause which, though in ashes and defeat, came forth so pure and unsullied. "The triumphs of might are transient; they pass away and are forgotten." * * *

We believe in the prophecy of the poet priest who said:

"Ere many more decades have passed away
The graves of the dead, with the grass overgrown,
May yet form the footstool of Liberty's throne,

And each single wreck in the war path of Might
Shall yet be a rock in the Temple of Right."

With so proud a name, so precious a heritage, with the grandeur and the glory of our Confederate fathers before us, is it a wonder that we are here to consecrate anew ourselves and all that is within us on the altar of sacrifice and service that we may add our little fire of enthusiasm to the great flame of love which burns in the hearts of every loyal daughter of every true Confederate veteran? * * * In the Missouri Room, of which we are so proud, we see grand old Sterling Price, superb in his soldierly bearing; faithful, painstaking Francis Marion Cockrell; patriotic, devoted Monroe Parsons, willing at any moment if necessary to give his life for his home and fireside; courageous, daring, dashing Joe Shelby; undaunted, fearless, lion-hearted Elijah Gates, who when his right arm was shattered in battle took his bridle in his teeth and led his men on to a victorious charge against the enemy. In the rooms of other States proudly stand the magnificent Joseph E. Johnston, the gallant and chivalric Albert Sidney Johnston, the accomplished Beauregard, the superb Bedford Forrest, the self-sacrificing and patient Jefferson Davis, the invincible Stonewall Jackson, and the immortal gentleman and commander in chief, Robert E. Lee.

So much for our generals. Time would fail me to tell of the courage and fortitude of the private soldiers who endured the cold, the hunger, the strife, following with unquestioning faith their leaders to the bitter end. Their crown was fairly won not on earth's battlefields but in heaven, where the God of justice reigns.

THE U. D. C. LIBRARY SYSTEM.

Mrs. J. Enders Robinson, Historian General, Richmond, Va., writes April 9, 1909: "The Historian General takes great pleasure in announcing that the Missouri Division, U. D. C., has installed the 'U. D. C. Exchange Library System' in St. Louis. Address the Librarian, Miss Idress Head, care of the Missouri Historical Society, 1600 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo. The Missouri Division now ranks as No. 1 in this system."

"U. D. C. CATECHISM FOR CHILDREN."

Under the above title Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone has arranged a little pamphlet for the instruction of the Children of the Confederacy. In this small book she has practically taken all the fundamental principles that underlie the U. D. C. work and through a series of questions and answers placed them in a form so easily understood that it becomes an invaluable assistant to every Directress of a Chapter of Children of the Confederacy.

The title of the pamphlet seems rather unfortunate. "Catechism" in Webster's definition is, "A series of questions and answers;" but he further defines it: "A book containing a summary of principles, especially of religious doctrines, reduced to the form of questions and answers." The word "catechism" has been so long accepted in its religious signification that it seems rather out of order in the connection in which it is used here.

There are few Confederates who do not feel their cause, and their sacred memories of the past are next to their religion; but there are few who would assume they are a religion in themselves, and yet the form and title of the small book rather indicates such assumption. "U. D. C. Primer," "U. D. C. Instruction Book," and even "U. D. C. Tenets" would serve the purpose of indicating the contents of the book without conveying the erroneous impression of assumption of religious forms.

TREASURERS U. D. C. COMMITTEES IN GEORGIA.

Miss Alice Baxter, President of the Georgia Division, U. D. C., keeps well to the front in important work for her Division. She states: "Your President is anxious to make a good report for you in Houston, and therefore begs that you remember our State and general United Daughters of the Confederacy work. We were so rushed in Savannah that we could not give full time to the dormitory fund. Please send your contributions for this work to Mrs. N. B. Harrison, Treasurer Francis Bartow Memorial Dormitory, at Rabun Gap, Savannah, Ga. Do not forget that your contributions for Arlington go to Mrs. James A. Rounsaville, Rome. Remember to send Shiloh's fund to Mrs. John K. Ottley at Atlanta; also let Mrs. R. E. Park, Merritts Avenue, have your contribution for the Georgia room at Richmond. Please remember your per capita dues both to State and general United Daughters of the Confederacy—Mrs. C. C. Sanders, Gainesville, Ga., State Treasurer; Mrs. Eustace Williams, Anchorage, Ky., Treasurer General."

The Georgia Division defers its annual meeting until the first Wednesday in November in order that delegates may attend the General Convention U. D. C. at Houston, Tex., the third Tuesday in October.



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT BONHAM, TEX.

The U. D. C., aided by the Veterans, have erected a very artistic monument at Bonham, Fannin County, Tex. It is of granite with base of eight feet and height of twenty-eight feet, and has niches on the pedestal for the reception of the busts of President Davis, Gen. R. E. Lee, Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, and Gen. Sterling Price.

Each side of the shaft is suitably engraved, the inscription being especially felicitous. On the south side under crossed

swords are the dates "1861 to 1865," and the words: "They fought for Liberty, Home, and those they loved."

"On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

Miss Lizzie Holmes Hill, T. C. Cain Chapter, U. D. C., Bastrop, Tex., writes the *VETERAN* a pleasant account of that Chapter and the good work it is accomplishing. Miss Hill is an enthusiastic U. D. C., and says all her coworkers are equally as anxious for the advancement of the cause.

WORK OF MISS MARY HAYNE.

BY ELIZABETH JACOBS.

The *VETERAN* for October contains an article regarding some Confederate prisoners confined during a period of the Civil War in Fort Warren, Boston Harbor. There was also a copy of their pictures taken at that time, now the property of Miss C. M. Davis, of Fernandina, Fla.

In Washington, D. C., there resides an old lady who during the Civil War rendered invaluable services to the Confederacy and incidentally to the United States, services so valuable that they are to-day on record in the War Department.

In 1863 Miss Mary Hayne, then a charming, beautiful young lady, was solely instrumental, making her appeal to Mr. Lincoln, in having one hundred and sixty-three Confederate prisoners exchanged, some of whom were condemned to be shot as traitors to the United States government, among them being Charles M. Reid, noted throughout both armies for his gallantry and daring. Captain Reid was a native of Mississippi, a graduate of the naval school at Annapolis, and a nephew of President Davis.

I have a full account, published in a New York Sunday Herald during 1863, of the capture of Captain Reid at New Orleans, with his boat, the Ram, and the following gentleman, his associate officers: Lieut. W. H. Wall (executive officer), Surgeon Addison, Midshipman J. P. Blank, H. Scott (pilot), and others, together with two of her crew. They were brought to New York on the United States boat Florida, Lieutenant Commander Webb, sometime in the spring of 1863, and were sent to Fort Preble, Maine, and from there transferred to Fort Warren, Boston Harbor. After they were exchanged in 1864, Captain Reid went into active service again, taking command of the Confederate boat Florida No. 2. As before, his daring and brave spirit led him to many deeds of valor. He was again taken prisoner and returned to Fort Warren, where he remained until near the close of the war, when, through Miss Hayne's personal appeal to President Andrew Johnson, he was again released, this time to return no more to fight for the beloved republic whose star was about to set.

In 1864 Samuel Sterrett, son of Commodore Sterrett, was incarcerated as a political prisoner in Fort Warren. Commodore Sterrett was killed in a naval engagement somewhere

between the Florida coast and Cuba. His son, Samuel Sterrett, who was with his father at the time, was captured with the boat and all on board and imprisoned, as mentioned above. Miss Hayne went to the President, accompanied by Secretary Welles, and interceded so successfully in his behalf that the Chief Magistrate telegraphed to the authorities at Fort Warren, and Mr. Sterrett was released the following day. Miss Hayne has now a personal letter from Mr. Sterrett thanking her for what she did for him.

At the solicitation of the Sisters in charge of Kearney Hospital, Boston, Miss Hayne appealed to President Johnson in behalf of a gentleman from Baltimore, Md., a Mr. Mullen. He had been in prison for some time, and his health was deeply impaired and his eyesight almost gone. The Sisters had succeeded in having him transferred to the hospital, and his mother in great grief finally appealed to Miss Hayne and she to the President, who again granted her request.

Miss Hayne is a noble woman, actuated by sympathy for those who suffered for the cause they deemed just. Her deep interest was accentuated by the fact that she was the fiancée of Captain Reid. Her brother was Gen. Barnwell Hayne, of South Carolina.

I have in my possession a photograph of Captain Reid and his men taken just before they left Fort Warren, with the request that it be sent to Miss Hayne.

In those days she had youth, beauty, wealth, and hosts of friends; to-day she is in Washington bereft of home and fortune and the friends of her better days. Any one desiring further information about this noble woman can address Mrs. Elizabeth Jacobs, 1226 Twelfth Street N. W., Washington.

RETURN OF THE BATTLE FLAG.

During the spring of 1865 a battle flag was captured by the 4th Ohio Cavalry from an Alabama regiment of Confederate soldiers.

At the inauguration of President Taft the Governors of Alabama and Ohio chanced to meet, and in a friendly conversation this flag was mentioned and the possibilities of its return discussed. Governor Harmon, of Ohio, promised his aid, and on his return to Ohio the matter was brought before the Legislature through a bill presented by a member of the G. A. R., and it passed with only one dissenting vote.

Two members of the 4th Ohio Cavalry, Comrade John A. Pitts, of Cincinnati, and Captain Shoemaker, of Dayton, Ohio, were appointed to return the flag, which will be done with appropriate presentation ceremonies in Selma, Ala., May 12.

Gen. J. M. Arnold, to whom the *VETERAN* is indebted for the above, sends a letter from Comrade Theodore F. Allen, 7th Ohio Cavalry, in which he states that about ten years ago Gen. Basil W. Duke, of Morgan's men, presented to the G. A. R. Post of Noyes-McCook the flags of the 21st, 58th, and 60th Ohio Infantry, which had been captured by the Confederates at Harper's Ferry, and he says that General Duke's speech of presentation was received with wild enthusiasm.

Anderson P. Cagle, of Konawa, Okla., writes the *VETERAN* of a very lively engagement between a company of Confederates and a company of Federals near Athens, Ga., January 5, 1865. Mr. Cagle took part in this fight, and his description of it is very realistic. The Confederates captured a number of prisoners; and, what they liked much better, took blankets, provisions, and several mules and horses. Mr. Cagle's own booty were three prisoners and as many pistols, one pearl-handled revolver even now being one of his chief treasures.



MISS MARY HAYNE.

Henry H. Wagner, of Mannsville, Okla., writes a most cordial and eulogistic letter to the VETERAN. It gives many words of praise for the work the magazine has done and for its efforts to establish a knowledge of true Southern history.

Jacob V. Wilmoth, of Montrose, Va., writes of having belonged to the 18th Virginia Cavalry, Imboden's command, which participated in the battle of Newmarket, Va. He desires to hear from some of the surviving comrades of that command.

Col. Winfield Peters, of Baltimore, Md., sends a clipping headed "Lecture Saves Historical Society," which is just now especially interesting, for it tells of the work done by Rev. J. William Jones, the famous army chaplain whose recent death has given deep sorrow to a wide circle of friends.

The Page-Courier, of Luray, Va., gives an account of the sudden death of Mr. N. A. Rust of that city. He was a veteran who served with the Turner Ashby troop, then with Mosby, making a brilliant record for courage and daring under each commander. Mr. Rust leaves a wife and four children to mourn their loss.

Maj. W. W. Draper, of Atlanta, suggests that the VETERAN publish where deceased Confederate generals are buried. This would be an interesting and valuable history, and could be easily compiled. Let every one who knows the burial place of a Confederate general write the information to the VETERAN on a postal card, and from this list one can be formed for publication.

W. H. Achord writes from Jacoby, La. He was in Company G, Louisiana Infantry, Taylor's (afterwards Hayes's) Brigade. He was wounded on the second day of the fight at Gettysburg, was in the hospital in Montgomery, afterwards was sent to Augusta, and later to Guyton Hospital, thirty-five miles above Savannah, Ga. One of his treasures is a silk tobacco pouch which was presented him by Miss Georgia Elkin. This he has sacredly preserved in his family.

T. D. Longino, 21 Century Building, Atlanta, Ga., asks if any one can give him information about John Brewster Longino (called Bruce). He was a private in Captain Greenberry's company of Waco Rifles, Colonel Gregg's Regiment Texas Volunteers. He was in the hospital at Clarksville, Tenn., went first to Newnan, Ga., then to Campbell, Ga., and from there to join his regiment in the Army of Tennessee. He was last seen in September, 1863. Any information will be gratefully received.

A veteran from Gulfport, Miss., writes this magazine that he feels that all Confederate veterans would like to contribute toward a monument to be erected to Southern women. He suggests that at the Reunion in Memphis a box be placed at the door of the convention hall, and that each soldier put in it a small sum, ten or twenty-five cents, to go toward this noble purpose. He also suggests that all veterans who are unable to attend send their contribution by some friend, so that the box may be filled.

D. W. Drain, of Longview, Tex., was in command of Company G, 15th Mississippi Regiment, in the battle of Murfreesboro, as the captain, John H. Morgan, had been shot through the head. He was also lieutenant in command at old Shiloh Church when the retreat was made to Corinth, Miss. After

the falling back to Dalton, Ga., a third of his company was sent to Ringgold Ferry, on Oostanaula River. He was wounded in the leg at this place. Captain Drain wants some of his old comrades to write to him, addressing Route 5.

The Confederate Soldiers' Home at Beauvoir, Miss., the historic residence of President Jefferson Davis, now has one hundred and twenty-seven inmates and a waiting list of thirty-six. The capacity of the Home is a hundred and forty; but the appropriation is too small to take care of this number properly, and to give suitable care to the hospital, which is nearly always full, a petition will be made to the Legislature of Mississippi to increase the appropriation, so that the full number of veterans can be received and cared for.

A friend of the VETERAN sends a clipping containing the very eloquent address delivered by Dr. J. M. Huddleston before Pat Cleburne Camp, U. C. V. Dr. Huddleston was born in Gainesville, Tenn., and is the son of a Confederate soldier. He received his love of the South as a precious heritage, and his address abounds in many eloquent tributes to the soldiers and the Southern women who were equal in their heroism and in the quiet endurance of hardships, privations, toils, and dangers which were so nobly borne for their country's sake.

Mrs. Lydia G. Dillon tells of a very noble work undertaken by the Chapter of U. D. C. in Raymond, Hinds County, Miss. In a lot in that city there are many unmarked graves of Confederate soldiers. These ladies are trying to raise enough money to fence in the lot and put a suitable marker on each grave. As a number of these dead heroes are from Tennessee, the ladies thought possibly some patriotic Tennesseans would like to help in the work. The committee in charge is composed of Mrs. J. R. Eggleston, Miss Mary Ratliff, Miss Lillian Beal, Mrs. Lydia G. Dillon, and Mrs. F. M. Price.

J. H. Castles, of Houston, Miss., who was a member of Company H, 24th Mississippi, Walthall's Brigade, gives an interesting account of his war experiences. He joined the army when only sixteen, and was in all the battles with Johnston's army. He was wounded in the battle of Atlanta, and still carries the ball in his body. He gives a pleasant episode of the defense of Lookout Mountain. He says that the pickets of both armies were so close together that there was much friendly exchange of badinage and commissaries, and that when the orders came for battle the Yankee pickets called out to the Confederate pickets to get to cover, as the firing was about to commence.

Rev. Mr. Jones was long connected with the Historical Society of Richmond, and to his untiring efforts is due the great collection of Confederate historical papers which is contained in thirty-six volumes and forms the finest Confederate library in existence. Some years ago this society was in peril through want of funds. The Rev. Hugh L. McGerny, of St. Louis, a very learned and eloquent speaker, hearing of the situation, agreed to give a lecture in Baltimore on the subject of "Battlefield Memorials," the proceeds to go to the Historical Society. It was remarked that no such assemblage of Church and State had ever attended a lecture before. The sum realized, \$520, was sufficient to save the society, which later under Rev. J. William Jones became one of the notable features of Richmond, Va. He was ever zealous in securing correct records of the Confederates.

A MEAN REPORT OF OUR NEGRO PROBLEM.

Mr. T. E. Moore, of Lexington, Ky., with many very pertinent comments sends to the *VETERAN* a page from the February Literary Digest containing an article written by an Englishman, Sir Harry Johnson, in which he discusses the "color question" of the United States in a way to arouse all the honest indignation of every Southern man and woman.

If left alone, there would be no "color question." The average negro never thinks of the line of distinction drawn between the whites and himself. It is accepted as naturally as one accepts blue skies and green grass. It is only when demagogues and ignorant agitators seeking fame not at the cannon's mouth, but by formulating strife, preach the doctrines of equality and subsoilation that there is even a socialistic ripple.

The negroes of the South have accepted and worked out the race problem to our mutual satisfaction. Many of them are hard-working, self-respecting citizens, ambitious to improve every opportunity, no more desirous of social affiliation with the whites than the whites are to grant it.

Sir Harry Johnson thunders out to an English public that it is the ignorance and prejudice of the Southern whites that keeps back the advancement of the negro. He does not seem to realize that every dollar of school tax is divided *pro rata*; that in places where the number of whites of school age predominate the number of white schools are greater, and *vice versa*, the legal division being equal. Possibly Sir Harry has never visited the South at all, and certainly he has never studied its educational outlook. The extreme poverty of the South just after the war left the question of education a very serious problem. The school tax did not meet the requirements of the whites alone, yet must be equally divided with the tens of thousands of negroes freed and made of equal rights by the Northern law. This division has gone on for over forty years. The result we see everywhere, in educational advancement, in increased knowledge of the duties as citizens, and in the moral and sanitary improvement evinced by the ownership of homes.

In Nashville alone there are several colleges whose curriculum blasts the Englishman's assertion that Southern "prejudice" has kept the negro back. The authorities at Washington have never made any appropriation to meet the great increase of negroes in Southern schools, and there has been no assistance given in this work save by individual contributions; consequently the maligned South can claim all the honor for the wonderful advancement of the negro race.

The Englishman further on in his article makes the slanderous assertion that there is no advancement possible for the South until they "close down all stale discussions of that indefensible Civil War." The causes that led to the war are too widespread to permit of a discussion in a short article. But even the foes that fought against us would not feel justified in the use of such a term as "indefensible," and coming from an Englishman the word becomes an absurdity, for even the most "ignorant" Southerner has studied sufficient English history to know that nine-tenths of the bloodiest battles England has engaged in had their cause from greed either for money or the acquirement of territory; while our fight was to maintain our constitutional rights, the same motive that inspired the patriots of '76 when they faced the armies of England and won our proud independence.

Sir Harry's whole article bristles with assertions equally as untenable. Certainly he is no logician, but there is one part of logic he is an adept in—the "Reductio ad absurdum!"

A CONFEDERATE ACCUSED OF KIDNAPING.

Capt. Richard H. lived in San Antonio, Tex.; his son, Addison H., was in business in New Orleans; so the small grandson grew from a baby of one to a boy of three between the times of the grandfather's visits.

In 1906 the Confederate veterans held their Reunion in New Orleans, and Captain H. in his worn suit of gray attended, reaching his son's home at night. He found the city in a double turmoil, caused by the arriving veterans and the great excitement over a kidnaping which had just taken place. The three-year-old son of wealthy parents had been stolen and was supposedly being held somewhere for a ransom. Captain H. heard his son's family discussing the kidnaping, and his daughter-in-law said she had impressed on her small son that he must scream for a policeman if any one tried to carry him off.

The youngster was asleep when Captain H. arrived; so his first view of his grandson was when he was brought in next morning spick and span in his blue sailor suit, all arrayed to go on the street cars with his father and grandfather.

Baby Addison sat on his father's knee all the ride, and did not seem to notice his grandfather at all. Later Mr. H., pleading business, had to go to his office and told his father to take the child home. He sprang on a passing car and left the other two to wait the arrival of their own car. The little fellow was so absorbed in watching a bill poster that he did not notice his father's departure. The right car coming in sight, Captain H. stooped to pick up the child, preparatory to boarding it; but he reckoned without the baby and his fear of kidnapers.

Looking around, the child saw that his father was gone and that he was with a strange man, who was apparently trying to carry him off. Tearing away from the hands that held him, he threw himself on the pavement and began to scream, and shriek after shriek rent the air. Captain H. tried in vain to quiet the child, but every time he touched him the cries became louder and louder. A policeman sauntered over from the corner and asked what the row was about. "I am only trying to take the little fellow home; I am his grandfather," said Captain H. hopelessly.

"He ain't no granfaver; I don't know him; he is stealing me. O, I wants my muver. I wants to go home to my muver," was the baby's staccato cries, and he held tightly to the blue-coated guardian of the peace.

"Stealing you, is he? Well, I'll see about that," said the policeman. Then his eyes began to shine, for surely he had found the lost boy. He thought of the description published in all the papers, and it all matched exactly—three-year-old, yellow curls, blue eyes, blue suit, everything all correct—and here was the kidnaper caught red-handed. The idea of that man in shabby gray with the soft gray hat dented and worn claiming this handsomely dressed child as his grandson! Mr. Policeman fairly beamed. He saw promotion before his eyes, and in anticipation clutched the big reward offered for the boy and his captor.

"Here, you come with me to the station. We will see about this," he said roughly, holding the man with one hand and the child with the other.

"Indeed, I will not go to any station," said the veteran indignantly. "Are you such a fool that you can't see I am a gentleman and telling you the truth? The child is my grandson and I am taking him home."

"'Tain't no granfaver. He's stealin' me," wailed the boy, holding on to his blue-coated protector.

"You dolt, don't you see I am a Confederate veteran?" cried the captain indignantly. "Here, look at my cross, if you don't know my uniform." But, alas! the cross was at home on the table where it had been laid the night before when his son had examined it.

Captain H. tried to jerk his arm from his captor; but a tap of the billy on the pavement brought another policeman, and he thought it was best to submit. "You had best go quietly," said his first captor grimly, while the second man took the baby in his arms.

Most children are afraid of policemen; but this baby loved them, for his nurse's lover was "one of the finest," and every one of his visits had meant fruits or candy to the small boy. Quieted by the familiar blue uniform, so dear to his nurse's eyes, the child ceased to scream and nestled close to his friend, his small form shaken by the violence of his spent emotions, as the sea is still moved by a storm that is passed.

"I am an old man. I served with Bragg through his entire campaign, and I brought away my wounds and my honor, and yet in my old age I am arrested like a common criminal and dragged to the station house, accused of kidnaping my own grandson," said Captain H. bitterly.

"Tain't no granfaver," from the baby; and "Of course not. We will take care of you and fix him," from the policeman.

Captain H. insisted on not being carried to the station in the Black Maria; and as he was willing to pay for a carriage, that compromise was agreed upon.

At the station the chief examined the case; and, not having the hoped-for reward dangling before his eyes to blind them, he saw the gentleman under the faded gray and recognized the Confederate uniform. So his questions brought out Mr. H.'s address, something the policemen had been too stupid to ask and the veteran too angry to think of giving.

A telephone to the office showed Mr. H. out for hours on business, and one to the house found Mrs. H. absent on a shopping tour. So there was nothing to do but to wait there in the public office, where every comer stared at the white-haired man in gray who was accused by the curly-haired baby.

Late that evening Mr. H. went back to his office to find a wildly excited wife weeping out her statement that neither father nor baby had returned, though it was hours since they had started home. Mr. H. was a business man, and of course at once phoned the police station, and as quickly as a motor could carry them there he and his wife were in the dingy old building, the wife hugging and crying over the baby, the husband expressing to the policemen his opinion of the whole affair in language best not repeated.

Captain H. says he loves his grandson, but is not anxious to take him out on excursions.

GLOOMY VIEW FOR THE FUTURE.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, STATE EXAMINER OF PUBLIC ACCOUNTS,
MONTGOMERY, ALA.

In inclosing herein my renewal for the VETERAN I avail myself of the opportunity to say that I have been one of its readers for sixteen years. I have noted during that time your efforts to keep up an interest in the publication. I have noted the decreasing space that advertisers take with you. Having served for four years with the matchless Army of Northern Virginia, I take great interest in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. I sympathize deeply with you in your efforts to promote the cause, and my conclusion is that, owing to the poverty of your clientage, advertisers do not receive the returns they wish. The class of people your journal reaches

is conservative, not in touch with present conditions. Then, too, they are rapidly thinning out. 'Tis sad to contemplate that in the course of a very few years the greater part of your readers will have entirely disappeared. Like the great cause they fought for, their end is near. No recruits are coming in. All are going out. In contemplating these conditions I am constrained to exclaim with the poet:

"Mourn not the dead whose lives declare
That they have nobly borne their part,
For victory's golden crown they wear,
Reserved for every faithful heart;
They rest with glory wrapped around,
Immortals on the scroll of fame;
Their works their praises shall resound,
Their name an everlasting name."

Pathetic sentiments are aroused by the foregoing. The letter was evidently not intended for publication, but it is used in part for an opportunity to explain and apologize for the failure of advertising. It is largely in the management. The VETERAN makes so low a rate that it has not interested advertising agents. Then, it is exacting as to the character of advertisements, and the space already occupied does not stimulate general advertisers, who have no idea of its character and its influence. Those who test its drawing qualities in matters of high merit realize its merits. In truth, its patrons comprise with the class named by Comrade Purifoy a large per cent of active and wealthy Southerners. The fault, it is here readmitted, is largely with its management.

THE PERILS OF COLONEL WILLIAMS AND LIEUTENANT PETERS AT FRANKLIN.—An able writer of New York is seeking a clue to the motives of Lieutenant Peters and Colonel Williams, who were hanged in Franklin, Tenn., in June, 1863. He desires to prove that they were not spies at all, but secret service men, and are worthy of all honor as heroes. Any information sent to the VETERAN as to their motives in venturing into the camp of the enemy will be much appreciated. On June 8, 1863, Col. W. O. Williams and Lieut. Walter G. Peters, disguised as Federals, rode to Fort Granger, near Franklin, and presented forged orders from the Secretary of War for an immediate inspection of the Ohio and Cumberland. They had many forged orders and a pass signed by General Garfield, chief of staff. They made the inspection, and were leaving when Colonel Williams was recognized by Lieut. Louis Watkins. They were captured, tried, and hanged as spies. That they were on some secret service is now known, and this service is what the New York writer asks assistance in tracing. Colonel Williams is said to have married a Mrs. Hamilton, formerly Miss Lane, of Chattanooga, Tenn. If she survives him or if he has any relatives, please send address to the VETERAN. This gentleman also desires to hear from any relatives of Lieutenant Peters. Colonel Williams was formerly with Bragg, but was on Gen. Joseph Wheeler's staff at the time of his death. If any of his former officers or comrades in arms can give any information in this matter, it will help justify two noble men if they will now come forward and explain the secret motives of what has been condemned as a "foolhardy act of spies."

Mrs. H. S. Reynolds, of Franklin, Tenn., inquires for information of John D. Rook, who entered the Confederate army from Marshall County as a private and served in the 17th Mississippi Regiment.

KENTUCKY CONFEDERATE CURED OF CHILLS.

BY MILFORD OVERLEY.

Reading in a back number of the *VETERAN* of how a soldier was cured of chills by the explosion of a hot shell placed to his feet to warm I am reminded of my experience on that line, which I give for the edification of the "boys" and for the benefit of any who may desire to test the remedy that cured me.

About the middle of July, 1864, General Johnston's army had crossed the Chattahoochee River, and the Yankees were advancing. Gen. John S. Williams, who commanded the Kentucky Cavalry Brigade, had sent me to Gainesville, sixty miles up the Chattahoochee, on business relating to the arrest and imprisonment of three or four of his dismounted men by an officer commanding a regiment of Georgia State troops. Old "Cerro Gordo" was furious and sent the Georgia colonel an ugly message. The men were immediately released. They and the little detachment that accompanied me to Gainesville, excepting Sergeant Henry A. Pearce, now a resident of Lexington, Ky., were sent back to Atlanta by a different road. Pearce and I started back by the "river road," on which we went to Gainesville.

Halting for dinner at a farmhouse near where a road branched off leading by a circuitous route to Atlanta, the landlady urged us to take the branch road, saying she felt sure the Yankees had crossed the river and that we would meet them if we continued on our course. The good woman's advice was unheeded, and our journey was resumed on the river road. When within fifteen or twenty miles of Atlanta I realized an approaching chill. Pearce, who was riding a very slow horse, had fallen some distance behind, and I had decided to stop at the first house on the way and remain till better able to travel.

I had been wrestling with chills for many months, having contracted the disease while picketing on the Tennessee River (on the left of Bragg's army some time before the battle of Chickamauga). It was a very stubborn case that the doctor and his quinine could not cure. The disease held me from camp to camp, in winter and in summer, day and night, though I did duty all the time except for six weeks in a hospital. When I returned to the army, the everlasting chills returned with me.

At the time of which I write houses along the Chattahoochee were far apart, and the one at which I expected to complete my chill was never reached. * * *

I was riding along holding to the horn of my Texas saddle for support, when in turning an angle in the road over a slight elevation and by a dense thicket of bushes I met face to face a column of Yankee cavalry, the advance of General McPherson's corps that had crossed the Chattahoochee that morning. Thinking to get in the first shot, I drew my pistol; but the gentlemen in blue were too quick for me, and the balls from their carbines buzzed about my ears like mad bumblebees. I was riding probably the best piece of horse-flesh in the Kentucky brigade. Little Dixie was swift as the wind, sure-footed, and intelligent, and she seemed at once to comprehend the situation, for she wheeled about and was off like a shot. My hat fell to the ground as she made the sudden turn.

After discharging their carbines, the Yanks drew their revolvers, and with yells charged at full speed, shooting as they advanced. With me it was a race for life and liberty. One touch of the spur sent little Dixie forward at a speed that no horse in that blue column could equal. Looking back, I found

that only a few had joined in the pursuit; but they were advancing on me as fast as their horses could carry them, spurring, yelling, and shooting. I saw that unless they shot me or my mare my escape was assured. The race continued for perhaps a mile. I turned into a bridle path that led through a dense forest. Soon the pursuit ended, and the chill was gone, chased clean out of me, and it has not to this day returned.

The Yanks were evidently between me and Atlanta, and a flank movement would be necessary to avoid another meeting with them. A hat must be procured to shield my head from the scorching sun. The hat that I had lost cost me seventy-five dollars in Atlanta. The broad brim was pinned to the crown with a silver star and crescent, the gift of an esteemed comrade. I should like to hear what became of the star and crescent.

Soon after dismounting I became awfully sick, and the accompanying fever was almost unendurable. The road upon which the Yankee cavalry was then passing was only a few rods away, and so completely exhausted was I that one big fellow could have carried me off with ease.

When able to travel I followed the path to a cabin in the forest, where I bought a hat, giving seven dollars for it. It was old, dilapidated, and about two sizes too large for me. I very much disliked the thought of having to wear it to camp. Information obtained from inmates of the cabin enabled me to reach a rather obscure road leading in the direction of Atlanta. This I followed till dark, and then left the road a short distance and went to bed under a big pine tree. Here, with my saddle for a pillow, heaven's canopy for a covering, and my faithful mare for a sentinel, I slept soundly till morning. The cannons' opening roar guided me to the Kentucky brigade, which I found engaged in battle. So ended the little adventure that rid me of the chills.

MONUMENT TO GEN. LLOYD TILGHMAN.

BY DR. D. G. MURRELL, PRESIDENT PARK BOARD, PADUCAH, KY.

On May 15, 1909, there will be unveiled in Paducah in a beautiful park a handsome Confederate monument that will cost over twenty thousand dollars. It will be erected by the Daughters of the Confederacy. The figure is a representative Confederate officer, and the statue is nine feet high in bronze. The hero honored is General Tilghman, from Paducah, who gave his life at Champion Hill, Miss. The pedestal and base are fourteen feet in height. The modeling is by the celebrated sculptor, H. H. Kitson, of New York and Boston. This figure of Gen. Lloyd Tilghman was a gift of his sons to the Daughters of the Confederacy and the Camp of Confederate Veterans of Paducah.

All Confederates are cordially invited to be present. Rates have been arranged for of one and one-third round trip on the railroads in Kentucky and Tennessee.

EDUCATION IN THE MOUNTAIN REGIONS.—Mrs. Maggie Lynch Hall writes from Plumbtree, N. C., and asks for the names of persons interested in and who may wish to help Lees-McRae Institute, "a Christian industrial school for boys and girls in the mountains of Western North Carolina." She adds: "Since our dormitory was burned last September our boys have had a rather rough time, but have shown no evidence of discontent. They have stood the test bravely, only one boy leaving, and the success of the school under such trying circumstances has been wonderful. The foundation for a much larger building is being laid, for we have never had room for the number of applicants."

VALLANT COLEMAN, VETERAN OF TWO WARS.

Col. W. O. Coleman, who was a distinguished Confederate soldier, is now living at Brownsville, Tex., at the ripe old age of seventy-two. He went to Brownsville in 1905, and was the first land agent to open business in the historic city, and by application to business and energy has amassed a comfortable fortune.

Colonel Coleman was born January 12, 1837, in New York City. His mother was one of the Virginia Maurys, a cousin of Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury.

When the Mexican War commenced, W. O. Coleman was only in his tenth year; but this tender age did not prevent his aspirations to be a soldier. He ran away from home, going with a lot of Virginia troops from Norfolk, and joined General Scott's army. The lad hid in the hold of the vessel until well out to sea, and thus succeeded in getting to Vera Cruz. Upon arrival there he got with the 2d Mississippi Volunteers, and stayed with them until they entered the City of Mexico. He was in the battles of Puebla, Churubusco, and other important fights with the Mexicans. He was wounded in the leg at Churubusco.

In 1853 he joined the Quitman filibustering expedition to Cuba; and after many thrilling experiences and enduring many hardships, such as working on a sugar plantation, he, with some other boys, was sent back to New Orleans. In 1855 he went to Kansas Territory, and was with Major Bell, of South Carolina, in many scouts, skirmishes, and encounters that occurred in that territory. He was in one of the fights against John Brown's forces, and at Wakarusha Creek saw one of John Brown's sons killed as he was leading a charge across the bridge.

When the Civil War broke out he was a resident of Missouri. Upon Lyon and Sigel's invasion of the State he was the first to raise a company in defense thereof. This was in June, 1861. His company was in the battles of Dug Springs, Wilson Creek, Oak Hill, Drywood, and Lexington, Mo. In 1862 he raised the 4th Missouri Cavalry and became its colonel. In many hard-fought battles in Missouri and Arkansas he was at the front. He led his regiment in the battles of South Fork, West Plains, Lick Settlement, Little Piney, Ramsey's Ferry, and Hartsville, Mo.

In the beginning of 1863 he was put under arrest by Generals McBride and Holmes for refusing to move his regiment out of Missouri and the command was taken away from him. Then he raised a battalion of men and began a guerrilla war, and by his bold raids was a constant terror to the enemy. He also cooperated with Quantrell's forces during this year against Kansas troops. He also assisted in organizing Freeman's, Burbridge Campbell's, and Green's Regiments.

Early in 1864 Colonel Coleman was relieved of the arrest under which he had been laboring by Gen. E. Kirby Smith, and was assigned to duty with General Shelby. Under Kirby Smith's direction Colonel Coleman organized the 46th Arkansas Mounted Infantry and reorganized the old 4th Missouri Cavalry, and was in the battle near Lone Oak, Ark., in which his regiment captured Mitchell's Volunteer Regiment. Two days after this in a battle at Hazen, Ark., his regiment captured two hundred head of cavalry horses, and ran them through the Federal lines of two regiments of infantry and cavalry without the loss of a man. General Shelby then sent the Colonel to Missouri to organize more troops, which he did, and reported to General Price. Colonel Coleman and his command were in the battles of Iron Mountain, Potosi, Franklin, Jefferson City, and Glasgow—all in Missouri.

At Glasgow Colonel Coleman with his command captured the fort, which was well manned, before the other Confederate troops arrived. Then followed the battles of Independence, Westport, Merridazine, and Newtonia, all in Missouri, in which Colonel Coleman bore a conspicuous part.

In 1865 he and his command still remained in Missouri and Arkansas, being part of Shelby's Division of Price's army, until the surrender came. Colonel Coleman boasts that he never did surrender, and he is proud of his record as a Confederate soldier. He has always a hearty handshake for the Union soldier whenever he meets him if he is a square, honest man.

Colonel Coleman is a member of the celebrated Dick Dowling Camp at Houston, Tex. He lives a quiet but busy life at Brownsville, and is a substantial, trusted citizen. His experiences in detail would make a large book and read more like fiction than fact.

Colonel Coleman has two daughters. The older is Mrs. George B. Poole, of Walnut Hills, Cincinnati. This daughter and her mother were taken prisoners in 1862 by the Federals, sent to Rolla, Mo., and guarded by four Federal soldiers night and day. The mother was allowed to go anywhere; but the infant daughter, six weeks old, was held in the hope that they would capture the father in his efforts to see the babe.



COL. W. O. COLEMAN.

Colonel Coleman at this time was capturing and destroying many of the enemy's wagon trains. After six weeks the mother and child were released.

The second daughter, Miss Scottie May Coleman, lives at Cheneyville, La., with relatives.

There is one incident we have omitted to relate. In 1861 the Federal army was camped near Fort Scott, Kans. Colonel Coleman with his command was sent on a scouting expedition, in which he and two men got ahead of their troops and found about two hundred head of mules belonging to the enemy,

camped near Fort Scott. They opened fire on the guards and stampeded the mules, and before the Federals could take any action they had the mules going straight for the Confederate camp, about twelve miles distant, where they succeeded in taking them.

The Colonel could give the VETERAN many scenes and incidents of the war, thrilling experiences and adventures which have never been written, and it is hoped that he will find the leisure and inclination to do so.

VARIED WAR EXPERIENCES.

BY JOHN T. MOORE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The writer, a native of Obion County, Tenn., born June 24, 1845, joined Company K under Gen. John H. Morgan's division at Lebanon, Tenn., in the summer of 1862. I took part in every battle and skirmish in which my company was engaged, including Lebanon, Tenn., Lebanon, Ky., Green River, Ky., Woodbury and McMinnville, Tenn.

My horse was shot while I was on picket at Woodbury, Tenn. I was in the raid made into Indiana and Ohio in July, 1863. We crossed the Cumberland River on July 1, 1863. We had a skirmish or battle every day afterwards. On July 3 we tried to capture a regiment at Green River Bridge, but failed, and retired after four or five hours of hard fighting, losing about two hundred and fifty men, including Lieutenant Colonel Chenault. On July 4 at Lebanon, Ky., we captured Hanson's 9th Kentucky Infantry. General Morgan told us to burn the town rather than fail. Capt. W. S. Edwards volunteered to burn the place. After firing three or four houses, however, the Yankees surrendered. We were forced to double-quick our prisoners ten miles to Springfield before we could parole them, as Hobson's men were in close pursuit.

We captured two boats at Brandenburg, Ky., and crossed the Ohio River there. After crossing the river, we learned that about ten thousand Indiana State Militia were at Corydon, Ind., to give us a warm reception. As we got to the top of a hill in sight of the town General Morgan ordered us to charge and give the Rebel yell. We did so, and the militia scattered in all directions. Our regiment went around the town to head them off, and after dismounting we formed on the brow of a hill and moved forward. After getting over the hill, we saw the enemy coming toward us at full speed. I saw that my friend Phil (J. P.) Oliver had captured about sixty men, whom he had to come up to him in single file and hand him their new Enfield rifles, which he broke by striking them against a tree. We did not take time to parole our captives, but left them and hurried on.

After crossing the Ohio River on July 9, we never stopped to eat or sleep or feed our horses. When a horse gave out, we rode up to a barn and exchanged him for a good one. The majority of farmers were in hiding. If they had not been, possibly they would have objected to the arrangement and we might have gotten "some boot." The marching was fierce from the 9th until the 17th. I was captured at that time. I was cut off while we were burning a bridge and a train loaded with government supplies at Camp Dennison, which was a camp for invalids about one hundred miles from Cincinnati. I was kept for two or three days in this camp and in Cincinnati about the same time, then carried to Camp Chase, at Columbus, Ohio. With about one thousand others I was sent to Chicago (Camp Douglas), where I remained until about February 25 or 26, 1865. I arrived at Richmond on February 29, 1865, and all prisoners delivered there by March 1 were declared exchanged.

After a two weeks' furlough we were ordered to report at Lynchburg for the defense of that town. I think the officer in command was General Morgan's adjutant general, Major Allston. That night I was the advance vedette, and captured a member of Company A, 15th Pennsylvania Cavalry. Next day we went into camp at Charlotte, N. C. Here we rested for a few days, waiting to escort President Davis to Mexico.

While at Charlotte we were ordered to take five men on a train (an engine, one box car, and one flat car) and go to Salisbury, N. C., to meet President Davis and his Cabinet and take them to Charlotte. The train was captured by General Lee's soldiers, who, not knowing the purpose for which it was sent, crowded on as long as a man could hang on, and then they opened the throttle of the engine and "let her go." Mr. Davis and Cabinet were left at Salisbury. Another lieutenant was ordered to take five men and make the same trip, with orders to shoot any soldier who got on the train without permission. They returned with President Davis to Charlotte.

The next day we started on a march southward. We arrived at Unionville, S. C., near midnight. Some member of the Cabinet told us we could all consider ourselves honorably discharged, but if any of us wished to accompany President Davis to Mexico we could do so. I was then only nineteen years old; but my heart was too proud to bear the misfortune of my country. I determined to leave her and seek a home on some hospitable foreign shore. So I fell in line to seek refuge in Mexico. The next day we crossed the Savannah River. Arriving at Washington, Ga., we went into camp. It was there that the Confederate treasury was divided, some of the Tennesseans receiving as much as fifty cents. I, being in a Kentucky company, received twenty Mexican dollars. After the division a lieutenant was ordered to select five men and take three wagons loaded with bullion and deliver it to the Georgia State authorities at Washington. We were also ordered to escort Judge Judah P. Benjamin to his home or until he released us. About daylight next morning Judge Benjamin told us to go ahead and overtake our command, that he was nearly home. He was riding in an ambulance. We went another road, and at about sunrise stopped at a house for breakfast for ourselves and horses. Strange to say, the man of the house said he had never been bothered with soldiers from either army. After breakfast we resumed our march to overtake the President and his little coterie of patriots, but before we had gone five miles we were intercepted by the Federals. The commander said: "Boys, I have you. Go back to Washington and get paroles."

GRANT'S NARROW ESCAPE AT VICKSBURG.

BY W. W. DRAPER, ATLANTA, GA.

Maj. Gen. John H. Forney, who commanded a division during the siege of Vicksburg, gave some interesting data in regard to an occurrence during that event.

His lines had to be changed to avoid being undermined and blown up. The contending forces were so close together that they frequently used hand grenades in their encounters. Our soldiers often returned these grenades by seizing them and throwing them back before they exploded.

General Forney had fallen back to the extreme limit, as the river was behind him. He reported the condition to General Pemberton, and told him that the only chance to dislodge the enemy was by the use of a mortar. General Pemberton said there was one mortar available, to take that and see what could be done. General Forney found the mortar, and amidst

great difficulties moved it in position, manning it with a company of French artillerists from New Orleans.

General Forney was a graduate of West Point, and thoroughly understood the use of the gun. He aimed and pointed the mortar; then, instructing the artillerist to shoot every thirty minutes, he went to a high point to watch results. He had cut the fuse of the bomb a little too long; so it failed to explode, and this one shot was the only one fired from the mortar. This shot drew the fire of the enemy, and many of the men at the battery were killed or wounded.

After the surrender General Forney and General McPherson, who was in charge of the terms of parole, met and found they were classmates at West Point. During the conversation that ensued McPherson asked General Forney who had aimed that bomb, saying that only the too long fuse had saved General Grant and his staff, as it had fallen just beside them as they were holding a council of war. Had it exploded in the air, as was intended, nothing could have saved them.

General Forney after his parole was given an ambulance and two mules by General McPherson to assist him in getting home, as he was badly wounded, and by the kindness of the same general the ambulance was supplied with every comfort the Federal commissary afforded.

General McPherson was one of the bravest and truest soldiers in the Northern army, his treatment of his prisoners was very kind, and he was never known to mistreat the down-trodden or oppress the helpless.

Captain Bigley, Chairman of the National Park Committee, says that no general, Northern or Southern, was braver or more self-sacrificing than General Forney. It is suggested that a monument be erected to this gallant officer. There has been some money subscribed for this purpose, but not enough. If any who knew and admired General Forney wish to contribute to this noble cause, they can send what they like to Horace L. Stephenson, chairman General Forney monument fund, Jacksonville, Ala.

BURIAL RITUAL.

SUITABLE FOR CONFEDERATES EVERYWHERE.

At the hour and place appointed the Camp or Bivouac of which the deceased was a member will meet. The President will appoint pallbearers, marshal, and assistant if necessary. All members are to be supplied with a badge of crape and a sprig of evergreen to be worn with the badge of the Association. The Bivouac will pass in procession from the place of meeting to the place where the deceased is to be taken for interment. The order of procession will be as follows:

1. The Marshal with black scarf and a baton with black crape and ribbon on each end — inches wide of color (blue, red, or yellow) representing that branch of service to which the comrade belonged.
2. The Sergeant-at-Arms with sword draped as baton of Marshal.
3. Members in double rank.
4. Recording and Corresponding Secretaries.
5. Financial Secretary and Treasurer.
6. Chaplain and Surgeon.
7. Second and Third Vice Presidents.
8. President and First Vice President.

On arriving at the house the President will place the badge of deceased on coffin.

The procession in above-named order will precede the corpse to the place of burial. On arriving at such place the members

will open ranks, stand uncovered, with hat in left hand and with right hand raised as if making a military salute, and allow the corpse, mourners, etc., to pass between the two lines, after which the members will re-form in reverse order, the President and Vice President leading, passing through to the front, others following to the grave, opening ranks and passing around both right and left. After the performance of such religious service as desired by friends of deceased and before final closing of grave, the members will silently approach as near the grave as convenient, the President at the head, the Chaplain at the foot, all uncovered, hat in left hand, when the President will read the following address:

COMRADES: We are here to-day to pay the last tribute of friendship in the presence of our honored dead.

Response. Our honored dead.

We are to commit to the grave the body of a comrade whose life—aside from its other ties of friendship and sociability—was drawn very close to our lives by a bond of love which was formed amidst common perils and hardships and welded in the fires of battle.

Response. The fires of battle.

Not in the pomp and circumstance of war, not with musket shot and roll of drum do we bury our comrade. The roar of the cannon and the din of the conflict are hushed, and in this time of solemn peace we lay the citizen-soldier in his last resting place—an honorable grave.

Response. An honorable grave.

He was a veteran Confederate soldier, true and tried. Freely and cheerfully he risked his life in defense of his home and his people; bravely and grandly he bore himself amidst all the dangers and privations of an unequal contest. He answered to the last roll call that summoned him to duty as a soldier; and when he yielded to the arbitrament of war, it was not as a conquered slave, but as a hero—one of the gallant spirits who have immortalized the Southern arms. He fought a good fight and has left a record of which we, his surviving comrades, are proud, and which is a heritage of glory to his family and their descendants for all time to come.

Response. A glorious heritage!

With equal courage and fortitude and patience our comrade accepted the fortune of peace, made arduous by losses and reproaches, and as a citizen of a reunited country, true to his innate manhood, he evinced a loyalty which, making no apology for the past, was true in every quality of patriotism and which none can question without aspersion.

Response. He was tried and true.

Rest, soldier, rest! Impartial history will vindicate thy motives and write thy deeds illustrious. Comrade and friend, we give thy body to the dust and commend thy spirit to God.

Response. Rest, soldier, rest!

(The Chaplain shall pray suitably to the occasion.)

If it be desired that the Bivouac ceremony be performed at the residence, the members will at the proper time, after such religious services as may be held, form around the coffin, with the President at the head and the Chaplain at the foot, and stand in this position with uncovered heads during the responsive reading, which will be the same as that prescribed for the ceremony at the grave. If it be decided to have the ceremony in the church, the members will form in like order about the coffin after the religious exercises have been concluded and proceed as prescribed for the residence. If the ceremony is to be had at the grave, the procession in the order given above will precede the corpse to the church, if it be taken to a church, and thence to the place of burial.

FALL OF RICHMOND, APRIL 3, 1865.

BY E. T. WATEHALL.

On April 3 about nine in the morning, while on my way to the Baptist church, I heard the bell in Capitol Square sounding the "military call" for the local forces and all citizens, young and old, to prepare for duty. It was a beautiful morning, and when I left the church after service everything seemed about as usual until I entered the street on which was President Davis's mansion. The President and Dr. Hoge were the only two who had received the news of the fall of the city during church time.

However, it did not take long for the news to spread, and earthquakes and great fires faintly resemble the result of the news. On the street every one was calling out: "Richmond has fallen! What shall we all do?" I had witnessed the Pawnee excitement of '61; but that was a joyful rush, while this was a heartbreaking one.

There was a wild rush and hurry on all the streets, but it was magnified in the crowd that seemed going to the Danville Depot. Here trains were leaving every few minutes, and I saw Confederate soldiers, men, women, and children among the citizens going away, and a quantity of gold and money and all sorts of household articles being carried off.

The commissary storehouse (where now stands the new Southern Depot) was a busy place, for the government had given permission for the people to take everything that could not be carried away by the authorities. You could see old men, women, and children snatching for something, whether it was useful or not. I made many trips back and forth to carry my pick-ups home, and there were any number who were doing as I did.

On Ninth Street were great piles of paper burning, and by their light I saw some men wearing Confederate uniforms break into Antoni's confectionery. The woman inside asked them not to break the jars, but to take all the candy they wanted. As this was private property, I did not try to get any of the candy, as much as I wanted it. I also saw a jewelry store and one or two others broken open, but this was not by the soldiers.

As I was standing on the corner of Thirteenth and Main Streets that night about seven o'clock I saw the last Confederate cannons come thundering down the street, the driver yelling: "Is this Virginia Street? Which is the way to the Danville Depot?" They turned into an alleyway and then across the bridge, which had been floored over for this very emergency.

How Richmond was burned has been often discussed; and as I watched with all the interest of a fourteen-year-old boy, I will tell exactly how it occurred. The first explosion was from a boat beside the bridge, and was entirely accidental. I was standing right by General Ewell when it happened, and I heard him say with an oath: "The first one that puts a torch to this bridge except by my orders I wish shot down."

These men in the boat had been doing as every one else did, helping themselves to all they could find. They threw a box of powder on the boat, and it struck against something and exploded. The men in the boat were in much more danger than those on the bridge. General Ewell in his report says the boat was under the bridge, but it was not. It was too dark and dangerous for a boat to lie under the bridge with all that commotion going on above.

General Kershaw says these boatmen helped extinguish the fire on the bridge, so that he and his command could pass over. He also said he saw the flouring mills burning, but it was too far for him to go to help extinguish it.

I saw the Blockhoe warehouse burn and saw the crowds of men and women throwing bags of flour out of one side while the other side of the warehouse was burning. The Shochem warehouse was officially set on fire, and its burning prevented the spread of the fire on that side of the city. I saw a large coal of fire fall on the steeple of the Presbyterian church while I was half a mile away. It burned so slowly that I am sure it could have been put out if any one could have gotten to it. This church, though it stood in a thickly populated part of the city, was the only thing that burned in that neighborhood. It was rumored that this church was set on fire; but it really caught from a coal thrown on the steeple from the explosion at Cook's Foundry. It was reported that the burning of Richmond was the work of an incendiary, but it was the result of carelessness. The gas was cut off at the works, and there was no light; so people burned paper to see how to pillage, and threw the lighted paper on the floors. I saw as many as ten or fifteen of these lights on the floors at once. I read a story that a spy set fire to the War Department and received a reward from the Federal government for destroying it, when the truth is the building was not destroyed at all, but was standing till a few years ago.

The building the Confederates used as the War Department was built for a mechanics' institute, and the rooms were used for all sorts of things. In one room I saw a number of Starr pianos, the first I had ever seen, and it was from one of these rooms that I heard the salute of cannon when President Davis entered the city. I stood very near here the evening before the battle of Drury's Bluff and saw General Beauregard making his observations, with Fort Washington on the right and Fort Scott on the left.

The burning of some of the buildings and bridges may have been incendiary, but most of the fire came about as I have stated. The fire on Petersburg bridge by a change of wind set fire to the arsenal. I remember the day that Mr. Sedley, the chemist, was blown up by an explosion at the arsenal. That was in 1861, and in 1865 I saw the whole roof collapse from fire.

A printer now working on the News-Leader had about the same experience with paper and fire that I did. He says he lit a paper and by its light went into a cellar and brought out a live pig which he drove down the street. Some one yelled at him that the Confederates always went the whole hog.

About eight o'clock on the day that Richmond fell I saw the first Yankees come marching in. Some women and boys stood on the corner and waved little Union flags. The Yankees put the negroes to work pumping with the hand engines, much to their disgust, for they thought that now that the Federals were there, the whites would have to work while they played. I believe everybody misunderstood the cause of the Richmond fire. The Yankees thought the Confederates were burning the city to keep them from getting it, and the Confederates thought it the work of the mob.

FREEING PRISONERS.

BY DR JOHN CUNNINGHAM, RAVENNA, TEX.

On one occasion during the latter part of the great war while on furlough on my way to Trigg County, Ky., my horse needed rest. I was stopping a few miles from a little war-deserted village. One cold, gloomy evening I rode down to the village and learned the news. The only business house there was run by a discharged soldier. His stock in trade was "mountain dew" (homemade booze). That being the only public place to warm, I hitched my horse close by and

went in by a red-hot stove. After chatting awhile on war topics, a long black bottle labeled "mountain dew" appeared on the counter. We were young and foolish then; so we sampled the dew. The dew vendor was exploiting its superior virtues. Just at this moment a furious pounding came on the door, accompanied by many voices swearing that if the door was not opened immediately it would be broken open and the inmates killed. The barkeeper looked out the window and hurriedly said: "Captain, the house is surrounded by Yankees."

Things looked bad for me; so I grabbed the bottle in one hand and flung the door wide open with the other. Half a dozen navy revolvers were aimed at me. While waving the bottle I shouted: "Come in, gentlemen, and drink mountain dew to your heart's content, and the best over which you ever smacked your lips." At sight of the bottle and my speech every pistol instantaneously sought its holster. The scouts belonged to Colonel Bird's East Tennessee Regiment from the mountains. My bottle evaporated faster than mist before the rising sun. "Saloonery" was called on, and he supplied their liquid wants. They promoted me on the spot and called me "Colonel Liquor."

By this time two small squads of the same command had loped into town, each having a batch of prisoners that had been picked up on the scout. Several of the prisoners claimed to be loyal citizens and to have taken the oath of allegiance at Fort Heiman, on the Tennessee, and were clamoring for release. The sergeant in command was uneducated and could not read. He called on his men to see if any of them could read the papers, and they all responded: "No." He then asked me if I could read them. I told him I could read anything. The first paper passed up was the oath of allegiance to the United States taken at Fort Heiman, Tenn. I read it the second time, so as to memorize it. The second, third, and fourth were the same. The Confederate boys somehow or other had caught on. Then came two or three Confederate discharges from the army. Then a regular Dixie soldier passed up his furlough from General Forrest. I read between the lines and gave him the allegiance oath to Uncle Sam. The sergeant motioned him over to the free squad. Immediately all of the regular Confederate soldiers began a hurried search for their furloughs. By still reading between the lines I made each one a loyal citizen to Uncle Sam. I had freed every one but myself.

Of course I felt a little dubious about tricking the Yankees in this way; but I argued that it was a great act of humanity and kindness to the Dixie boys and that all was fair in war. Besides, it was no violence or damage to my new-made unlettered Federal friends. I knew that if I was caught I would be punished; but I had no fears of the Dixie side, and to my Federal friends I argued: "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." Should any one, either blue or gray, who was present read the above sketch, he will please drop me a line at Ravenna, Tex.

MOTHERS OF THE CONFEDERACY SUGGESTED AS SPONSORS, ETC.—Mr. E. W. Blanchard, of Greenville, Miss., suggests that at the coming Reunion in Memphis the Mothers of the Confederacy be selected as sponsors and maids of honor. He feels that the honor is due those who bore so bravely the many evils of war, and also that the veterans would rather be represented by the noble women who were their fellow-sufferers not only during the Civil War, but in those years that were even harder to bear—the period immediately following the surrender.

TRIBUTE TO COL. ROBERT A. SMITH.

BY ISAIAH RUSH, HUBBARD CITY, TEX.

I appreciate more highly than ever the VETERAN, since by it a lost comrade, Col. Robert A. Smith, lost for forty-seven years, has been located. I would like to see some comrade who could tell me the fate of Col. Robert A. Smith, of the 10th Mississippi Regiment, that noble-hearted, grand, brave, patriotic Scotchman, who espoused the cause of the South in its effort to maintain the Constitution. He reminded me of the noble Lafayette, of Revolutionary fame. Both of these exponents of liberty took sides with the oppressed, and both alike possessed the same noble qualities.

I belonged to Captain McKieffer's Mississippi Rifles (Port Gibson), Company C, 10th Mississippi Regiment, Col. Robert A. Smith commander, and the regiment was sent to Pensacola, Fla., under General Bragg in 1861. Colonel Smith was a strict disciplinarian, but was kind and good to all his boys.

One day some negroes came through our camp with a load of apples going to the 9th Mississippi Regiment. Our boys (the writer was one of them) tried to buy some apples; but the negroes said they were to take them to the 9th Mississippi Regiment. No offers would buy the apples; therefore we appropriated them to our own use. The negroes went to Colonel Smith with their complaint. After interrogating them, Colonel Smith replied: "The boys are not to blame, as they offered to buy your apples."

There were several Irishmen in the regiment, noble-hearted, brave soldiers, two of whom one night took a "French leave of absence," went to Pensacola, got two gallons of whisky, and returned to camp. The next morning there were five fist fights in operation at the same time. The guard were called out, using their bayonets to quell the disturbance. The Irishmen fought the guard and all who interfered with them. Colonel Smith ordered the guard to quarters, took hold of some of the men, and quelled the whole trouble in a few minutes. Even drunken men loved and respected him.

On our way from Pensacola to Corinth, Miss., in 1862, just before the battle of Shiloh, we camped at Montgomery, Ala. Before breaking ranks a double guard was placed to prevent the soldiers from going to the city. That night about half the regiment evaded the guards and went to the city anyhow. Next morning files of men were sent after them (the writer one of them). On Main Street three of us found one very large Irishman of the regiment, whom we tried to arrest. He picked up a club, backed out into the middle of the street, and with an oath said he would kill the first man who came to him. We surrounded him with fixed bayonets, telling him he must go to camp. At this critical moment Colonel Smith, seeing the trouble, came galloping up and asked the cause of the trouble. The Irishman said he would die before he would be taken to camp under guard, but would go without a guard. When we got back to camp, Flanagan was there.

When I read that Colonel Smith's last resting place was in a lonely grave on the bank of Green River, near Munfordsville, Ky., tears unbidden came from my eyes. I then resolved to pen this tribute to the fallen hero.

After my term of service expired with the old 10th Mississippi in 1862, I returned home and reenlisted in Captain McKay's company, B, 38th Mississippi Regiment, and lost my left arm in the siege of Vicksburg.

A brother of Colonel Smith came to the United States, sought the death spot of his gallant brother, and erected a handsome monument, capping it by a broken shaft. His visit and tribute were highly appreciated.—ED. VETERAN.

EXPERIENCES IN THE ENEMY'S LINES.

BY GEORGE H. MORGAN.

In May, 1861, my older brothers, Job M. and Perry F. Morgan, enlisted in the Confederate army in the first company organized in Jackson County, Tenn., leaving me home to help care for the family. On September 5, 1861, the day I was twenty years old, at Butler's Landing, Clay County, Tenn., I enlisted in Company A, Oliver Hamilton's Battalion Confederate Cavalry. Being a delicate boy, I was not required to do hard service. I was sent on scouting duty occasionally and permitted to go home frequently.

About the time of the battle of Fishing Creek I was ordered to report for duty on detached service to Capt. (afterwards Major) John S. Bransford, chief transportation quartermaster at Nashville. I was enrolled as clerk in his office, and thus was on detached duty. My principal business was to issue transportation orders or tickets to soldiers going in different directions wherever there were railroads throughout the Confederacy. Some were going home on furloughs, some returning to their commands, and others changing service. Soldiers were required to have papers that entitled them to travel. Sometimes we shipped men by regiments and even brigades and divisions; but it was with the individual soldiers that we had principally to deal. I also served as a shipping clerk in the freight office. I never felt my importance more than when, lantern in hand, I directed railroad men.

Everything went well with us till the falling back process began. Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston came back from his advanced line at Bowling Green, Ky., and made Nashville headquarters for a while. He was a very large, fine-looking man, solemn and commanding in appearance. I never had business with him but once. Near the last days of the evacuation of Nashville he sent to Major Bransford for three hacks. I think he wanted to go out as far as Columbia. Major Bransford had no hacks, and sending to a livery stable they declined to furnish them. As messenger I appeared before the General with a military salute and a polite note from Major Bransford imparting the above information. With a smile and a frown he said: "Tell Major Bransford I want three hacks at once. If necessary, impress them by my order. If you need any soldiers, apply to Major ——— in the next room. Be prompt, please." I went on a double-quick back to Major Bransford's office. Armed with his order by order of the commanding general, I repaired again to the livery stable, and got the hacks, teams, and drivers, and delivered them to the General. Bowing with the grace of a knight, he said, "Thank you, Lieutenant," and walked into the next room, and that was the last I ever saw of Albert Sidney Johnston.

The scenes in Nashville that and succeeding nights were panicky and exciting in the extreme. The Confederate retreat was not orderly by any means. Fort Donelson had fallen, and it was supposed that the Federal gunboats would come at once to Nashville. The army from Bowling Green—long lines of cavalry, infantry, and artillery—looked big enough to whip the world. It was long passing Nashville. It required a whole day for the wagon train. The people, who were not used to seeing vast armies and were not strategists, felt outraged and said it was a shame to give up Nashville. But the retreat went on, and it was not as orderly as Gen. J. E. Johnston's retreat. There were hundreds of straggling soldiers who joined mobs as occasion suited.

Vast quantities of quartermaster and commissary supplies had been collected at Nashville, and Major Bransford was ordered to ship all South, but could not get cars for half.

Later mobs were formed and appropriated vast quantities of clothing, bacon, flour, blankets—in fact, stores of all kinds. I was told that plenty of people procured a whole year's supply.

Major Bransford and his other office boys took the last train leaving the city and went to Corinth, Miss. Major Bransford gave me a furlough, and I put out for home, in the hills of Jackson County. Getting in with some other soldiers, among them Col. Paul Anderson, we reached Lebanon in a heavy rain. The creek that runs under the town overflowed it, washing down the courthouse fence, drowning out stores and private residences, and playing havoc generally.

The transportation office stopped first at Huntsville, Ala., then moved to Corinth, Tupelo, Meridian, and was finally established at Columbus, Miss.

In the haste of leaving Nashville some important vouchers connected with the office were left in the safe of Cooke, Settle & Company. They were not really contraband of war, but were important to Major Bransford in his settlement of his accounts with the Confederate government.

One of his clerks, W. H. Holman, in the spring of 1862 volunteered to go to Nashville after the papers. He got safely into Nashville and went to the house of Col. Anthony W. Johnson, where he stayed too long and was arrested by the Federal authorities and thrown into prison. He may not have been arrested there, but his presence there was ascertained. Miss Mamie Johnson, afterwards wife of Major Bransford, wrote to Holman's father, near Franklin, Ky., who was a Union man, and got him released. When caught his clothes were full of letters. It was afterwards reported that in attempting to come South he was captured and killed by Federal soldiers.

Holman's failure, of which we heard in due time, whetted my appetite to try it. Major Bransford doubted the propriety of it, but decided to let me have my way, leaving it to me personally, with no responsibility attaching to any one but myself. Armed with the necessary papers to take me beyond the Confederate lines, I left Columbus, Miss., about the 1st of August, 1862, and went by rail to Chattanooga. I then purchased a horse that suited my purpose admirably. It was a small bay taken from a wagon, had a worked-down shabby appearance like a scrub pony, yet a good mover under the lash. I did not wear spurs, but used a bush switch.

The first night out from Chattanooga I went to Colonel Roberson's, a few miles below Dunlap. I found sojourning there several distinguished Tennesseans with whom I became acquainted at Major Bransford's office in Nashville. Among them, as I now remember, was Brig. Gen. S. R. Anderson, Hon. John Bell (formerly United States Senator and candidate for President), Hon. Andrew Ewing, and Col. Mat Stratton, of Nashville.

Making an early start from there, I crossed the Cumberland Mountains by "the Pope route," and stayed that night with my cousin, George P. Hampton, eight miles west of Sparta and thirty-one miles from my father's house, in Jackson County. It was an easy ride next day to my home, being less than half the distance made the day before. Here I stayed two nights and one day, and left with the blessing of my dear old father and mother and a letter from him to Elder James Tompkins, a brother Baptist minister, then residing about four miles south of Lebanon. I stayed with him two days, and revealed my whole plan. Under a suggestion from him I went by a stillhouse next morning and procured a quart of fine brandy for use should I need it—and I did; but we were both "teetotalers."

It is well here to state that I dropped my surname, simply going by the name of George Hampton. I always thought the best way to succeed was to stick to the truth as closely as possible. Besides, Morgan was not a popular name among the Federals and their sympathizers. I told no lie, however, using my Christian name simply.

Leaving Brother Tompkins, I made a forced march toward Nashville. I rode along the pike as a green countryman from the backwoods; yet it was not a very favorable time for such an expedition, General Forrest having made his raid on Murfreesboro only a few days before and captured several hundred prisoners. The first Federal pickets were near the first tollgate. About two miles up the road two men rode out of the cedars and accosted me. I put on an air of country simplicity and asked them to take a drink, which they did very lustily. They looked about half soldier, half citizen. They had Morgan saddles and other cavalry outfit with no weapons visible, but plenty concealed. They said they were Forrest scouts, and seemed satisfied that I was a harmless individual. They talked about going down and running in the pickets; but concluded to "ride by the pickets, as they won't stop us." My brandy had done its work on one of them, and he had to dismount. The other was nearly as helpless. They stopped, telling me to ride on, they would overtake me; but that was the last I saw of them.

The sentry on the road asked me few questions and told me to go on to the picket post. They had the road blockaded with fence rails to stop a charge from Forrest. They asked me where I was from and if I had taken the oath, adding that I would have to do that before I got out, but I could go on in. Though I passed several camps of Federal soldiers, I was not further questioned.

Going in on College Street, I found it heavily barricaded at several points as against a charge. Little narrow winding passages permitted a person to go through. I learned that an attack from Forrest was actually anticipated—at least, prepared for. Arriving on the Public Square, I found all the outlets to Nashville across the river heavily guarded. No one could go to Edgefield without a pass, and no one could get a pass without the recommendation of a loyal citizen. I had a friend, Charlie Stringer, a clerk with Cooke, Settle & Co. (boot and shoe merchants) Finding Charlie without trouble, he readily recommended me. He wrote a brief note to the provost marshal, stating that I was a countryman friend of his and desired to go to Edgefield, and that he would vouch for me. Without questioning me Col. Lewis D. Campbell, of Ohio, formerly a member of Congress, granted the "bearer, George Hampton, citizen, permission to go to Edgefield for twenty-four hours and then return to these headquarters." I took this and told him I did not want to return to the city, and asked if it would involve him in any way. He said he guessed it would be all right and to "go ahead." I have not reported to Colonel Campbell yet.

I went immediately to Mr. Russell M. Kinnaird's, Edgefield, where I delivered to Mrs. Kinnaird divers letters from the South, written on linen, sewed up between the lining and outside of my coat, trusting her to deliver them to the true owners. The most important was to Miss Mamie Johnson from Major Bransford. They were married shortly after the war closed. Mrs. Kinnaird was Major Bransford's sister, and a very talented, far-seeing woman. It was then late in the evening, and she informed me that I could not get the papers I wanted until next day, as they were locked up in Mr. Kinnaird's safe in the city. I asked her if I could stay

there. She said she was afraid for me to do so, as there was too much risk. She added: "Poor Holman! he was undoubtedly reported on by some servant. Since then we do not trust them any; nor any one else very much unless we know them. But I will fix it. I want you to wear this coat (it will be necessary for yours to be repaired) and this hat, one of Brother Tom's old ones. They will not materially change your appearance. I had your horse fed when you came and want you to leave now in a few minutes." Seating herself at a table, she wrote in a very fine hand something like this:

"Mrs. E., this is a friend. Keep him until I come.

MATILDA K."

Taking the scissors, she cut this in a very narrow slip and stuck it in my vest pocket and said: "If you see you are going to be captured, put it in your mouth; and if necessary, eat it. Col. William B. Ewing lives nine miles from here on the White's Creek Pike. There are no pickets on that road, and there have never been any soldiers, not even scouts out there that I've ever heard of. Take that note to Mrs. Ewing, and they will treat you like a prince, and I'll go out to-morrow."

It was now nearly night, and I rode out of Edgefield proud of my success thus far. It was night when I arrived at Colonel Ewing's, forty miles from where I had stayed the night before. A hospitable-looking country mansion with several rooms lighted and light on the porch greeted me. I ventured the usual "Hello" at the gate. A modest girl in short dress and a curly-headed boy about the same size, twelve and fourteen years old respectively, met me at the gate. I told them my name was Hampton, that I was a weary traveler, and wanted to stay all night. They said their father and mother had gone two miles to see a sick neighbor and would not be back until late, and very naturally seemed to hesitate, when I handed the little girl the note from Mrs. K. She ran back near enough to the porch light to read it, and said, "He's all right, brother; we'll take him in," and in the same breath to me: "Mr. Hampton, you are from the South and can tell us all about the war. I have a brother there. I hope you've seen him. He's in the 1st Tennessee."

I was at once at home. Marie Lou and Willie were profuse yet thoroughly genteel in their hospitality. Willie put away my horse and fed him in a far-back stable. His sister got a supper that the tired soldier enjoyed. The old negro cook had gone for the night. After supper I got on confidential terms with my little friends and told them all I knew about the South and the war and brother Charlie in the 1st Tennessee. Thus entertained, the hours flew by until about eleven o'clock, when the old folks got home. My little hostess introduced me. Near midnight she, assisted by Willie, brought in cake, wine, and other refreshments. Having told my story to Colonel Ewing and his wife, I retired about one o'clock and slept till the sunbeams came in at my window, and Colonel Ewing knocked at my door to announce breakfast.

By nine o'clock several Nashville ladies came to see me. Speaking from memory, I could not be expected to name them all, a period of thirty-eight years having marked the scroll of time—Mrs. Matilda Kinnaird, who brought me Major Bransford's vouchers for which I had made the journey, Mrs. Anthony W. Johnson and daughter, Miss Mamie Johnson, Mrs. Watson M. Cooke, and Mrs. Mat Stratton, and some of the family of Colonel Smith, then a prominent citizen of Edgefield. The business of the day was being interviewed and receiving and sending messages, and at two o'clock I

started for Dixie. Colonel Ewing piloted me across the Gallatin Pike at a point known to be free from pickets and directed me to cross the Cumberland River near the Hermitage, the ferryman being a Southern sympathizer in whom I could confide. He directed me by country roads to Colonel Ashworth's, a short distance west of Lebanon, where I spent the night. After I got there I put all the letters in my pockets and saddlebags my friends wanted me to carry with the understanding that there was nothing contraband in them. I was privileged to read them, and if I found any wrong to destroy them and not carry them. Considering myself safe the first night, I don't remember even to have read them.

Only one incident on the return trip is worthy of particular mention. I had been assured that there were no Federal pickets on the road I was traveling. Somewhere near the Cumberland River on the north side a sudden turn in the road brought me suddenly in the very edge of an encampment of bluecoats. A second glance showed me that it was simply a bridge guard, and I rode on unconcerned, speaking to those playing cards near the road and giving them the countryman's salute, at which some of them smiled and others grunted a lazy salutation.

Leaving Colonel Ashworth's, from which place I was enabled to send word to my friend, Mrs. K., at Nashville of my safety thus far, I went on through Lebanon and up the pike to Chestnut Mound to the hills and hollows of Jackson County, where, after resting a few days, I proceeded South, and arrived safe at the transportation office, having accomplished what I undertook. I carried with me the whole trip a belief that Providence was with me and I would succeed.

My little friend, Miss Marie Lou Ewing, grew to fascinating womanhood and became the excellent wife of Mr. James W. Blackmoore, one of the leading members of the Gallatin bar. I enjoyed the hospitality of her and her husband when in Gallatin in 1880. She has since been called by death to the angel world. "Willie" is now Dr. W. G. Ewing, one of the leading physicians of Nashville. Charlie was one of the most gallant men of the 1st Tennessee, and became a leading lawyer of Dresden, West Tennessee, and died some years ago. Mrs. Ewing died at the residence of her son, Dr. W. G. Ewing, recently.

DUEL BETWEEN GENs. JOHNSTON AND HUSTON.

BY COL. GEORGE WYTHE BAYLOR, OF GENERAL JOHNSTON'S
STAFF, NOW OF GUADALAJARA, MEX.

The article in the *VETERAN* for September giving an account of the duel between Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston and Gen. Felix Huston during the war for Texas independence carries me back to Bowling Green, Ky., in 1861 and brings vividly before me Blackburn's home, our headquarters, and the members of the commander's staff. We were sitting around the fire at night when the subject of the duel was brought up by Col. H. P. Brewster, who was also an old Texan and a warm friend of General Johnston.

Speaking of the duel, the General said there was no cause in the world for a duel; but Gen. Felix Huston was very much chagrined that he had been superseded in command of the Texans. General Johnston said that, while he was a good shot with a rifle, he knew very little about pistol practice except with the old Dragoon holster pistol that had the same cartridge as the flintlock musket, an ounce ball and three buckshot, and did not require any special science, but, like

"Bennie's pistol," got something else if not what it was aimed at. Men who expected duels or hunted up duels on slight provocation kept and practiced with regular dueling pistols. The deadly Colt's six-shooter was unknown.

General Johnston stated that the challenge was a great surprise to him; but as the commander of the army and in accordance with the custom of the times he accepted the challenge, as a refusal would lose him the confidence of the troops. He knew his opponent was an expert, and that he would have to use his dueling pistols, long-barreled hair trigger, and his only show was to disconcert him and draw his fire; so when the word was given, "Are you ready? Fire! 1, 2, 3," he did not wait for "1, 2, 3," but threw up his pistol and blazed away without trying to get aim in the direction of his man, and did prevent the expert from more than "winging" him after several shots. The shot in his hip made him limp but slightly, and unless one's attention had been called to it it would never have been noticed. It is greatly to the credit of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN that it has preserved this along with much other valuable data for the historians.

Referring to the article in the October *VETERAN* by John P. Broome, copied from the *Arkansas Gazette*, as to his being the only man who saw A. S. Johnston die, I have a very distinct recollection of leaning over General Johnston, his head on my knees, and the last thing he saw on earth was my tear-stained face bending over him. I was his senior aid-de-camp, and wrote an account of his death for an early number of the *VETERAN*. Mr. Broome was undoubtedly there; but my account, Governor Harris's, and his do not agree except as to the sad fact that General Johnston was wounded in a desperate charge and lost his life by ordering Dr. Yandell to remain with a group of mixed Union and Confederate wounded. No, Brother Broome, I am from Arkansas myself, and Fayetteville, Washington County, is full of my kindred—Judge David Walker's descendants.

In the November *VETERAN* is an interesting account of Confederate breech-loading cannon, commonly known, says Capt. Theo. F. Allen, of Cincinnati, Ohio, as Schoolfield's Battery. It seems strange that this arm of the service has never been mentioned before, and that it comes to us from a Yank.

Until I saw this article it was my impression that my brother, Gen. John R. Baylor, had invented the first breech-loading cannon. His, however, was a smoothbore and was loaded with buckshot, a can of them each load. Jim Miliken, of Weatherford, Tex., told me he had fired the cannon several times, and at seventy-five yards the load could be covered by an ordinary hat where it hit the mark, and afterwards the blue whistlers began to scatter and "sarch for the inimy;" and had the Williams gun been so loaded, Captain Allen would have heard many more tunes played than "Whar is you?"

Like the Williams gun, it could be hauled by a horse and buggy shafts, and also placed on a saddle for mountain service. Such a gun battery would have mowed down any regiment at close quarters.

Mr. George A. Clark, of Montell, Uvalde County, Tex., put up this gun at Cushman's Foundry, Houston, for the "Ladies' Rangers," commanded by General Baylor. The last one we heard of was taken by General Marmaduke across the Rio Grande in 1865.

Dr. John Cunningham, of Ravenna, Tex., writes an interesting account of his life since the war. He has had many honors, and is growing old, loving the South as much as when he served under her banner.

BATTLE OF NATURAL BRIDGE, FLA.

BY JACOB GARDNER, 18 BROUGHTON STREET, SAVANNAH, GA.

In the January VETERAN, page 21, I read the poem on the battle of "Natural Bridge, Fla., March 6, 1865." Having been one of the participants, I wrote my sister seven days after the fight. I send you a copy of this letter, particularly as so little has ever appeared in print concerning this fight except in the "War of Rebellion Reports," published by the United States government:

"CHATHAHOOCHEE, FLA., March 13, 1865.

"My Dear Sister: Your anxiously looked-for letter of the 27 ult. came to hand on Saturday night immediately after our return from a short campaign which did not last one week. I suppose you have seen or heard long before this reaches you that the Yankees had received another good drubbing down here.

"Our battery had the honor of participating in the engagement. We received orders here Sunday morning, the 5th inst., before day to march immediately for the field of operations. We left this place as soon as our horses finished eating and we had cooked rations. We arrived at Camp Randolph, sixteen miles below Tallahassee, Monday morning before day. By ten o'clock we reached the field of battle, about seven miles from the camp and about twelve miles from Tallahassee. Our forces skirmished with them all the morning. We had several killed and wounded, and at eleven o'clock it began in earnest. The fight lasted three hours and a half.

"It was a warm place for the number of men engaged. Three guns of our battery and two guns of Captain Houston's battery were there. The enemy had a narrow defile to pass through of about forty yards, and all the guns played on this point. We played havoc amongst them, you may be sure. It was mostly an artillery fight. Our battery had one man, George Griffin, severely wounded. He lost his arm. He was struck by a piece of shell. Five others were struck by bullets, but were not hurt. Our gun—the one I belong to—was in the battery within two hundred yards of the enemy all the time. The fight took place at the Natural Bridge, across the St. Marks River. Capt. Lee Butler was wounded, and Sampson was struck by a spent ball on the leg, but not hurt.

"The 2d Florida Cavalry came just in time, made a charge, and routed the enemy. Our loss was, as near as I could learn, eight killed and twenty-eight wounded. The enemy lost, from their account, four hundred. They had some citizens prisoners, but released them, who said the Yankees acknowledged that they were badly whipped, and that was what they lost—four hundred. Every field officer they had but one was either killed or wounded. Their General Newton was wounded in the hip by a shrapnel shot and in the shoulder by a limb of a tree.

"The day before we got there the Yankees captured the gun we had at Camp Randolph, also one man. It was done through a mistake of the commanding officers at that point. Our officers were cleared of all blame by the statement of the officer in charge to General Jones. The support they had, which was only sixty men, left before our gun fired the first shot. The enemy advanced on it twelve hundred strong. Our men were ordered to fire and leave the gun, which they did in good time.

"Our force in the battle at the bridge was about one thousand strong. The enemy numbered fifteen hundred. The day after the fight two deserters were captured. They were caught in arms, and they had fought us the day before. A drumhead court-martial was held immediately. They were

condemned and were shot at half past twelve o'clock last Tuesday. One of them stood as a statue, but the other seemed to be affected considerably. They were the first deserters I ever saw shot. Their eyes were bandaged and their hands tied behind them to a stake. It was a hard sight, but just. All the forces witnessed the execution. I picked up some little plunder off the field, amongst them two letters and two Yankee postage stamps. Inclosed I send one of the letters.

"I hear that the Georgia Militia have all been furloughed indefinitely, and I hope that uncle will be able now to remain with his family. You seem anxious to knit me some socks. I have no objection. If you have an opportunity, you may send me some. I am in excellent health, as usual. I have no idea when I'll be able to see you, as furloughs do not come 'thick and fast.' I enjoy myself very well. You must try to do likewise. It is useless to grieve. Some day we will all go home again."

[The VETERAN sought information in regard to this battle to go with the poem. It is a coincidence that Mr. Gardner's letter has been preserved these many years, and is now made historic record. Mr. Gardner served in Company A, Milton Light Artillery, Capt. Joseph L. Dunham commanding—Ed.]

JOHN BROWN'S EXECUTION AT CHARLESTOWN.

BY R. A. HART, ADJT. JOE KENDALL CAMP, WARRENTON, VA.

I notice in the February VETERAN an article about John Brown and Harper's Ferry by Patrick Higgins. Mr. Higgins is mistaken as to the time of the execution of Brown. I belonged then and throughout the war to a company of cavalry organized in Fauquier County, Va., in 1858 by Capt. John Scott, known as the Black Horse Troop. It became Company H, 4th Virginia Regiment, Wickham's Brigade, Fitz Lee's Division. The company was commanded in the early part of the war by William H. Payne, Captain Scott having resigned. Payne was soon promoted to brigadier general.

Early in November, 1859, we were ordered to Charlestown with all the volunteer soldiery of Virginia, including the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute (in all about three thousand troops), by Governor Wise, of Virginia. Our company formed a part of the guard having John Brown in charge from the jail to the gallows. He was hanged on December 2, 1859, at Charlestown, the county seat of Jefferson County, then Virginia, now West Virginia. Harper's Ferry is in the same county.

There were captured at Harper's Ferry by our beloved Lee (then Capt. R. E. Lee, of the United States army) seven of the raiders—viz., Brown, Cook, Coppie, Copeland, Green, Stephens, and Hazlett—who were all tried and condemned by the civil court at Charlestown. Cook was a remarkably handsome young man and a nephew of Senator Voorhees, of Indiana, who defended his nephew in the trial, not justifying Cook in his actions, but appealing to the sympathies of the jury. It is said to have been the finest address ever made in that courthouse. As I stated, while Brown was hanged on December 2, Cook, Coppie, Copeland, and Green were executed on the 22d of the same month. Stephens and Hazlett were not executed until the following March (1860).

Governor Wise held the troops at Charlestown until after the second execution, threats having been made by the abolitionists of the North to release the prisoners. We reached home (Warrenton) on Christmas eve. There are now only five survivors of the Black Horse Troop out of about one hundred men who were at the execution.

NASHVILLE BATTLEFIELD MERITS ATTENTION.

BY PARK MARSHALL, ESQ., NASHVILLE, TENN.

The Nashville National Battlefield Association, recently organized in the city of Nashville and embracing in its membership many of the city's most prominent citizens, is an organization of much merit.

The battle of Nashville, which took place December 15 and 16, 1864, was the decisive battle of the great War between the States. For four eventful years the brave and chivalrous Army of Tennessee defended the territory lying between Virginia and the Carolinas on the east and the Mississippi on the west against the vast Northern armies, and under Johnston, Bragg, and Hood fought the great battles of Shiloh, Corinth, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Vicksburg, Missionary Ridge, the Hundred Days' Battle from Dalton to Atlanta and Jonesboro; then, swinging northward, entered Tennessee and fought the unfortunate battle of Franklin and advanced to the vicinity of Nashville. No more heroic and resolute army ever marched to the deadly conflict of arms. Probably eighty thousand fell dead or wounded, first and last, while it inflicted still greater losses on its antagonists.

As the military policies of both sides with the progress of events assumed more definite shape and a wider scope of operations was viewed as a whole, it was seen that this heroic army was not only protecting the central part of the Confederacy and its great supporting territory, but with respect to the capital was protecting it from the rear and greater left wing. If this army were destroyed, then General Lee would probably be hemmed in from all sides by the vast forces of the enemy.

The Army of Tennessee as it bivouacked before Nashville in December, 1864, was but the shadow of its former self, having only about twenty-one thousand men and some three thousand near Murfreesboro, while the enemy numbered some seventy thousand at the two places. It was certainly a momentous cast, and the Confederacy lost—lost, as one may say, through sheer exhaustion. The remnants, though still later fighting bravely in North Carolina, were really fighting without reasonable hope other than of honor. This is why Nashville may be deemed the decisive battle, if any one was such in the war.

But the time is now happily past when either the one side or the other has any disposition to mark and beautify battlefields with any view of celebrating a victory or triumph as such. The idea is wholly different from that in the cases of all of our battlefields. We mark and decorate the tombs of friends and kindred and the places of struggles and great events, and even for the side upon whom physical victory turned her back there are still triumphs left along with mournful memories.

When the sun now looks brightly down on these smiling fields and hills, the memory is tinged with sadness for the sufferings that have been, and this feeling is shared by the tottering survivors of both of the contending armies. The markings that now in many places still attest the struggles of forty-four years ago may still be traced. Let us see that they are properly marked before obliteration.

Nashville was a battlefield of more real interest than many others whereon larger armies contended and more men were lost; therefore the government should the more readily do the work suggested by this Association.

Secretary of War William H. Taft wrote a letter to a Missouri battlefield association stating that \$3,000,000 had

been spent on parks and that the government would not create any others. It is no doubt well that the government does not spend in the future any such large sums as it has spent in this way in the past. But the Nashville Association have never contemplated asking for a large park. In fact, they have thought that anything like twelve hundred or two thousand acres would be inadvisable. Their idea is to have some centrally located park of fifty to one hundred acres. After considering the former Secretary's views, however, the Association are not now asking for a park at all; but they do ask that a survey and map of the battlefield be made by the government and that durable markers be placed at the important points and that certain driveways be constructed connecting with the present roads. A bill to this end has been prepared and will probably be introduced by Hon. Joseph W. Byrns, M. C. The cost will not be heavy for roads and markers and survey, and Congress should pass the act.

In the meanwhile the Association will have some expenses, and they desire to increase their membership to about two hundred. The membership fee is \$5, which can be sent to Mr. A. H. Robinson, Treasurer. Men or women residing in any part of the United States are eligible for membership.

HARD FIGHTING—FRANKLIN—MUNFORDVILLE.

BY W. L. SHAW (PRIVATE 10TH MISS. REGT.), SHAW, LA.

It gives me much pleasure and satisfaction that an effort is on foot to have the battlefield of Franklin, Tenn., properly marked. It was indeed one of the bloodiest battles of the Confederate war.

I entered the Army of Tennessee at Corinth, Miss., before the battle of Shiloh, and was present at all times in the following battles and skirmishes: Shiloh, Corinth, Murfreesboro, Shelbyville, Munfordville, Perryville, Missionary Ridge, Chickamauga, Resaca, New Hope Church, Atlanta, Jonesboro, Franklin, Nashville, and Goldsboro, N. C., besides many hard skirmishes amounting to small battles. Now, looking back over all of these and considering what we went through at Franklin by charging the different lines of breastworks over fallen trees and the line of chevaux-de-frise, where our gallant Cleburne and five other generals died, I have always thought that Franklin without doubt was the bloodiest and, for the time we were engaged, the most severe and hardest contested battle of our Tennessee Army. Our gallant Cleburne fell while cheering his men forward when it was so dark we could see only by the flashing of guns. Our men climbed over their last line of works, while the Yankees fought us hard and well.

"CHALMERS'S GREAT BLUNDER" AT MUNFORDVILLE.

Nothing to my belief ever equaled that battle of Chalmers's Brigade at Munfordville, Ky., the numbers engaged considered. It was called "Chalmers's Great Blunder." His brigade had been sent in advance to tear up the railroad track, so we might intercept Buell at Cave City on his retreat from Nashville. Failing in this, Chalmers went to Munfordville and undertook to capture Colonel Wilder's command of 4,500 "raw recruits" (?) in a stockade at the river crossing. Wilder had a most formidable blockhouse, with portholes to shoot through and with only a narrow entrance to the fort, which was protected by six 12-pound cannon.

Chalmers, leaving about two hundred men at Cave City, took the rest of his brigade, not over eleven hundred rank and file, to storm this stockade and fort. After their pickets were drawn in, he ordered us to charge, and we advanced to

within sixty or seventy yards of this stockade under a most severe and galling fire from the loopholes in the logs, with the artillery mowing us down. Some, getting closer, lay down behind logs. Not knowing how to get us out of this fix, Chalmers hoisted a flag of truce and Wilder ceased firing, thinking we were surrendering; but Chalmers demanded the surrender of Wilder, saying General Bragg's army was within a day's march. Wilder replied that he would not surrender, but would give us three hours in which to surrender to him. In the meantime we fell back, carrying our wounded off the field. Bragg arrived the next day and surrounded Wilder with his heavy guns, and after parleying some Wilder surrendered.

This was one of the great blunders of the war. Our regiment lost the gallant, brave, and courageous Col. Robert A. Smith, a Scotchman, and many other officers and privates, leaving lieutenants to command regiments. There were not over eleven hundred men engaged all told on the Confederate side, and we lost two hundred and thirty killed and wounded in less than two hours' fighting. Wilder had forty-five hundred men, as stated before, in the stockade when he surrendered to General Bragg. If he had marched his men out against us, he could have captured our little handful, as we were so cut up. The only reason that we were not all killed was that in charging up the hill they overshot us. Our company (what was left of it) managed to get up to within sixty or seventy yards of the stockade and we lay down behind a beech log, which was the only protection we had, and no telling what would have become of us if Chalmers had not hoisted the white flag in demanding their surrender. In the meantime we ran back out of range and waited for Bragg's coming. When Bragg arrived with his army, he planted his heavy guns on the hills bearing on the stockade and demanded Wilder's surrender, with the threat that if he refused Bragg would open these guns on him and take no prisoners. Wilder at first refused, and Bragg made preparations to open his guns on the stockade at daylight and storm it. As Chalmers's Brigade had so "extinguished" itself in this charge, they were to have the place of honor in leading the charge against the stockade. After marching us to the front, we lay down, none of us expecting to escape out of the next day's fight; but late in the night we saw a white light moving over the fort, and then such a shout went up over the whole army as I had never heard. Wilder had surrendered.

There are not many of us now living who went through this; but those who are will agree with me, I am sure, that for the little time we were engaged there was no fighting to surpass it. So little mention is made of the battle of Munfordville, Ky.; but we who went through it will remember it, and hope the name of our gallant Smith will be mentioned in history. We all loved him. This is the first time I ever wrote for the press of any part I took in the war.

[Readers who have not done so may read with interest General Buckner's account of the battle of Munfordville in February *VETERAN*, pages 84 and 85. Comrade Shaw's account of Chalmers's raising the white flag to demand surrender may do Chalmers an injustice. Private soldiers were not in positions to understand such matters.—EDITOR.]

Mr. A. J. Harrol, of New Orleans, a soldier of the sixties, sends a vivid account of how he bore the flag of his battalion on to victory. He tells also of the many dangers a color bearer will endure undaunted in order to keep his well-loved flag unfurled to the breeze.

AN ANNUITY FOR CONFEDERATES.

BY JUDGE LYLE, WACO, TEX.

The condition of many Confederate veterans is pitiable, and becoming more so every year. Helpless and decrepit, without a country to care for them in old age, their case is a sad one. What the several States are doing for them is niggardly and an insult. The amount that Texas, with her two billions in taxable values, doles out to each on her pension list would about subsist a goat taught to feed on tin cans.

I am gratified, however, to learn that the hapless fix in which the old heroes find themselves is attracting attention and that at the coming session of Congress a move will be made for their relief. This will not take the shape of a pension, which no self-respecting Confederate soldier would accept from a government against which he fought. The bill to be offered will be supported by the following facts, reasons, and deductions:

1. Two billion dollars' worth of slaves were taken from citizens of the United States by proclamation of the President to save the Union.
2. This private property was theirs, taken for public use without just compensation.
3. The Constitution prohibits the taking of private property for public use without just compensation.
4. The honor of the government and the good name of a former chief magistrate demand that compensation be made as far as is possible.

5. It is impracticable at this late day to remunerate the individual owners of that property.

6. Such of the owners as are living and heirs of those dead are willing that compensation be made in providing annuities for Confederate veterans and their widows.

Based upon these facts, reasons, and deductions, the bill will provide that each State of the Union shall return to Washington a complete roll of all Confederate veterans and widows of Confederate veterans living within its confines. Upon receipt of such roll there shall be paid into the treasury of the State a sum sufficient to pay to each Confederate veteran and widow of a veteran ——— dollars as an annuity.

This plan of taking care of these deserving people strikes me as eminently proper and honorable on all sides and to all parties. The United States government is appropriating money to care for the graves of dead Confederate soldiers, and why not for the support of the helpless, suffering living ones? As the Constitution positively says that private property shall not be taken for public use without just compensation, there is better legal warrant for the objects of this bill than for the appropriation yearly made for graves.

I appeal to all Confederate veterans as individuals and as Camps and all Daughters of the Confederacy as individuals and as Chapters and to all sons of Confederate veterans and upon all good citizens of our common country to speak out in behalf of this measure and uphold the hands of the noble statesmen who will champion it.

Mrs. D. J. Broadhurst, of Goldsboro, N. C., writes this magazine a pleasant, gossipy letter of ante-bellum days and the early time of the great struggle. Mrs. Broadhurst says she is "entirely unreconstructed" and is very proud of her stalwart soldier husband and the seven sons they have reared to be as good Confederates as they are themselves. She has taken the *VETERAN* from its initial number, and now, "wanting the people of her town to read a true history of the war," she incloses a postal order to supply two libraries with the magazine.

HOW THE TERM "UNCLE SAM" ORIGINATED.

During the War of 1812 the United States entered into a contract with a man by the name of Elbert Anderson to furnish supplies to the army. When the United States buys anything from a contractor, an inspector is always appointed to see that the goods are what the contract calls for and that the government gets full value. In this case the government appointed a man by the name of Samuel Wilson, who was always called "Uncle Sam" by those who knew him. He inspected every package and cask that came from Elbert Anderson, the contractor; and if he found that the contents were all right, the package or cask was marked with the letters "E. A., U. S.," the initials of the contractor and of the United States. The man whose duty it was to do this marking was a jovial sort of fellow; and when somebody asked him what these letters meant, he said they stood for Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam. Everybody, including "Uncle Sam" Wilson himself, thought it was a good joke; and by and by it got into print, and before the end of the war it was known all over the country, and thus the United States received the name "Uncle Sam." The originator of "Uncle Sam" died at Troy, N. Y., in 1854, aged eighty-four years.

A GOOD "HAUL" BY SCOUTS IN VIRGINIA.

BY A. FONTAINE ROSE, WARRENTON, VA.

During the battle of the Wilderness two scouting parties were sent out, crossing Kelly's Ford. One of them was commanded by Sergt. C. P. Curtis for Gen. Fitz Lee, with two men, Fitzhigh and Rose; the other by Isaac S. Curtis, scout for W. H. F. Lee, with one man, Tapscott. Waiting until night and getting our supper at Mr. Granville Kelly's, a fine old Virginia gentleman, we took the road toward the wilderness. We soon caught one Yankee (deserter, I think), who took us for his own men. We had put on our blue overcoats, covering our gray uniform, which we wore at night when in their lines. Our prisoner, taking us for his men picking up deserters, would not speak; so we got no information from him. We next let about thirty infantry pass.

The order then given by Sergeant Curtis was: "Fall in with the company of cavalry I hear coming; and when we get to the pine woods, I will whistle, and every man must bring out a prisoner." I said: "Sergeant, suppose they take us out." He replied: "Shut up, Rose, and do what I tell you." Well, I rejoiced at the size of that company of only three men. It was the best haul we ever made. They were reporters with three mail bags filled with letters and valuable information, much of it from Grant to Lincoln. Of the three horses, one was a Kentucky horse ridden by Cadwallader, reporter for a New York paper. The next day that fine horse was killed on Lacey's Heights, opposite Fredericksburg, by a Yankee sharpshooter, whose next shot scorched my nose badly.

U. S. MONUMENTS FOR CONFEDERATE DEAD.

Marble monuments about thirty feet in height and suitably inscribed are to be erected by the United States government to mark the resting places of the soldiers of the Confederate army in the cemetery at North Alton, Ill., and in the Green Lawn Cemetery at Indianapolis, Ind. The bodies of 1,353 such soldiers were buried in the Alton cemetery and 1,620 in the Indianapolis cemetery during the Civil War. In these cases it was found impossible to identify the bodies of individuals and give each grave a separate headstone, as provided by law. The Secretary of War has approved an allotment of \$6,000 for each of two monuments, one in each cemetery, to take the place of individual headstones.

VETERANS WANT TO GO TO NEW YORK.

"The time for the Reunion in Memphis, Tenn., of the old Confederate veterans is fast approaching, and we realize that many of them will never see another Reunion. Several years ago the Confederate Camp in New York City invited the old veterans to visit that city, and at that time the Commander thought it best not to do so; but as the old veterans have friends in that city who shared the brunt of battle, would it not be a pleasure for a number of these old soldiers to visit that city, provided the railroads would give them a very low rate for the round trip from Memphis to New York? There are a number of old veterans in this section who would go on such a trip. What say the other Camps over the country? Let us try and see if we can get up a company to go to New York from Memphis in June, the time of the General Reunion. We hope that a move of this kind may be consummated."

The above appeared in the Selma Times of February 28, and I hope that you will publish it as early as possible. It has created a good deal of interest among the old soldiers at Demopolis, and many of them would be glad to see an excursion of this kind gotten up for the occasion of the General Reunion at Memphis in June.

GEORGE D. CAMPBELL.

A movement was started to go on an excursion to New York after the first Richmond Reunion to meet and parade with Union veterans, but their Commander would not have it. In a plea he was informed that they were not to parade as soldiers with guns; but he was inexorable, and said the Grand Army veterans should not march with them in their gray clothes. The date of the Richmond Reunion was changed that both sides meet in New York on July 4, but of course the Confederates did not make any concession.

SOUTHERN SOCIETY IN PHILADELPHIA.

Southern hospitality, with all that term implies, marked the formal opening of the charming new quarters for the Southern Club in Philadelphia, Penn., for here dispensing most gracious courtesies were assembled the many brilliant Southern women who make the Quaker city their home.

The new clubhouse is ideal not only architecturally but in the atmosphere that breathes about it of high culture and social charm. The club was organized in 1894 by a small coterie of Southerners who wished a meeting place, and has steadily grown till this magnificent structure became necessary. At the opening reception, though a perfect blizzard was holding the city, the house was crowded, and the representative society leaders were much in evidence.

Nearly coincident with these opening ceremonies was the annual banquet given by the Philadelphia U. D. C. to two hundred and seventy-five guests. To the stirring strains of "Dixie" the Chapter and its guests marched into the banquet room, which was most elaborately decorated in the beloved colors of the Confederacy. The banquet was followed by a brilliant program of toasts, music, and recitations, participated in by some of the leading women in Pennsylvania.

WIDOW OF JESSE MEEKS.—In order to help prove her claim and to assist her in getting a pension, Mrs. R. A. Meeks, of Pine Bluff, Ark., would like the name and address of some of her husband's old comrades. Her husband was Jesse Meeks. He was a member of Captain Mooney's company of Saline County, Ark. (does not remember the regiment), and was in the hospital in Panola County, Miss. On his discharge from there he joined Captain Lindsey's company. He was in the hospital at Little Rock suffering from paralysis.

CORRESPONDENCE BY CONFEDERATES.

Mr. Samuel Moore Caruthers, of Goldthwaite, Tex., writes of an interesting experience. Mr. Caruthers is a native of Tennessee, but moved to Texas in his early life. He volunteered under Capt. J. R. Hubbard, and his company was sent to Camp Cheatham, Robertson County, Tenn. Here they were organized with the 42d Regiment Tennessee Volunteers, and did guard duty at Clarksville until the battle of Fort Donelson. The regiment was carried down the Cumberland by transport to reinforce General Pillow, who was hotly engaged against Grant.

The morning of the memorable 13th of February was very close and sultry, and the soldiers threw away their overcoats, blankets, etc., before placing their artillery or raising their breastworks. Later in the day it rained, then followed snow and sleet several inches deep. Without tents or covering of any kind the suffering of the soldiers was extreme. Comrade Caruthers says he saw a tent standing near, and he crawled into it for protection, but left at once when he found it filled with dead men, already frozen stiff.

This was Thursday. All day Friday there was heavy skirmishing, and on Saturday General Pillow left his breastworks and threw his army on the right wing of Grant, and for a time drove the enemy back; but they rallied, and in turn pressed back the Confederates and captured the breastworks. In this retreat Comrade Caruthers's company was surrounded and all made prisoners. He says General Grant spoke most kindly to the captive soldiers, saying that they had made a noble fight, and that they would be well cared for in their Northern prison. The company was carried to Camp Douglas, and received very kind treatment at the hands of the guards, though seven men of the company died in prison there. In September, 1862, they were exchanged and sent South, where they again joined the main body of the army.

J. M. Dennison, of Conway, Ark., writes of his campaign under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. He pays most loving tribute to his great commander, whom he regards as "by far the greatest general who fought on either side." Mr. Dennison sends a clipping taken from the Memphis Commercial-Appeal in which Dr. W. T. Bolling gives some interesting camp memories of the days when fighting was plentiful and food scarce. He was with Cleburne and Walthall in their hot-fought battles, and draws a vivid picture of war at short range.

Lloyd T. Everett, a son of a Confederate veteran, writes from Charlotte, N. C. He wishes to protest against the idea of erecting at Spottsylvania, Va., a joint monument to Lee and Grant. Mr. Everett says: "The war is long since over, and the people of the South are generally prepared to accept the result in good faith—to make the best of a bad bargain. But when have a conquered people, if worthy of liberty, gone to the extent of raising monuments to the assassins of their governments and the despoilers of their firesides? The war on the South was a war of invasion and conquest, and to erect monuments to our assailants and conquerors is to stultify ourselves and dishonor our martyred defenders." True veterans respect each other; many oppose such tributes.

Mrs. Kate H. Turner, wife of Calvin W. Turner, a cavalry veteran of Texas, writes of the many members of her family who suffered and died for the Southern cause. Mrs. Turner is one who has indeed won the proud right to be called a "mother of the Confederacy."

J. N. Chamberlain, R. F. D. No. 4, Oaks, N. Dak., who signs himself "an old comrade who wore the blue," asks for information. He says: "On the 19th of September, 1864, the battle of Opequon Creek, near Winchester, W. Va., was fought, the principal engagement taking place the afternoon of that day. It was the duty of the members of the band to assist in caring for the wounded during and just after an engagement. We always worked in pairs carrying off the wounded from the field. Returning from one of these trips, we saw a fire in a field, and on investigating found several wounded and some dead Confederates lying near this fire, two of them severely wounded. My comrade and I did all we could to make them comfortable, bringing wood for their fire, etc. The wounded feared they would be left there to die; but my comrade and I promised that the ambulance corps should come to their assistance. I was especially drawn to the two wounded Confederates, and would go any distance to grasp them by the hand. I will be very grateful for any information."

J. K. Merrifield, of St. Louis, writes of the battle of Franklin, which he regards as the hottest-fought contest of the war, considering the number of men engaged. He says: "When I say hand-to-hand fight, I don't mean the men were only where they could see each other, but this was where hatchets, picks, shovels, and butts of guns were used to maim or kill." Mr. Merrifield thinks the place of this battle should be converted into a national park, and urges the VETERAN to use its influence to this purpose.

Abraham Bresler, of Tusculumbia, Ala., would like to hear from some of his old comrades in camp. His company was commanded by Capt. Herman Carolton, and became a part of the 9th Arkansas Infantry, which were stationed twenty miles above Memphis, Tenn. His messmates were all Jews. He remembers the names of three: John Bloom, Reinart, and Bernhard. He thinks they are all from Pine Bluff. Mr. Bresler gives many interesting experiences of the war.

Mrs. R. A. Doran: "I am the widow of John Doran, who was a private soldier in the 21st Louisiana Infantry, C. S. A. I do not remember his company or the names of any of his comrades. I reside in Cameron, Tex., and am making an application for a widow's pension, and would be glad to ascertain the names and whereabouts of any of his comrades. He joined the army at New Orleans, La., and was wounded and captured at Petersburg, Va. He was an Englishman by birth. Any information as to the whereabouts of his comrades would be appreciated."

THEY WERE NOT DESERTERS.—W. H. Hane, Company H, 10th Florida Regiment, writes from Lakeland, Fla., very entertainingly of what was supposed to be a desertion by a lieutenant and his men sent out on picket duty. Though General Lee was doing all possible to provide for his army, there were still many hardships to be endured by the soldiers. The Yankees used the lure of food, shoes, and clothing to entice deserters from our lines. Consequently when a lieutenant and his men disappeared they were counted as deserters, and a posse was sent out to hunt them. They were found by a camp fire warming their toes and drinking hot corn coffee. Carried before Generals Finnegan and Mahone, the stammering lieutenant excused himself by saying they were all cold and came into camp to warm. They escaped with only a "cussing out" from one of the subordinate generals.

FIGHTING AT SPOTTSYLVANIA C. H.

BY ROBERT GAMERELL, GUNTOWN, MISS.

I inclose a photograph of a section of a red oak tree that was shot down on May 12, 1864, at Bloody Angle, near Spottsylvania C. H., Va. McCabe in his history says Willcox's and Rhodes's Alabama Brigades both made unsuccessful attempts to retake the works lost by Johnson's command on the night of the 11th.

I was a member of Company K, 19th Mississippi Regiment, N. H. Harris's Brigade, which brigade was composed of the 12th, 16th, 19th, and 48th Mississippi Regiments. About day-break of the 12th we received orders to move to the right. We marched about three miles, and were halted in an old field just in the rear of the works, then occupied by the Yanks. In a few moments we were moved by the right flank, entered a strip of woods, and when within less than one hundred yards of the works the Yanks gave us a broadside shot that killed many of our officers and men. We then gave that kind of a Rebel yell that some of them must remember still, and into the works we leaped, capturing what few men were left. This occurred about eight o'clock in the morning. I do not know whether all the works lost by Johnston were retaken, but we captured what was in our front.

We thought then that the fight was over, but it had just begun. Line after line came against us; but each was repulsed. Three times they planted their colors on our works in front of this tree. About four in the afternoon I counted four lines coming against us at once. (At this time this tree fell, falling on Bill Lang, of my company, bruising him up badly.) The last of these lines passed our breastworks, capturing fifty or sixty yards of them, but were unable to fight in so confined a space, and finally gave up and moved to our right. Company K went into this battle with twenty-four men all told, and as well as I remember just three of us got out unhurt. Eight were killed, seven wounded, and six captured. I will tell of an incident.

I had the honor of being a corporal, and my place was at the left of the company. When we recaptured the works, I was cut off from my company by a chevaux-de-frise that was thrown up across the main line. This was about eight feet thick. The works had bridged the ditch, so any one could pass under the travers and not expose himself. When the Yanks entered our works, Bill Pratt, who now lives at Amory, Miss., crawled through the hole and got on my side. Tim Shay, who now lives at Ramer, Tenn., started through, but the Yanks caught him by the heels and captured him.

From the Reunion at Richmond, Va., I went to Washington, D. C., and found this tree in the National Museum and had it photographed. It is twenty-two inches in diameter, cut down by Minie balls. This tree stood about fifteen feet to my right and just in the rear of our works.



BLOCK FROM THE TREE.

"Honor to whom honor is due." It was Harris's Mississippi Brigade that recaptured those works and held them until four o'clock the next morning, when we were withdrawn.

A SOLDIER'S EPITAPH.

BY W. L. SANFORD, SHERMAN, TEX.

"He fought with Jackson and with Lee!"
What nobler epitaph have we

To crown a soldier's sepulcher?
He loved the South with love far-brought,
And, loving, quenched all selfish thought,
Girt on his sword and bravely fought:
And, fighting, proudly died for her!

He fought with Jackson and with Lee,
The fairest pearls of chivalry
That gem the coronet of fame!
The bloodiest knights that ever led
A host through fields blood wet and red,
Where Freedom knelt beside her dead
And hid her weeping eyes in shame.

He fought with Jackson; swiftly comes
The bugle blast, the roll of drums,
The thunder of the cannonade.
We hear the battle lightning's stroke,
We see rash Banks's columns broke;
While down the valley, filled with smoke,
Comes cheering Stonewall's old brigade!

He fought with Lee. In memory
The swamps of Chickahominy
Loom up, smoke-wreathed and damp and black
And loud above the crash of shell
Is heard the South's triumphant yell.
As from that withering breath of hell
We see McClellan falling back!

He fought with Jackson and with Lee!
O, glorious epitome!
With valor's sword and honor's shield
Throughout those desolating years
Of waste and want and grief and tears,
With glory ringing in his ears,
He stood and fought on freedom's field.

He fought with Jackson and with Lee
To death and immortality,
And left a priceless legacy!
No other words than these he needs
To burn the record of his deeds
Upon the wistful heart that reads:
He fought with Jackson and with Lee.
He fought with Jackson and with Lee,
Who stormed the heights of destiny
And sank upon the highest crest.
He fought and fell, but not in vain.
The mounds that scar the Southland's plain
Where rest her sons in battle slain
Are gleaming jewels on her breast!

O vestal Spring, through all the years
Go strew thy blossoms wet with tears
O'er him who died for duty's sake!
Forever chant, ye wind and wave,
A mournful requiem o'er the grave
Where sleeps the Southron true and brave
Whom war shall nevermore awake!

BOY MEMORIES OF THE WAR.

BY WILL T. HALE, NASHVILLE, TENN.

I was about four years of age when the War between the States began, and my first memory relates to that period. The scene that impressed me was in the spring of 1861, when Ex-Gov. William B. Campbell canvassed the State in opposition to secession. He spoke in our village—Liberty, Tenn.—and the crowds must have been largely in sympathy with his views. I recall that as a parade passed our cottage I sat on the front fence waving a flag and shouting: "Hurrah for Campbell and the Union!"

My parents, afterwards entirely in sympathy with secession, had given me the flag and taught me the cry. But sentiment changed swiftly. It seemed but a few days later, though in reality it was months (maybe about June 8, 1861, when the election came off, carrying the State into the League by a vote of 104,913 against 47,238), when I again sat on the front fence. There was another parade; public men were on their way to the place of speaking; and following a string band playing "Drive That Black Dog Out o' the Wilderness" came the Auburn Volunteers or militia in gorgeous uniforms of red. This time, however, I was shouting a new cry taught by my parents: "Hurrah for Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy!"

Almost as plainly recalled as the fiddle tunes and the uniforms of the Auburn soldiers were the performances of old Uncle Frank Foster, an enthusiastic Southerner. He was a saddler by trade, perhaps four feet six inches tall, always neatly dressed, and wore a stovepipe hat—probably to supplement his height! His two sons, Tilmon and Irving, joined the Confederates. It was some time before they left town, and Irving's big bay horse was kept in his father's stable. This horse Uncle Frank mounted daily (his feet hardly reaching below the animal's belly) and rode defiantly up and down the streets. "As for Yankees," the little man roared as he passed a crowd, "I can whip a half dozen—and outrun a thousand!" He was certainly as optimistic as a youth of the same neighborhood, White Turney, who, with the exaggeration of the time, declared that before Christmas he was going to be one of the Rebels to "eat Abe Lincoln's ear with a cracker."

It took time and a few battles to prove that the Confederates had something more than fun before them and that the Federals would not end the war in six weeks.

Mr. Foster and his family removed to Arkansas at the close of hostilities, locating at Cincinnati. Mr. Turney, who lost an arm in the conflict, located in East Tennessee and became a successful lawyer. He died many years ago. I would like to know if any of the Fosters are yet living.

Col. William B. Stokes organized a regiment for the Confederacy, but changed his mind later, and made up a Federal regiment from DeKalb and adjoining counties. The Southern sympathizers who had enlisted with him before he changed his views on reaching Lebanon joined the gallant Bob Hatton and other Confederate leaders.

Among Stokes's subordinate officers (Federal), the most conspicuous were Capts. Bill Hathaway and Joe Blackburn. The regiment was greatly hated by the other side. As to whether the hatred was merited or not, I shall express no opinion here. History will get that right. But I must affirm that as far as our family was concerned (and it was strongly for secession) Stokes, Hathaway, and Blackburn never molested us. That some of their men were not worthy models by any means it would be unnecessary to say.

In "Hancock's Diary" one gets an interesting record of the Cannon County company known locally as "The Auburn Soldiers" and nicknamed by fellow-Confederates as "the sang diggers." I am sorry no one wrote a history of "Allison's Squad," for it kept up a continual stir around Alexandria, Carthage, and Smithville. The number of this band of Confederates was small. It was made up from portions of three counties, and was on the go all the time—sometimes chased by small bands of Federals, then, getting the advantage of position, chasing the enemy back over the same road. Colonel Allison died in Texas about 1892, at the age of ninety years.

Liberty was an inland village, but it was on the fine road between Nashville and Sparta. A good pike also led from the town to Murfreesboro. The land was fertile, and the best cereal crops were grown there. "Hog and hominy" were plentiful, which may account for the fact that the section was not wholly avoided by the soldiers of either side. It was indeed continually occupied by one or the other. Quirk's Scouts, belonging to Morgan's command, passed a part of one winter there—a jovial, dashing, friend-making lot of Kentuckians. I once saw General Morgan there. He was passing through. General Wilder and his Ohio troops once occupied the town, leaving an unpleasant memory by burning the best mill in the country.

The greatest number of soldiers I had seen up to that time were the celebrated Wheeler's Cavalry and small parties who followed it. A Liberty man named Goggin spent a few days near Bowling Green, Ky., at the outbreak of hostilities. Probably he had never been more than a few miles from home before. It was a surprise to him to see so many men in one place as he saw about the fortifications at Bowling Green. So on his return he was capable of infusing hope among secessionists. He stayed overnight at Mr. Welsh's, east of Lebanon, on his route home. His host expressed fear for his sons, who were then in the Kentucky town. Mr. Goggin was sitting cross-legged before the fire, and as he spat into the blaze said: "Suffer no uneasiness, Mr. Welsh. I've been to Bowling Green and seen whereof I speak. The c-o-m-b-i-n-e-d world can't take that town!" I wondered if Wheeler had all the soldiers of the South bringing them through Liberty.

For two or three days and nights they were passing, it seemed to me. Perhaps there was much straggling. At the tail end came Champ Ferguson's men. They had been annoyed by Stokes's Regiment in White County, and it was feared they would burn Liberty to ashes, it having been the home of Stokes and many of his followers. However, they destroyed only one storehouse and a barn. They wanted to find some Union men; but the Southern sympathizers assured them that all had fled, telling a fib for the sake of their Union neighbors.

Speaking of Ferguson recalls the "Battle of the Calf-Killer," or rather the tragedy. Many of the men swooped down on and killed by Ferguson on that occasion lived around Liberty. I recall seeing them brought home in wagons by their friends and relatives a few days later.

Another tragedy that somewhat affected Liberty was the destruction of what the Union people called "Pomp Kersey's gang." Kersey lived on Short Mountain, ten miles in the direction of Woodbury. His followers were mostly young men of good family. They had taken sides with the South, and frequently raided Liberty and the surrounding country, for the Federals had often raided their homes on Short

Mountain, sometimes taking innocent lives. Kersey's last raid was made one night, and a Union citizen of Liberty was killed. The next morning the band was pursued by Blackburn's company. The latter went up Clear Fork and Canal Creek, hearing of Kersey from time to time. Early in the afternoon they tracked their prey to a deep hollow, where every mountaineer was sound asleep, with not a picket on duty. Doubtless they had never heard that the Federals were in the vicinity when they made their raid, or they would not have been so negligent. Creeping stealthily to within gunshot, Blackburn's force took careful aim and fired. The result was awful. Only one of the hunted men escaped death, and he was not the leader.

The next day the dead men—perhaps more than a dozen—were hauled to Liberty in an ox cart. I witnessed the unloading. The cart was driven before the door of a vacant store and the gruesome load thrown in on each other, as if their enemy were piling rails. Later they were buried in an old field, and after the war their bones were carried by friends back to their native mountain and reinterred.

I own one of the carbines used by the Federals in that man hunt, it having been purchased from the owner after the war.

The soldiers were often quartered on the citizens. I have seen as many as twenty of Quirk's scouts at our long dining table at a time, our family eating with them. One evening I heard a great rumbling as of continuous thunder west of the village. The scouts jumped up from the table in much excitement. Presently some of them returned, greatly pleased. A number of the scouts—or it may have been another body of Confederates—had captured a small train of wagons and were having it rushed to the village. That night a large box filled with dry goods was opened in our house. The beautiful things displayed hurt my eyes by the candlelight. The capturers were liberal, and presented many things to their host and hostess.

It is too painful to dwell on the individual tragedies that occurred round about. I shall close this rambling sketch with a somewhat humorous incident. Colonel Stokes had married my mother's sister. He owned a fine farm and negroes three miles north of the village. As shown, he was a Federal. My mother's brother, who was a "fire-eating Rebel," owned a fine farm and negroes two miles south of the village. His father had purchased the place in 1810. My uncle had been a Democratic member of the Legislature twice before the war and Colonel Stokes had been in Congress.

These brothers-in-law were friendly despite politics; but Stokes's men, who did pretty much as they pleased, were ever on the hunt for the fire-eater, and he was continually "skedaddling." One cold winter night he and other refugees were sleeping in a barn some miles from home, among them a man who was not very "bright." About midnight the crowd was awakened by the simpleton. "Git up, men; git up!" he whispered hoarsely. "The Yankees is comin'!"

"How do you know?" my uncle asked, rubbing his eyes and listening to the cold wind blowing among the hills.

"'Cause I hear Patsy Spurlock's dogs barkin' away down the creek," explained the man.

"Now if you can assure me that Patsy Spurlock's dogs bark only at Yankees I'll be willing to take this raw January air!" exclaimed uncle, and crawled back under the hay.

RAMBLING THOUGHTS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

[These scraps of memory were found among some old manuscript by the VETERAN. The author is unknown.]

I will attempt to give you a few rambling thoughts and remembrances of the Civil War for the salvation of this country, yours and mine, in which I participated.

It was a rude beginning in life for us young men when we found ourselves inside the great board fence with a line of sentries to guard us. It is one thing to meet a man every day on the street or even at work; it is quite another to be compelled to bunk with him and take your breakfast out of the same camp kettle. We learned our own hitherto unsuspected faults; we discovered the good qualities of even our most faulty comrades. We saw human nature at close range.

There are none of you but have your idea of a soldier, and you will all admit there exist great differences. I will not attempt to tell you the difference between a bad and a good soldier. It often occurs that the wicked and profane show the most actual respect and sympathy for associates and comrades.

The best officers were those who without sacrifice of dignity kept a lively sense of comradeship with their men. The first duty of a soldier is to obey commands promptly and submit to discipline. Hence there must be much and continued drilling from first to last, that discipline be maintained in camp, on march, on the skirmish line, in battle, on a charge, or behind breastworks.

When we started to the front, it is amusing to think of the kindness of those who loved us, how they loaded us down with all sorts of knickknacks, when our backs were our only storehouse—patent writing cases, extra socks, mittens, ponchos for the shoulders, haverlocks for the heads, Bowie knives, revolvers, extra blankets, rubber blankets, etc. But in a very short time we were reduced to an absolutely socialistic equality in this world's goods. Every man in uniform was a comrade, though each company was a family by itself.

On a march usually two men tented together; in camp four could use their tent pieces to better advantage than two or three. Men came together as tentmates by natural process of selection, having been schoolmates, workfellows, perhaps brothers, cousins, etc.; so at first some new associations were formed of kindred spirits. More and more the company became a great family; unnoticed attractions of affinity drew men together in bonds seldom broken save by death. Some soldierly friendships bind old men together to this day, and their hearts are filled with love when they say "comrade." When you and your friends have slept under one blanket, shared each other's daily bread; when you depended on him and he on you; when together you have touched elbows and have charged into the hell of deadly battle, facing death and meting out death to your fellow-men—if you are spared from death, wound, or prison, the first question at rally will be: "Is John safe? Where is Bill? Henry is killed? O God, is that so? Well, well, too bad! He was a good fellow! And Jim lays on the field wounded? Who will join me to run the lines and save him by bringing him in?"

My friends, when together you have suffered, hungered, thirsted, endured heartbreaking battle scenes and awful trials of weariness, huddled together in storm and cold, long marches, long, dreary, monotonous camp life for months and years, you will know what it means to live a common life with a fellow-man; and if you meet the test, then you know what real friendship means.

One thing as inevitable as day and night was roll call. In storm or sunshine, in camp or on march, before and after battle, first in morning, last at night, it was roll call. It told of the sick, disabled, wounded, taken prisoner or killed. Imagine if you can the roll call at night after a battle, again

after the second day of battle, sometimes three, four, and even seven and eight continual days of battle. Each night the roll call proceeds; sometimes it seemed as though an unseen presence whispered: "Here."

There are no funerals on the march. If a soldier falls out, stricken with mortal sickness, he is left alone to be picked up by the ambulance or perhaps to die alone by the wayside. Columns cannot halt after battle; there are but ghoulis burials. In camp decencies of death are rudely observed.

If you were to ask a dozen or more old soldiers to tell you how they felt going into their first battle, perhaps no two would give precisely the same impression. To most men going for the first time into the fire of an enemy's guns on the field of battle is certainly a trying ordeal; it is an occasion attended with most thrilling sensations of dread and fear.

A volunteer army is composed of varied classes of men, and in the variety dangers do not always develop the same feelings or results. Men who confront death on a battlefield from a sense of duty are affected differently from those who under the mere thrill of excitement rush like the unthinking horse into peril, heedless of cause or result.

Then there is another class of soldiery: men who are, they know not why, utterly indifferent to fate—men who are unconsciously devoid of the sense of danger even if they do not possess that sublime trait of character called valor. Bravery does not always consist of power or capacity to meet and defy danger, and men are often cowards when there is really no danger to face and overcome. But as soon as the soldier gets up under the enemy's fire and is being shot at and the opportunity is given him to return the fire, then it is that all the trouble and all the dread of battles are over with that soldier who has any of the elements of manhood in him. Then the man naturally rises to the need; then comes the spending of the energies for the assault upon the foe, then the yearning for the fire and the advance.

Once in the din and flame and roar of the conflict, there is no time to think of consequences, no time for thought of the loved ones at home far away. The only consuming passion then is how to get at the enemy and punish him, and hence comes the rush and the shout, the incarnation of resolve that always characterizes the charge that leads on to victory or death.

If you can once get a weak man into the fight, he is no longer a coward. The white liver that quails and carries its possessor from the field before the enemy is in sight changes into that of the lion when the man is face to face with the foe in the struggle for life and victory under his flag. And it is the truly brave man at times who can turn and flee when he sees there is no longer virtue or honor in battling the unconquered enemy before him.

GENERAL ASHBY IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

Dabney in his life of Stonewall Jackson does a great injustice when he says General Ashby went on an independent expedition toward Berryville from Winchester during Banks's retreat. My recollection is that General Ashby with a portion of his cavalry command followed Banks's retreating army to Martinsburg and on to Falling Waters, where the most of Banks's command crossed the Potomac. General Ashby abandoned the chase and returned to Martinsburg, where he left Company G of the 7th Regiment of Virginia Cavalry to do provost duty, with First Lieut. Ben Crampton as provost marshal of the town. Our company was the only one to guard the town until the commissary and medical stores could

be removed. I think General Ashby went from Martinsburg with the rest of his command to Harper's Ferry, where Stonewall Jackson was with his command.

Our company at Martinsburg was instructed to picket one mile north of the town on the turnpike road leading to Falling Waters and to scout to Falling Waters every day. On the afternoon of May 29 S. Clapham Smith, a sergeant of Company G, 7th Virginia Cavalry, with a detail of eight men, including the writer (also a sergeant in the company) went on a scout to Falling Waters. Ascertaining there were no Federals on the Virginia side of the Potomac, we picketed at the tollgate, about one mile north of Martinsburg. We had our reserve at the tollgate and a vedette some two or three hundred yards down the turnpike toward Falling Waters. About daylight on the morning of the 30th of May the Federals drove in our vedette, who notified us that the Federals were coming. By the time we had mounted our horses the Federals were almost up to us. We sent a courier to Lieutenant Crampton, who, with the company, was camped about one mile south of Martinsburg. We emptied our revolvers as the Federals charged and beat a hasty retreat, followed closely by them through the town and to where our company was camped. Lieutenant Crampton fell back south from the camp and formed in the edge of the woods. The Federals charged into our camp and captured our company wagon. There seemed to be about a regiment of them.

Just at this time Lieutenant Crampton received an order from General Ashby to guard Jackson's wagon train, which was coming from toward Harper's Ferry. We gathered up some straggling infantry and formed them behind a stone fence, and showed so bold a front that we kept the Federal cavalry back, and they did not discover Jackson's wagon train with no guard or protection. Jackson's army was falling back toward Winchester. After the wagon train had passed, our company acted as a rear guard. General Ashby and General Ewell pushed on to Strausburg and met and checked Fremont, who was coming from the west to intercept Jackson, who had Shields on the south of him with Fremont and Milroy north and west of him and Banks in his rear.

When we come to consider the vast amount of picketing and scouting General Ashby had to do, with four armies to watch and keep General Jackson posted as to their movements, there is no wonder his cavalry was scattered. With so many armies to watch I don't think the criticisms of General Ashby are justifiable. I am sure he did his whole duty, and kept his command together as well as the circumstances would permit. When Jackson fell back up the valley, General Ashby collected his men from each side of the valley, where they were on duty as pickets and scouts, and formed a rear guard. General Ashby made a stand at the bridge over the north fork of the Shenandoah River near Mt. Jackson and burned the bridge while the Federals were on the opposite side of the river trying to drive him off. Here he delayed the army of Milroy, which gave Jackson a chance to get ahead.

The day General Ashby was killed, June 6, 1862, he was guarding the rear of Jackson's army with his cavalry command, when Sir Percy Wyndham charged us with the intention of bagging Ashby and his cavalry; but Ashby bagged him and about seventy of his command. I am sure most all of his cavalry was there at that time except that which was sent to watch Shields, who was coming up on the other side of the Shenandoah River. You will see it was impossible to keep Ashby's Cavalry together, for they had nearly all of one hundred miles of territory to watch and picket.

WILCOX'S ALABAMA BRIGADE AT GETTYSBURG.

BY JUDGE GEORGE CLARK, WACO, TEX.

After Chancellorsville and the death of Stonewall Jackson, the Army of Northern Virginia was divided into three corps instead of two, as formerly, and Longstreet, Ewell, and A. P. Hill were designated as corps commanders in the order named. The Alabama brigade, under Brig. Gen. Cadmus M. Wilcox, was taken from Longstreet's 1st Corps and assigned to the 3d Corps, commanded by A. P. Hill, as the senior brigade of that corps.

Early in June, 1863, the movement began by detaching the two corps of Longstreet and Ewell and moving them toward Culpeper C. H. and beyond, leaving the 3d Corps at and near Fredericksburg. Immediately after the departure of these two corps from the vicinity of Fredericksburg and Gordonsville the enemy crossed a force over the Rappahannock River and took position at or near Hamilton Crossing, below the city, evidently for purposes of observation. Hill's Corps remained in position for several days, perhaps for more than a week, and then took up the line of march for Culpeper C. H., moving by regular stages, and arrived there just as General Lee and staff moved out to cross the mountains. The march was resumed the next day in the same direction. The mountains were crossed at Chester Gap and thence north down the valley, through Front Royal and on to Shepherdstown, where the Potomac was forded at the same point (about opposite Sharpsburg) which the army had crossed in its retreat from Sharpsburg the year previous. Passing through Funkstown and Hagerstown and other places, the division reached Chambersburg, Pa. in two or three days, and marched through that place in company with General Lee and staff and took post at a small village several miles from Chambersburg called Fayetteville, where a halt was called for two or three days. There were many incidents connected with the march from Fredericksburg both amusing and interesting, memories of which are vividly retained to this day, but space forbids their recounting here. Suffice it to say that the brigade as well as the rest of the army were in the best of spirits and ready and more than willing to measure results with the enemy at any time or place.

On the morning of July 1 the brigade took up its line of march with the division, and about noon reached the little village of Fairfield, just east of the mountains, and halted. Heavy firing was going on some distance east on the pike, and it was soon ascertained that an engagement with the enemy was taking place at or near Gettysburg. The march was resumed at once, and upon reaching General Lee's headquarters later in the afternoon the cessation of the firing indicated that the engagement was over—at least for the present. The 11th Alabama was soon detached and, accompanied by two pieces of artillery, took position on the extreme right, or rather in the rear of what afterwards proved to be our right, and after throwing out a strong picket force rested for the night without disturbance.

About sunrise the next morning (July 2) the brigade formed line and moved to the left and east, and on reaching the proper point fronted and began to move forward in line to the position assigned us for the battle. The 11th Alabama occupied the left of the line, and after moving forward a short distance entered a valley and an open wheat field, and when about halfway across the field were fired into by a brigade of Federal sharpshooters in the woods on our right and rear, which produced some confusion and a retreat back to the fence, so as to escape the fire from the rear. But just at

this time the 10th Alabama came up on our right and immediately opposite the Federals in the woods, and after a brisk musketry drove the enemy back and uncovered the right flank of the 11th Alabama, thus enabling the brigade to move forward in line and take position, which was done at another fence across the field.

Here we remained almost the entire day and until 4 p.m. The sun was fiercely hot, and there was no shade or other protection for the men. Here they sweltered and sweated and swore until about four in the afternoon, when the engagement began on the right.

Our brigade commander during the morning took occasion to explain to the officers the general plan of the battle, in so far as our immediate front was concerned, stating that the movement forward would be by echelon, beginning with the right of Longstreet's Corps and extending to the left as each brigade came into action: and that, owing to our situation, the Alabama Brigade at the proper time would move by the left flank rapidly, so as to give Barksdale's Mississippi Brigade, which would be on our immediate right, room to move forward in proper line.

Thus matters stood until about 4 p.m., when the thunder of cannon up on the right announced the beginning of the action. As Longstreet's brigades came into action the roar of the cannon was accompanied by the rattle of musketry, mingled with the yells of our boys as they moved forward on the run, and the scene was grand and terrific. As the fire and the clamor approached the Alabama Brigade Barksdale threw forward his Mississippians in an unbroken line in the most magnificent charge I witnessed during the war, and led by the gallant Barksdale, who seemed to be fifty yards in front of his brave boys. The scene was grand beyond description.

The order was then given our brigade to move rapidly by the left flank, and the movement was made at full speed until space was cleared sufficient for the Mississippians, and then with right face the brigade moved forward to the assault. Amid showers of grape and canister and dense musketry the first line of the enemy in front gave way precipitately, and then the reserve and supporting line of the enemy was struck, and in turn broke, leaving in our hands several batteries of artillery and many of the killed and wounded. But no stop was made even for re-formation. On swept the line swiftly, joined by Perry's Florida Brigade and Wright's Georgia Brigade, across Seminary Ridge and the pike and down the gradual slope toward the heights occupied by another line of the enemy, a distance of at least a third of a mile.

By the time the small brushy drain at the foot of the enemy's position was reached the brigades of Barksdale, Wilcox, Perry, and Wright were in marked confusion, mixed up indiscriminately, officers apart from their men, men without officers, but all pushing forward notwithstanding. Upon striking the third line of the enemy on Cemetery Ridge, and while some of the officers were using their utmost endeavors to get the men in order, couriers were hurried back to the division commander to send forward quickly the two brigades in reserve belonging to Anderson's Division, and the battle went on furiously while awaiting their arrival. The enemy began concentrating heavy masses in our front and on both flanks; but still our ground was held awaiting reinforcements for another assault. The air was thick with missiles of every character, the roar of artillery practically drowning the shrill hiss of the Minies. In spite of every obstacle, the confused and practically disorganized mass of Confederates pressed on up the incline, only to be again forced to sullenly

drop back, until at last, becoming nearly surrounded and no reinforcements coming to their aid, the retreat was sounded and the Confederates withdrew, many being captured and the others barely escaping and subjected for a distance to a destructive fire from the enemy.

So ended the second day's fight on this part of the line. The Alabama Brigade lost about one-half its strength in casualties and captures, and retired practically to its original position of the previous morning, where it spent the night.

At an early hour on the morning of July 3 the brigade was formed and moved up somewhat in the rear of Seminary Ridge. The artillery was beginning to form on our front along the Emmetsburg Pike, and the brigade was halted in the rear of the artillery then beginning to form and told that this would be its position during the bombardment which was to take place during the day. The men began to make themselves as comfortable as practicable, when the brigade commander, unaccompanied by his staff, went forward on foot to the crest of the ridge and was seen to be surveying the enemy's position opposite on Cemetery Ridge through his field glass. After a short while he returned; and forming the brigade in line, he moved it forward until it reached a space of about forty yards behind the artillery which was being planted near the crest. When this was done, there were ominous shakes of the head among the boys as to the wisdom of such a move, and expressions were heard to the effect that "Old Billy Fixin" (the brigadier's nickname) was not satisfied with having lost one-half his brigade the day before, but was determined to sacrifice "the whole caboodle" to-day. The wisdom of the change was demonstrated by the bombardment.

Immediately upon our advance Pickett's Division came up and occupied our original position with his left brigade, the other two brigades of his division extending farther to the right.

After hours of waiting, the bombardment opened with a fury beyond description. The earth seemed to rise up under the concussion, the air was filled with missiles, and the noise and din were so furious and overwhelming as well as continuous that one had to scream to his neighbor lying beside him to be heard at all. The constant roar of nearly four hundred cannon on both sides, with the explosion of the shells and frequently the bursting of a caisson wagon, was terrific beyond description. Men could be seen, especially among the artillery, bleeding at both ears from concussion, and the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds seemed to be upon us.

After an hour or so, or perhaps longer, Pickett's men were ordered up and began their forward movement to storm the enemy's position on Cemetery Ridge. His division had suffered considerably during the bombardment, especially the brigade which occupied the old position of Wilcox in our rear; but the men moved forward in fine order and, passing to the right of our brigade, mounted the crest of the ridge and started down the gradual incline toward the enemy's lines of intrenchments with quick pace and steady step. Just as they passed our right flank orders were given to our brigade to rise and move rapidly by the right flank, which was promptly done, and then the brigade faced and moved forward rapidly to the right of Pickett. Just previous to our reaching Pickett's right his division seemed to take somewhat of a left oblique and soon disappeared from my view, and I only have its brave deeds from history.

The Alabama Brigade proceeded to charge Meade's army alone. What such an absurd movement meant was never known to the officers then, nor has it ever been satisfactorily

explained since. It was rumored afterwards that orders had been issued to stop our movement, but were never delivered; but the whole affair is involved in mystery even to this day. Be that as it may, the brigade moved forward rapidly; but one could hear frequent expressions from the men to the effect: "What in the devil does this mean?" For a few moments practically no loss occurred in our forward movement; but the Federal artillery soon got their range, and a storm of shot and shell was poured upon us. Shrapnel shot would burst in front of us and great gaps be made in our ranks, but the ranks would close and the line move forward.

"Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die."

At last we came within the range of grape and canister, and a hurricane of such missiles seemed to burst from a hundred cannon on our little line of about eight hundred, rank and file, and plow their deadly path through our ranks. We finally reached a scrubby timbered drain just under the enemy's position, and were passing through it as rapidly as possible when further participation, in so far as I was concerned, altogether ceased. A grape shot struck me down, and the struggle ended in so far as I was concerned. The retreat was ordered, and I was left alone to contemplate the horrors of war and the reckless and criminal folly of a military order which was subsequently repudiated by every officer from third lieutenant to the commanding general.

What happened to myself subsequently can be of little interest to any living man. Suffice it to say that I escaped capture and imprisonment by the gallant conduct of four of my good comrades, who, when the brigade was re-formed, ascertained my absence and its cause and gallantly came back and picked me up on a litter and carried me off the field. These four men are all dead now; but the memory of this good deed will abide with me so long as I am capable of tender and grateful recollection.

On a mound on Cemetery Heights there has been erected a monument marked "The High-Water Mark of the Confederacy." It was designed to mark the farthest point reached by the Confederates, and glancing at the inscription one can read thereon: "Wilcox's Alabama Brigade—Esto Perpetua."

HARDSHIPS OF GEORGIA REGULARS.

BY W. H. ANDREWS, SUGAR VALLEY, GA.

In reply to what the old soldiers are the most thankful for, I state first that a good place to sleep, where I can remain during the night without being roused to cook three days' rations and be on the march before twelve o'clock. I am thankful for three things especially: a good roof over my head, three appetizing meals a day, and a good feather bed on which to stretch my weary limbs. I don't believe that any other soldiers ever suffered the hardships and privations of the Confederates, who were often in rags and marched with bleeding feet over the rough turnpike roads or through mud and water while suffering from cold and hunger, fighting with fortitude unsurpassed by any soldiers in the world.

I enlisted in the 1st Regiment of Georgia Regulars at Fort Gaines February 26, 1861, and arrived at the Oglethorpe Barracks on March 8, and I never ate one meal that I relished until we went to Virginia in July, 1861. * * *

From the time the Army of Northern Virginia retreated from Manassas, on March 8, 1862, we never enjoyed tents, except for a few days at Culpeper and a few days during the siege of Richmond, until after the battle of Fredericksburg, in

December, 1862. During the siege of Yorktown, in April, 1862, the line of breastworks extended from the James to the York Rivers and were occupied by a line of battle day and night, with the soldiers at times knee-deep in water. About nine o'clock one night at Dam No. 1 I was ordered with four others to cross the dam and establish a picket post at the other end. It was light enough to have seen a rabbit anywhere on the dam, while the Federal pickets were stationed at the other end. We crossed by crawling on our hands and knees in the mud and water at the lower edge, crawled to within thirty feet of the Federals, and remained there all night half submerged in the mud and water, and God alone will ever know what we suffered through those long hours. A little before day we returned in the same way to the breastworks, *en route* to which for a few seconds we faced grim death, as we were supposed to be the enemy advancing. As we were wading through the water at the end of the dam every man in the works brought his gun to bear on us, and I thought as I glanced up the gun barrels that my time had come. Some one explained, however, the guns were withdrawn, and I tumbled over in the works as limp as a rag.

Johnston's army retreated from Yorktown on May 5, 1862, and after Magruder's command passed Williamsburg it commenced to rain. The regulars spent the night assisting a battery of artillery on a country road, and at times the axles would scrape the ground. What a night we had of it—sleepy, hungry, tired, and drenched with rain and mud! We caught up with the rest of our brigade at sunrise as they were marching into the road to begin the day's march, which was continued until sundown. When we went into camp that night, our skillet wagons were somewhere in the rear, stuck in the mud, and we had nothing to cook in and but little to cook. I had some flour that I drew before leaving Yorktown and made it into dough on a rag, wrapped it around my ramrod, and baked it over the fire.

During the campaign in Maryland in 1862 Longstreet's Corps drew two days' rations at Hagerstown. This for Saturday and Sunday. On Tuesday evening following while in line of battle in front of Sharpsburg a cow was feeding in front of the line. General Anderson ordered her killed and divided among the men of his brigade, and I received a piece a little larger than a hen's egg, broiled it over some coals, and ate it without bread or salt. On Wednesday was fought the great battle of Sharpsburg. It continued all day. On Thursday morning a comrade gave me two crackers and a small piece of bacon that he had taken from a Yankee's haversack. By that time the pangs of hunger were becoming very acute. I scaled the fence to an apple orchard, where I was seen by General Lee with my haversack and pockets bulging with apples. I was arrested, but I gave the guard the slip and made my escape. Thursday night the army was by the Potomac. We marched all day Friday and until eleven o'clock at night, when we halted for about one hour.

Sergeant W. G. Humphreys, my chum and companion, one of the best soldiers in the Confederate army, had secured some Irish potatoes while on the march, and we cooked them with my small piece of bacon in a tin can. Talk about a feast! I relished those few potatoes more than anything that I ever ate. They were so good that we debated for a while whether we should invite General Anderson to partake of our feast. The march was continued until daybreak Saturday, when we reached our wagon trains and secured rations. For five days I had not eaten as much as one square meal.

While the army was in front of Fredericksburg in November

and December, 1862, the weather was extremely cold, the ground being frozen for about twelve inches. We built log fires and at night slept around them in circles, while thousands of soldiers were either barefooted or destitute of blankets; but then the Confederate soldier was a strange genus. You could not starve or freeze him; he fattened on marching and fighting.

One morning the regulars were ordered on picket duty on the Rappahannock below the city. When we left camp it was raining, then it sleeted, and the sleet was covered with eight inches of snow. The wind was severe. We were on one bank of the river, while "our friends the enemy" were on the other, and we were not permitted to have any fire. We boys pulled down a plank fence and built a blind between us and the river and dug a hole in the ground beneath it, where we kept coals of fire all night, while our teeth chattered and the marrow nearly froze in our bones. The next evening we were relieved and went to a hill in the field, where we remained in the snow all night without any fire.

In the spring of 1863 the regulars were stationed at the Chattahoochee Arsenal in Florida, when a drove of beef cattle was purchased and turned into an old broomsedge field, where they remained until they got so poor from starvation that they reeled as they walked.

In the fall of 1864 the regulars were stationed on Whitmarsh Island, below Savannah, where our scanty rations were parched acorns and rats. The rats were fried, stewed, or baked, and the boys claimed that they were fine, equal to squirrels. I took their word for it and stuck to the acorns.

On the 9th of December the regiment left the island for the breastworks in front of Savannah, and my head was not under cover again until I reached home, on the 17th of May, 1865. During the last two years of the war it was either a feast or a famine with the soldiers. They would draw three days' rations, then feast one day and fast two. During the siege of Savannah in December, 1864, the 5th and 6th Georgia Reserves were in the trenches to our right, and I often saw them buying bread from the regulars, paying one dollar a pone. In January, 1865, the regulars were with Hardee's forces near Polecat, S. C. There were three others in my mess—Sergeant W. G. Humphreys, Corporal Orlando H. Harris, and Private J. H. Frasier—all good foragers; and if there was anything to eat near our camp, they were sure to find it. I was cook.

One night they made a social call on a colored gentleman, who was either asleep or gone from home, and lifted four large, fat hens off the roost, then borrowed his ax and wash pot and brought them to camp. I soon had the hens dressed and in the pot with a ham of pork the boys had "picked up." When I finished boiling that pot, there was one inch of gravy on top, and we had some freshly baked corn bread. A few days later the boys met another hog that showed fight, and they knocked it over and started with it to camp, when they were arrested by General McLaws's escort of the Texas Cavalry and carried to headquarters. If they had stopped at that, we would not have felt so bad; but they took the hog too. We took everything that we could find to eat to keep Sherman's soldiers from getting any. They were in our rear through South and North Carolina.

One day Colonel Fiser, commanding our brigade, took a company of the 27th Georgia Battalion and General McLaws's escort of the Texas Cavalry, went up the river road a few miles, then entered the swamp and marched down the stream on the lookout for the enemy. The swamp was a dense thicket, and the rain was coming down in torrents. When they came in sight of our picket line on the right, held by some

of Colonel Hardy's North Carolina brigade, each party took the other for the enemy and opened fire. Colonel Fiser sent a courier to camp with orders to Colonel Hardy to take the regulars and charge them in the rear, as he had them cut off. Near the firing line the regulars were halted, and the company to which I belonged was ordered to deploy as skirmishers and advance. We had not gone over thirty yards when we received a volley in our faces and fell back a few yards and took to the trees. A few minutes later Colonel Hardy gave the order, "Charge them, boys, and give them the bayonet," but I saw only three men and they were running to our left. Our company charged through the swamp about one-half mile, when we arrived at a ditch that we could not cross. I was blessed with health and a constitution that proved to be proof against starvation, and the bullets passed me by.

THE OLD BATTLE FLAG.

BY CHARLES W. HUBNER.

Tattered and torn and limp as a rag,
Droops from its staff the old battle flag;
Dim are the colors or faded quite,
Hard 'tis to tell the red from the white
Or to be sure of what it was made,
So worn the fabric, so thin and frayed.
Yet when this dear old banner was new
Radiant it was with crimson and blue,
And as it moved from the blazoned bars
Flashed forth in splendor its thirteen stars!

Ah! as we gazed, as we dreamed and dreamed,
Not only fair but holy it seemed,
A sign from heaven that would lead us on
Till all we battled for should be won.
With eyes that sparkled and footsteps bold,
'Mid thunders of cheers that heavenward rolled,
Rattle of drums and the fife's shrill note
Under the flag on the winds afloat,
Gayly they marched to the front away,
These heroes of ours, the Boys in Gray.
What count a wife's tears, a mother's prayer
When war drums thunder and trumpets blare?

Then years of conflict and carnage came;
Sulphurous smoke clouds and battle flame,
Hot rain of bullets and shot and shell
Wrought their wild work on the old flag well,
Splashed it with blood of the men who bore it,
Blackened the colors, battered and tore it;
But still defiant, steady, and free,
Guiding the Gray hosts to victory,

Blazed its starred splendor a beacon light
In the hell gloom of the fearful fight;
Then by the battle storms slashed and torn,
But ever proudly, peerlessly borne
Four years afloat on the fields of fame,
Sadly it fell, but fell not in shame;
Crowned with Fame's halo, the old flag still
Lives on in glory, and ever will!

Now 'tis a wreck of its former self;
And yet, tell me, what proffer of help
Ever could lure these men of the Gray
To part with this old flag? Never! Nay!

Just as it is, so let it still stand;
Touch it not save with a reverent hand—
Songs in its scars, a voice in each rent,
In its mute raggedness eloquent.

Let the old relic we love so well
Unto the future its story tell—
Epic and tale of the Southland's cause,
Song of the flag of the starry cross!
When it has smoldered (alas! it must),
Tenderly gather the sacred dust
And let it mingle at last for aye
With that of the Boys who wore the Gray.

THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

BY THE LATE CHARLES FITZGERALD, JACKSON, MISS.

[This poem was left unfinished when its author, the well-known post office inspector, was killed.]

From the days of brave Leonidas adown the tides of time,
In all their glory, pomp, pride, and martial deeds sublime,
Whether Saxon, Celt, Teuton, or the flower of La Belle
France,
'Mid the blazing belch of cannon, where the war steeds madly
prance,
'Mid scenes of death's wild carnage, where the war gods hold
mad sway,
Mortal eyes ne'er saw the equals of those glorious ranks of
gray.

O, those born sons of freedom on the pathless scroll of fame
Writ heroic deeds of daring in our sunny Southland's name!
Grand, grim, titantic warriors of a cause forever just,
The bards of coming ages will deify your dust,
And the cycles of the centuries no grander troops will see
Than the vanished hosts of Jackson and the scattered ranks
of Lee.

Then we meet you and we greet you on this glad Reunion
day,
Survivors of our Southland's cause! Your fame can ne'er
decay.

'Tis the heritage of freemen and your deeds were not in vain,
For descendants of such heroes will show ancestral strain.
But the blood-baptized Columbia cast in heroic mold
Will repeat the deeds of daring of their fighting sires of old.

But your gallant ranks are thinning and that glorious line of
gray,

Like mist before the day king, is fading fast away;
And soon a sainted memory will be all that shall remain
Of those deathless, dauntless legions who marched to "Dixie's"
strain.

And with your earth life ended and immortal spirits free
You'll rejoin the phantom columns of your Jackson and your
Lee.

We love you grim old heroes as in the years gone by,
When your courage thrilled the world, when you dared to do
or die,
When proud stars and bars of Dixie 'mid the gonfalons of
earth
Kissed first the breeze of heaven and proclaimed a nation's
birth.

NINTH KENTUCKY CAVALRY, C. S. A.

BY RUSSEL MANN.

This regiment was organized in December, 1862, by the consolidation of the battalions of Maj. W. C. P. Breckinridge and Maj. R. G. Stoner. Major Breckinridge, being the senior in rank, became colonel, and Major Stoner lieutenant colonel of the regiment. The regiment was composed of young men recruited in the blue grass region of Kentucky, the sons of farmers, mechanics, and professional men, and many young men who quit college to enter the service. From its organization until the close of the war this regiment was engaged in active and arduous service. No other cavalry regiment in the Confederate army did more hard fighting and important service, and none was more distinguished for gallantry and endurance. It was a part of Morgan's command from its organization until he started on his famous and disastrous Ohio raid in the summer of 1863. At the time of this raid the 9th Kentucky was detached from his command and placed on an important post in the harrens of Tennessee, picketing and scouting a large territory between the Confederate and Federal armies. General Bragg refused to relieve the regiment; hence its failure to accompany Morgan on that raid.

After Morgan's capture, the 9th Kentucky was assigned to the command of Gen. Joseph Wheeler and placed in a brigade composed of the 1st, 3d, and 9th Kentucky Cavalry, and served with this command until the close of the war, taking part in most of the engagements with the Army of the Tennessee from the battle at Nashville until the close of the war. Two companies of the regiment, C and G, were dismounted temporarily to do important picket duty in front of Missionary Ridge for some time before that battle. They served in this battle as infantry from the beginning until the close, and with the rest of the regiment assisted in covering the retreat of Bragg's army back to Dalton, Ga. They fought in all the hundred days' engagements from Dalton back to Atlanta, and after the battle of Atlanta they assisted in the capture of Stoneman's command near Macon, Ga.

The 9th Kentucky also fought Burbridge at Saltville, Va. Its action at Dug Gap and Noonday Creek was so conspicuous and gallant that this regiment became known throughout the entire army for its bravery.

At Dug Gap the small brigade to which this regiment belonged held this point against several furious attacks of a division of Hooker's Corps until reinforced. At Noonday Creek one of the most important cavalry engagements of the Atlanta campaign was fought between eleven hundred of Wheeler's command and Garrard's Division of four thousand, and in the charge and rout of Garrard's command the gallant 9th bore a conspicuous part. General Wheeler in the disposition of his troops in this engagement formed the 9th Kentucky on the right and the remainder of his force on the left of the road on which Garrard's Division was advancing, with his battle lines extending on each side of the road.

In this engagement the 9th Kentucky, with Company C at the head of the column, led by Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge, Capt. Ed Taylor, and Sergeant Major William A. Gaines, made one of the most gallant charges of the war. The regiment had been held on horseback in reserve sometime after the battle commenced. When the charge was sounded, they dashed across an open field to the creek under a heavy fire at short range. This creek on account of recent heavy rains was deep. Some few of the horses bounded over the creek, and the rest of the regiment were hurriedly forwarded into line and dismounted, and under a heavy fire renewed the charge on foot, wading the creek waist-deep and forcing the

enemy back in confusion from their battery, completely routing and driving them back two miles with heavy loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners, and captured one hundred horses and men. Fifty of the enemy's dead were counted on the field. Our loss was fifteen killed and fifty wounded.

The 9th Kentucky was on one raid with Wheeler's command into Middle Tennessee, and after its return to Georgia followed and fought Sherman from Atlanta on his march to the sea, and took part in the battle of Bentonville, N. C., the last battle of the war of any importance.

This was one of the regiments sent to meet President Davis, his family, and Cabinet after the fall of Richmond and to guard them to the Trans-Mississippi Department. They guarded them across North and South Carolina to Washington, Ga., where President Davis became convinced that it would be impossible to reach the Trans-Mississippi Department with so large an escort, and dismissed the regiment on the 10th of May, 1865, about one month after the surrender of General Lee's army.

TO SURVIVORS OF TENTH ALABAMA REGIMENT.

BY JAMES R. COLEMAN, RIVERSIDE, ALA.

I have just returned from a trip over the old battlefields in Virginia, and while there I visited the graves of our loved ones buried at Bristow Station. The cedar posts that were placed there as a directory of each grave were so badly obliterated that I was unable to make out the names. A number of cedar trees have grown up over the graves, the largest being about the size of a man's thigh. The land where our dead were buried is owned by the daughter of a Federal soldier. I pleaded with her to sell me the small space; but she refused to do so, assuring me, however, that the soil over which our loved ones lie shall never be tilled so long as she is spared upon the earth. I wanted this spot especially to show the respect I have for my brother, Sidney L. Coleman, who was killed at Dranesville, Va., December 20, 1861, and for my comrades who so gallantly fought and gave up their lives in our behalf. I desired to erect a monument to them.

I greatly desire that all surviving members of the 10th Alabama Regiment furnish me with the number of and name of each one of their company buried at Bristow Station, Va., also a list of all who died or were killed during the war; also that each one of us still living contribute something in their memory by erecting a monument in their honor. Any aid from comrades will be greatly appreciated. It is our duty, comrades, as well as that of our sons and grandsons to show our profound respect for our dead who sleep beneath the sod in that lonely spot at Bristow Station.

I desire to know of Nat Sims, who first belonged to the 10th Alabama and later joined Mosby's Cavalry, served with it to the close of the war, then, coming back to old Virginia, married and reared a family there. If he is marked as absent without leave from the records of the 10th Alabama, it should be changed. All honor is due him. He is now supposed to be dead. At the next Reunion, to be held in Memphis, let every member of the old 10th Alabama display on a card his company and regiment. All comrades should do that.

Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke writes the VETERAN a very interesting letter from Norfolk, Va. She says her Chapter, Hope Mauey, U. D. C., has for four years given an annual prize in the high school of that place for the best essay on Southern subjects; that these papers are so good that it is hard for the judges to decide between the contestants.

THE WILLIAMS BREECH-LOADING CANNON.

THEIR SUPERB USE BY GALLANT KENTUCKY BOYS.

BY G. D. EWING, PATTONSBURG, MO.

In some recent numbers of the *VETERAN* I have noticed various articles in reference to a little battery of breech-loading guns and their work on the field of battle during the War between the States. This unique little battery, commanded by Capt. J. J. Schoolfield, was invented by a man named Williams, of Covington, Ky., who went to Richmond early in the war and induced the Confederate government to cast a battery of six guns. During much of the war it was attached to the brigade first commanded by Gen. Humphrey Marshall, then by General Williams (known as Cerro Gordo), and then by Col. Henry L. Giltner. This writer was a member of the 4th Kentucky Cavalry, the largest regiment of this fine brigade.

It was a small breech-loading gun, the breech being thrown by a spring when the gun was discharged, thereby permitting a current of air to pass through the long barrel which had a tendency to keep the gun cool while being actively worked. It carried a ball of perhaps one and one-half pounds, but it did effective service at short range when loaded with buck-shot or half-ounce ball cartridges. The gun could be fired about forty times a minute; and being mounted on a light carriage, it could be run from point to point as occasion required.

About twenty-five men composed the force that operated this little battery. They were from Maysville, Ky., and were all comparatively boys. They were a daring set of Kentucky youngsters. Captain Schoolfield was well qualified to be the leader of such intrepid fellows. Cool and deliberate and a fighter to the last, he brought his men and guns out of places where capture or annihilation seemed certain. As has been said, these guns were worked with a crank, which in its revolution exploded the cap which was placed on the tube by one of the gunners, and he was called "capper."

I give one incident out of a great number that will show the fighting qualities of the men who manned this little toy-like battery. In the battle of Raytown, Tenn., during our long retreat from near Knoxville to Abingdon, Va., we were pursued by a force more than five times our numerical strength. It was almost continuous skirmishing and fighting. At Raytown, I think it was, the enemy were pressing us hard, and to save our wagon train as well as to move all supplies that we could by railroad with two old engines in a few old box cars, disposition was made of our little force across the valley, through which ran the East Tennessee, Virginia, and Georgia Railroad. Schoolfield's Battery was on our right, and in supporting distance was Burrow's Battery of six- and eight-pound guns. These two batteries were supported by a thin line of cavalry, dismounted, and deployed ten feet apart, so as to prevent the enemy lapping our lines. The Federals, taking advantage of a heavy growth of timber, massed a heavy force and came with great fury upon our right, and for a time it seemed that they would crush our weak line and take our two batteries. But Schoolfield's men and their cavalry supports, who were the most exposed, had built barricades with fence rails, and at short range these little guns were worked to their full capacity, and their supports put up a furious fight.

At this juncture the squadron to which I belonged, which was the left of the 4th Kentucky Regiment, although we were suffering a galling cannonade, were ordered to double-quick

to the extreme right to save if possible the turning of our right wing. When the companies of Ray and Gathright arrived on their right, pandemonium was reigning. Never in all my war experience did I see a more unequal fight and more determined courage than our boys displayed. Two batteries were in position and at short range, and massed columns of infantry were bearing down upon our two batteries and their supports. The Burrows guns were aiding the Schoolfield Battery all they could; and when forced to fall back, they took the little guns back with them. As our two companies reënforced them the little guns were working to the limit. Young Brainard Bayless, the son of a Presbyterian minister, was capper for one gun. I don't think he was over seventeen years old. He would dexterously place the cap on the tube, and at every charge he would wave his cap above his head and give the "Rebel yell." Our timely appearance at the crucial moment saved the day, and our thin line was withdrawn without the loss of a cannon. But as brave men gave up their lives there as ever were sacrificed on any battlefield.

Some days after the event just related we were again in line of battle not far from Watauga River (East Tennessee). Schoolfield's Battery was posted with our squadron as its support. We were at this time, I think, under the command of Gen. George B. Crittenden, who was a fine strategist and an able commander. The Federal forces had been appearing in our front often, and there seemed to be a daring leader who rode in front of their line on a large gray horse. His imposing figure was seen as often before riding up and down the line in front of his men. The General asked Captain Schoolfield if he could not make it interesting for that daring rider on the magnificent charger. It must have been a mile between the two lines. All the battery was trained on the intrepid rider, and soon we could see commotion in the Federal lines, and the horse was shot and fell; but whether the brave rider was hit or not at the distance we could not tell.

In one of the inconsequential raids from Southwestern Virginia into the Kentucky mountains during the earlier part of the war one of these little cannon was taken along by Lieut. Col. Tom Johnson, who commanded the 10th Kentucky Confederate Battalion cavalry. While in camp near the town of Louisa the men who had charge of this gun ran the tongue of the carriage into an old house in which the soldiers on guard were asleep. A scout belonging to the 14th Kentucky Infantry (Federal), commanded by Col. George W. Gallup, was then at Louisa. This scout, Harvey Patrick, in his rounds came to these sleeping Confederates, and, seeing that the gun carriage was on the outside of the door, conceived the idea of stealing it. Assuring himself that all the men were asleep, Patrick unscrewed the taps on the caps of the trunnions, lifted the gun off the carriage, and carried it some distance and placed it on the fence. Then mounting his horse, he got the gun up before him and carried it some distance and hid it. He returned to camp and informed the colonel how he had stolen one of the little cannon. The colonel would not believe him, thinking the feat an impossibility, until Patrick showed him the taps which he had in his pocket. He took some of his comrades and went back with a wagon to bring the little gun into camp. Upon reconnoitering he found that the Confederates were gone, and that they had left the gun carriage behind them. Patrick and his men took the carriage, mounted the gun on it, and joyfully returned to camp with their trophy.

I think this gun was loaned at the time, and that none of Captain Schoolfield's men were with it. Colonel Gallup, being ordered to report to General Sherman in Georgia, took this gun as far as Louisville, Ky., and ordered Lieut. J. M. Poage, of his regiment, to take it to the Frankfort arsenal, which he did. Lieutenant Poage is now an honored citizen of Pattonsburg, Mo., and a neighbor of the writer. Often we together recount many of the escapades of army life as we saw it from different sides.

An amusing incident is related of this captured gun when Captain Schoolfield's men turned the laugh on Col. Tom Johnson. Johnson was riding through the camp where this little battery was parked, and, seeing a soldier standing near one of the guns, Colonel Johnson, for the amusement of his associate officers, addressed the soldier, whose name was Fish, saying: "Soldier, you had better watch those little guns; a woman might come into camp and carry one off." Fish replied (not recognizing Col. Tom Johnson): "I don't think there is any danger. Old Col. Tom Johnson is not in command here now."

THE BREECH-LOADING CANNON IN MISSOURI.

T. A. Wright, of Mobile, Ala., refers to the articles appearing in the *VETERAN* about breech-loading cannon, and writes:

"In 1861 I belonged to Capt. James W. Kneisley's Battery, Green's Regiment, Harris's Division, Missouri State Guards, and in the winter it was camped at Springfield, Mo. While there a man by the name of Harris or Harrison came to our camp, bringing a breech-loading cannon. It was about four and a half or five feet long, made of brass, and the bore was three-quarters to one inch in diameter and carried a one-pound ball, very like a Minie ball. The powder was in a bag attached to the ball, and this was fired by the use of port fire on the friction primer, the same as an ordinary cannon. The gun was mounted on two very light wheels and required only two men to work it. When we left Springfield, the captain, as we called the owner, disappeared.

"The gun was invented by D. W. Hughes, the corn planter man of Palmyra, Mo., who a few years ago was living in Quincy, Ill., and a letter addressed to him there might gain some information worth having. About a year ago I saw an article in the *Palmyra Spectator* written by D. W. Hughes in regard to this gun and other patents the U. S. government confiscated because he was a Confederate sympathizer."

OTHER CONFEDERATE BREECH-LOADING CANNON.

T. M. Earnhart, of Phoenix, Ariz., writes of breech-loading Confederate cannon to Capt. T. F. Allen, who has brought out a good deal of information on the subject. Comrade Earnhart states: "I served in Lee's army from March, 1862, to June 24, 1864, when I was so severely wounded that I was retired from the service. I was a private in Battery D, 10th North Carolina, Army of Northern Virginia. During the winter following I returned to my company to be examined as to fitness for duty, and I found our battery completely equipped with breech-loading, rifled cannon, twenty-pounders, I think. There were five Whitworth guns and one Armstrong gun. My understanding is that they were English guns that had run the blockade. At all events, they were new guns and breechloaders. If Capt. John A. Ramsey, of Salisbury, N. C., is still living, he will be able to give full particulars in relation to these guns."

Captain Allen concedes that "these breechloaders of English manufacture came on the battlefield much later than Schoolfield's battery of breechloaders," to which he has referred.

THE NAME REPLACED ON CABIN JOHN BRIDGE.

For several years effort has been made by prominent Southern men and women to have the name of Jefferson Davis replaced on Cabin John Bridge, which was built for an aqueduct to convey the water supply into Washington. This imposing and historic structure of solid stone runs east and west across a small stream at a considerable elevation. On its south side at each end are two abutments, on which are inscriptions.

The tablet on the east abutment reads thus: "Union Arch, Chief Engineer, Capt. Montgomery C. Meigs, U. S. Corps of Engineers. *Esto Perpetua*."

The tablet on the west abutment originally bore the following inscription: "Washington Aqueduct Begun A.D. 1853. President of the United States, Franklin Pierce. Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis. Building A.D. 1861."

After the words "Secretary of War" there is now a blank, the name of "Jefferson Davis" having been erased, it is said, in 1862 by order of Caleb Smith, the then Secretary of the Interior, who was in charge of the aqueduct system of Washington. On June 3, 1907, while in Richmond to dedicate the Jefferson Davis monument, Mrs. W. J. Behan, President of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, decided to take up more actively the efforts to have the name of Jefferson Davis replaced where it was once a part of the history of this old bridge, and the matter was placed in the hands of Mr. Adolph Meyer, Louisiana, member of Congress, now dead.

A bill was introduced into Congress to have this name replaced, and Mr. Taft, now President, and Mr. Luke E. Wright, then Secretary of War, had the matter investigated; but on the report of Maj. Spencer Cosby, Engineer Commissioner of the District of Columbia and then in charge of the aqueduct system of Washington, the matter was temporarily suspended. It was supposed that an act of Congress would be necessary to have the history of this old bridge rectified; but Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, President General of the Daughters of the Confederacy, was informed while visiting in Washington last fall that Congressional action was not necessary, and that an order from the President to the Secretary of War would accomplish all that was desired. Mrs. Stone applied to President Roosevelt, believing that such a plea would appeal to him, and it met with favorable response.

An appointment with President Roosevelt was courteously granted, to take place the next day. In Mr. Roosevelt's office Mrs. Stone presented her plea on behalf of the preservation of the historic record of this old bridge. She told him she had been informed that it required only his order to the Secretary of War to accomplish this result. He replied: "Madam, this is an extraordinary request, and I am not quite sure that I have such authority. You had best see Gen. Luke Wright and ask him to take up this matter with me, and I will give it consideration." No time was lost in seeing General Wright, who received Mrs. Stone and Mrs. Marion Butler (who accompanied her in these two interviews) with marked courtesy, and said he would take up the matter with the President, the result of which follows: "The Secretary of War, by direction of the President, has instructed the chief of engineers United States army to take the necessary steps to restore the name of Jefferson Davis as Secretary of War to Cabin John Bridge."

An exchange states: "All who love and revere the name and service of Jefferson Davis will feel that President Roosevelt has crowned the closing days of his administration with a just and noble action and wrought a new link in that chain which binds this reunited country in fraternal ties."

LEE'S BIRTHDAY AT BEAUVOIR.

BY RUFFIN COLEMAN, M.D.

Beauvoir, dear to every Southern heart as the home of our only President, was appropriately and beautifully decorated by its veterans and the Biloxi Chapter, U. D. C., in commemoration of the birthday of the immortal R. E. Lee. Bright evergreens, magnolias, holly, and palmetto were gracefully entwined with the patriotic red and white, which showed beautifully against the green.

At eleven o'clock the Biloxi Chapter, U. D. C., gave a very fine program of songs and recitations, which was perfectly carried out and much enjoyed. Finishing this program was an address by Rev. Mr. Crawford, rector of the Church of the Redeemer, of which Church Mr. Davis and his family were members. The subject of his address was "The Cross of Honor," and his earnest words sank deep into the hearts of all his hearers. At its conclusion Miss Myrtie Thefold, a lovely girl from the Biloxi Chapter, pinned a cross to the coat of each of the thirteen veterans qualified to receive it. A cross it was their proudest honor to wear.

Mrs. Mary Wallace, the charming matron of the Home, invited all the visitors and inmates to a delicious luncheon, the contribution of the veterans, which was gracefully served by the ladies of the Home.

The afternoon was given up to a brilliant program by the Beauvoir Chapter, U. D. C., from Gulfport, which was listened to with rapt attention. Rev. Mr. Snead, rector of St. Peter-by-the-Sea, was master of ceremonies, and the soldier-preacher was as gracious in the drawing-room as he had been valiant in the field. Daughters and veterans joined in singing the heart-stirring songs of the war, "Dixie," "Bonnie Blue Flag," and "Maryland, My Maryland," and the veterans finished with the famous "Rebel yell."

Mrs. Wallace made a graceful speech of farewell. When grouped around the gates of Beauvoir, the Gulfport Chapter sang "Suwannee River," "Annie Laurie," "My Old Kentucky Home," and "America." Boarding the electric car, our visitors were whirled away, followed by the ringing cheers of the Biloxi Chapter and of the grateful inmates of the Home.

PERILOUS SERVICE AT FREDERICKSBURG.

BY D. R. LOVE, LIEUT. CO. G, 9TH VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

Daily revelations are being made of deeds of heroism and intrepidity on the part of private soldiers who have long since gone to their reward after lives of modesty and humility. The half has never been told of such events, for every community has its unknown hero. If cool daring and uncalculating devotion to a cause makes a man a hero, then such was Dr. Passmore through faithful service rendered Gen. R. E. Lee before the battle of Fredericksburg.

Dr. William Tennyson Passmore, an Englishman by birth, when a child was brought to Baltimore, where he was educated and graduated in medicine. He removed to Lunenburg County, where he married and lived until his death, in 1885, at Pleasant Grove, a useful and esteemed citizen and a skilled and learned physician.

About June, 1861, Dr. Passmore enlisted in the Lunenburg troops, and served with his command in the mountainous counties of Greenbrier, Randolph, and others beyond Huntersville (now West Virginia) under General Loring.

After that campaign we were ordered to Fredericksburg, and, uniting with the 9th Virginia Cavalry on its organization, we were assigned to duty in Stafford County and in camp at the courthouse for the winter of 1862, holding the Potomac River as our line.

The ability and skill of Dr. Passmore as a physician were too well known among the men for him to remain a private soldier, and he was detailed for duty in the medical department. One day some six weeks before the battle of Fredericksburg he visited me. We had been close friends and messmates from the time he joined the army. He left his horse in our care, explaining that he was going to "cross the river to see about General Burnside's army, as General Lee wished information in regard to its numbers, plans, etc." He said General Lee had requested him to go, and had authorized him to select and take a friend with him, a man of courage and intelligence, who could take care of himself in any emergency by avoiding suspicion and appearing innocent yet fearless. This precaution was to make sure of one returning with the information should the other be lost or taken. He invited me to be his companion. I respectfully declined, considering him crazy to go himself on such an undertaking, as he could not return alive. He was determined to go, and after much persuasion he got Mont Chumney to go with him.

They at once started in the direction of Fredericksburg to the Union lines, and succeeded in getting through. Soon afterwards they met and were recognized by a Union man, the Rev. Hunnecutt, and he reported to the Federals their presence within the Yankee lines. Chumney became alarmed after meeting Hunnecutt and returned to camp, but Dr. Passmore went on and into Fredericksburg. Soon after entering the store of a Mr. Scott, with whom he engaged in a conversation, five Yankees came in search of him. He quickly got behind the counter and became busy with the account books of the store, and was not suspected. The Yankees, supposing he was a clerk, left after some questioning of Mr. Scott.

Dr. Passmore remained till night, when he crossed the river at one of the upper fords about six miles west of Fredericksburg, in Stafford County, where he stopped at the house of a farmer with whom he had previously stayed while he was using the house for a hospital. He secured from this man an old horse and a cart loaded with chickens, butter, eggs, milk, and vegetables, which he promised to sell in Burnside's camp. Disguised as a ragged and, to all appearances, half-witted noncombatant, he drove to the General's headquarters, was kindly treated, and given dinner for himself and horse. After selling his load, General Burnside expressed his desire to have him bring fresh supplies for his men every day, and urged him to come regularly. But he appeared uneasy and expressed fear at being among so many strange soldiers, saying that nearly all the folks in the world must be there, and that he was afraid to leave home any more lest his horse, wagon, and provisions be taken from him. The General, amused at his simplicity, allayed his fears by telling him that he had only a hundred and fifty thousand men in his army, and to come when he wished, as they would not hurt him; and to further allay his fears he directed his adjutant to give him a pass and written permission to bring and sell his stuff in the camp.

He continued to make daily trips to the headquarters' mess to sell his produce. He was so well liked by the officers that they conversed freely with him about the different commands and the officers commanding, as well as of their confidence in their plans to attack and destroy the Rebel army. The Yankees gave him enough discarded blankets and army clothing, some of which was as good as new, to fill a room in the house of the man with whom he was stopping; but he continued to wear his ragged clothes, and from his daily trade made much money for his host as long as he remained to get the information General Lee desired.

We (his messmates), having been informed by Chumney of the discovery of their presence within the Yankee lines and that Passmore was being pursued, had given him up for dead. After some weeks we saw one day coming up the hill to our tent Dr. Passmore! He would only tell us to prepare for the battle which we would have in three days. He went promptly to General Lee's headquarters and gave him a full account of all he had learned from Burnside, his strength, plan of attack, the position of the different commands of the army corps and their positions, and the names of the generals who commanded them.

He remained at General Lee's headquarters until the battle was fought. The world knows the result; but it does not know that General Lee selected a physically frail and most gently and kindly natured man from Lunenburg County, Va., for the important and perilous undertaking of securing information concerning the enemy. That trust was made good to the satisfaction of General Lee, and he accepted the report with such confidence as on it to fight one of the greatest battles of the war.

The next time I saw my friend Passmore was when he called to say good-by to us; and to show that he and General Lee had kept faith with each other, he exhibited a leave of absence and an order from General Lee directing him to return to his home, in Lunenburg County, and remain there until further orders from him, he having by one daring, bold, and effective stroke filled the measure of a soldier's duty and earned as a reward the plaudit of his commander and his honorable discharge as a soldier. He retired to his pleasant and comfortable home and family at Pleasant Grove, in Lunenburg; and though he became completely paralyzed soon after the war and had to be lifted to and from his chair, bed, and carriage, he lived twenty years a life of great usefulness in his community, took an active part in the public affairs of those trying days following the ruin of war, and his counsels and advice were always esteemed, and to the time of his death he continued to administer to the sick and the distressed.

He had a large family of children, worthy sons and daughters of the father, their mother having died several years after the war. Two of his sons are now living at their old home, Pleasant Grove, and are leading and successful men.

W. T. Passmore, Jr., is a prosperous farmer on a large scale. His younger brother, Hon. George E. Passmore, is a successful business man and takes an active part in public affairs. He represented Lunenburg in the House of Delegates of 1897-98. Peace be to the ashes of William Passmore!

WHO FIRED THE FIRST GUN AT NEW MARKET?

BY CHARLES WARNER, BUCHANAN, KY.

The March VETERAN contains an account of the capture of a battery at New Market. I don't know who captured it, but we got it after it was captured. In your articles regarding the battle of New Market I have never seen anything in regard to Jackson's Battery. I was a member of Jackson's Battery, and I fired the first shot in that battle. I served four years in the Confederate service, and was in several severe battles, including Gettysburg, but New Market was our hottest fight during the war.

Gen. John C. Breckinridge was commanding on our side and General Sigel on the Federal side. We marched all the night before the battle and went through Staunton, where the cadets joined us. We understood that it was against the wishes of General Breckinridge. We went down the valley

to New Market and rested about one hour two miles above the town on the roadside.

General Breckinridge was sitting on his horse near our battery when a courier rode up with a message from Gen. "Mud-wall" Jackson stating that he did not think we could fight them. General Breckinridge replied that we could and would, and commenced giving his orders for battle formation, and the first order was: "Thomas E. Jackson, take your battery to the knoll on the extreme left and open on them at once." Away we went in a gallop, and I did not hear his further orders.

As soon as we were in position we opened on the enemy, and I think that was the first intimation they had that we were near them. We fired right into their camp, and I think spoiled their breakfast. We soon had them in retreat. General Breckinridge came to our position, which was a good point of observation. Soon the Yankee battery was in position and replying to ours. By this time our whole army was pressing on, and we soon forced back the enemy and followed them until they burned a bridge behind them. In advancing we passed many of the dead and wounded of both sides. Among them many of the brave young cadets were lying with bayonet thrusts in their heads. The captured battery was turned over to us to replace our inferior one, and with it we did hard service till near the end of the war.

TO THE WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Representative John G. Richards, of Kershaw, has introduced a bill making provision for a monument to the women of the Confederacy of South Carolina. And when one pauses a moment to think, the wonder is that such a monument is only now contemplated.

Briefly, the Kershaw Representative proposes that a commission shall be appointed by the Governor to carry out the purposes of the act, that a monument to the women shall be erected, the base at least to be of South Carolina granite, and that \$7,500 shall be available from the State treasury when the men of South Carolina have availed themselves of the privilege of contributing \$7,500 to the monument. We would increase the amounts to \$15,000 and \$10,000 respectively, or vice versa, if the General Assembly chooses.

The women of the Confederacy of South Carolina have been the toasts of men ten thousand times, but the only monuments to them are the monuments the women have raised to Confederate soldiers.

The women of the Confederacy endured the privations and hardships of war without its sustaining excitements. They waited and worked; theirs was the torture of suspense.

The women of the Confederacy watched the slow, certain transformation from plenty to poverty; they wept for the dead, they nursed the sick, and they ever smiled hope and encouragement to the living.

The women of the Confederacy met the disaster of conquering, devastating war with Spartan fortitude, and at its close they arose, concealed their bleeding hearts, and, taking by the hand husband, son, and father, moved forward through desolation toward the unknown future. The smiling, prospering, self-respecting South of to-day is of their building.

To such women should not South Carolina's men rear a noble memorial?

M. G. Wilson, of Black Rock, Ark., wishes to locate or learn of Capt. J. Peyton Lynch, who commanded a battery made up in East Tennessee. It was first sent to Vicksburg, and after the surrender there served in East Tennessee and Virginia.

Confederate Veteran.



TWO MEMBERS OF THE TWELFTH ALABAMA REGIMENT.

Capt. Robert E. Park, State Treasurer of Georgia, writes of two members of his company, F, 12th Alabama, Army of Northern Virginia—Mr. Robert W. Drake, of Laneville, Ala., and Rev. William A. Moore, of Neches, Tex.: "They were both members of my college class at Auburn, Ala., in 1861, and both were members of my military company during the Confederate struggle. Both were gallant, loyal, and true; both were splendid citizens, useful, energetic, honest, and patriotic, after the war. They were popular citizens, and passed away within a few weeks of each other. Mr. Drake was murdered in his home while alone by several negroes with intent on robbery. Rev. Mr. Moore was County Surveyor of Anderson County, Tex., and a local minister of the Methodist Church, South. He was a rarely gifted speaker, and eminently useful among his neighbors and friends."

CHARLES G. LOCKE.

Charles G. Locke, a lifelong resident of Memphis, son of a former Mayor and well known in that city for the past seventy years, died alone in his room January 13, 1909, from the effects of a fall received earlier in the day.

The Appeal-Avalanche of the following day states:

"Seventy years of age, with no kind hand to minister to him in his last hours, this veteran of the Civil War and survivor of a dozen pitched battles passed away in a cold, vacant room. Mr. Locke died from blood clot on the brain, caused from a fall. The body was discovered by George Arnold, who was startled to find a one-armed man neatly dressed, but with mud splashes over his clothes, lying face down on the floor, with his coat folded under his head as a pillow. A long gash extending from the hair to the right eye was bleeding profusely. Fearing foul play, the police were summoned. The identity of the man was established.

"An investigation disclosed the fact that Mr. Locke had fallen while crossing Front Street. His forehead struck on the inner guard rail of the street car tracks. * * * Two pedestrians, seeing the man's plight, volunteered to take him home. He roomed, he said, in the Arnold Building; and when the steps leading to his room were reached, he refused to allow the men to proceed farther, stating that he could get along very well without their assistance. The men left Mr. Locke sitting upon the steps.

"The next seen of him was when he was found as stated above. By instructions from several Confederate veterans the remains were turned over to undertakers. Dr. M. C. Knox discovered that a blood clot had been formed upon the brain.

"The deceased was the son of Gardiner B. Locke, who was Mayor of Memphis from 1848 to 1849. The Lockes came from England, settling in Virginia in 1710. Both great-grandfathers of Charles G. Locke were attachés on General Washington's staff, and nearly every generation of the family has had one or more of its members fighting for his country.

"When the call to arms came, in 1861, Mr. Locke was in

Arkansas on business. Being eager to get to the front, he enlisted in the Rector Guards of Des Arc, 15th Regiment. He was later transferred to Company A, 6th and 9th Consolidated Tennessee, and followed its varied fortunes to the end of the war.

"It is said that Private Locke's bravery won the respect and affection of his comrades, so that upon the death of his commanding officer he was unanimously chosen to succeed him. This he refused to do, preferring to remain in the ranks. At Perryville, while covering a battery, he came so close to the big guns that he became deaf as the result of the cannonading. At Chickamauga he was wounded in the left leg and sent to the hospital at West Point, Ga.

"It was there that he signally distinguished himself. Although ordered by the physician in charge to remain in his bed, he volunteered with ninety-nine others, wounded and crippled like himself, to defend a near-by fort against the approaching Union army. As soon as the fort was found to be inhabited the Union commander sent a company to dislodge the defenders. They were met with a withering fire, and retired in utter disorder. Wilson's whole command moved up, but all day long the brave heroes inside the stockade held them off. Without food or drink and suffering much, the little force just as the sun was setting compelled the enemy to retire. The death roll on that memorable occasion was twenty, and late in the day a bullet lodged in Private Locke's arm. The following afternoon it was amputated.

"Among Private Locke's treasures was a certificate commending him for personal bravery from Capt. T. H. Osborne, of the Des Arc company, to the colonel commanding the Tennessee regiment: 'In every battle he has distinguished himself with marked bravery, and I recommend him for promotion as having been a dutiful, patriotic, and gallant soldier.'

"Although encumbered with his injury, Mr. Locke acted in a clerical capacity for many years following the war, and was known as an experienced bookkeeper. He was connected with the Memphis Ledger; and when the Evening Scimitar was purchased by the late A. B. Pickett, he took charge of the clerical force, serving in that capacity until the paper was again sold. He then became connected with a local lumber concern as collector, and was with them at the time of his death.

"The deceased was the last of his immediate family, his nearest relative being a nephew, Charles L. Andrews, in Jacksonville, Fla. Edward McGowan, of this city, is a cousin.

"Mr. Locke never married. Shortly after the war he became an honorary member of Company A, Confederate Veterans, and an active member of the Confederate Historical Association, attending all Reunions held since the Civil War. His life as a soldier was a hard one and had made an indelible imprint upon his memory. He was a Past Master of Angeronia Lodge, Master Masons, and was Secretary of the lodge at one time.

"A strictly moral man, a good, conscientious citizen, and a valiant soldier, Mr. Locke led a splendid sober life. He was a member of the Unitarian Church, and was one of the several who pledged their support to raising a building fund for that congregation."

W. J. WILLING.

On January 15, 1909, the grim messenger of death summoned another from the thin ranks of Confederate survivors, and the spirit of W. J. Willing was numbered with those who had passed over the river. He was born in Crystal Springs, Miss., some seventy years ago. Upon the organization of

the Dreux Battalion in New Orleans he was mustered into the Confederate service, and went with his command to Virginia, where he served until the breaking up of that splendid body of soldiers. He then returned to his home and re-enlisted in the Zollicoffer Rifles, 36th Mississippi Regiment, with which he served until the end, faithfully performing the duties of a soldier. Returning home, he entered upon the practice of law. He leaves a widow and two daughters.



CHAPLAIN GENERAL J. WILLIAM JONES.

The death of Rev. Dr. J. William Jones, so long Chaplain General of the United Confederate Veterans, is an occasion for widespread sorrow. He died at the residence of his son, Dr. W. Ashby Jones. The funeral service was held in the Calvary Baptist Church, Richmond.

Dr. Jones was born at Louisa C. H., Va., September 25, 1836. Educated at the University of Virginia and the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, he was ordained to the Baptist ministry in 1860. When the Civil War began he was under appointment to go to China as a foreign missionary, but instead enlisted in the Louisa Blues. He was afterwards chaplain of A. P. Hill's Regiment, and then served under Gen. Stonewall Jackson, remaining in the army until the surrender. He was chaplain of Washington and Lee University when General Lee was its President.

His relations with General Lee were very close, and after the latter's death he prepared his book, "Reminiscences of Robert E. Lee," at the family's request. He was for years Secretary of the Southern Historical Society at Richmond, and edited fourteen volumes of the society papers. They consisted of contributions by Confederate generals, etc. Among his books were "Christ in the Camp" and "Life and Letters of Robert Edward Lee." At the time of his death he was Secretary and Superintendent of the Confederate Memorial Association, with his office at Richmond.

Dr. Jones was prominent in the councils of the Baptist Church. He was ardently Southern, and was perhaps the most tireless advocate of the merits of the Southern people that the South had. He will be missed at the Memphis Reunion.

Dr. Jones is survived by his wife and five distinguished sons—viz., Carter Helm Jones, Oklahoma City, E. Pendleton Jones, Hampton, Va., Frank William Jones, New York, M. Ashby Jones, Columbus, and Howard Lee Jones, Charles-

ton—all of whom are Baptist ministers except Frank William Jones, who is an editor for the American Law Book Company.

The Lee Camp Soldiers' Home of Richmond held a meeting and adopted appropriate resolutions to his memory. Dr. Jones was for many years on the Board of Visitors to the Home, and the inmates had become much attached to him.

A sketch in the News-Leader of Richmond states:

"Immediately after the secession of Virginia, when every locality was forming its volunteer militia for the defense of the State, he enlisted as a private soldier in Company D, 13th Virginia Infantry, of which A. P. Hill, afterwards a lieutenant general, was at that time the colonel. He served in the ranks as a private soldier through the first year of the war, being with his regiment in a number of important engagements.

"In 1862, following an act of the Confederate Congress providing for army chaplains, he was appointed chaplain of his regiment; and after the elevation of A. P. Hill to a separate command, he was made missionary chaplain to Hill's army corps, in which capacity he served until the close of the war, conducting the funeral of his chief, General Hill, who fell in front of Petersburg a few days before the surrender at Appomattox.

"In his Confederate career Dr. Jones was present on every great battlefield in which the Army of Northern Virginia was engaged, sharing the sufferings and privations and risk of battle with the soldiers, ministering to those in hospitals, encouraging them in the performance of duty, and preaching with effectiveness and fervor as opportunity offered.

"While the army was in winter quarters on the Rappahannock, following the battle of Fredericksburg, in the winter of 1862-63, he took part with other chaplains in the famous revival services which swept throughout the entire army, and as a result of which thousands of Confederate soldiers professed conversion. It is related of this revival that it was conducted simultaneously by Dr. Jones, a Baptist, in Hill's Corps, by the Rev. Dr. Beverly Tucker Lacy, a Presbyterian minister, at Jackson's headquarters, by the Rev. Dr. Pendleton, himself a brigadier general of artillery and a minister of the Episcopal faith, at Lee's headquarters, and by Father Tabb, chaplain of a Louisiana regiment, 'poet laureate of the Confederacy' and a priest of the Catholic Church.

"Soon after the war Dr. Jones accepted the pastorate of the Baptist Church of Lexington, Va., where General Pendleton was rector of the Episcopal Church, where Gen. R. E. Lee was President of Washington College, and where in the town cemetery Gen. Stonewall Jackson was buried. He retained that position to 1871, conducting successful revivals both at Washington College and at the Virginia Military Institute, about one hundred and fifty college students joining his Church, about thirty of whom have since entered the Baptist ministry."

BUTLER.—A. W. Butler was born December 30, 1832; and died January 1, 1909, at his home, in Leola, Ark. He volunteered in July, 1862, joining Company G, 24th Arkansas Volunteers. He was captured at Arkansas Post and was sent to Camp Douglas, and after being exchanged he was sent to Bragg's army, transferring to Company G, 19th Arkansas Volunteer Infantry. He served under General Johnston from Dalton to Atlanta, and remained with this army until its surrender at Bentonville. He was wounded at the battle of Chickamauga. This comrade had many friends, for he was true and worthy, and leaves a bright record of duty faithfully performed.

DR. WILLIAM HENRY FRIZELL.

Dr. W. H. Frizell was born near Lexington, Miss., June 13, 1838; and died at his home, Deasonville, Miss., December 5, 1908. His education began at Milton Academy, Carroll County, Miss., and he graduated from Sharon College, Madison County, Miss. He graduated in medicine at New Orleans in 1860, and began the practice of his profession at Acona the same year.

Dr. Frizell was among the first from his section to enlist in his country's cause, and served in the Durant Rifles, Company I, 12th Mississippi Regiment. He was elected lieutenant. After the organization of the regiment at Corinth, Miss., it was soon ordered to the Virginia Army. He was made prisoner in the battle of Gettysburg and imprisoned in Fort Delaware. He was sent as one of the "Immortal 600" to Charleston Harbor, and held under fire of our own guns in retaliation by the Federals.

After his release in 1865 and a long and tedious journey home, Dr. Frizell arrived at his father's house in July, 1865. Soon he took up the practice of medicine at Poplar Creek, Miss. The writer's acquaintance and a faithful friendship began with him in the fall of 1865. His practice covered a large rural district. He did his work most faithfully, never refusing to go because prior bills had not been paid.

In 1907 his own health gave way, when he sold his home at Poplar Creek, Miss., and moved to Deasonville, Miss. He had many friends and not an enemy in the world. He was a charter member of Statham-Farrell Camp, No. 1197, U. C. V., and was its Surgeon to the end. He was devoted to the VETERAN, and read it, as he did the Christian Advocate, from cover to cover. He professed religion in the army and joined the M. E. Church, South. He was ever a zealous Christian, but his pocketbook never knew to what Church he belonged. In 1866 he was married to Mrs. Mary Lloyd, who died in 1876, leaving four sons. Again in 1879 he was married to Miss Ella Horton. Of this union, four sons and three daughters were born, and all, save one daughter, survive him with his devoted wife. His memory is a benediction and his example an inspiration. A good man has gone to his reward.

[By J. B. Simpson, former Commander of his Camp.]

CAPT. BARTON DICKSON.

Barton Dickson, son of William and Elizabeth Barton Dickson, was born in October, 1836, near Tuscumbia, Ala., in Franklin County; and completed his mortal life with the 15th of January, 1909, after having been stricken with paralysis. He was married in 1863 to Miss Nellie Mayes, of Courtland, Ala., who survives him with three children.

Barton Dickson was descended from some of the best families of North Carolina and Virginia, well known in Revolutionary history, and endowed with an inheritance of chivalry, bravery, and endurance. His courtesy of manner and kindly feeling for all made him friends wherever he lived. Reared in affluence and possessing a collegiate education, he entered in early manhood upon an active life with fairest prospects.

When the call to arms was sounded, in 1861, he was among the first to respond, ready to serve in any capacity. He was elected captain of Company A, 16th Alabama Regiment, Cleburne's Division, and beginning with Shiloh he was in most of the hard-fought battles of the West. He was seriously wounded, the second time at Jonesboro, Ga., in August, 1864, unfitting him for further active service, and he always suffered from the effects of the wound.

Returning to his ruined home after the surrender, he was never able to adjust himself with any great degree of financial

success to the new order of things; yet in adversity as in prosperity Captain Dickson was still the same, true to his family and friends—"the sweetest-spirited man I ever knew," said one who had known him from boyhood. He was a devoted member of Company A, U. C. V., of Memphis, Tenn., his home for some years. There his grave was heaped with lovely flowers and Confederate emblems by comrades and friends.

DR. S. A. NUNN.

Although something over a year has passed since the death of Dr. S. A. Nunn, of Belton, Tex., it is deemed proper to pay this tribute to one who stood so high in the esteem of his friends and fellow-citizens.

Dr. Nunn was born in Perry County, Ala., in May, 1829, and in 1835 his parents removed to Noxubee County, Miss. At the age of seventeen he was sent to Princeton College, Kentucky, where by intense application he completed a four years' course in two years. Here he acquired a love of the classics and literature, and to the end of his days he read and enjoyed the Latin, Greek, and French authors, and from Shakespeare and Byron he could quote by the hour, his memory being very remarkable. After leaving college he entered the University of Louisville, Ky., attending lectures and taking a full course in medicine. At that time he met Boone, Gross, and other "Immortals." The winter of 1852-53 he spent at Tulane University, New Orleans, taking a full diploma in 1853.

In 1861, when the call was made for defenders of the South, Dr. Nunn left his lucrative practice, his wife and children, and responded to the call, as did his three brothers, Maj. E. F. Nunn, Col. D. A. Nunn, and Lieut. Floyd W. Nunn. Their father, familiarly known as "Squire John Nunn," of Noxubee County, a Confederate of Confederates, cheerfully gave all his sons to the Confederacy.

Dr. Nunn raised and helped equip a company in Smith County, Miss., taking part in the battles at Corinth, Chattanooga, and Vicksburg. His health failing, he returned home for recuperation; but in the latter part of 1863 he raised another company, and, receiving an appointment as surgeon, he served in that capacity till the close of the war.

In 1878 he removed to Belton, Tex., practicing his profession until his death, in December, 1907. Of the four brothers who responded to duty's call in 1861, only Col. D. A. Nunn, of Crockett, Tex., survives him. Dr. Nunn had spent time, strength, and money for the Confederate cause, so dear to his heart, and his last request was that "Dixie" should be sung at his funeral, which was done in fitting measure. And tenderly borne by friends and comrades, he was laid to rest in that last long sleep awaiting the resurrection.

COL. W. J. BETTERSON.

Col. W. J. Betterson, a pioneer citizen of Dallas, Tex., died suddenly in that city January 15, 1909, of apoplexy.

Colonel Betterson was born in Campbell County, Va., in December, 1832. He had four brothers in the Confederate army, and was himself a member of Pierce's company of mounted infantry, Vaughn's Brigade. After the war he lived for a time in Bristol, Va., then in Knoxville, Tenn., later moving to Dallas. He married Miss Sue Roach, of Virginia, and with their three children resided in Dallas, honored and respected. Some years after the death of his first wife he married Mrs. Anne McD. Reagon, of Giles County, Tenn., who survives him. He was known as the poor man's friend, and many recipients of his charity will long remember him.

JAMES BONNER MCBRYDE.

James Bonner McBryde, of Nashville, Tenn., was stricken with paralysis on Saturday morning, March 6, 1909, and lingered until the morning of the 16th, when his glorified spirit passed from earth into heaven. He was born on December 27, 1835, in Wilcox County, Ala., where he spent his boyhood days and where he was married on November 13, 1856, to Miss Eliza Ann Parker. This union was blessed with eight children, six of whom survive and were with their father at the time of his death.

Mr. McBryde was just getting settled on his newly acquired plantation in South Alabama when the War between the States broke out; but the spirit of loyalty to his country and love for home and liberty made of him a patriot true, and on March 1, 1862, he enlisted in the 3d Alabama Cavalry, was mustered into service in Mobile, went from there to Corinth, Miss., thence to Pittsburg Landing, where he was for some time in the front. He was with Albert Sidney Johnston in the battle of Shiloh on that fateful day, April 6, 1862, when Johnston received the wound that resulted in his death. Then he went with Beauregard down into Mississippi, where he was captured and kept a prisoner for fifteen days at Corinth, paroled, and about sixty days later exchanged. After being notified of his exchange he rejoined his company near Stone's River, and was in constant service until the surrender. He had six brothers in the Confederate service, all of whom went through the war and returned home without a scar.

Having lost the most of his property through the ravages of war, in 1868 he removed with his family to Illinois, where he engaged in the mercantile business in the towns of Kimmunity and Casey until ten years ago, when he retired from active business and came to Nashville to make his home with a daughter. He joined the Presbyterian Church early in life,



JAMES B. MCBRYDE.

but transferred his membership to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, when he established his home in Illinois. He was a consistent member of the Church, an honored Mason, and a valiant soldier. He was steward, trustee, and Sunday school superintendent for more than twenty years, and for twenty-two consecutive years was a lay delegate to the Illinois Conference, always present at roll call and serving on various committees. He was a delegate to the General Conference of his Church in 1878, and a reserve delegate to the Conference of 1882. He was loyal to his Church, loyal to his country, and loyal to his friends. He was one of nature's noblemen.

A little over two years ago Mr. McBryde and his good wife celebrated their golden wedding, receiving the congratulations of a host of friends. He attended the Reunion at Birmingham last May, and thoroughly enjoyed the meeting with old comrades, friends, and relatives. Some eleven years ago he suffered a stroke of paralysis, and was bedridden for several months; but finally recovered, and was in apparently good health at the time of the last stroke, from which he never rallied. He lived well and was ready to answer the last roll call. He is survived by the wife of his youth, four sons (Richard P. McBryde, of Kimmunity, Ill., R. J. and W. E. McBryde, of Chicago, and E. P. McBryde, of Nashville), and two daughters (Mrs. William G. Hirsig and Mrs. Curtis B. Haley, of Nashville).

CAPT. H. A. NORTH.

A member of his company writes of the death of Capt. H. A. North, of Newnan, Ga., who was born in 1829. He organized a company in April, 1862, and joined the 1st Georgia Cavalry. He was one of the officers who never failed to report for duty on all occasions. Captain North was with Forrest at Murfreesboro, Tenn., and with Gen. John H. Morgan in the mountains of Kentucky, impeding the retreat of Gen. George H. Morgan (Federal) from Cumberland Gap. Afterwards he was with Gen. Joe Wheeler to the close of the war, surrendering at Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865. He was offered promotion on two occasions, but refused to leave the boys he had promised to look after. Faithful in all the duties of life, his name is written high as a faithful Confederate officer and Christian gentleman.

CAPT. J. TURNEY.

Capt. Jacob Turney died at his home, near Hughey, Tenn., on March 19, 1909, aged seventy-seven years. He enlisted at the beginning of the war in the Boon's Hill Company, Turney's Regiment, and faithfully performed the duties of a soldier and officer. His intrepidity carried him into the thickest of the fight always, and he received several wounds from which he had suffered for nearly half a century. As a citizen he showed the same intensity and steadfastness of purpose, striving for the best in all things, rendering faithful service to Church and State. He is survived by his wife.

W. E. STOUT.

Ben McCulloch Camp, No. 300, U. C. V., at Mt. Vernon, Tex., numbers another member of the Camp with the fallen. Comrade Stout died at Childress, Tex., of pneumonia on December 25, 1908. He entered the Confederate service as a private in Company K, 35th Alabama Regiment, Buford's Brigade. For some time past this comrade had been in poor health. He has answered his last roll call and now "rests under the shade of the trees."

[By P. A. Blakey, Commander Ben McCulloch Camp.]

S. S. TILMAN.

S. S. Tilman died at his residence, near Mt. Vernon, Tex., February 10, 1909. Comrade Tilman was a member of Ben McCulloch Camp, No. 300, U. C. V. He was born in Pike County, Ala., on April 6, 1830, and emigrated to Upshur County, Tex., in 1850. His parents were born and reared near Lexington, Ky., and were married in Washington County, Ala. He was married to Miss L. S. Saunders, of Collin County, Tex., on September 8, 1858. He had resided in Franklin County, Tex., since 1865.

He entered the Confederate service at Gilmer, Tex., on February 1, 1862, and served to the close of the war. He was paroled at Meridian, Miss., by General Canby as a member of Company C, 10th Texas Cavalry, Ector's Brigade. He participated in the battles of Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Lookout Mountain, Peach Tree Creek (near Atlanta, Ga.), Altoona, Franklin, Nashville, Spanish Fort, and Mobile. He was severely wounded at Stone River and Peach Tree Creek. He had been confined to his bed for some time. At his death he was seventy-nine years old. He had been long a member of the Baptist Church. He was a good neighbor, beloved by many relatives and friends. He was devoted to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. "Rest, comrade, rest."

[From P. A. Blakey, Mt. Vernon, Tex.]

COL. GEORGE W. CARY.

[From sketch by Jack Childers, New York.]

Col. George Walton Cary, one of the few survivors of the 44th Alabama Regiment, died suddenly at the New York Hospital March 16, 1909, in his seventieth year. He had recently been under medical care for an abscess in his left ear; but the suddenness of the fatal attack may have been Bright's disease in acute form. Colonel Cary was perhaps one of the best known and most popular Southerners in New York, known and respected all over the South.

The late Gen. W. F. Perry, of Bowling Green, Ky., who in the Civil War belonged to Field's Division of Longstreet's Corps, in a letter to Col. George W. Cary (he was major of the 44th Alabama Infantry) a few years ago said: "To the students of my college classes to whom I have often related war stories your name is as familiar as household words—how you scaled the cliff at Devil's Den ahead of your line and with flashing sword and blazing face landed among the artillerymen of the battery, demanding and receiving their surrender; how you seized the flag of the regiment in the battle of the Wilderness and called upon the men to follow you as you ascended the hill beyond the little swamp from which we had driven several lines of battle; how you repeated the performance at Frazier's Farm and received what we all supposed for a time to be a mortal wound."

Colonel Cary took active part in the battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, Gettysburg, Richmond, Petersburg, Chickamauga, and Appomattox. His daughter has a sword that he captured from an Ohio officer on September 20, 1863, which he used after that time.

Colonel Cary's genial manner made him particularly popular among his associates; and while a man of positive demeanor, he was all kindness. He had the happy faculty of being able to administer rebuke without leaving a sting. As a business man Colonel Cary became a member of the wholesale dry goods firm in New Orleans of Wallace & Cary at the close of the Civil War, and later he accepted responsible places as credit man and salesman with E. S. Jaffrey & Co., with Swartze, Pembroke & Co., and with Claflin & Co.

Colonel Cary was a member of the last Thaw jury in the famous murder trial. He was "No. 3," but should have been designated as number one, as he evidently dominated the jury.



COL. GEORGE W. CARY.

Colonel Cary was always active in all Confederate Veteran matters, and his funeral was largely attended by the Southern contingent of Confederate veterans in New York. Colonel Cary married in New Orleans after the war Miss Virginia Paxton, a Virginia lady, who died many years ago, leaving two children, who now survive their father—William Paxton Cary and Virginia Cary Fanning.

GEORGE CALLEHAN.

Doubtless many survivors of Chew's Light Horse Battery will remember George Callehan, the "Irish boy" member of the battery. He died February 20, 1909, at Bluemont, Va., aged about seventy years. He was born in Ireland and came to this country in 1853, at the age of fourteen. He enlisted as a private in Chew's Battery when it was organized, and participated in all its battles, among the severe ones being Gettysburg and Brandy Station, Va. He was at Snickersville (now Bluemont) guarding the gap with one gun and some cavalry when McClellan's army attempted to cross there. He said he cut the fuse for forty seconds and it burst exactly where he wished it to, and "turned the whole army." He made a good and faithful soldier, always at the post of duty.

SPENCER.—John Meredith Spencer, who served as a lieutenant in Pickett's Brigade of the Confederate army, died in February, 1909, at Oakland, Cal. He was born July 4, 1842, in Buckingham County, Va., and removed to California ten years ago with his family. He served with conspicuous gallantry through the war, and in the battle of Gaines's Mill he was wounded while carrying the flag up the ramparts after five color bearers had been shot in the attempt. He leaves three children—a daughter and two sons.

DR. WILLIAM N. CUNNINGHAM.

Dr. W. N. Cunningham died March 12, 1909, at Mansfield, La., beloved by all who knew him. Dr. Cunningham practiced dentistry in Mansfield nearly a half century, beginning before the war. He was so skilled in his profession that the people who had depended upon him from one generation to another would not allow him to retire, though for years there had been no necessity for his continuing work.

Dr. Cunningham was born in Pike County, Miss., May 12, 1836, his parents being James E. and Nancy Eltzer Cunningham, both of Carolina stock. His grandfather, Humphrey Cunningham, had ten sons, all of them reared in Tennessee. (One of these was the father of the editor of the VETERAN.)



DR. W. N. CUNNINGHAM.

In 1844 Dr. Cunningham went from Mississippi with the family to Mansfield, La. In April, 1861, he enlisted in Company D, 2d Louisiana Regiment, Pelican Rifles, the first company that left De Soto Parish. He was soon promoted to a lieutenancy, and later was commissioned as captain. He was badly wounded in the second battle of Manassas, a Minie ball passing through his left leg near the ankle. Being unfitted for active service by this wound, he was transferred to conscript duty and ordered to Sabine Parish, where he served over a year as enlisting officer.

Dr. Cunningham was a Mason in high standing, a devoted member of the Methodist Church, and a true man. His popularity was well attested by the masses of flowers at his funeral, sent by public organizations and loving friends. Dr. Cunningham leaves three daughters, wives of Dr. H. J. Parsons, of Mansfield, La., Rev. R. F. Tredway, of Camden, Ark., and J. C. Stokes, of Shreveport, La. The older daughters were educated at Nashville in the Nashville and Belmont Colleges.

After his death the Methodist Sunday school of Mansfield held a memorial service in his honor and many beautiful tributes were paid to his memory.

MRS. F. C. VAN ZANDT.

Mrs. F. C. Van Zandt, one of the most notable women in Texas, died in Fort Worth April 8, 1909, aged ninety-four. Mrs. Van Zandt's maiden name was Lipsecomb, and she was born in Virginia, moving to Tennessee when she was twelve years old. She married Isaac Van Zandt, and with him emigrated to Texas, locating in Marshall. Her husband as Minister from the Republic of Texas negotiated the treaty of annexation between Texas and the United States. He died of yellow fever in Houston, and Mrs. Van Zandt reared her five children to be noble men and women. One son, Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, is Commander of the Texas Division, U. C. V., and has been for several years.

Mrs. Van Zandt had twenty-eight grandchildren, thirty-eight great-grandchildren, and five great-great-grandchildren.

Mrs. Van Zandt had been ill since last Thanksgiving, but never regarded her condition as severe. She left a note penned in a book saying: "I want neither crape nor flowers at my funeral nor black put on for me afterwards. I have always wanted to live so as not to set a bad example to any one in my family or others, and still want to add my mite to putting away useless practices."

GORDON FLOWERS SALTONSTALL.

G. F. Saltonstall was born at Tremont, Ill., in August, 1839; and died in Pekin, Ill., February 7, 1909. He was of English origin, his ancestors having emigrated first to Kentucky, thence to Illinois. The early years of Gordon F. Saltonstall were passed on the large plantation in Missouri owned by his father and at school in Virginia. He graduated in Bethany, Va., in the spring of 1861, when the war clouds were fast forming in the sky.

He enlisted as a private in the Confederate service under Gen. Sterling Price. The captain of his company resigned, and young Saltonstall, having some military training, was advanced to fill his position. He was in command of his company during the winter of 1861-62, at which time he became quartermaster general under General Price.

During his service under General Price he made many raids for the purpose of getting supplies and recruits. He was in many battles and skirmishes, and was taken prisoner, but escaped by bribing his captor, reaching St. Louis at the end of the war.

After the surrender Mr. Saltonstall read law in the office of John B. Cohrs, and was admitted to the bar. He was a brilliant speaker, and rapidly made his way to the front ranks of his profession, for he met all obligations with fidelity, ability, honesty, and steadfastness of purpose. He filled the offices of Secretary of the Board of Education and Master in Chancery, and for eight years was State's Attorney, filling every office with rare ability. After his death his fellow-members of the bar passed glowing resolutions of respect. He served his clients faithfully, diligently, and ably, and left a memory that all future lawyers will do well to emulate.

[From a sketch received through the courtesy of Frederick M. Grant, Canton, Ill.]

GASTON.—A. L. Gaston was born in September, 1845, in Spartanburg District, S. C.; and died suddenly at his home, near Gainesville, Tex., February 14, 1909. He entered the Confederate army just at eighteen, joining Company C of the Palmetto Sharpshooters, South Carolina Volunteers. After the battle of Chickamauga he was under Longstreet to Appomattox, walking from that place to his home in South Carolina. He had suffered from rheumatism for several years.

DREW BROCK.

Drew Brock dropped from the fast-thinning ranks of the Gray on August 13, 1908, at Stokes, Tenn., in his sixty-eighth year. He was born in Henderson County, Tenn., February 6, 1842.

In 1862 Comrade Brock joined Company L of the 6th Tennessee Regiment. He made a good soldier, and was always at his post of duty. He was once captured in the charge at Chickamauga, but later made his escape and rejoined his command. He was later in the battle of Murfreesboro and Missionary Ridge. He followed Bragg in his campaign through Kentucky, and was in the battle of Perryville. He was in many other minor engagements almost throughout the war.

After his return from the army he located at Stokes, Dyer County, Tenn., where he reared a large family of intelligent children. He was a man of a kind and generous nature, a joyful, sunny disposition, and was well liked by all who knew him. He was a devout Christian, and was as true to his Church and his God as he was in the field of battle. He was my messmate and one of the best friends I ever had.

[The foregoing is from W. H. Kearney, Trezevant, Tenn.]

GEORGE R. COOPER.

Having nearly completed his eighty-ninth year, George Robert Cooper died at the home of his daughter, in Van Alstyne, Tex. He was born in Pulaski County, Ky., June 20, 1820, and while still a young man he removed to Saline County, Mo., later on going to Holt County, where he raised the first and only company that county furnished the Confederacy. This he gallantly commanded as captain, and received a severe bullet wound in the leg. His oldest son, Sam Cooper, also served in the Confederate army. His wife, who was Miss Elizabeth Ferrell, died in 1863, and in 1866 Comrade Cooper removed to Texas with his children and settled in Collins County. There he married Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Riggs, who died sometime ago. A long line of posterity is left—six children, thirty-three grandchildren, and fifty-one great-grandchildren—ninety in all.

DR. WILLIAM RAY.

Dr. William Ray died in Philipsburg, Mont., on March 18, 1909, from injuries received while on a professional call a week before. He was thrown from his buggy, falling on his head. While very much jarred, the fall was not considered fatal, and the sudden death was unexpected.

Dr. Ray was born in Natches, Miss., in January, 1843. He received his literary education in that city, but graduated in medicine in McDowell College, St. Louis, Mo. He served with honor in the Confederate service as surgeon, locating at Philipsburg, Mont., after the surrender. Dr. Ray was a Mason and a member of the Improved Order of Red Men. Dr. Ray was a high-toned, strictly honorable man, and leaves a host of friends to mourn their loss.

GEORGE W. MINOR.

The committee appointed at the last meeting of DeWitt Clinton Lodge, A. F. and A. M., reports the death of George W. Minor at his home, in Cumberland County, Va., on January 17, 1909, in his seventy-seventh year. He was a son of Rev. Raymond R. Minor and of Louise Morris, of Louise County, Va.

"Comrade Minor entered the war as a private, was promoted to captain, was in the battle of the Crater, near Petersburg, and after the fall of his colonel he commanded the regi-

ment. He was a Christian gentleman, loved and honored in every position, and especially was he appreciated in Masonic circles, in which he was authority on almost all questions."

JOHN C. KENNEDY.

Mr. John C. Kennedy, who was Purchasing Agent for the N., C. & St. L. Railroad for nearly a quarter of a century, died at his home, in Nashville, March 17, after an illness of only a few hours. While not a Confederate veteran, he was closely identified with them on one point of interest, being a member and the treasurer of the Sam Davis Monument Committee and very diligent for its success.

In an address before the Tennessee Historical Society in January, 1896, Mr. Kennedy gave a strangely pathetic account of his going to Pulaski, Tenn., for the body of Sam Davis. The mother of young Davis was not sure that the dead man was her boy, and gave Mr. Kennedy a piece of the striped linsey-wolsey of his jacket lining by which to identify him. Davis's young brother Oscar went with Mr. Kennedy, and they carried in the covered carryall a coffin in which to bring back the body. Everywhere Mr. Kennedy found that the name of Sam Davis was heard with the deepest reverence. In Pulaski the Federal provost marshal said: "Tell his father and mother for me that he died the bravest of the brave, an honor to them, and with the respect of every man in the command."



MR. JOHN C. KENNEDY.

The Federal soldiers uncovered their heads as the wagon passed with the body, or with a silence that meant more than words gave all needed help, honoring one who suffered death, but never dishonor.

Mr. Kennedy's death so near the time for dedicating the Sam Davis monument was pathetic, as he took so deep an interest in the undertaking.

WILLIAM HENRY POPE.

William H. Pope died at his home, in Macon, Ga., on July 25, 1908. Bravely he fought during those historic years of his country's struggles and bravely he lived after the smoke of battle cleared away. Although he had been in ill health for a year or more, pneumonia caused his death. That dread disease laid hold upon him July 19, 1908, and he died on the 25th. The sorrowing members of his beloved family were with him. His casket was draped with an old Confederate flag, a fitting tribute to this noble soldier. Many floral tributes were sent by friends and admirers. The body was taken to Butler, Ga., the family cemetery, for interment.

William Henry Pope, named for his father, was born in Huntsville, Ala., on December 18, 1844. His mother was Frances Anne Erwin, of Bedford County, Tenn. The senior W. H. Pope, a large slave owner and planter, was killed by being thrown from a horse in 1847. His widow later married Gen. Lucius J. Polk, of Maury County, Tenn. The junior W. H. Pope spent much time in his early life with his grandfather, Col. Andrew Erwin, at Beechwood, his famous country home near Wartrace, Tenn.

In 1859 he entered Lagrange Military Academy, North Alabama, and was a member of the famous cadet corps of that college up to 1862. When camps of instruction for volunteers were established by the Governor of Alabama in 1861, he was detailed from the academy as drillmaster for the camp at Decatur, Ala. In this capacity he served for several months.

In 1862 when the 35th Alabama Infantry was organized young Pope's company became a part of the regiment. He served with this regiment until the army returned from Corinth to Tupelo, Miss. Attacked by typhoid fever, he was taken to a hospital at Columbus, Miss.

Mr. Pope was with Bragg's army on its Kentucky cam-



WILLIAM HENRY POPE.

paign, serving on General Hardee's staff in the battle of Perryville, Ky. After the fight at Murfreesboro and the army fell back to Tullahoma he joined Capt. Ed P. Byrnes's battery of Gen. Basil Duke's brigade in Gen. John H. Morgan's command. He served with this battery until after the fatal Ohio raid, and was one of the few who escaped capture at Buffington, Ohio.

After his return to Chattanooga, through the influence of Gen. Leonidas Polk, Mr. Pope was made a special scout. His operations for the next year were principally in Tennessee and North Alabama. He also served for a short while under General Forrest. He was in the entire campaign in Hood's advance into and retreat from Tennessee. Mr. Pope was wounded three times during the war—in the breast on the skirmish line near Corinth, Miss., in the right leg in Tennessee in a fight between Gen. John H. Morgan's command and General Wilder's brigade of the Federal army, and again while scouting in Tennessee he was wounded in his right side. He surrendered at Gainesville, Ala.

After the war he entered the mining business in Tennessee. In 1869 he engaged in the wholesale tobacco business in Atlanta, Ga. In 1873 he went to Macon, where he lived until his death, being then engaged in the wholesale grocery business, milling, and brokerage.

Mr. Pope was married three times. His first wife was Miss Annie Brock, of Lafayette, Ala., and one child of this union (Mrs. James Timmons, of Atlanta, Ga.) survives him. His second wife was Miss Elizabeth Patton, of Columbus, Ga., and of this marriage one child (W. H. Pope, Jr., of Waco, Tex.) survives him. On June 9, 1881, he was married to Miss Olivia J. Montfort, of Butler, Ga., who survives him with four children, Misses Matebil, Tatum, Erwin, and Edgar.

WHITE.—W. J. White was born November 29, 1837; and died on the 17th of January, 1909, at his home, in Eagleville, Tenn. He enlisted in the Confederate army in July, 1861, and was sent to Camp Anderson, near Murfreesboro, where he became a member of Company D, 24th Tennessee Infantry. He was wounded in the battle of Atlanta, July 22, 1864, and left in the hospital. He did not rejoin the army until after Hood's retreat from Tennessee. He then fell in with General Johnston, and was surrendered in North Carolina. He was married in 1868 to Miss Josie Rickman, who survives him with seven children. Comrade White was a man of feeble strength, yet was always at the post of duty and did the full duty of a soldier.

PRIEST.—At the home of his sister, Mrs. William Grinstead, near Sedalia, Mo., B. E. Priest died at the age of seventy-one years. He enlisted with General Price at Booneville, Mo., in 1861, but was transferred to the 10th Kentucky Cavalry. He was under Gen. Basil Duke, of Morgan's command, accompanied Morgan on his raid through Ohio, and after capture was imprisoned for twenty months at Camp Douglas. He was paroled in 1865 a few days after Lee's surrender. Three children survive him.

CAMPBELL.—At the age of sixty-nine years K. C. Campbell, a native of Highland County, Va., has joined the silent majority, death coming on February 6, 1909. He served with Company I (Churchville Cavalry), of the 14th Virginia Cavalry, of which he was orderly. After the war he was proctor in the University of Virginia, Commonwealth's Attorney for Alleghany County, and editor of the Highland Recorder.

LAWSON W. MAGRUDER.

Maj. Lawson W. Magruder, a distinguished Confederate veteran, died on the 6th of July, 1908, at Crockett Springs, Va., whither he had gone in the hope of restoring his health.

Major Magruder was a native of Madison County, Miss., and joined one of the first companies to leave the county, in the early part of 1861, which was placed in the 18th Mississippi Regiment, and which, with the 13th, 17th, and 21st Mississippi Regiments, composed the celebrated Griffith-Barksdale-Humphreys Brigade of the Army of Northern Virginia, whose imperishable renown won in after years on many a stricken field has rendered forever immortal the name of the Mississippi volunteers.

Major Magruder was severely wounded in the first battle of Manassas, which rendered him unfit for service for some time; but shortly after his recovery he received his commission and served on the staff of Gen. W. H. T. Walker, and was with him when he was killed at Atlanta, and afterwards served for a time on the staff of Gen. E. C. Walthall.

Early after the close of hostilities he married and removed to Vicksburg, where he soon attained high rank as a lawyer, and at the time of his death he was regarded as one of the most eminent members of the Mississippi bar. He served several terms with conspicuous ability in the State Legislature.

Major Magruder was a graduate of the University of Princeton, was a scholarly man, made a splendid soldier, was an exemplary citizen in the truest and best sense of the word.

In an address made by Mr. R. D. Booth at a meeting of the Vicksburg bar to take action touching the death of their deceased friend and brother he said: "Lawson W. Magruder was no ordinary man. My relations with him had been most cordial and intimate from his first admission to the bar, and I regarded him as the equal of any man with whom I was ever brought into close touch. In his power to grasp great underlying principles he had but few superiors. And in addition to his splendid intellectual equipment he possessed many of those charming social virtues which are the crowning glory of a noble manhood. He was dignified, generous, and affectionate in his family and devoted to his friends, and was an exemplar worthy of our imitation. He was a good man, a loyal friend, and a distinguished citizen."

CAPT. THOMAS P. BRIDGES.

On Thursday evening, March 25, 1909, Capt. Thomas P. Bridges died at his home, in Carthage, Tenn., after a lingering illness patiently borne. He would have been sixty-seven years old in July next.

His personal friend, Rev. J. H. McNeilly, writes of him:

"In Captain Bridges's departure the community loses one of its best citizens and every veteran Confederate soldier loses a true friend. He enlisted in the Confederate army while a mere boy, and he followed the fortunes of the Confederacy until the end of the war. He served in Ward's Tennessee Regiment under the dashing John Morgan, winning his rank of captain by his courage and efficiency. He was captured in that ill-fated raid into Indiana and Ohio, and remained for some time in prison. After the war he engaged in business for a time in Nashville and afterwards in Carthage, his former home, where he organized the Smith County Bank, with which he was connected until his death.

"It was my privilege to know him intimately, having been his pastor for several years, and I have never known a higher type of noble Christian gentleman true to every relation of

life. He was a man of unbending integrity, yet gentle as a woman; of dauntless courage, yet modest and retiring. He was genial, kind, charitable, generous, the very soul of honor, and beneath all a sincere, devout Christian.

"As a soldier Captain Bridges was one 'to count on.' Brave, prudent, faithful, he never shirked a duty nor sought an easy place. He cherished fondly the memory of those glorious days, and enjoyed the companionship of old comrades, not one of whom ever appealed to him in vain for needed help.



CAPT. THOMAS P. BRIDGES.

With intense conviction he believed our cause was just, and he never made apology for his course. As a citizen he was a staunch advocate of law and order, and with liberal public spirit he strove to build up the moral and material interests of his section. He conducted his business not merely to make money for himself, but to benefit those among whom he lived.

"Captain Bridges's funeral service was held by me at the Methodist church in Carthage, and the building was filled with an audience every member of which appeared to feel his death as a personal sorrow. A large proportion were men from out of town, including old comrades in arms, testifying their high regard for the man, soldier, citizen, and Christian.

"Captain Bridges was twice married, and he is survived by one son of his first wife, Thomas P., Jr., with his three children. His two brothers, Dr. J. N. and Mr. H. C. Bridges, of New Middleton, also survive him. His intimate associate and friend was Col. John A. Fite, of Carthage."

RHOADS.—The death of B. L. Rhoads is reported as occurring on January 10 at his home, near Auburn, Ky. He was born June 19, 1841. He fought through the war until taken prisoner in the last year and was sent to Rock Island. He was laid away with the cross of honor pinned to his coat.

HON. FRANCIS P. FLEMMING.

Francis Phillip Flemming was essentially Floridian in all his interests, though through his paternal grandfather, George Flemming, he was descended from the Barons of Slade in Ireland. George Flemming lost his title and estates when James Stuart suffered defeat. He emigrated to Florida and became a man of great prominence and influence among the Spaniards, from whom he received a captain's commission and several grants of land (the largest being 20,000 acres on the Indian River) given in "consideration of distinguished and extraordinary services."

George Flemming married Sophia Fatio, the daughter of Francis Phillip Fatio, a native of Switzerland, who had large plantations upon the St. Johns River. Of this marriage Francis Phillip Flemming was the second son. He was born in Panama, Duval County, Fla., in September, 1841.

When only a boy of twenty he enlisted in the 2d Florida



GOV. F. P. FLEMMING.

Infantry, and went with his regiment to Virginia, where he served under General Magruder. He was afterwards with Lee and Johnston. He returned to Florida as first lieutenant of Company D, 1st Florida Cavalry, then acting as infantry, and with this company served both under Johnston and Hood.

After the war Francis Flemming studied law, and commenced the practice of it at Jacksonville, which he afterwards made his home. In 1871 he married Floride, the beautiful daughter of Hon. Bird M. Pearson, of the Supreme Court of Florida. From the time of his admission to the bar Mr. Flemming took an active interest in politics, participating as a brilliant speaker in nearly every campaign, and it was largely to his efforts that the Democratic success in the State was due.

In 1888 he was one of three gubernatorial nominees before the Democratic State Convention at St. Augustine. The con-

test was a very hot one, and it was not till the fortieth ballot that the necessary number of votes were received, resulting in his nomination.

The Republican candidate was Col. Volney Shipman, and the campaign was conducted under very trying circumstances, for the epidemic of yellow fever was raging and every means of travel was much impeded. Often in order to meet appointments long trips had to be made across country, and there were many encounters with quarantine guards. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, all appointments were met, and Mr. Flemming polled the largest majority of votes ever rolled up in the State.

As a Governor his distinguishing trait was conscientiousness. He did what he thought was right, and never allowed personal inclinations to influence his acts. No one who knew Governor Flemming ever expected a man to escape punishment because of the friendship of the Governor nor any man to fail of his reward on account of the personal enmity of the chief executive. He was an able public officer, a conscientious lawyer, a brilliant soldier, a man to whom his word was as his bond, a tender, loving husband and father, and a friend trustworthy and true, never self-seeking, always courteous, brave, fearless, and truthful—a noble man whose life was rounded out by a patient acceptance of the lingering pains of death, which came to him in Jacksonville, Fla., December 20, 1908. The different Confederate organizations, the Board of Trade, and the Church club were in attendance at his funeral, and the long line of sorrowing friends and the abundance of flowers showed the respect and honor in which he was held.

A. G. BROWN.

Mr. A. G. Brown, of Cookeville, Tenn., who underwent an operation at the Crutcher Sanitarium recently, died from the effects of it, and the remains were taken to the home of the family for interment.

Camp Ben McCullough, U. C. V., marched behind the remains to the station as a mark of respect for an old Confederate soldier. The deceased was nearly sixty-eight years of age, but had been a man of very strong physique and robust health until the last six or eight weeks, during which time he suffered from an abscess of the pleural cavity. Attending physicians think that had the operation been performed earlier it would not have resulted fatally.

JAMES McDONALD SCOGGINS.

James McDonald Scoggins was born in Bradley County, near Cleveland, Tenn., July 7, 1835; and died in Chattanooga April 6, 1909, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. He enlisted in the 36th Tennessee Regiment when it was organized, and was in the battle of Cumberland Gap. After this battle he joined the 37th Tennessee and took part in the battle of Perryville.

In the spring of 1863 Maj. Campbell Wallace appointed him to take charge of a switch on the railroad at Ooltewah, where he remained until the Federals took possession of the road. He then went to Georgia until the war closed.

When the smallpox raged in Chattanooga, all his children died of it. He and his wife survived, but all his household effects were ordered to be burned. In this way his discharge from the army and his detail for railroad work were destroyed, and he could not obtain a pension. The A. P. Stewart Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, famous for charitable work, provided for Mr. Scoggins and his wife.

He was a soldier of the cross as well as the Confederacy, and died a triumphant Christian death.

CAPT. FRANK A. OWEN.

The death of this gallant comrade is the occasion of much sorrow to the VETERAN management. Comrade Owen was a devoted Confederate, reflecting honor upon the cause he had fought for on all occasions. For more than a decade he had been a zealous friend and sent many more checks than any other man. He was zealous for the VETERAN throughout its history. Ten years ago a prize of \$100 was awarded his daughter Ruth for securing the largest number of subscriptions in a given time. Although Captain Owen secured these subscriptions largely for his daughter, he came in contact with so many comrades who desired but could not afford to pay for the VETERAN that he applied the prize in sending it to such in many sections of the country.

Frank Amplias Owen enlisted at the age of sixteen years in Company A, 8th Kentucky Infantry, early in the war. He was captured at Fort Donelson, and escaped from Camp Morton during a terrific storm and walked through the country to his Kentucky home in eight days. Soon after that he joined Col. Adam R. Johnson and Lieut. Col. Robert M. Martin in raising a cavalry regiment. He commanded the remnant of John H. Morgan's old regiment as the rear guard in Morgan's great but disastrous raid from Cheshire to the surrender at Zanesville, Ohio. He was a gallant, faithful Confederate.



CAPT. FRANK A. OWEN.

PALLBEARERS AT CAPTAIN OWEN'S FUNERAL.

The active pallbearers were Confederate veterans—viz., H. R. Williams, Alexander Cunningham, M. W. McCoy, Charles Woods, P. J. Mann, and Lee Howell.

The honorary pallbearers were all officers in the Union army—viz.: Maj. H. A. Mattison, who was judge of the Circuit Court of Vanderburgh County, and now a prominent practitioner at the Evansville bar; Maj. O. F. Jacobi, a prominent business man at the head of the Blount Plow Works in Evansville; Maj. Will Warren (one-armed veteran), a prominent banker of Evansville; Capt. Charles V. Myerhoff, prominent in the manufacture of stoves and hollow ware in Evansville; Col. S. R. Hornbrook, since the close of the war a prominent lawyer in Evansville; Col. C. C. Schreeder, a prominent business man and a member of the State Legislature. All of these Union veterans were close friends of the deceased and solicited the opportunity to show their personal esteem.

At the funeral of Major Owen his pastor, Rev. M. A. Farr, said: "The youthful days of our brother were spent in the Southland, and the characteristics of that land, its honor, chivalry, generosity, hospitality, sympathy, and appreciation, were indelibly stamped on his life. He was the soul of honor;

his sense of right and wrong was acute; his standards were the highest; duty as he saw it was never debatable. The way it pointed was the way he went. It was his nature. He walked among the nobility; not of wealth or position merely, but the nobility of blood and culture and heart. His character too was the outcome of the creative, transforming forces of gospel truth. He was a devout man, a godly man. * * * Here to-day are the soldiers of the Union and the soldiers of the Confederacy. Gulfs once impassable have lessened, until to-day men reach across and take each other by the hand and say: 'Let there be no quarrel between thee and me, for we are brethren.' And Brother Owen mingled freely for these last years in trade and society and religion with men who had once been foes, and the constant message of his life was one of 'peace on earth and good will unto men.'"

DR. WARNER MOORE.

Rev. Warner Moore, D.D., was born in Pulaski, Tenn., in June, 1845; and died at Ripley, Tenn., in March, 1909.

At the age of sixteen Dr. Moore entered the Confederate army, and served in Stanford's Battery of Light Artillery till the close of the war. He was wounded three times. While in the Confederate service he was converted to Christianity, and decided to give his life to the service of the Church. He was licensed by the Quarterly Conference of the Methodist Church, and was ordained deacon by Bishop Paine in 1866, and a year later was ordained elder by Bishop McTyeire.

He had many Church appointments, which he filled with ability, and was pastor at Ripley at the time of his death.

He was a courteous and considerate gentleman, a Christian in every act of his life, steady in his friendships, tender as a woman yet inflexible where principle was concerned, charitable in thought and deed, modest, never given to self-seeking, a pure soldier of the cross, whose life was free from guile.

His funeral was attended by a large concourse of people, including many members of the Methodist Church. He leaves four sons and two daughters to mourn their loss.

MRS. J. C. MAPLE.

A committee composed of Mrs. Belle Denny, Mrs. Mary E. Brown, and Jee Woodson, of Armstrong, Mo., sends the following:

"Whereas it has pleased God to call from among us our dear friend and coworker, Mrs. J. C. Maple; and whereas in our association together as Daughters of the Confederacy she has endeared herself to us by her wise counsel and unflinching courage in devotion to duty; therefore be it

"Resolved by the T. M. Cockrell Chapter, No. 868, U. D. C., That in the death of Mrs. Maple our Chapter has lost one of its most faithful and efficient members. We pledge ourselves anew to the work she encouraged, and her memory will ever lovingly linger with us.

"Resolved, That we extend our sympathy to the bereaved husband, and pray that the Holy Spirit may comfort and sustain him in this time of great sorrow.

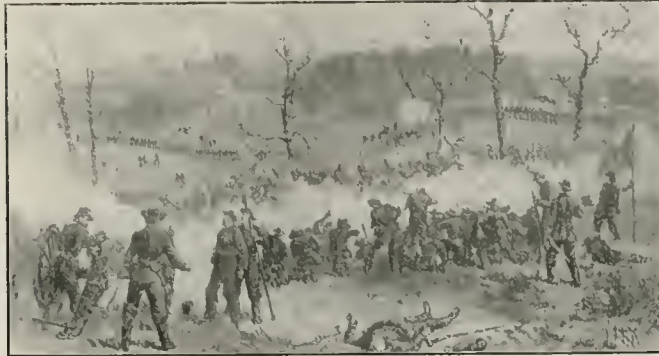
"Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent Dr. J. C. Maple and published in the Armstrong Herald and the CONFEDERATE VETERAN."

Mrs. Augusta Hill Noble died of pneumonia in Athens, Ga. She was the daughter of Maj. Blanton Hill, a veteran of the Mexican War, and sister to Col. Franklin Hill, of the Confederate service. Mrs. Noble was a member of the Confederate Memorial Association, with whom originated the beautiful custom of decorating the soldiers' graves.

VISIT FAMOUS BATTLEFIELDS EN ROUTE TO AND FROM THE MEMPHIS REUNION.

By far the most interesting route to the Memphis Reunion is via Atlanta, thence over the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway by way of Chattanooga and Nashville. That portion of the line from Atlanta to Chattanooga is the old Western & Atlantic Railroad which was made famous by the campaign in which the aggressiveness of Sherman was met by the skill and strategy of Joseph E. Johnston. This route passes through battlefields almost the entire distance. It is the delight of veterans to travel over this line in a modern Pullman car or a comfortable day coach and point out to their comrades and friends the battlefields of Atlanta, Peach Tree Creek, Smyrna, Kennesaw Mountain, Brush Mountain, Big Shanty, Allatoona, Adairsville, Resaca, Dug Gap, Mill Creek, Rocky Face, Tunnel Hill, Ringgold, Graysville, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, "Battle above the Clouds," Stone's River, Nashville, etc. You will pass through all of these battlefields if you purchase a ticket reading via Atlanta and over the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway.

Stop-overs of ten days within limit of ticket will be allowed on either the going or the returning trip at any point between Atlanta and Nashville; also at the following points west of Nashville: Waverly, Johnsonville, Lexington, and Jackson. Notify the conductor of your desire to stop when ticket is first presented, then deposit ticket with the ticket agent immediately upon arrival at the stop-over station and



CLEBURNE'S REPULSE OF SHERMAN AT THE BATTLE OF MISSIONARY RIDGE.

secure receipt. When the journey is to be resumed, surrender receipt and secure ticket with stop-over paster attached.

Chattanooga is one of the most interesting points in the country. Its strategic importance from a military point of view was recognized by both sides during the Civil War, and nearly every good general which the war produced, especially on the Federal side, saw service in the shadow of Lookout Mountain. Do not fail to stop at Chattanooga and visit Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Chickamauga Park, and the Government Military Post. In the Union Depot may be seen the old "General," the engine which was captured by the Andrews Raiders in 1862. It has been placed there as a permanent monument to American valor.

Nashville is another point of unusual interest. It has always been so particularly on account of the great political influence it has wielded in the affairs of the country. It was the home of Presidents Andrew Jackson and James K. Polk. The battle of Nashville was fought December 15 and 16, 1864. The battle of Franklin was fought a few miles south of Nashville.

The Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway has published for free distribution several historical booklets and folders, as follows: "Southern Battlefields," "Chickamauga Park Folder," and "Story of the General." It has also just issued a beautifully illustrated folder relative to the Memphis Reunion. Copies of any of these publications will be mailed free to any address upon application to W. L. Danley, General Passenger Agent, Nashville, Tenn. Mention the **VETERAN**.

"BILL POSSUM—HIS BOOK."

Miss Mary Brent Whiteside, of Atlanta, Ga., has celebrated Mr. Taft's late visit to that city by a charming little booklet with the above title which she dedicates in his honor.

"Bill Possum" proves Miss Whiteside an adept in writing the negro dialect. She not only uses their quaint expressions, but the very trend of their ideas seems conveyed in her writings.

"Ole Uncle Isaac" is the typical old Southern dinky of field and woods. Reading of him, one seems to see the old plantation "quarters," to hear the soft twang of the "banjo-picking" and the shuffle of dancing feet, and to catch the yelp of the "yaller dorg" that seems so necessary a part of the picture. Through the whole book peeps the inconsequent joy of the negro race and the strange superstitions that wield so strong an influence over their lives.

No Southern man or boy who has ever "been out possum-huntin'" can read one chapter of this book without a reminiscent thrill, for all the factors that made that night memorable to him are here depicted—the blazing torches, the hunters silhouetted in their light against the blackness of the woods, the yelping pack of dogs, each having the reputation of the "bestest possum dorg dere is" to sustain, and even the tree to be cut down in whose hollow branch the wily possum lies concealed.

"Bill Possum" is humanized, and of course talks the negro

tongue, for Miss Whiteside says: "The possum language translated into speech naturally takes the form of the negro dialect, for between the negro and the possum exists a peculiar affinity which to the white man is unknown and unattainable."

"Grandfather Possum's" stories are very quaint, and abound in that odd philosophy that seems to underlie the negro character. Some of his comments to that question-loving "youngest grandchild" of his are gems of negro shrewdness.

Each chapter of the book is introduced by jingling rhymes that seem to have caught the very spirit of negro folk songs, and many of them are worthy of a musical setting. Altogether the book is one of the best negro dialect stories that has appeared for a long time

THE MARTIN SAFETY BUGGY COMPANY.

On page 250 there is a description of these vehicles—an innovation upon any heretofore made. The "safety" feature may be as good as that of convenience, in which event these buggies must have a great future; and while the sale of only 1,000 will give \$10,000 to the fund, it will introduce them to a multitude who will evidently consider themselves most fortunate. Let all who may be inclined to help the fund write to the company at Hopkinsville and get more explicit information about them.

THE MARTIN SAFETY BUGGY.

To All Confederate Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy, also All Sons of Confederates:

The Martin Safety Buggy is the invention of a Confederate soldier, and the President of the Martin Safety Buggy & Wagon Company is also a Confederate. His wife is an official member of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and all the officers are either Confederates or the descendants of Confederate families.

The Martin Safety Buggy is the best and safest buggy for all purposes ever invented. It is made from the best material, is in the latest style, and made by one of the best buggy manufacturers in the United States. The buggy is crated and delivered F. O. B. Evansville, Ind. A bill of lading is mailed to the purchaser, who pays the freight on arrival of the buggy at his railroad or river station.

We sell these buggies all over the country direct to consumers at the manufacturer's prices. Well-recommended persons will act as our special sales agents. We offer the following most

liberal terms until they have sold 10,000 of these unsurpassed buggies:

Each person sending us money order for any buggy named on the opposite page will by return mail receive a cash remittance of \$5 for making the sale, and the Treasurer of the Jefferson Davis Park Fund will receive a cash remittance of \$10 to be invested in the memorial park property.

The buggies will be shipped out promptly, and each purchaser will get the best buggy he ever bought, one that balky or wild horses cannot turn over, and the only buggy made that you can turn round on a circle of less than six feet.

We want these 10,000 special agents to coöperate with us in the sale of this new buggy until it is in general use all over the country. Our sales commissions of \$5 each and park donations of \$10 will have assisted in compensating our salesmen and ladies and in the completion of the Jefferson Davis Park, Fairview, Ky., making of it an ideal attraction for all friends and patriots of our sunny Southland as well as tourists from every part of the world.

We solicit all who will help us in this great work. Write to your friends about it, find out who wants a new buggy, get his order for it, send in the full price of the buggy wanted, and

your commission of \$5 will be sent by return mail and the \$10 donation to the park fund to the Treasurer, Capt. John H. Leathers, Louisville, Ky. Help us to swell the sales and contributions by June 3. By the coöperation of all who are interested in the Jefferson Davis Memorial contributions to the park fund will enable the management to carry forward its purposes.

By the plan proposed all of our profit goes to the completion of the great memorial park project, the advantage to the company being in patriotic purpose to aid it with the resultant advantage of distributing the Martin Safety Buggy throughout the South, which will be the company's compensation.

Upon examination of its construction many will wonder that the invention had not been conceived before.

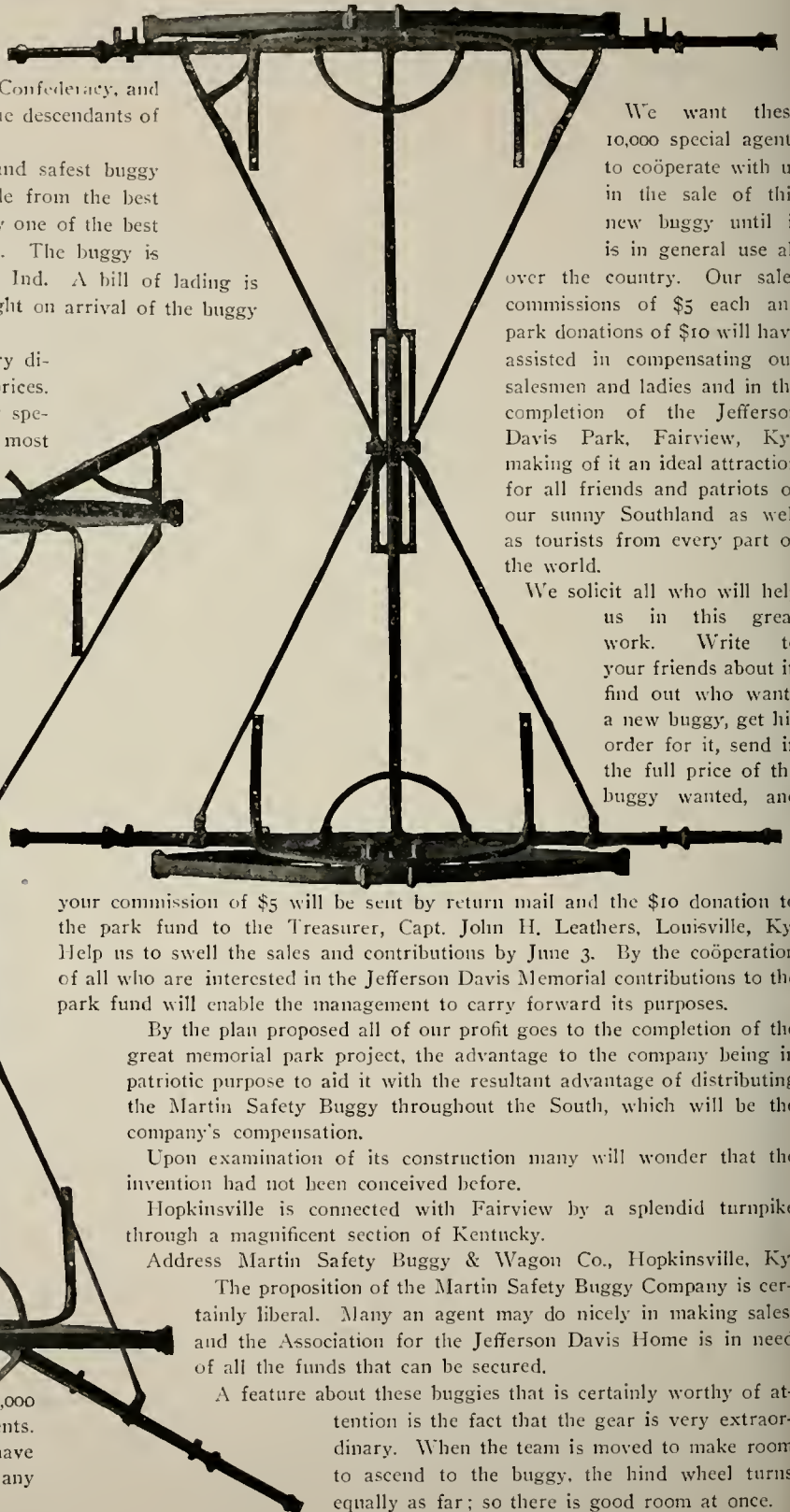
Hopkinsville is connected with Fairview by a splendid turnpike through a magnificent section of Kentucky.

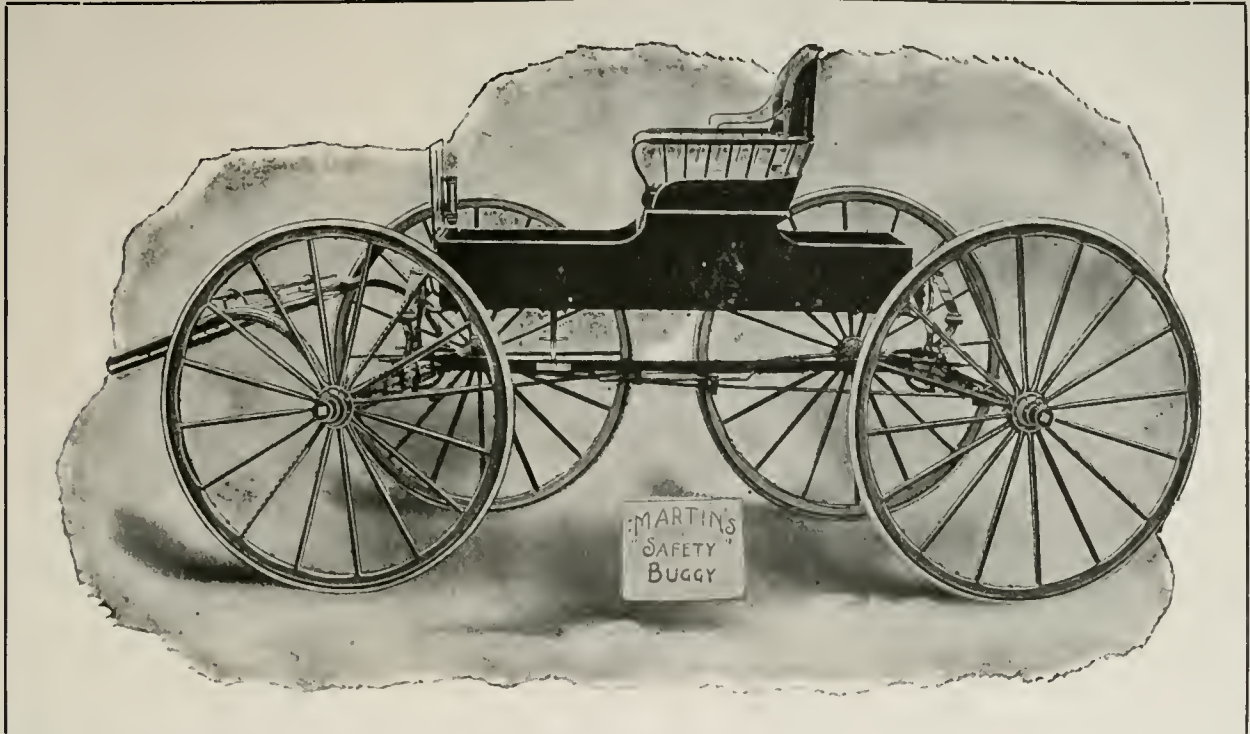
Address Martin Safety Buggy & Wagon Co., Hopkinsville, Ky.

The proposition of the Martin Safety Buggy Company is certainly liberal. Many an agent may do nicely in making sales, and the Association for the Jefferson Davis Home is in need of all the funds that can be secured.

A feature about these buggies that is certainly worthy of attention is the fact that the gear is very extraordinary. When the team is moved to make room to ascend to the buggy, the hind wheel turns equally as far; so there is good room at once.

This proposition is to hold good until 10,000 buggies have been sold by these special agents. Through this coöperative plan we will have turned into the park fund more money than any other individual or company.





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No. 3.	One Martin Safety, Short Turn, Steel Tire, Auto Seat, ¼ Leather Top, Storm Curtain and Boot.....	85 00
No. 4.	One Martin Safety, Short Turn, Rubber Tire, Auto Seat, ¼ Leather Top, Storm Curtain and Boot.....	100 00
No. 5.	One Martin Safety Standard, Steel Tire, Auto Seat Runabout.....	65 00
No. 6.	One Martin Safety Standard, Rubber Tire, Auto Seat Runabout.....	85 00
No. 7.	One Martin Safety Standard, Steel Tire, Auto Seat, ¼ Leather Top, Storm Curtain and Boot.....	85 00
No. 8.	One Martin Safety Standard, Rubber Tire, Auto Seat, ¼ Leather Top, Storm Curtain and Boot.....	100 00
No. 9.	Our Automobiles Range in Prices from.....	\$500.00 to \$2,000 00

And are the best and cheapest on the Market. Write for Catalogue. Commissions and special donations to the "Davis Park Fund." Our lines of Buggies are made from the best material, and are of the best and latest Styles and finish found in the United States. All orders are filled by numbers, crated and delivered, F. O. B., Evansville, Ind. We secure and mail bill of lading to the purchaser—he pays the freight.

All orders must be accompanied with Post Office or Express Money Order covering the price of the Vehicle ordered, payable to the Martin Safety Buggy and Wagon Co., or order, and on receipt of same the order will be filled promptly.

We want all Ex-Confederates, Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy, and all others interested to act as Special Sales Agents for our Buggies and Automobiles, and push them for us. We will pay \$5.00 cash for each sale, and \$10.00 into the Treasury of the "Jeff Davis Park Fund" out of the proceeds of each order, by return mail. We want to sell 10,000 Buggies this way this year, and turn more money into the "Park Fund" than any other Company. We appeal to all interested people to buy our Buggies and also to see that your neighbors and friends order from us and get the best Buggy or Automobile made. ADDRESS

MARTIN SAFETY BUGGY & WAGON CO.

INCORPORATED

Hopkinsville, Kentucky



The above cut is that of the great painting of "Lee and His Generals," by George B. Matthews, of Virginia. ¶ General Marcus J. Wright indorses it as follows: "I regard it as **one of the finest paintings I ever saw**. The truthfulness of feature of all these great generals is **most remarkable**. The Lithograph copy is a **most striking and accurate reproduction of the original**. I hope all Confederates will procure copies." ¶ The Lithograph is in color. Size, 27 x 16 inches. State agents can make most liberal contracts. Agents wanted in every city and town in the South. ¶ Sent by mail on receipt of 55 cents. Every home should have a picture. It will make a nice Christmas gift. Address

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Orders recently received and shipped:

Mrs. H. A. Rugeley, Bay City, Tex.,....12 markers
Miss Jane McKechnan, Fayetteville, N.C. 60
Mrs. B. D. Lamar, Augusta, Ga.,.....52 "
Mr. J. S. Drakeford, Tuskegee, Ala.,...100
Mrs. L. A. Bergeron, Calvert, Tex.,...110 "

Mrs. Bergeron says these markers fill a long-felt want, and all those who have seen samples are well pleased and she will recommend them.

Send me 25 cents in stamps for sample big star by mail. I don't furnish flags. Price, 25 cents each, with iron rod ready to set. Fifty or sixty markers will go as cheap by freight as twenty-five. Address

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W. AMOS MOORE, C. V., Mackay Building, San Antonio, Texas

J. H. Ogilvie, 104 Neil Avenue North, Nashville, Tenn., makes inquiry for Capt. J. H. Wiggins, who commanded a battery from Arkadelphia, Ark., of Cheatham's Division. He was captured by Rosecrans at Shelbyville, Tenn., and sent to prison.

O. P. Foster, of Socarr, Fla., requests any surviving members of Company I, 63d Georgia Regiment, to write to him. He also wants to know whether the regiment went by the number 1st or 63d Georgia when the two regiments were consolidated after the battle of Nashville.

Mrs. W. P. Durhee, 415 North 40th Street, Omaha, Nebr., seeks some information of her father, Charles Frederick Tripp, who was in the Confederate army, and she thinks from Maryland, of which State her mother was a native, a member of the Eaton family. She will appreciate any information from or of the two families.

Gen. P. C. Carlton, Commanding First Brigade North Carolina Division, U. C. V., at Statesville, N. C., wants the following copies of the VETERAN to complete his file: May and December, 1894; October, 1895; June and July, 1902. Write him in advance of sending.

Will any reader of the VETERAN know the address of Joe Winters, of Maryland, who was on the color guard of the 62d Virginia, kindly send it and any information concerning him, if living, to his old chum, Thomas H. Neilson, 302 Broadway, New York City, who desires to write him?

J. B. Nalle, 4117 Independence Avenue, Kansas City, Mo., wants a copy of the book giving "History of the Battle of Brandy Station, Va.," written by Major VonBorck and Captain Seibert. Any one knowing of it or where it might be procured will confer a favor by writing to Mr. Nalle.

C. L. Wilder, Jr., of Tampa, Fla., would like to hear from or of a young soldier of the 18th Indiana Regulars whom he found wounded—shot through the thigh—just after the battle of Chickamauga, piled up by an old oak tree, and whom he relieved and cheered all he could. He remembers telling him of having met the 18th Regulars at Murfreesboro.

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TRUTH AND QUALITY

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing, therefore we wish to call the attention of all who would enjoy good health, with its blessings, to the fact that it involves the question of right living with all the term implies. With proper knowledge of what is best each hour of recreation, of enjoyment, of contemplation and of effort may be made to contribute to that end and the use of medicines dispensed with generally to great advantage, but as in many instances a simple, wholesome remedy may be invaluable if taken at the proper time, the California Fig Syrup Co. feels that it is alike important to present truthfully the subject and to supply the one perfect laxative remedy which has won the approval of physicians and the world-wide acceptance of the Well-Informed because of the excellence of the combination, known to all, and the original method of manufacture, which is known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

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Confederate Veteran.

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JUNE, 1909.

No. 6

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This compilation deserves to be preserved in permanent form. It will be read with breathless interest.—The Christian Observer, September 2, 1908. Price, 35 cents. Address S. W. ASHE, 628 Hillsboro St., Raleigh, N. C.

The seventh annual Reunion of the Southwest Arkansas Confederate Veterans' Association will be held at its camping ground at McNeil, Ark., July 26-29 inclusive, commencing on the last Tuesday in July. By order of C. M. Norwood, Colonel commanding; C. T. Boggs, Adjutant.

John Doran enlisted from New Orleans in the 21st Louisiana Regiment, and was wounded at Petersburg in 1864, captured, and carried to Nashville, Tenn. When exchanged he worked in the navy ships at Selma, Ala., until the close of the war. His widow, now at Cameron, Tex., desires to make necessary proof of his service in order to get a pension, and would be glad to hear from any of his comrades who can furnish such information.

Mrs. R. P. Boyce, 1118 McKee Street, Houston, Tex., would like to hear from any one who knew her brother, Johnny Hogan, who served in the 2d Texas Regiment, under Captain Simmons. He was paroled at Vicksburg under Colonel Smith. His first colonel was Colonel Rogers, killed at Corinth. Comrade Hogan lost his life in the burning of the Henry Jones steamboat, after serving all through the war. After his parole at Vicksburg, he walked all the way home to be mustered into service again.

E. E. Townsend, of Fort Stockton, Tex., writes that he would like to hear from any one who saw or heard of Lieut. James Nance, of Company D, Whitfield's Legion, a Texas cavalry command, since December, 1862. Capt. W. W. Townsend, the father of this inquirer, was wounded at Davis's Bridge, on the Hatchie River, and when leaving his command a short time after this he let Lieutenant Nance have his sword. This was a short cavalry officer's sword, brass-mounted, leather scabbard, and on the blade was engraved: "W. W. Townsend, 2d Lieut. Company D, Whitfield's Legion." Captain Townsend heard of Lieutenant Nance once during the war after this, but does not know whether he was killed or came safely through the war. He has a warm place in his heart for him still, and would like to see or hear from him.

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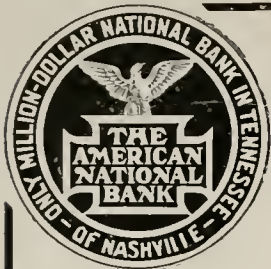
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S. W. Johnson, of Stacy, Tex., who was in Company C, 7th Missouri Infantry, Parson's Brigade, wishes to correspond with any surviving comrade of his regiment to prove his service in order to obtain a pension.

R. T. Coles, of Upton, Ala., asks that George D. Wilkinson, of Company F, 4th Alabama Volunteer Infantry, who wrote him a short time since without giving address, supply that as soon as possible, and he will endeavor to give the information desired.

Mrs. Mary J. McCloskey, of Pensacola, Fla., wishes to hear from any survivors of the 2d Alabama Cavalry, under Capt. F. Glackmeyer, who can testify as to the record of her husband, James McCloskey, and enable her to get a pension. Write her in care of T. P. McCloskey, Riley's Cigar Store.

INQUIRY ABOUT 23D MISSISSIPPI REGIMENT.—H. A. Meyer, of Van Buren, Ark., refers to the death of Capt. R. B. Allen at that place some time ago, and makes requests for some facts about his regiment, the 23d Mississippi, as to its colonel, where organized, and where disbanded. Captain Allen served through the war, and doubtless some comrade of the regiment can give the information wanted.

Thomas J. Hughes, of Fountain Inn, S. C., seeks information of the following comrades who were in Rock Island Prison with him, Barrack No. 35: F. McAuley, Waterford, Miss.; Erastus G. McAninch, Elm Grove, Miss.; Robert J. Grinnett, Roanoke, Ala.; J. J. Farley, Roanoke, Ala.; James K. P. Dail, St. Clair, Ala.; A. A. Dillard, Lebanon, Tenn.; J. O. Wise, Arbacoochee, Ala.; Alfred V. McLean, Murfreesboro, Tenn.

W. C. Wells, of Jackson, Miss., makes inquiry for James S. Wells, of Company B, 22d Mississippi Regiment, who was wounded and captured at Shiloh and taken to St. Louis. His wound was a flesh one in the thigh, and two weeks later he wrote home that he was doing well, and requested that letters be sent him in care of Miss Biddle. He would be glad to hear from her if living or from any one who was with him at the time.

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Artificially with SORE EYES Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Mrs. W. J. Behan, of New Orleans, has back numbers of the VETERAN from 1893 to 1906, which she wishes to dispose of for the benefit of the Jefferson Davis monument in New Orleans. Any one wishing to fill out a file may find some of the needed numbers in her collection. Write her at 1205 Jackson Avenue.

Information is wanted to prove the service of John P. Horton, a Missouri trooper, whose command is not known. He was eighteen years old at the beginning of the war; his father was a circuit judge in Missouri before the war. The widow of this comrade, Mrs. Sallie Horton, lives at Tull, Ark., and desires proof of his service in order to get a pension.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.
The date to a subscription is always given to the month before it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail cut will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The civil war was too long ago to be called the late war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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VOL. XVII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1909.

NO. 6

J. S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

OFFICIAL ORDERS ABOUT THE REUNION.

According to the long-established custom, the Division Commander of the State in which the Reunion is to be held will be the chief marshal of the parade. Maj. Gen. J. H. McDowell will therefore be chief marshal at the Memphis Reunion. It is announced by Adjutant General Mickle also that a memorial service will be held for one hour beginning at noon on June 9. At that moment the Convention will suspend business for this sacred purpose without further notice and without regard to what is then taking place, and the flags will be draped in mourning as a mark of respect to the memory of the beloved and only "Daughter of the Confederacy," our commanders in chief, zealous chaplain general, and of all our comrades who have preceded us into eternity. In order to make the services more impressive and enlist the interest of all, the ladies of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association will have no separate exercises, but will join with the veterans.

The number of our dead has been greatly augmented during the past year by the following distinguished leaders: Lieut. Gen. Alex P. Stewart, C. S. A., Rev. J. William Jones, D.D., Chaplain General U. C. V., Brig Gen. Fred L. Robertson, Assistant Adjutant General U. C. V., and Maj. Gen. Thomas W. Carwile, Commander South Carolina Division, U. C. V.

Sponsor for the South, Miss Varina Cook, of Batesville, Ark.

Chief Maid of Honor, Miss Caroline Dupree Steele, of Kentucky.

Associate Maid of Honor, Miss Elizabeth Donelson Lake, of Memphis, Tenn.

Matron of Honor, Mrs. R. H. Vance, of Memphis, Tenn.

Honorary Matron, Mrs. L. Z. Duke, of New York City.

The General commanding has selected as orator for the Memphis Reunion Gen. Theodore S. Garnett, of Norfolk, Va. As an officer on the staff of Gen. Jeb Stuart he had many trying encounters and hairbreadth escapes, and this will endear him to all Confederates. His wonderful oratorical ability has been shown on numerous occasions to the delight of thousands, and this is a guarantee that his oration at this time will hold the attention of his old comrades. This address will be made on the afternoon of the first day, Tuesday, June 8, at 3:30 o'clock.

W. T. MICKLE, *Assistant General and Chief of Staff.*

C. S. M. A. MEETS JUNE 7, 1909

The Confederated Southern Memorial Association will hold its tenth annual Convention in the city of Memphis, Tenn., June 7-10, 1909. The Nineteenth Century Club will be Convention headquarters. The first meeting will be held at 2 P.M. on June 7. A reception will be held on that evening.

On June 8 at 9:30 A.M. the officers and delegates will assemble at headquarters and proceed in a body to the U. C. V. Reunion auditorium. A business meeting will be held at 2 P.M.

On June 9 at 9:30 A.M. a business meeting will be held. At 12 M. a joint memorial service will be held under the auspices of the United Confederate Veterans and the Confederated Southern Memorial Association. At 2 P.M. there will be a business meeting.

The delegates are earnestly requested to be in Memphis for the first meeting, on June 7 at 2 P.M. This meeting has been arranged in order that the officers and delegates may attend the opening session of the United Confederate Veterans.

The foregoing is official by Mrs. W. J. Behan, President, and Mrs. George A. Williams, Corresponding Secretary.

COMMITTEE FOR CABIN JOHN BRIDGE.

Official orders from U. C. V. headquarters announce with gratitude the restoration of the original inscription on Cabin John Bridge, which was erased in the bitter partisan period of the War between the States. "Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War," again appears in its proper place. Due credit is given. Order 13 recites that "the Confederated Southern Memorial Association started the work in 1907, and Mrs. J. Enders Robinson, of Richmond, and Mrs. W. J. Behan, of New Orleans, assisted by the U. D. C. and kindred organizations, have the thanks of all Confederates for this work."

The committee having charge of this worthy object was composed of Gen. Clement A. Evans (vice Gen. Stephen D. Lee, deceased), Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone (vice Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, retired), Mr. John W. Apperson, Mrs. George S. Holmes, Mrs. J. Enders Robinson, Mrs. Alfred Gray, Miss M. B. Poppenheim, Senator Murphy J. Foster (vice Hon. Adolph Meyer, M. C., deceased), and Mrs. W. J. Behan (chairman).

Of great importance at the Convention will be the Jefferson Davis Home Association.

STAFF TO COMMANDER IN CHIEF EVANS.

The General commanding announces the appointment of the following members of his staff, with the ranks set opposite their respective names, to date from June 11, 1908:

BRIGADIER GENERALS ON STAFF OF GEN. CLEMENT A. EVANS.

Thomas G. Jones, of Montgomery, Ala., Inspector General.
J. F. Shipp, of Chattanooga, Tenn., Quartermaster General.
Thos. E. Davis, of New Orleans, La., Commissary General.
T. M. Hudson, of New Orleans, La., Judge-Advocate Gen.
C. H. Tebault, M.D., of New Orleans, La., Surgeon General.
Bennett H. Young, of Louisville, Ky., Chief of Ordnance.
Page M. Baker, of New Orleans, La., Paymaster General.
D. R. Gurley, of Waco, Tex., Assistant Adjutant General.
H. A. Newman, of Huntsville, Mo., Asst. Adjt. General.
H. W. Graber, of Dallas, Tex., Asst. Adjt. General.
W. C. Stubbs, of New Orleans, La., Asst. Adjt. General.
E. G. Williams, of Waynesville, Mo., Asst. Adjt. General.
Chas. E. Hooker, of Jackson, Miss., Asst. Adjt. General.
S. W. Ferguson, of Greenville, Miss., Asst. Adjt. General.
E. D. Willett, of Long Beach, Miss., Asst. Quar. General.

COLONELS ON THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF'S STAFF.

Robt. E. Park, of Atlanta, Ga., Asst. Inspector General.
R. P. Lake, of Memphis, Tenn., Asst. Quartermaster General.
J. Thompson Brown, of Richmond, Va., Asst. Quar. Gen.
Henry Meyers, of Memphis, Tenn., Asst. Quar. General.
B. F. Jonas, of New Orleans, La., Asst. Judge-Advocate Gen.
J. B. Cowan, M.D., of Tullahoma, Tenn., Asst. Surgeon Gen.
C. H. Todd, M.D., of Owensboro, Ky., Asst. Surgeon Gen.

COLONELS WHO ARE THE COMMANDER'S AIDS-DE-CAMP.

W. A. Montgomery, of Edwards, Miss.; John W. Morton, of Nashville, Tenn.; J. L. McCollum, of Atlanta, Ga.; John W. Daniel, of Lynchburg, Va.; S. H. Buck, of New York City; A. J. West, of Atlanta, Ga.; Philip H. Fall, of Houston, Tex.; V. Y. Cook, of Batesville, Ark.; John B. Pirtle, of Louisville, Ky.; John W. Faxon, of Chattanooga, Tenn.; A. A. Lelong, of New Orleans, La.; W. G. Coyle, of New Orleans, La.; Tim E. Cooper, of Memphis, Tenn.; W. J. Crawford, of Memphis, Tenn.; Blayne T. Walshe, of New Orleans, La.; J. A. Harral, of New Orleans, La.; Paul Sanguinetti, of Montgomery, Ala.; Frank A. Hervey, Sr., of Mobile, Ala.; Paul A. Fusz, of Philipsburg, Mont.; J. W. Reed, of Chester, S. C.; W. D. Pickett, of Lexington, Ky.; S. A. Cunningham, of Nashville, Tenn.; W. B. Haldeman, of Louisville, Ky.; Henry Moore, of Texarkana, Tex.; Henry Moorman, of Actonville, Ky.; N. G. Pearsall, of Covington, La.; B. B. Paddock, of Fort Worth, Tex.; R. G. Provine, of Coles Creek, Miss.; Thomas Claiborne, of Nashville, Tenn.; C. C. Slaughter, of Dallas, Tex.; Abner T. Holt, of Macon, Ga.; B. F. Eshleman, of New Orleans, La.; E. L. Russell, of Mobile, Ala.; George H. Gause, of Slidell, La.; T. W. Castleman, of New Orleans, La.; W. J. Behan, of New Orleans, La.; Robert E. Lee, Jr., of West Point, Va.; Lee S. Daniel, of Victoria, Tex.; Thomas Harrison, of Columbus, Miss.; E. D. Cavett, of Macon, Miss.; Thomas J. Shaffer, of Franklin, La.; Nicholas Weeks, of Galveston, Tex.; John W. T. Leech, of New Orleans, La.; James G. Holmes, of Macon, Ga.; W. E. Poulson, of Chicago, Ill.; H. C. Hunt, of Calhoun, Ga.; Charles G. Newman, of Pine Bluff, Ark.; Walter R. Daniel, of Dallas, Tex.; C. Frank Gallaher, of Charleston, W. Va.; J. Ogden Murray, of Winchester, Va.; Frank Gaienne, of St. Louis, Mo.; Robert E. Lee, Jr., of Fairfax, Va.; John Sharp Williams, of Yazoo, Miss.; George L. Christian, of

Richmond, Va.; W. McK. Evans, of Richmond, Va.; James R. Crowe, of Sheffield, Ala.; John H. Bankhead, of Fayette, Ala.; Joseph F. Johnston, of Birmingham, Ala.; James T. Harrison, of Columbus, Miss.; William B. Leedy, of Birmingham, Ala.; G. N. Saussy, of Hawkinsville, Ga.; W. P. Manning, of Galveston, Tex.; D. R. Wagner, of Water Valley, Miss.; W. T. Blakemore, of New Orleans, La.; Joseph Hodgson, of Mobile, Ala.; C. W. Anderson, of Murfreesboro, Tenn.; Wallace J. Barnard, of San Francisco, Cal.; H. M. Dillard, of Meridian, Tex.; Joseph Demoruelle, of New Orleans, La.; T. H. Jones, of Atlanta, Ga.; James E. Wood, of Marianna, Ark.; W. B. Woody, of Rockdale, Tex.; W. C. Jones, of Greenville, Tex.; Andrew M. Sea, of Louisville, Ky.; Thomas D. Osborne, of Louisville, Ky.; Ed H. McDonald, of Winchester, Va.; Robert McCulloch, of St. Louis, Mo.; M. W. Jewett, of Ivanhoe, Va.

They will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

W. E. MICKLE, *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.*

FROM THE REUNION TO VICKSBURG.

It is expected that a large number of those who attend the Reunion at Memphis will go to Vicksburg to witness the unveiling of the bronze statue to Gen. Stephen D. Lee. The ceremony will take place on Friday, June 11, at two o'clock. The Illinois Central (Y. & M. V.) Railroad will sell round-trip tickets from Memphis for \$3. and the price for intermediate points will be one cent per mile. Other railroads will give a corresponding rate. Let the attendance be large.

TESTAMENT CLAIMANT REQUESTED—BOOK LOST IN THE WAR.—Among the papers of Mrs. Charles Farnsworth, of Memphis, Tenn., was found a small Testament, bound in black cloth, which was given to me at the General Convention U. D. C. held in Norfolk, Va., by Miss Nellie White, of Hernando, Miss. I write this notice in the hope that some relative of the Confederate soldier who owned it may be found. From the inscription on the fly leaf, which is almost illegible, it would seem that the name "I. A. Dutton, — Texas Regiment," was written by the owner. Beneath this, apparently by another is written: "Second lot, grave 293, Elmwood Cemetery." Reading between these lines, the thought occurs to me that this Texas soldier died in Memphis, and Mr. Farnsworth may have made this record of the place of his burial, intending to try to find his relatives. If this should meet the eye of any relative who is interested in the recovery of the Testament, it can be had by addressing Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, President General U. D. C., 1421 Ave. E, Galveston.

MONUMENT ORDERED FOR MONTICELLO, GA.—At a meeting of the monument committee at Monticello, Ga., the design for the Confederate monument was selected and an order given for its erection. The monument is said to be a very handsome one of hammered granite in shaft design with two life-size statues of Confederate soldiers in Italian marble and will stand thirty-two feet high. It will be built by the McNeil Marble Company, of Marietta. The officers are: Mrs. A. S. Florence, President; Mrs. Monroe Phillips, Vice President; Mrs. Oscar Phillips, Secretary; Mrs. Green F. Johnson, Treasurer. The Chapter is flourishing, and it is achieving much of importance.

J. L. Griffin, of Cusseta, Tex., wishes the address of any surviving comrades. He was in Company C, 1st Georgia Volunteers, Smith's Brigade, Pat Cleburne's Division.

FLORIDA DAUGHTERS DON'T LIKE MONUMENT.

BY LUCIA M. ALVAREZ, COR. SEC. FLA. DIV., STARK, FLA.

The Florida Division, U. D. C., recently assembled in St. Augustine, carefully examined the design for the proposed monument to the women of the Southern Confederacy; and while we appreciate the honor you wish to pay us and would rejoice in this recognition of the loyalty of Southern women, we most seriously disapprove of the committee's design, as it is in no wise typical of the women of the sixties.

We trust that our criticism will be received in the spirit that we give it—in all kindness and with a desire that the coming generations may have a correct idea of what the women of the Confederacy really were.

D. M. Spence, Chancery Court Clerk, Dallas, Tex., offers his services free in looking up war records for old Confederates or their widows who seek a pension in that State. He has a list of all who attended the Reunion at Dallas, in 1902, and in several instances has been the means of bringing together members of the same company and regiment who had been living in Dallas without the knowledge of the other. By inclosing postage he will answer all communications.



MISS VARINA COOK,
Sponsor in Chief for the South, U. C. V.

WIRZ MONUMENT DEDICATED—IN KIND SPIRIT.

A press report from Andersonville, Ga., May 12 states:

"Under the stars and stripes and the Confederate stars and bars there was dedicated here to-day the monument to Capt. Henry Wirz, commander of Andersonville Prison, and executed at Washington at the end of the war on order of a military commission which tried him for murder and flagrant cruelty—martyred, not executed, said the Georgia Daughters of the Confederacy, who unveiled the monument to-day in the hope that it will stand to see Wirz's memory sometime considered everywhere in a friendly light.

"The national significance of these exercises was not lost upon the throng which crowded about the monument, so great in numbers that not all of them could hear the speakers' voices distinctly. A blazing South Georgia sun looked down upon the scene, the sleepy little village of Andersonville lay in the background, and the national cemetery and prison park, where thirteen thousand 'boys in blue' laid down their lives, stood in impressive silence near by. Over the hushed throng scarcely a sound rippled, and tears sprang to hundreds of eyes as Mrs. Perrin, of Natchez, Miss., daughter of the dead commander, loosed the veil from the tall, straight white monolith.

"Springtime flowers were heaped upon the monument and speakers who loved and respected the Confederate cause stood near its base under the once rival flags and told many incidents in the career of Wirz, stories of kindness to Northern prisoners and of attempts to secure for them food and shelter which he could not get.

"President A. Stovall, editor of the Savannah Press, said that the dedication was not intended to reopen questions long since settled, but to do an act of justice too long delayed. Of the difficulties under which Wirz worked he said: 'Wirz was commanding many desperate men, some of them brave and good; but others were recent arrivals from abroad, who barely spoke the English language, who were without understanding of the causes of the war—merely mercenaries. He was hampered by the exigencies of his own government.'

"Dr. J. C. Olmstead, of Atlanta, related an instance of Wirz going personally to Macon, Ga., to solicit food and medicine for the prisoners at Andersonville.

"It was learned that a report had been spread through many sections of this State that the national cemetery and the prison park would be closed to-day. Both these places were open as usual, and there was no foundation for the report.

"Scattered among the three thousand or more Southerners, mostly Georgians, from near-by towns, was a sprinkling of men and women of the North, some of whom have relatives at rest in the national cemetery near by. There was not a single incident to mar the exercises, those from beyond Mason and Dixon's line looking on in silence, while those who gathered to pay tribute to the memory of the prison commander performed that service with enthusiasm and a spirit of marked devotion.

"The invocation at the opening of the exercises was delivered by Rev. Father McMahon, of Albany, Ga. The singing of 'Maryland, My Maryland,' by the large chorus, the firing of a salute by the military company of Americus, Ga., and the sounding of taps brought the exercises to a close.

"Captain Wirz was a native of Switzerland, born in 1822. After the close of the Civil War he was tried by a military commission at Washington, D. C., on charges of murder and flagrant cruelty to prisoners in his care contrary to the customs and laws of civilized warfare, was convicted, condemned to death, and executed at Washington November 10, 1865."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

So great is the press for space in this issue that an additional sixteen pages would have been given except that the first forms were sent to press before such demand was realized. They will be added in the next issue. Correspondents are urged to rewrite their articles when it is possible by so doing to abridge them, telling the facts only in the briefest way. In the July issue may be expected the list of subscriptions to the Jefferson Davis Home Association and also the supplemental list of contributions to the Sam Davis monument.

HONOR THE SOUTH'S CHIEF EXECUTIVE.

The most important enterprise yet undertaken to all Confederates of all ages and to all friends of the South in her heroic struggle to defend the principles upon which the union of States was founded is that of holding and maintaining the birthplace of the only President of the Confederacy, Jefferson Davis, located in Fairview, Ky. The place was originally called Davisburg in honor of Samuel Davis, the father. He was evidently the most prominent citizen of that section of country; but after he removed to Mississippi, the beautiful surroundings induced the change of name to that which is so appropriate—"Fairview."

This land has been purchased and deeded to the Jefferson Davis Home Association. It has several houses upon it, which are rented and protected by insurance. A note has been signed by S. A. Cunningham, Vice President of the Association, for \$4,600 to Bennett H. Young, who furnished the money to make all the payments beyond what the Association had collected. Upon this sum the Association is to pay five per cent interest. The list of subscriptions is soon to be published. The money must be paid, and the VETERAN appeals to all persons interested, also to every Camp and every Chapter, to do their part promptly.

THE SAM DAVIS MONUMENT.

People grow tired of almost any topic, and the worthier the theme the more considerably it should be treated. Two exceptions are mentioned in this connection. Good people never grow tired of praise to Gen. Robert E. Lee. It is good company to study his character as boy, soldier, and man.

In so great a presence the world can afford to study the marvelous short life of Samuel Davis. Only a little is known of him except in the tragedy. Just a word illustrative of his sense of justice and fair play as a boy is given in the notable fact that he was a defender of the weak. A large boy who would take advantage of a little fellow before being aware of it would have to consider Sam Davis if present. Doubtless it would be well if the minute life of this young man were known. Without other knowledge we may assume that his sense of honor was the keenest. Well may the spirit of his mother and grandmother—for the mother trains her son—be considered as having had predominance in his disposition.

Whether he had been known before, the scene of his presence under guard of a powerful enemy, when every characteristic of honor gleamed as the light of heaven upon the best that earth gives, is enough. That scene was matchless in all

annals among men of all the nations of the earth. It has been surpassed only by Deity.

When the first tribute to Sam Davis was submitted for publication in the VETERAN, it was not accepted in appreciative spirit. It seemed that we had so many heroes that to laud one above the others would show partiality that would be unfair. The real condition as to Sam Davis was not comprehended until, returning on a steamboat journey from a Reunion at Shiloh, down the Tennessee, one of the Union soldiers at Pulaski when the execution occurred told the story in detail, concluding with the remark that "the Federal army was in grief about it." That remark induced the editor of the VETERAN to let his comrades know about it, with what success thousands know.

When it was resolved to accept subscriptions for a monument, the statement was made that "if only enough be contributed to carve his name on a curbstone it will do some good." The figure in bronze it will be remembered is ideal. The sculptor—as no picture of the hero-martyr could be found—was obliged to depend upon the statue as it was made. He had the benefit of pictures of brothers, and a sister who was said to have features much like him posed graciously; but her modesty was so excessive that she could not be induced to have a photograph made. Now, however, in response to an appeal as a duty, she has reluctantly consented. It was made under circumstances whereby thorough satisfaction could not be expected. Such as it is the VETERAN herewith presents.



MRS. R. O. WINSTEAD, SISTER OF SAM DAVIS.

The family of which Sam Davis was a son was large, and there are still living three sons and three daughters. The other daughters than Mrs. Winstead reside in Texas, while the sons and she reside in Tennessee.

TALKS WITH THE BOYS.

Letter by Dr. H. M. Hamill from Richmond, Va., in March:

"I greatly wish you could have been with me to-day. I wanted the bright sunshine and pure air, and I put aside brain work, which pained me, and wandered around among the old scenes that make Richmond so dear to the ex-Confederate heart. I sat on a bench in Capitol Park under the old tree beneath which I slept my first night in Richmond *en route* to the front in '64, just such a day as to-day. I had but one ambition then—to get something to eat. I was so strong and happy as a soldier boy that not even hunger and scanty clothing and constant hardship could dim the brightness and glory of my youth. It all came back to me in the sunshine and under the old trees of the park, with Washington's statue and the Confederate Capitol building overshadowing me as I sat and dreamed my boyhood over.

"Then I could hear the booming cannon and at times the quick tramp of hurried soldiery swinging by on the way to the front. There were pale young fellows then hobbling by on crutches and wagons loaded with the dead from the hospitals. It was grim, fierce war.

"It came back to me, the old sullen roar of the guns, the tramp of the soldiery in gray. I saw Marse Robert on old Traveler and little Billy Mahone dragging his long sword and hurrying us into the charge. My old comrades rose up out of their quiet graves from Richmond on to the Wilderness and back, and I took them by the hand; and then, as I did in the old days when they made me orderly, I called the roll of one hundred and sixteen brave boys from Florida, only to find, as I did at the last, myself and Corporal Smith waiting as Company I to receive our paroles.

"I went again to the Library and to Davis and Lee's Church and to the old forts still standing and to Hollywood's great monument to dead Confederates and to the noble statue of Lee, and last of all to read in the Library Stonewall's last little penciled dispatch written in the saddle a few short hours before he died—and then I remembered you and how by and by all of us will become memories here, but, thank God, unchanging comrades in that bright land where our old boys in gray are awaiting us."

FOR WHAT A. J. MEADOWS, RIPLEY, TENN., IS THANKFUL.

In the April VETERAN I notice some letters from comrades entitled "What Are Veterans Most Grateful for?" They are all good. Comrade John C. Baird's letter on a "Good Night's Sleep" was very good, and doubtless will provoke many hearty "amens" from the "critter companies;" but I was a "webfoot," and desired above all a "square meal." The man on the horse probably enjoyed less good sleep; but he was extra as a "forager," and hence Comrade Baird settled on sleep.

I was sixty-eight years old September 13, 1908. I entered the service in May, 1861, in Company G, 4th Tennessee Infantry. Later on it was Strahl's Regiment, and still later Strahl's Brigade—O. F. Strahl, from Dyersburg, Tenn., the invincible soldier and prince among men. I was on furlough during the Missionary Ridge engagement, which is the only gap in my war record from Belmont to Franklin, where I was knocked "hors de combat." I received flesh wounds at Shiloh and Franklin, but "not a bone was broken." I am truly thankful that I have survived the war, enjoy good health, and have reared a large family. My second wife and one single daughter are with me now, and, best of all, we are all "marching on to Zion."

TALK WITH HIS COMRADES BY S. A. CUNNINGHAM.

In "Talks with the Boys" the editor gives a very brief account to his immediate comrades of their first camp. On Valentine day he went to Mitchellville, near the Kentucky line, where several companies arrived from their homes on October 28, 1861, forty-seven years, three months, and sixteen days before. This was his second trip. Captain Hester, of Mitchellville, who had many thrilling experiences, drove along the old line of march to what was the Louisville and Nashville Turnpike, reaching that highway, as will be remembered, where a large carved stone marks the State line, and then by old Mitchellville to Camp Trousdale. The fine brick house that was near the junction of the turnpike and the branch along which the soldiers went to camp hardly seems a day older. The small grove of cedars in the yard has grown to magnificent proportions. The old drill field does not seem as large as then. Besides, there are well grown forests where then were tillable fields. That branch of crystal freestone water was muddy from rain. The old mill—by which there was then a brewery at which we got still beer that looked like buttermilk and was both as delicious and as harmless—is still there and well preserved. At the station where we spent the first night there is an old-looking brick house that was erected after the war. How near we approach a half century since becoming soldiers of the C. S. A. and how few we be!

FOR WHAT JOSEPH A. MUDD, HYATTSVILLE, MD., IS GRATEFUL.

The VETERAN came last night, and I have read everything in it with undiminished interest, and with not the least "What Comrades Are Most Grateful for." I had overlooked your invitation. What Confederate soldiers as a class should be most grateful for is that they lived in a day when the most exalted plane of human feeling and human emotion, indorsed by the highest standard of human reason, impelled them to make a complete sacrifice for human liberty, and that the occasion exhibited to the world the glorious heroism of the Southern women.

Personally what I felt most grateful for in those four years, except being spared when so many of my comrades were not, was a drink of water late in the afternoon of Friday, August 2, 1861. General Price's army broke camp in Southwest Missouri at two o'clock that morning and marched in serried column eight abreast, the shoulder blades of the front rank men touching the breasts of the rear rank men, and each set of front and rear rank men four inches apart. The expectation was to strike the Federal General Lyon sometime during the day; but the latter retired, and with the exception of a part of each force meeting at Dug Springs no battle occurred. The march continued until one hour before sunset. The day was intensely hot. The road was nearly a foot deep with dust, and for a good part of the distance lay between heavily wooded hills which prevented any breezes from soothing the effect of the blistering sun. A hundred yards in advance of where we halted to go into camp, issuing from the base of a hill, was a spring a foot deep and twenty feet wide. A guard was placed before it, and men were admitted in turn. Two thousand cavalymen were ahead of us. Near by was a stagnant pool covered by a thick sheet of green scum. It was crowded with cavalymen whose horses were slaking their thirst and adding to the foulness of the water, if such a thing were possible. I thrust my tin cup between the hind legs of a horse and drank a quart of water. It was the sweetest taste that ever touched my lips. The recollection of it I enjoy to-day.

COMRADE GARDNER'S SPIRIT OF GRATITUDE.

B. C. Gardner, Company F, 27th Alabama Regiment, J. E. Johnston's army, writes from Quanah, Tex.: "I saw in the *VETERAN* the request that we old soldiers write of what we were the most thankful for. I will answer: First, for God's protecting care over us through the war and his continuing to provide for us up to this time of old age; second, that we have such a good publication as the *VETERAN* to keep us posted as to our ups and downs and of the many battles fought during the war. Now, comrades, let us all unite in one sentiment, that we will all endeavor to live close to the One who has kept us so long, and when the last roll is called we can joyfully answer: 'Here am I.'"

MARYLANDERS IN CONFEDERATE ARMY.

"How many Marylanders served in the Confederate army?" is an inquiry that is periodically made.

Maj. Gen. Isaac R. Trimble in a prepared address delivered before the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in Maryland on February 22, 1883, said: "Gen. S. Cooper, adjutant general of our government, told me in Richmond that over 21,000 Marylanders enlisted in the Southern armies."

General Trimble was a man of unquestioned high character and integrity. It must be remembered that the adjutant general's office contained the records of all the Confederate armies, including the nativity of all soldiers.

General Cooper was adjutant general of the United States army before the war, and, having resigned early in 1861, was given the same position in the Confederate service. This statement therefore may be regarded as official.

General Trimble further said: "General Lee often told me that he had much at heart the separate organization of the Marylanders. 'They are,' he said, 'unrivalled soldiers; and if brought together, we may get many other Marylanders to join us.'"

This was attempted in 1863; but it was then too late, as the Marylanders who were serving in other organizations were unwilling to leave their comrades and the associations formed through the ties of many campaigns and battles.

They were found in every army and every organization, and were specially noted for their refusal to desert, although home and comfort awaited them.

Of the 1st Regiment, General Trimble said that they "were the dandies of the army, better dressed, better shod, better drilled, and in gayer spirits than any in the whole army, and never one deserter."—*C., in Baltimore Sun.*

NUMBER OF NEGROES IN FEDERAL ARMY.

BY JAMES BEESON, HYTOP, ALA.

A mistake in Civil War history has been repeated so often in print and from the rostrum that otherwise well-informed people North and South take it as accurate without taking the trouble to investigate for themselves.

In C. G. Lee's computation of the relative forces of the Federal and Confederate armies in the March *VETERAN* he says there were 186,017 negroes, whereas there were 382 organizations of negro troops in the Federal army, and they averaged about 1,000 to the organization. My knowledge comes from my practice as a pension attorney, and can't be far from correct. There are Confederate soldiers in Congress who have access to the army rolls, and I wish some of them would take the trouble to examine and correct this common error. It will to some extent strengthen the first calculation of the Federal enrollment to be 3,000,000 instead of 2,778,304, the present estimate.

VERIFYING THE LEE AND GRACIE INCIDENT.

The article by G. N. Saussy in the April *VETERAN* calls forth the following:

"Soon after General Lee returned to Petersburg from the north side he reviewed the whole line, and while on General Gracie's front he very imprudently thrust his head above the parapet and commenced inspecting the enemy's works. This was one of the most dangerous portions of the lines. A young man was killed there a few days previous while looking through a porthole. He had received a sixty-day furlough on account of a severe wound, and previous to starting home he had gone out to see some of his friends on the line. He bade them all good-by, and was just returning to Petersburg when he suddenly turned round and said in a jovial manner: 'I must take a look at my friends over the way before I go.' He put his eye to the porthole near by, when a bullet came through and killed him instantly.

"It was near this same spot that General Lee was so imprudently exposing himself. His officers stood horrified, expecting every moment to see him killed, and several expostulated with him. Finding all entreaties to be in vain, General Gracie jumped up on the parapet and placed himself before General Lee.

"General Lee said: 'General Gracie, that is very dangerous; you will be killed.' General Gracie replied: 'It is better, General, that I be killed than you. When you go down, I will.' The noble General Lee smiled and got down, followed by General Gracie."

CHILDREN AT DEDICATION OF MONUMENT.

BY MRS. W. S. HUMPHREYS, PRES. MOULTRIE (GA.) CHAPTER.

At the request of representatives of several Chapters I shall endeavor to tell something of the program of Children's Day observed by the Moultrie McNeill Chapter on the occasion of the completion of the erection of the Confederate monument at this place.

The monument was completed about a month before Memorial Day, which day was selected for the unveiling. Children's Day was used for raising funds as well as for other ceremonies. The "Mile of Pennies" slips were placed in the hands of all the children and the ladies and others who would use them. In fact, the raising of money and the instilling in the young hearts of the children a love for the brave Confederate heroes were the main objects of this occasion. Quite a neat sum was raised, and the ceremonies were inspiring and impressive.

The superintendent of the Moultrie public schools joined in the spirit of the occasion. He marched the entire student body of more than four hundred from the school building to the depot, where the children joined in drawing the vehicle bearing the statue to be erected on the main shaft of the monument. Seventy-five veterans led the procession, the U. D. C. came next, and then the children.

At the base of the monument an appropriate program was carried out. The school sang patriotic songs, while suitable addresses were made, the main speaker of the occasion being the school superintendent, who is a loyal son of a Confederate veteran and an eloquent speaker.

The Children's Day ceremonies were both profitable to the Chapter and beneficial to the cause.

Our regular unveiling ceremonies were held on Memorial Day, Governor Smith delivering the address.

We have a very handsome monument, and are proud of it. This Chapter has given 197 Southern crosses of honor.

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MONTH ENDING APRIL 30, 1909.

Receipts.

Balance on hand from last report, \$8,999.73.

Mrs. F. G. Odenheimer, Director for Maryland, \$25. Contributed by Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, No. 279, U. D. C., Frederick, Md.

Mobile Chapter, No. 193, U. D. C., Mobile, Ala., \$10.

Mrs. Thomas S. Boccock, Director for Virginia, \$25. Contributed by Fredericksburg Chapter, No. 163, U. D. C., Fredericksburg, Va.

Westmoreland Chapter, No. —, U. D. C., \$1.

Thomas S. Ryan, New York City, \$100.

School children, Bedford City, Va., \$10.84

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, \$9.50. Contributed by Palmetto Chapter, No. 638, U. D. C., Anderson, S. C., \$1; Ridge Spring Chapter, No. 1113, U. D. C., Ridge Spring, S. C., \$7; Dick Anderson Chapter, No. 75, U. D. C., Sumter, S. C., \$1; Children of Calhoun (S. C.) Rural School, 50 cents.

Mrs. Thomas S. Boccock, Director for Virginia, \$11. Contributed by Hope-Maury Chapter, No. 857, Norfolk, Va., \$10; a friend, \$1.

Mrs. John W. Tench, Director for Florida, \$5. Contributed by Pensacola Chapter, No. 298, U. D. C., Pensacola, Fla.

Mrs. Lillie F. Worthington, Director for Mississippi, \$40. Contributed by J. S. C. Blackburn, Governor Canal Zone, \$10; Mrs. Lillie F. Worthington, Wayside, Miss., \$10; Dr. T. Flournoy Worthington, Wayside, Miss., \$5; W. W. Worthington, Wayside, Miss., \$5; Miss Lucy Dancy, \$1; Dr. Gill, \$1; "Little Lillie E.," \$1; "Eugenia, Cora, Pink, and Harry," house servants of Director (each fifty cents), \$2; Stonewall Jackson Chapter, No. 975, U. D. C., Swan Lake, Miss., \$5.

Mrs. Florence D. Johnston, Director for California, \$53. Contributed by Los Angeles Chapter, No. 277, U. D. C., Los Angeles, Cal., \$50; Gen. John B. Gordon Chapter, No. 739, U. D. C., San Jose, Cal., \$3.

Father Ryan Chapter, No. 431, U. D. C., Bartow, Fla., \$25.

Mrs. John W. Tench, Director for Florida, \$13. Contributed by J. J. Finley Chapter, No. 685, U. D. C., Gainesville, Fla., \$10; Mildred Lee Chapter, C. of C., Gainesville, Fla., \$3.

Marianna Chapter, C. of C., Marianna, Fla., \$1.

Total receipts, \$9,329.07.

Expenditures, none.

Balance on hand, \$9,329.07.

Respectfully submitted. WALLACE STREATER, *Treas.*

WORN SUIT OF GRAY—TRIBUTE TO BREATHITT.

In Lexington, Ky., there will soon be a representation of "The Southern Cross," a stirring drama of the war, the proceeds to go on the fund for the monument to be erected to John Morgan, the famous Confederate scout and general. In this drama will be worn a suit of gray so battered and torn that it will scarcely hold together. Through the shoulder is a hole made by a musket ball and through the trousers another torn by shrapnel.

This uniform was worn by Col. P. P. Johnson during the war, and in speaking of it Colonel Johnson told a story of wonderful coolness and bravery, in which he said:

"We were fighting in front of Richmond in the Wilderness. Two roads ran almost parallel, and the two armies were marching toward Richmond on these two roads. Had there been only one army, that army would have used both roads; but we had one and the Union army had the other. In some

places the roads almost touched, and there the opposing armies would fight, each side having those points guarded and protected from sudden assault. My battery was stationed on a hill, with the road, along which our men were marching, behind us. The hill, which extended up from the road, was a steep one, and from where we were the road was hidden. I had just been talking to a fellow-officer and instructing him what to do in case I should fall, when suddenly the woods in front of us were alive with Union soldiers. They had formed their line of battle under cover of the woods about half a mile from us, and we had not seen them at all until they burst into view, charging us.

"In battle line and yelling as they came, they swept across the field and toward us. They were pouring in volleys, and it soon became so hot where we were that we had to leave. We retreated from left to right—that is, the gun on the left moved first. When orders were given, the gun on the left was lumbered up and moved to the rear, while the other guns kept firing. Then the next gun moved off. My gun was third, and by that time things were getting pretty lively. The Yankees were so close to us that we could hear them cursing us, but the third gun got off safely. That was mine, and as we went to the rear a musket ball struck me. I was able to sit on my horse, although the ball had gone almost through my left shoulder.

"Then happened one of the most gallant acts that were performed during the war. Major Breathitt was in command of the battery, and he had stayed with the last gun. The Union soldiers were coming on fast, and a perfect hailstorm of bullets swept over the guns. The horses, which had been stationed in the rear to avoid being wounded, were brought up, and a desperate effort was made to get out the last gun. The Yankees were trying to capture it, but Major Breathitt went to work. As the horses were brought to the gun four of them were instantly killed, and it looked like the gun certainly would be taken. Three of the gunners were wounded in as many seconds. Major Breathitt jumped off his own horse, cut loose the traces of the dead animals, sprang on the back of one of the gun horses, lashed him with his saber, and started to the rear, with hundreds of Union soldiers so close that they could have hit him with a rock. They were all shooting and shouting to him to stop, but he rode on and actually took the gun out.

"He escaped without a scratch; and as he rode down the hill toward the infantry, which had halted at the firing, he was passing through a storm of bullets. How they missed him is a marvel; but he was not even scratched, and he saved the gun. The infantry in the road had begun throwing up small breastworks and were waiting for the charge. They were as cool and placid about it as thought it were nothing. They showed no concern whatever, but waited until the Union soldiers were only about fifty feet away, and then they fired. They mowed down swaths of men, and the Union soldiers retreated. They formed again and charged again, and our infantry again crumpled them up, and did it a third time, when the enemy retired, having had enough. The infantry never showed any excitement, and went through it all with a bored air and expression.

"I was taken to a field hospital and my wound dressed. That is where the hole in that uniform came from."

BURNING OF COLUMBIA.

BY CLEMENT SAUSSY, SAVANNAH, GA.

I would thank you to correct a statement I recently read in "Campaigns of Wheeler and His Cavalry," by W. C. Dod-

son, of Atlanta, Ga., concerning the capture of Columbia, S. C., by Sherman in February, 1865. He states on page 328 that "General Wheeler in person directed the burning of the covered bridge across Broad River when the Yankees had driven in our small forces at that point late in the afternoon of February 16."

The writer of this article was a member of Wheaton's Battery, which at that time was attached to Butler's Division of Cavalry, recently sent down from Virginia, and was at Columbia with that division. When General Butler had been ordered by General Beauregard to make a reconnoissance down the Charleston road with a part of his division and two brigades of Wheeler's command, Wheaton's Battery was not taken along, for the reason that the movement had to be made very rapidly; and our battery not being provided with horses for the cannoners, we would be unable to keep up with the cavalry. After a sharp encounter with Sherman's forces, General Butler slowly retired toward the covered bridge, ordering Wheaton's Battery to cross over to Columbia, which we did before dark. Soon after, about dark, General Butler, with a detail of his division, set fire to this bridge, and some of his men and horses were scorched by the flames in passing through the bridge. Comrade William P. Lake, of Company F, Jeff Davis Legion, Butler's Division, now living at Vidalia, Ga., was one of this detail.

Again, Mr. Dodson on page 329 uses these words: "Thus fell the capital of South Carolina. Every gun fired in its defense was fired by Wheeler's Cavalry. Every soldier who fell in its defense belonged to Wheeler's brave command." When Wheaton's Battery reached Columbia, we were ordered by General Butler to proceed to Granby Heights, two miles south of the city, and to open fire on Sherman's army, then encamped just opposite and across the river. We kept up the shelling the entire night. After our third shot, every camp fire was out, but we had the range and annoyed them all night. At daylight the next morning we saw them putting their pontoon bridges on the river, but our aim was so accurate that they moved these pontoons higher up the river out of the range of our guns. During this time the Yankees had deployed a regiment of sharpshooters along the river, some up in the trees, and made things hot for us. Three of our men and fifteen horses were wounded in a very short time. As the Yankees had put their pontoons across and their men were then swarming in the city, General Butler sent orders to Captain Wheaton to retire; and, not knowing any route but the one by which we had gone to Granby, we went back to Columbia and found the Yankees so busy plundering and burning that they actually allowed us to escape. We marched thirty-five miles by a circuitous route and joined our division late that night at Kelian's Mill, eleven miles from Columbia. General Wheeler and his brave men did great things; but Mr. Dodson should not make such grave errors, as there were others who were brave and did their full duty.

General Butler was badly wounded on June 9, 1863, in the great Brandy Station cavalry fight. A cannon shot passing through his horse took off his right foot just above the ankle. The same shot tore off the leg of Captain Farley, of Gen. Jeb Stuart's staff, as he was conferring with Butler, who was colonel of the 2d South Carolina Cavalry at the time. Farley died soon after. Butler returned to duty before his stump had healed, and with only one foot to handle himself with bravely led his gallant men until, forced by overwhelming numbers at Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865, he with others of us ceased from that kind of service.

WHY MASCULINE GARB AND TITLES?

BY MRS. JEAN ROBERTSON ANDERSON, MEMPHIS, TENN.

With a heart full of love for the Southern Confederacy and all its sacred institutions, customs, traditions, and memories, may I ask a hearing along a line voiced in two recent articles in the *VETERAN* (in the January and March numbers) concerning "Confederate Choirs—Uniforms and Titles?" I come to you with nothing but praise for the objects and purposes of the Confederate Choirs—the collection, preservation, and perpetuation of the old melodies of the South. But with Mrs. Stone, the President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the "certain influential Camps," United Confederate Veterans, quoted I stand "opposed to the wearing of Confederate uniforms by Southern women and their assumption of military titles" as unseemly, unwomanly, undignified, and unbecoming to Southern womanhood and Southern ideals. More than that, its inappropriateness and unpopularity with the better thought of the South will serve to weaken the real value of the laudable revival of Southern songs and melodies which they seek to preserve.

Not many of our representative women could be persuaded to don a costume or title which would place them in a ludicrous light or be willing to jeopardize Southern ideals and standards by such questionable taste. That there are a few such already in the lime light, I do not deny; but they are there for two reasons—want of thought and because the dear old veterans (God bless them!) applauded the first daring venture in that direction. (But what can a Southern woman do in the name of the Confederacy that Confederate veterans will not applaud?) What has become of the old-time ideas of a woman unsexed or masquerading in man's attire or assuming titles belonging exclusively to man? What has become of the laws of the land which prohibit a woman appearing in public in man's attire under penalty of fine or imprisonment? And what can be said to defend or to recommend the donning of military uniforms or titles?

With all respect due the three learned gentlemen who voice their views in the aforesaid articles in the *VETERAN* in their approval, applause, and praise for the Confederate Choirs, yet they advance not one logical reason or argument to prove a point in favor of military uniforms and titles for the patriotic women and girls composing these organized Confederate Choirs. Of these applauding gentlemen so generous in compliment, so meager in argument I would ask: "Is the woman militant at all in accord with the Old South? Would not the value of the organization be enhanced tenfold by suitable appareling and titles?"

Uniforms for schools, for societies, for clubs, and for Confederate Choirs are desirable and can be made attractive and imposing if chosen with taste and judgment. For the latter it might be white or gray or a combination of both following graceful lines suitable to girlhood, to womanhood, and appeal to the everlasting sense of fitness! How very effective and beautiful such a group of musicians could be made if gowned in white with overrobes of soft gray Oxford gowns and gray Oxford caps, always becoming and attractive, on the band of the latter the lettered symbols of the organization! Something of this kind would be far more becoming, picturesque, and comfortable than the ones now in use. It would be less expensive, more dignified, and more impressive. The titles usual in musical organizations would be found sufficient for their direction and control. I believe the whole South would welcome and applaud the change and more heartily commend and indorse their admirable efforts for the preservation of the old war-time songs and Southern melodies, and their

appearance in public be more in keeping with the best ideals and traditions of the Old South.

BRIG. GEN. JOHN GREGG.

BY COL. A. C. JONES, THREE CREEKS, ARK.

Thanking you for your kind mention in connection with my article on the "Prize Essay," I must be allowed to correct a mistake. I was never in command of the Texas Brigade, but did command the 3d Arkansas Regiment for about eight months before the surrender.

Your mention of it affords me an opportunity of paying a tribute to the memory of that chivalrous soldier and able officer, Gen. John Gregg, who succeeded Brig. Gen. J. B. Robertson (known by the soldiers as "Polly") as commander of the Texas Brigade.

General Gregg was my superior officer, and I am proud that he was my personal friend. Like General Gordon, of Georgia, he belonged to that class of younger general officers whose ability and courage were rapidly developed during the closing scenes of the conflict. But, alas! he did not survive to render his country good service in more peaceful times, having been killed while leading his command in one of those desperate fights below Richmond. Great emergencies are liable to occur at any time in war, and in these the true mettle of a man is proved.

I shall never forget that strenuous day on the lines when by a sudden and unexpected attack the enemy captured Fort Harrison, one of the strongest and most important positions in our works, placing the city of Richmond in imminent peril, when General Gregg with the remnant of his own brigade and Benning's Georgia Brigade, in all about one thousand men, having just repulsed a heavy charge on another part of the field, was rushed to the breach, and by skillful maneuver and desperate fighting held an entire corps of the enemy at bay from early morning till four o'clock in the evening, when reinforcements arrived. He undoubtedly saved the city from capture several months before it actually occurred.

The high esteem in which General Gregg was held both by the government and his soldiers was manifested when his body was borne from the battlefield where he fell to the city and lay in state for several hours in the Capitol, and by special permit from General Lee his old brigade was allowed to leave the lines and escort his remains to Hollywood Cemetery, his last resting place.

General Gregg should ere this have had recognition in the *VETERAN*. Along with Gen. O. F. Strahl the editor holds his memory in gratitude and high veneration. It was General Gregg who, with his small brigade, held a large corps of the enemy in check nearly all day at Raymond, Miss. His maneuver of his small regiment in his brigade was perhaps as tactful as ever was known in military affairs. Until the news of his death as indicated by Colonel Jones, the last known of him before his death was after being wounded in the battle of Chickamauga he was taken to the rear in the ambulance, arriving in Ringgold on Sunday morning, September 20, 1863, just at sunrise.

WASHINGTON, LINCOLN, LEE.

BY REV. J. W. SANDELL, MAGNOLIA, MISS.

In the *VETERAN* for March, page 104, I notice in connection with Miss Boyson's prize essay and President Roosevelt's address on Lincoln's birthday celebration a disposition to place these three names together in the roll of honor. If these names are to go into history as so many links in the chain

that connects the parts of this great country in a constitutional republican government, let them go for the parts the men performed whose names give title to this paper. Let a descriptive word go before each name as follows: Constructive Washington, destructive Lincoln, instructive Lee. These qualifying words open the door for a study.

It could be clearly demonstrated that the true place of each of these men in the work of this government is in the word before his name. Our young people are reading and writing, and there is always danger of following the multitude to do evil. It was the father of our Robert E. Lee who wrote the famous words about Washington: "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

AN OLD PAPER.

[A paper time-worn and yellow, bearing date of 1861, is sent the *VETERAN*. On it in almost undecipherable letters are the words of a poem written by Amos N. Hall, Company F, 20th Regiment North Carolina Volunteers, and sung by that company in Fort Caswell, N. C.]

Here we are in the land of cotton;
The flag once honored is forgotten.

Fight away, fight away, fight away
For Dixie land.

Carolina's sons are ready.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
With heart and hand
We will by her stand
With courage true and steady.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

I suppose you have heard the news
Of Lincoln and his kangaroos?

With millions he would suppress us,
With war and bloodshed he'd oppress us.

He says we have no ships or navy;
We put mighty faith in great Jeff Davis.

Due honor too we will award
To gallant Bragg and Beauregard.

The Southern States were only seven,
But we have them now up to eleven.

From the land of flowers, hot and sandy,
From Delaware Bay to the Rio Grande

Hold up your heads and have no fears,
For Dixie swarms with volunteers.

The Old Dominion still shows plucky;
The stars are bursting in Kentucky.

You have heard the notes of this same ditty
On the right and left of the Mississippi.

Abe's proclamation in a twinkling
Would stir the blood of Rip Van Winkle.

Our ladies cheer with heart and hand
Our men who fight for Dixie land.

The stars and bars are waving o'er us;
Independence, boys, is just before us.

LIKE A BENEDICTION FROM GEN. S. D. LEE.

[Part of a letter from Gen. Stephen D. Lee written while the controversy was high in regard to the Wirz monument. It was written when he expected to engage in a prolonged controversy with the Grand Army of the Republic.]

The belief is universal throughout the South that Captain Wirz was innocent of the charges on which he was convicted by a military commission: the charges, first, of conspiracy with Jefferson Davis, Secretary Seddon, Howell Cobb, R. B. Winder, R. R. Stevenson, and others to kill Union prisoners; and, secondly, of murder in the violation of the laws and customs of war. None of Wirz's alleged co-conspirators were ever put on trial. The evidence upon which he was convicted was in part based upon mistake or downright perjury, and the circumstances under which he was tried made a fair trial practically impossible in those terrible times.

All things considered, charity requires at least that either no tablet should be erected charging the dead man with guilt or that those who believe him innocent should be accorded the privilege of expressing that conviction in equally enduring form. If evil is to be spoken of the dead, his friends can hardly be expected to remain silent. Bearing this in mind, the plan has been proposed by certain ladies of the South to erect a counter-tablet bearing a proper inscription to record an enduring belief of the Southern people in his innocence.

Henry Wirz had the misfortune to be a foreigner, friendless, and ill fitted to defend himself. His very countryman, the Swiss Consul General, publicly refused to accept money for defraying the expenses of the defense. In time of peace Wirz was tried by a military commission, and all his lawyers except Mr. Schade withdrew from the case, stating that the court had predetermined the case. At the time of his conviction Wirz was broken in health from confinement and from wounds received in battle. He refused to accuse Jefferson Davis on account of the treatment of prisoners at Andersonville, although he (Wirz) was informed by persons whom he had reason to trust that such an accusation would save his life. He met his death at last like a man of courage.

Under the circumstances it seems to us that the proposed action of these ladies is not such as to call for any interference by Southern soldiers or as justly to offend the soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic, who should perhaps treat the matter as the Southern people have treated the erection of a statue to John Brown at Harper's Ferry, Va., and of the many tablets at Andersonville.

In this connection I may refer to the resolution of the Grand Army of the Republic adopted at the same time requesting the Secretary of War to issue statistics as accurate as possible of the mortality of Union soldiers in Southern prisons, and may suggest that if he should do so he should at the same time issue statistics even more readily attainable of the mortality of Southern soldiers in Northern prisons. It would surely be best for the veterans on both sides to let such controversies sleep; but if the facts on one side are to be given out, justice requires that like facts should also be given on the other.

Much of your letter is devoted to a discussion of the sad conditions at Andersonville. The real question, however, is rather whether Captain Wirz was personally able to alter these conditions and was justly executed on account of them. The destitution of the Confederate government at the time,

unable to provide food or medicine for the soldiers in the field, must be taken into account. When you speak of "the sad story of unmatched suffering," it is fair to remind you not in a spirit of controversy but of impartiality that the death rate at Andersonville was 24.63 per cent. On an official tablet at Andersonville it is stated: "Prisoners at Andersonville, 52,345. Number who died, 12,883." Yet in the prisons where Confederate soldiers were confined the death rate was higher. At Elmira it was forty-four per cent. As against your citation at Andersonville for August, I point you to Elmira, where in February with 8,996 prisoners there were 426 deaths, and in March with 7,102 prisoners there were 491 deaths. In March alone the death rate was more than five per cent; and combining the two months, there was a death rate of more than ten per cent. At Point Lookout the death rate was 27.77 per cent; at Rock Island, 28.33 per cent, according to the best information I have been able to obtain (Series II., Volume 8, pages 991 to 1002, "Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies," from the "United States Government Report of the War of the Rebellion").

The story of these prisons where Confederates were confined has never been "officially presented" like the story of Andersonville. "Unspeakable cruelty and suffering" there were in prison life, North and South; but let us be slow to believe that they were anywhere deliberately and maliciously inflicted. I forbear, therefore, to include in my reply statements similar to those in your letter accessible to us both in the published official records from surgeons in the United States army and from members of the sanitary commission showing a condition of affairs in the Northern prisons which Americans of to-day would read with as much regret as the account of conditions at Andersonville. It is better to forget than to remember these things. Feelings are sensitive in the South as in the North, and agitation is likely to bring about the very result which agitators least desire.

Now that the few survivors of the great Civil War are nearing the end of their days, we had better spend the little time which remains in forgiving and being forgiven rather than in creating new occasions for the exercise of charity. Our memory will be dear to our children, and we should do nothing to cause them regret. In my judgment the real enemy of our reunited country is the man who tries to undermine the faith of Northern or Southern youth in the moral worth of their ancestors. For old men to engage in an unseemly strife over the questions and with the passions of forty years ago which our country hoped had passed away would not be an edifying spectacle. For these reasons I appeal to veteran soldiers everywhere, North and South, Union and Confederate, to avoid questions which inspire sectional divisions and angry disputes, remembering that if each soldier, North or South, knew to the utmost the heart of the other and understood to the utmost the circumstances under which he acted there would be nothing left to forgive.

The future historian will deal justly with our actions, but will deal with them kindly as well, remembering that these were the deeds of brave men who loved their country. Personally I intend to have no part in recalling matters which can do no good, but may do much harm to the patriotism of our reunited country. The veteran organization over which I have the honor to preside and whose servant I am is entirely free to consider such questions as it seems proper; but personally I do not mean to introduce into its deliberations a matter which might be used to destroy much of the patriotic good which it has slowly but faithfully accomplished.

HISTORY OF 29TH NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENT.

J. H. Stradley, of Asheville, N. C., makes inquiry for a relative of Adj. John E. Hooey, of the 29th North Carolina Regiment, who desires to ascertain whether Adjutant Hooey left any papers that would help in making up a regimental history. He writes:

"All of our field officers and most of our company officers have answered the 'last roll' call; but we are willing for the old 11th Tennessee and the rest of the brigade commanded by the gallant James E. Rains at Murfreesboro December 31, 1862, to speak. Our brave general fell in sight of the last broken line of the enemy's infantry.

"We were changed about considerably in the service. From Murfreesboro we went with Bate's Brigade to Vicksburg, Miss., to reinforce Pemberton, but that place was surrendered before we arrived. The 29th North Carolina Regiment was left with Hoskins's Battery at Yazoo City, forty miles from Vicksburg, and we held that point till cut off by Johnston's falling back from Jackson, Miss. As soon as we realized our situation our lieutenant colonel determined to cut his way out, and we had to march about two hundred miles, living on corn and watermelons. I have often thought it strange that Uncle Sam did not set his coon dogs on us, as the sign of our passing could be seen in many a corn patch.

"The 29th reported all right at Brandon, Miss. Our lieutenant colonel was promoted and the entire regiment got a furlough of thirty days. We joined Ector's Texas Brigade at Meridian, and were in the battle of Chickamauga. We were with Johnston in Georgia, Hood around Atlanta, and we charged the breastworks at Altoona, Ga., having a hand-to-hand fight; our colors were shot down three times. The lieutenant commanding the color company was killed with the colors in his hands. Maj. E. H. Hampton, finding his antagonist too hard for him, stepped back for a rock and brought his enemy down with that.

"Our brigade was in the rest of Hood's campaign, went back to Alabama, and surrendered in the ditches at Spanish Fort, near Mobile."

JOHN HAYNIE, OF THE EIGHTH TEXAS.

E. H. Alexander, of Houston, Tex., writes:

"I notice in the December number of the *VETERAN* an article from C. W. Stone, of Hondo, Tex., asking about a Federal colonel captured by John Haynie (not Haney), of the 8th Texas Cavalry, Terry Rangers. The writer of this was a classmate with John Haynie prior to the war at La Grange, Tex., but served during the war in the Trans-Mississippi Department. My brother served in the same company with Haynie (Company F) through the war, and I have heard him speak of the circumstance related by Mr. Stone, and it is my recollection that the colonel's name was Lagrange.

"The death of John Haynie was a sad affair. When Johnston's army was preparing to surrender at the close of the war, the 8th Texas was near Saluda, S. C., part on the east side of Saluda River and part on the west side. John Haynie was sent with a dispatch to this last-named detachment in order to concentrate the company that they could surrender together. When he delivered the dispatch, the men, after discussing the matter, determined that they would try to cross the Mississippi and not surrender, as they believed the war would continue over there. John left them to return to the regiment, but was never seen afterwards. He was not missed until the company reached home, each detachment thinking he was with the other.

"His father and mother went to Saluda to try to trace him. There they learned that a man answering his description had come at about the time he should have reached there; but, finding the bridge on fire, he had plunged his horse into the river to swim across, but before he reached the other bank the horse turned over with him and he lost his hold and was drowned. John was wearing heavy boots, pistol, etc.

"Those who knew John Haynie will bear me out in saying that the Confederacy never had a braver or more daring soldier than was he. He was about twenty-one years old at the time of his death, had served through the whole war, and just as he had his first chance to go home lost his life."

INQUIRIES BY, FOR, AND ABOUT VETERANS.

Mrs. Mary J. McClosky, of Pensacola, Fla., asks the address of some of her husband's old comrades, as she is seeking a pension and wants assistance to prove his service. James McClosky served in Captain Glackmeyer's company, 2d Alabama Cavalry. Address care T. P. McClosky's Cigar Store.

Mr. L. K. Reed, of Arch Creek, Fla., inquires of his father's company, E. 2d Battalion Alabama Light Infantry. The captains of the company were Thomas P. Gage and James H. Hill, and James H. Hallonquist was major of the battalion. Part of their service was on the right wing of defenses at Mobile. Kindly write to Mr. Reed.

W. J. Miller writes from Burlington, Iowa: "I have seen in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch that you are one of a party interested in the Jefferson Davis birthplace. I would like to know if I would be too late to subscribe to the said fund. You understand that I am a Northern man and a great lover of Lincoln, but consider you of the South just as good as we of the North, and would be pleased to make a small subscription to your fund."

W. H. Edwards, who was captain of Company A, 17th South Carolina Regiment, writes: "E. T. Campbell, of Hull, Ga., desires to communicate with members of Company A, 17th Regiment Mississippi Volunteers, Colonel Featherstone's old regiment; also with any member of Company A, 35th Virginia Cavalry, Col. E. V. White. This company (A) was recruited after the fall of Harper's Ferry, in 1862. Quite a number of soldiers from Maryland served in it. Comrade Campbell belonged to Company A, 17th Regiment Mississippi Volunteers, until after the capture of Harper's Ferry, then joined Company A, 35th Virginia Cavalry, and served in that command until the close of the war."

WHO KNEW ADJUTANT BUCKMASTER?—In the desperate battle of Franklin, Tenn., on November 30, 1864, a Confederate adjutant named Buckmaster was badly wounded at the breastworks, and some time after dark was pulled over the breastworks and cared for as well as the circumstances would permit. Color Sergeant W. H. Taylor, of the 107th Ohio, although himself wounded, talked with Buckmaster and thinks he was adjutant of a Mississippi regiment; that he had been a student in the State University before entering the army. He says Buckmaster claimed to be a Mason, and that he was a very young man, not much over age. After receiving attention, Buckmaster was sent to the rear, and was doubtless left in the hospital at Franklin when the Union army retreated that night. Mr. J. A. Williams, Adjutant of Kennesaw Post, No. 77, G. A. R., 219 W. Van Buren Street, Danville, Ill., writes that Mr. Taylor is still living and is anxious to know what became of the gallant Confederate adjutant.

Mr. Charles M. Lewis, 1333 Bayard Avenue, St. Louis, desires information in regard to the death of Sergeant Jesse Gilliam, who served in the 47th North Carolina Regiment. The company is not known, but its officers were Capt. Bob Faucett and Lieut. Thomas Taylor, both of Alamance County, N. C. He was last heard from the day before the first day's battle of Gettysburg. Some one may know where he was buried.

Mrs. J. H. Biscoe, 310 Miller Street, Helena, Ark., inquires for comrades of her father, Charles Keith Bryan. He enlisted in the company under Capt. (afterwards Col.) Van Manning, of Holly Springs, Miss., and served in Virginia. Comrade Bryan died when Mrs. Biscoe was a mere child, and she knows nothing of his comrades. She desires a record of his service.

THE VETERAN FINDS A MAN IN MEXICO.

In the March VETERAN appeared a brief notice of the desire of one friend to find another friend who had been lost sight of for many years. The notice said that in loving memory of this friend he had named a son for him. In far-off Oaxaca, Mex., Mr. George S. Clark saw the notice from his friend, Mr. J. E. Cunningham, and wrote to West Point, Miss. Thus through the agency of the VETERAN two long-separated friends were brought once more into communication. Mr. Clark writes that he will visit the States this summer and will seek his friend and his own namesake. Neither was a war veteran. The most remarkable feature of the VETERAN in this connection is its efficiency in ascertaining information about Union veterans. Its editor, however, has been greatly disappointed in not being able to learn of a cavalryman named Grant from Kentucky who was wounded in Hood's advance into Tennessee and whom the editor served in making his way South after the defeat at Nashville.

FEATHERSTON'S MISSISSIPPI BRIGADE TO MEET AT MEMPHIS REUNION.—L. A. Fitzpatrick, of Helena, Ark., desires a reunion of Featherston's Brigade at Memphis in June. He refers to the regiments comprising the brigade in the battle of Franklin as the 22d, 31st, 33d, and 40th, and perhaps the 3d Regiment and Alcorn's Battalion. He adds: "We who are left are scattered from New York to San Francisco; but I want every one who sees this to write me at Helena, Ark. (P. O. Box 333). I was a private in Company C, 31st Mississippi. Say what you think about the rally and if you will be there. I think Col. M. D. L. Stephen, of Water Valley, Miss., is the ranking surviving officer. Colonel Stephen writes me that he heartily approves of this rally and will be there if health permits. He is quite feeble, over eighty years old. If he is the ranking officer alive, he will command; if not, let whoever is command us. We can have a hall for headquarters and other accommodations furnished if we say so. On that occasion we can shake once more and honor General Featherston ('Old Swet'), also those who have passed over 'the river' along with him and who fell at Franklin and other places. If any of General Featherston's staff are alive, they will please write me."

AN ECHO OF THE CIVIL WAR.—Mrs. N. S. Donaldson, of Georgetown, Tex., writes: "I have lately been shown a relic of the War between the States which, were it endowed with power of speech, could doubtless tell many thrilling stories of the war as any other veteran, though it is only a little silver fork. Picked up by a Union soldier named Harris somewhere

in the course of Sherman's march to the sea, this mute witness to the tragedy of that awful march later came into the possession of Mr. Charles S. Knowles, of Little Hocking, Ohio, who gave it to his niece, Miss May Knowles, of Llano, Tex., saying that he took that method of returning it to its native soil. The fork is solid silver, engraved with the name of W. M. Utley in script, and the name of the manufacturers, Brown and Anderson, is stamped on the stem. Any communications about it may be addressed to Miss Knowles, at Llano, who will be glad to assist the rightful owner in establishing his claim."

HISTORY OF THE FOURTH ALABAMA REGIMENT.—Capt. Robert T. Coles, of Upton, Marshall County, Ala., who served as adjutant of the 4th Alabama Infantry from Bull Run to Appomattox, is writing a history of that regiment. Dr. John A. Wyeth, of New York, writes that "Captain Coles would appreciate any information which would enable him to satisfactorily carry out this work. There was published in the Marion (Ala.) Commonwealth (a paper issued about 1865) a series of wartime sketches by an officer of this regiment. Captain Coles would be exceedingly obliged to any old comrade who could secure and send to him for his perusal a copy of this issue."

ERROR IN QUOTING FROM WILLIAM H. STEWART'S BOOK.—All the poetry in "The Spirit of the South" is quoted, and it was a mistake not to include it within quotation marks. The beautiful lines in your notice of the book on page 184 April number are not original with me. I indorse the sentiment, but it belongs to Virginia's poet laureate, James Barron Hope.

WILLIAM H. STEWART.

ERRORS IN NOTICE OF COMRADE BARRON'S BOOK.—In the notice of "Lone Star Defenders," by S. B. Barron, of Rush, Tex., as published in the April VETERAN, two errors occur: one in naming the frozen Yazoo River for the Mississippi, and the other in naming the regiment several times as a "company." The interesting narrative is commended cordially.

MISS MARY CUSTIS LEE.—Miss Mary Custis Lee, daughter of Gen. R. E. Lee, is among the Americans caught in Constantinople by the incursions of the "Young Turks." She has traveled for the last thirty years almost constantly, visiting every known portion of the globe. She has been abroad for the last year, and the news that she is in Constantinople comes as a surprise, as she was last heard from in Egypt.

Mrs. E. D. Hornbrook, of Kansas City, Mo., read a brilliant paper before the Kansas City Chapter, U. D. C., the topic being "Arlington Monument." After a full discussion of the subject and a comparison of the delay in this monument and the expedition with which the one for the Rough Riders and the one for the sufferers in the Maine disaster have been erected, she made so moving an appeal for the monument fund that it was moved and carried that each member of the Chapter contribute a dollar for the Arlington monument. It was suggested that if each Chapter of the General Division made a similar resolution a handsome donation would be at once assured.

Ask your friend to take the VETERAN. A word will often secure a permanent and a grateful patron.

VISITING HER OLD VICKSBURG HOME.

BY MRS. ANNIE B. M'KINNEY, KNOXVILLE, TENN.

[Mrs. Sam McKinney, whose childhood home was at Vicksburg, wrote of a visit there in November which will be interesting as a diversion from stories of mule meat and living in holes like pocket gophers.]

It is good to be away down "in the land of cotton." After many years spent amid the hustle and bustle, the business and rushing progress of Knoxville, which, say what you will, is 'alf and 'alf, as much North as South, one must note and be impressed by the unhurried, leisurely life of Vicksburg. Here nobody hastens unduly; if one makes connection, all well enough, but it is no crime to be a little off. One strolls on Cherry Street past lovely old homes resting under trees that stand like world-old sentinels keeping guard about the threshold, with frequent stops for handshakes and interchange of greetings and bits of news, while overhead shines the goldenest sun that ever shone; birds split their little throats in sheer rapture of living, while from each hedge and fence roses nod blithely, spilling their fragrance with Southern generosity on the soft, sweet air—roses, roses white and pink and yellow, roses that are great crimson-hearted things of beauty. One away for long years forgets this trick of the queen of flowers, her refusal to go into retirement at autumn's approach. Yes, one has forgotten, and so comes the joy of ever-recurring surprise at each visit. Nothing short of hoary-headed winter, panoplied in snow and ice or hoarfrost, can drive away the flowers here; and then at the very first faint, timid knock of spring, so faint and far below the brown old

earth that mortals may not hear, the flower fairies prick up their ears and begin to preen pretty petals for their annual début. Then follows the long afternoon stroll, and afterwards when the sun has set, blazoned in glories of radiant color, behind the swamps marking the sinuous path of the dear old Mississippi, still unhurried, one drops on the top step of the gallery in the tender gloaming to watch night come down—night with her myriad voices, tree frogs and locusts and katydids; night spangled here in November with fireflies (the lightning bugs of old plantation days), and drenched with the intoxication of sweet olive and night-blooming jasmine. "O, the smell of that jasmine flower!" It is good, restful, different, and so the returned prodigal loves it.

Why, O why? Why that unholy scramble back yonder in Tennessee to make connection with seven-o'clock breakfast, twelve-o'clock dinner, and six-o'clock supper? Is it worth while? Does it pay? And the business men—why should they tear like mad to their offices and stores by 6:30 to 7 A.M.? Do they conceive it to be classed among the virtues thus to make hay which, however, can't possibly be sold or delivered at so unholy an hour? Here, to be sure, the porters have things their own way at say seven or so; but it is understood that lawyer and doctor, merchant and banker will be visible to the naked eye on the lookout for prey at nine, and not one minute sooner. The only resemblance 'twixt Knoxville and Vicksburg is in the banks; they do begin receiving and dispensing at the same hour.

You may say: "Behold! See what Knoxville hath done? Look upon her 80,000 people; her spreading suburbs; her smoking manufactories; her busy, tearing, rushing, automobilized pikes and streets. All because she's been "up and doing." And then one sighs and acknowledges the corn perhaps, but wonders all the same if that's really it—whether it's Vicksburg's unhurried stride that's kept her down to 40,000 or so.

One wonders and then answers his own query thus: "Not so." On the contrary, Vicksburg's rally from the brutal devastation of that never-to-be-forgotten siege is matter for wonderment and civic pride. She suffered, bore the burden of the conquered unflinching, then raised her battle-scarred face, alert with hope and faith in the future, and is now reaping a reward in unprecedented prosperity, despite such minor tragedies as the boll weevil and cotton at half price.

The election cast a sort of gloom over the city for a brief time, but already the golden sun of ever-bubbling optimism has dissipated the clouds. Vicksburg was for Billy B., not Billy T., to be sure; but the triumph of the latter's not going to upset things for this good old South, not he. "God's in his heaven; all's right with the world."

All, alas! but the king staple of the Southland! Cotton's mighty wrong this autumn of 1908. Plenty of it, all right enough; but the magnificent prices of last fall are being sliced in twain, and there's prospect of yet further diminishment. Then comes in his majesty the boll weevil, who, after a stately, somewhat halting progress, has at last cleared the great withering, tawny Mississippi, and planted his loathly toes—shall we say?—upon the eastern shore. Everybody talks boll weevil and predicts more boll weevil. Doubtless it's pretty bad, the pesky little beast, whose utility is as dark a secret as that of the much-tortured appendix; yet we predict, though it takes up its march by millions, the world, even the Mississippi Valley, will still wag along. Already the optimists are finding the silver lining, for it is very true that anything almost that can induce planters, great and small, to diversify crops will prove a blessing that will soon shed its disguise.



MRS. ANNIE B. M'KINNEY.

This is the season for letting contracts, changing tenants, etc., and the lessees are wrestling mightily with the weighty ignorance, the stolid indifference of the negro tenant, who lives merely in the present, caring naught for that future against which all men and women should store something for the inevitable rainy day. Like a certain Irishman, the black man listens respectfully, saying nothing; but he "keeps up a divil of a thinking" to the effect that he'll keep on planting cotton and little else and long staple and no other. There is a chance, it seems, of circumventing his Satanic Majesty, the boll weevil, by dropping the inferior staple seed, which, maturing early, before the weevil has roused from its sloth, may verify the old saw: "If you can't get puddin', best take pie." But the darcy?—not he; and, poor thing, mayhap next fall he'll wish he had. For good old Warren County to turn aside to short-staple cotton is indeed a blow to her dignity, for this historic burg is famed as the greatest long-staple market in the South. But, alas! it's a case of "stoop to conquer."

THE WONDERFUL NATIONAL PARK.

And now to touch briefly upon the wonderful National Park, that grim bulwark encompassing this fair old city, with its present matchless driveways and plats, and the gleam of marble carved into memorials of valor—this where once the best and bravest of a nation's sons, thrilling with kindred impulses, though garbed some in blue and fewer in gray, fought like human tigers, glutted with the passion of hate, fired with the lust for blood. Each stone and monument set to perpetuate a victory for the blue tells for the gray of desperate struggle, of hopes defeated, weary falling back, closer, yet closer to the devoted city below, where women and children and old men were starving, yet undaunted, huddled like rats in grim caverns dug out of old mother earth, with spirits unbroken, hope blazing like a beacon through all until that fatal July 3, 1863, when the night sank into silence more fearsome than the crash of cannon, the flash of shells, for it meant—defeat.

An Indian summer day, full of enchantment, dazzle of sunshine, breezes coy as kisses, and the radiance of a Southern sky arching like a benison, and then midway the eight miles of historic driveway we come to that exquisite memorial set by Illinois to crown the high place that commemorates a victory for the North, a tragedy for the South. One climbs the steps leading to the noble pile and, pausing to view the matchless scene outspread, holds his breath in sheer wonder of delight. Nothing grander, nothing fairer, naught more peaceful now can be found than this wonderful outstretch of hill and valley, river curving like a silver sickle, and arching sky, with the ineffable glow and balm of the South for benediction, to make one sigh and ponder that war's brutality should ever have befouled a world so fair.

On Wednesday one of the least pretentious yet most artistic and effective monuments was dedicated by the Governor of Rhode Island. This design, together with one other, Massachusetts' memorial, is full of significance. The Rhode Island monument represents in green bronze a private soldier in heat of carnage, all unkempt, rushing to the front, waving aloft the United States flag, minus all but a bit of staff, tattered and fringed in battle, but still proudly borne. The effect of swift movement, of indomitable courage as portrayed by the eager, self-sacrificing, triumphant face, remains indelibly impressed. A rare commentary upon the oneness recemented between once bitter foes, this cordial reception by Mississippi's Governor and staff tendered a delegation from the far East sent

to commemorate a victory over a nation and a section. Truly is peace abroad in the land. A little child listening to a discussion of the arrangements for this occasion inquired: "Is his name Mr. Governor Rhole Island? It's a pretty name."

Peace now, yet War was once here in all his hideousness. Standing within that gracious structure of exquisite workmanship, the Illinois monument, the eye falls first upon a dado of bronze set in tablets, whereon are blazoned 36,000 names. Think of it, ye prophets of peace, in this year of our Lord 1908! Illinois alone contributed 36,000 men to the subjugation of that little town of Vicksburg, 8,000 more men than were represented by General Pemberton's entire army. And reading aloud from an inscription overhead: "The people of Illinois, free of malice, full of charity, dedicate this monument as a memorial temple to enduring harmony and peace, and as a shrine at which all may again and again renew their consecration to loyal citizenship and gather inspiration to the most unselfish and exalted patriotism." As we read the marvelous echoes, for which this structure is famed, rose and swelled and reverberated out into the beautiful autumn morning as if the voices strangled by War's cruel fingers were rising in one grand pæan: "Amen."

But as we turned somewhat wistfully and lingeringly away, descending to the superb driveway provided by a munificent government, the dazzling marble temple seemed hovering like a dove of peace above the fair green valley.

HOW "RAGGS" FOUND THE UNIFORM

BY L. H. L.

That rainy day I was "rummaging" in the drawer of Confederate relics, when I found a cavalryman's glove. It was worn and soiled, but on the cuff was "G. G." carefully erased and as carefully restored with "R. D." underneath in letters evidently etched with a red-hot nail. "Miss Jane [for, though a grandmother, she was still "Miss Jane" in Southern fashion of address]," I said, holding out the glove, "this looks romantic. Hasn't it a story?"

The dear old lady laid down her knitting and peered over her glasses, then she laughed heartily: "That glove? Well, it certainly has a history, and a very funny one, and this is the very sort of day for story-telling."

"When Mississippi seceded, father and my brother Dick both joined the 1st Volunteer Regiment, father as colonel and Dick as captain. Mother was left with us girls, and Mammy Lucy and Daddy Jim took care of us all. Dell was twenty. She had been named for mother's chum at college. I was two years younger, and ten years after me was Bessie, the greatest monkey that ever was. Bess had a mongrel puppy she was devoted to, and what mischief she did not get into her head Raggs was sure to think out and drag his little mistress into."

"We managed to get on fairly well, for our little town seemed out of the line of march, and we saw few soldiers, Confederate or Federal. One day there was the cry that the Yankees were coming, and a regiment marched into town and camped by the creek at the foot of the hill. We next heard that the vacant house adjoining us had been 'requisitioned' as headquarters for the officers. Of course we peeped through the windows as the colonel and his officers rode into the next yard; but we had no idea of ever even speaking to any of them, for we were red-hot Rebels."

"We were just finishing supper that night when the bell rang, and Mammy Lucy came back, her eyes as big as saucers, to report to mother that 'two of dem Yankee of'cers was 'quiring

for you.' Mother went to the parlor and Dell and I listened in the hall, all excitement. After a long time mother came and called us. She said the two officers were lieutenants, the twin sons of her old schoolmate for whom Dell was named, and that one was 'Gerald' after mother's name, 'Geraldine.'

"We expected just to meet and speak to the men; but 'Gerry' Gordon took possession of us at once, called mother 'Aunt Gerry,' and us girls by our own names. He was a harum scarum boy, full of life and fun, and the quieter twin, Albert, followed him everywhere. Morning, noon, and night those boys were at our house, till Mammy Lucy used to say they 'for sure cluttered around under my feet like a passel of young puppies.'

"They showed grandma a new game of solitaire, petted mother, taught Dell and me rollicking college songs and glees, and filled our country ears with stories of the theaters and operas of New York. As for Bess, the child seemed to think they were her especial property, and she and Raggs were never so happy as when in a romp with them.

"After a while Gerry begged mother to let him bring his captain over to call, backing his request by telling how awfully blue and homesick the poor fellow was. Captain Andrews came, and on one excuse or another all the other officers formed the habit of dropping in to see us, and we had gorgeous times with them, if they were Yankees.

"We would dance (learning new dances from them), pop corn, make molasses candy, and sing. Dell and I knew lots of Rebel songs, and we sang them with a vim. We even put the hottest Rebel words we could compose to 'Yankee Doodle,' and used to sing them to our own great delight, the officers singing with us, they using their own Yankee words. Whenever we heard of a Confederate victory we illuminated by putting tallow-dip candles in every window.

"Once when we had heard of one of Lee's grand victories we were illuminating with the dips, when Gerry suggested that we should light a huge pile of leaves Daddy Jim had raked together and have a bonfire instead. We were all young and we forgot they were 'Yanks' and we 'Rebs' celebrating a Confederate victory. So we joined hands and danced madly around that burning pile like wild Indians, Raggs jumping and barking after us and making enough noise for a dog twice as big. O dear, I can't believe these old bones ever cut such capers!

"About this time mother had a letter from father telling us that their baggage train had been captured and that Dick, having lost everything, was almost naked. We talked and planned and investigated. We found that one of our neighbors would try to get the things through the lines by floating them down the creek in a dugout of corn, but where to get something to send was the question. Grandmother always had a supply of socks on hand of her own knitting. Then Dell and I cut up some of our clothes to make underwear; mother's one good dress, a gray silk with full skirt, made two shirts; and Mammy Lucy's spinning and weaving contributed some cloth, which mother dyed a fairly good imitation of gray, and a scrap of this same goods covered an old cap. Mother and Mammy Lucy made the suit; but what to do for boots and gloves—two things they especially wanted—we did not know.

"I suppose Bess must have told Gerry of our predicament, for that night as I was brushing my hair I heard the disjointed sort of whistle by which the two boys used to call each other and then a soft, mysterious sort of knock. I ran down and opened the door, when a pair of cavalry boots fell into it ap-

parently of their own volition. They looked like Christmas stockings, for they were stuffed to the brim, and one of these gloves stuck out of the top of each. Besides the gloves, there were several yards of gold lace, a flannel shirt, and some handkerchiefs and ties, things that Dick had been without so long that he would scarcely know how to use.

"Of course we did not say anything to Gerry about his gift, for if he 'aided and abetted' a Confederate soldier he must not be caught at it; but I guess mother's kiss next time he came told our gratitude. We kept our things hidden till father wrote that he would have a man at a certain spot to receive them; so that day we brought them all down to the sitting room and hid them under the couch, for Mr. Prewitt, the neighbor who was to carry them, said he would come over in the night and hide them in his sacks of corn.

"That night Captain Andrews and another officer came over to call, and we were all at the piano singing when Bess and Raggs came tearing into the room. The officers were playing with Bess, when we heard Raggs growling and tearing something, and turned to find that he had gone under the couch and pulled out everything we had hidden so well. There on the floor lay the precious uniform, the gloves and shirts, and Raggs was gnawing and tossing one of the boots. Mother gave a little cry of despair, then picked the things up and threw them desperately on the couch, all except the boots, which stood up on the floor in the most comical fashion. They were in the first dancing position and looked as if they were rather proud of being found than otherwise.

"None of us said a word. The two officers turned to the piano and began to sing. Just then we heard the door bell, then Mammy Lucy's opening of the door and the colonel's voice inquiring if the ladies would let them come in to enjoy the music. In an instant Captain Andrews rushed across the room, seized mother by the shoulder, and in a quick voice of command said: 'Lie down.' He almost threw mother on the couch on top of the things, tossed the boots back of her, covered her with the 'lone star' quilt that always lay folded on the couch, and when the colonel and his friends came in he was turning over the music of 'Belle Brandon' for us to sing.

"The officers, thinking mother sick, stayed only a little while, then all left together.

"Mr. Prewitt took the things through safely, and we were very grateful to Captain Andrews for his help. Mother and I agreed that it was very, very good of him till about a week after we found the reason of his goodness. For Dell disappeared, and an orderly brought mother a note saying she had run off and married Captain Andrews. Charlie Andrews was just as nice as he could be, but it almost broke mother's heart that Dell should marry a Yankee.

"Those gloves you see have Gerry Gordon's initials, and under that Dick put his own. He wore them till the surrender, then gave me one for my souvenir cabinet, and his wife has the other. Hers has the marks of Raggs's teeth where he tore and bit it that eventful night."

MEMORIAL DAY AT CAMP CHASE CEMETERY.—The R. E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., of Columbus, Ohio, sends notice that Memorial Day will be observed at Camp Chase Cemetery Saturday, June 5. Contributions of flowers or money are solicited by R. E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C. Flowers should be sent to Mrs. D. B. Ulrey, 49 Avondale Avenue, and money to Miss Louise Trabue, 124 South Washington Avenue. Mrs. D. B. Ulrey is President and Mrs. L. W. Carl Recording Secretary.

[The following sketch is by Dr. H. M. Hamill, of Nashville. It has been prepared with much care in accuracy of fact and literary cult. It is complete in essentials and will be published by the VETERAN ere long, together with all procurable data, for a history of the incomparable martyr.]

SAM DAVIS.

THE STORY OF AN OLD-FASHIONED BOY.

Sam Davis was his name. He was born on a farm near the little town of Smyrna, Tenn. His parents were old-fashioned people, God-fearing, simple-mannered, neither rich nor poor; and Sam grew up in the quiet ways of the Southern country boy. Just as he had passed out of his teens, and was yet a big boy in face and spirit, he died on the gallows at Pulaski, Tenn., in the presence of Gen. Dodge's Corps of Federals.

Sam spent his boyhood days in the fields and under the great trees of his father's farm, companion with mocking bird and bee and butterfly, and with the patient brutes that serve the farmer's need. There was no hint of the hero to come in the peaceful, humdrum life of the farm. True, the war clouds were gathering above and the air was becoming electric with exciting speech and prophecy; and in every village was springing up a holiday soldiery, parading in glittering uniform to the sound of fife and drum.

Out of the tenseness of these stirring years that ushered in the great war Sam's strange heroism may have been fashioned; but I prefer to trace it back to the old-fashioned mother and father and the simple, sincere life of the boy of the Rutherford County farm. Somehow the old fable of Antæus's strength coming back to him only when in contact with mother earth is often confirmed in the strength and heroism of the men who have come to greatness from the life of the farm.

When the war finally came, and drum and fife and soldier in a twinkling were transformed into the machinery of real battle, Sam put aside his schoolbooks at Nashville, and bade good-by to the two teachers who, as Generals Bushrod Johnson and Edmund Kirby Smith, became distinguished soldiers of the Confederacy. He enlisted as a private in the 1st Tennessee Infantry, and soon found place of drudgery and danger in the army of General Bragg.

The life of the private soldier anywhere or at any time in real warfare is not a pathway of roses. Least of all, as the writer of his own experience can testify, was it a place of comfort in the armies of the South. The flags that flashed forth their stars and bars so bravely were soon blackened by smoke and rent by bullet. The bright uniforms soon bore the marks of the clay hills and the camp fires and grew tarnished and torn. Even the martial music changed its note from the sparkle and rush of the "Bonnie Blue Flag" and the "Girl I Left Behind Me" to the minor tones of "The Years Creep Slowly By, Lorena."

General Bragg, whatever criticism may be put upon his generalship, was an insistent fighter, and his men were used to being in the thick of battle. It was so with our boy Sam. The peace and beauty of the Smyrna farm gave place to the wearisome tramp, the pangs of hunger, the cries of the wounded, and the pale faces of the dead. Those who knew the boy speak much of his courage and faithfulness. "His record was such," writes one, "that when Bragg ordered the organization of a company of scouts by Gen. B. F. Cheatham, Sam Davis was chosen as one of the number because of his coolness and daring and power of endurance."

Capt. H. B. Shaw was given command of these scouts, and the field of their earlier endeavor was Middle Tennessee, which in 1863 was practically in the hands of the Federals.

Captain Shaw assumed a disguise within the Federal lines, posing as an itinerant doctor and bearing the name of "Dr. E. Coleman" among the Federals and of "Capt. E. Coleman, Commander of Scouts," among the Confederates, even in his official communications to General Bragg, this double deception being deemed necessary to the prosecution of his dangerous duty as a spy. Scout or spy, whatever the term applied,



CAPTAIN SHAW.

one who enters the lines of the enemy to secretly gather information for use of the opposing army under the rules of warfare becomes a "spy," and if caught is executed as a spy. There is no mawkish sentiment in war, and small mercy is shown one who seeks to discover the secrets of the enemy.

But, as with Major André of the Revolution and with many others, the occupation of scout and spy is a necessity of warfare to which any soldier is liable and upon which no just odium can be cast. No soldier of the Revolution, from Washington down, condemned the gallant young officer who, under military law, died bravely as a spy. On the contrary, one who, under the hard usage of the camp, is commissioned as a military spy is usually chosen because of superior intelligence, courage, and devotion to his army and colors. His vocation is full of deadly peril by day and by night. If caught, he usually dies by the most ignominious death under conditions that inspire contempt in the spectators, to the end that swift judgment and odious death may deter men from seeking the office of the spy. Over his supreme self-sacrifice the epitaph is commonly written, "Died on the gallows as a spy," without those added words which justice demands: "Under military appointment and for his country's cause."

It fell to the lot of my Tennessee hero to be assigned to "Captain Coleman's Scouts" and given a place of peculiar difficulty and danger, soon to terminate in death. The appointing officer said it was the "boy's record" that gave prominence and promotion to one so young. He had learned as a country boy two hard lessons that few men learn in a lifetime: to fear nothing and nobody but God, and to obey orders. He had a peculiarly bright and winning way about him, an utterly fearless eye, a frank and gentle speech, and the self-poise of a great soul. Next to his God, above even his tender love for his mother and home, Sam cherished that old-time sense of "honor" so sacred among the traditions of the old South, when one's "word of honor" meant more than wealth or fame or life itself. Do not confuse this honor with that other folly of Southern hotspurs—the dishonor of the code duello, long ago in disgrace among the sons of those who condoned its brutality, the one thing in its defense being that by sight and sound of pistol it compelled a certain class of men to be more circumspect in what they said and did. The honor which gives my hero place among the immortals was of the kind that sought not the life of another in revenge, but gave one's life in devotion to duty.

In November, 1863, the 16th Army Corps, under Gen. G. M. Dodge, was centered at Pulaski, Tenn., not far from the

Tennessee River and the Alabama line. General Dodge had started from Corinth, Miss., to Chattanooga, Tenn., to reinforce General Grant. On all roads his cavalry kept sharp lookout, especially to break to pieces the Coleman band of scouts, who were here and there, watching every movement of the Federals, and by persistent and accurate reports to General Bragg were making havoc of General Dodge's peace and plans—so much so that the General put on its mettle the famous Kansas 7th Cavalry, nicknamed the "Jayhawkers," to run to earth and capture Coleman and his scouts. So active and alert was the entire corps that capture was at most a matter of a few days only.

Captain Shaw, alias Coleman, summoned Davis and committed to his care certain papers, letters, reports, and maps giving late and important news to General Bragg. In his shoes and in the saddle seat were hidden the dangerous documents; and Sam, with Coleman's pass, started southward to Decatur, thence to take the "scout line" to the headquarters of General Bragg. His last route began and ended Thursday, November 19. Run down and arrested at the Tennessee River by the "Jayhawkers," along with other prisoners he was hurried to Pulaski, and by night was in jail. Elsewhere, on the same day, Captain Shaw himself was captured and im-



SAM'S MOTHER.



GROUP OF VETERANS WHERE SAM DAVIS WAS EXECUTED.

prisoned also in the town. Davis's papers and reports were placed in the hands of General Dodge, who twice had him brought to his headquarters, urging him in strong but kindly way to disclose the name of the one who had committed to him the captured papers.

It is worth while to know who General Dodge was, and what he thought of the young fellow whose life was now in the General's hands. Dodge was born in Massachusetts, and is yet living in Iowa, to which State at twenty he removed. At the breaking out of the Civil War he was made colonel of the 4th Iowa Infantry, and later brigadier general. He was a close and trusted friend of General Grant, and was chosen grand marshal of the Grant monument parade in New York City in 1897. For many years after the war he was a resident of New York as capitalist of large affairs and citizen of distinguished ability.

As shown throughout the Davis tragedy, General Dodge was proven to have been a man of kindly spirit. Something about the Tennessee boy evidently touched the General's heart. Only recently he wrote at length to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, paying long-cherished tribute to Davis's memory. He says of him that "he was a fine, soldierly-looking young man, dressed in a faded Federal coat, an army soft hat, and top-boots; he had a fresh, open face, which was inclined to brightness; in all things he showed himself a true soldier; it was known by all the command that I desired to save him. I appreciate fully that the people of the South and Davis's comrades understand his soldierly qualities, and propose to honor his memory. I take pleasure in contributing to a monument to his memory." And with it came the General's personal check. Of Davis's arrest and trial he

further writes: "I was very anxious to capture Coleman and break up his command." (General Dodge did not know, nor did any Confederate prisoner in the Pulaski jail give the slightest hint, that the "H. B. Shaw" captured the same day as Davis, and probably prisoner in the same building with him, was the veritable "Coleman" himself.) "I had Davis brought before me.

His captors knew that he was a member of Coleman's Scouts, and I knew what was found upon him, and desired to locate Coleman and ascertain, if possible, who was furnishing information so accurate and valuable to General Bragg. Davis met me modestly. I tried to impress on him the danger he was in, and as only a messenger I held out to him the hope of lenient treatment if he would answer truthfully my questions. I informed him that he would be tried as a spy and the evidence would surely convict him, and I made a direct appeal to him to give me the information I knew he had. He very quietly but firmly refused to do it. I pleaded with him with all the power I possessed to give me some chance to save his life. I discovered that he was a most admirable young fellow, with the highest character and strictest integrity. He replied: 'I know, General, that I will have to die; but I will not tell where I got the information, and there is no power on earth that can make me tell. You are doing your duty as a soldier, and if I have to die I shall be doing my duty to God and my country.'



SAM'S FATHER.

There was nothing more that General Dodge could do. A military commission was convened within three days, which tried Davis and sentenced him as a spy to death on the gallows Friday, November 27, between the hours of 10 A.M. and 2 P.M.—one week from the day of his capture. You may be sure it was a long and lonely week to the brave boy, especially those last three days that intervened between his sentence and the day of doom. Somehow, though not strangely, there sprang up in all hearts an ever-increasing interest in one who by a single word could open the door of his prison, yet chose to die in place of another "for duty's sake." With "Coleman" probably in touch of his hand and sound of his voice, he gave no sign or hint of his identity. "He is worth more to the Confederacy than me," he said. I doubt it. The more I think of it after so many years have passed, the greater is the wonder that Shaw, alias Coleman, did not unmask and save the life of one who was sacrificing life for him. Hard by the light that will ever shine upon Sam's pale face is this shadow that lies heavy on the face of his Captain.

Again and again Federal soldiers sought Sam in his cell, pleading with him to disclose the informer's name and save his own life. Chaplain James Young, of the 81st Ohio Infantry, was his constant visitor and comforter, to whom the last messages and tokens were committed for delivery to his home. On the last morning, "for remembrance sake," Sam gave him the Federal overcoat that his mother had dyed, which Mr. Young lovingly kept until, in his seventy-third year, not long before his death, he sent it to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, saying: "My promised remembrance is fulfilled. I am seventy-three years old, and could not reasonably expect to care for it much longer. I have cut off a small button from the cape, which I will keep. The night



SAM'S GRANDMOTHER.



MEMORIAL SERVICE AT THE DAVIS HOME.

before he died we sang together 'On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,' and, as he desired, I was with him constantly, and at the end I prayed with and for him." Dear old Chaplain! He and Sam are together now under brighter skies with the Master whom they served.

Provost Marshal Armstrong, who had charge of prison and gallows, became Sam's ardent friend, and, rough soldier though he was, could scarcely perform his painful duty. Captain Chickasaw, Chief of Dodge's Scouts, also took a strong liking to the boy, and made a last effort to save him.

I have at my side a copy of a faded little war paper issued from the camp of Dodge's Corps, and it gives the Federal account of Davis's last hours on earth. "Last Friday," it reads, "the citizens and soldiery of Pulaski witnessed one of those painful executions of stern justice which make war so terrible; and though sanctioned by its usages, it is no more than brave men in their country's service expose themselves to every day." Then it goes on with its generous tribute to the young hero whom the bravest soldier might look upon with pride even upon the gallows.

I do not like to draw the last living picture of my boy. But Friday morning came all too swiftly, and at ten o'clock sharp the drums were beating, the execution guard under Marshal Armstrong was marching to the jail, while the soldiers of the 16th Corps by the thousands, with muskets in hand, were being marshaled in line about Seminary Ridge, where the gallows was upreared in waiting. A wagon, with a rough pine coffin, on which Sam Davis sat, headed the march. In sight of his fellow-prisoners Sam waved his good-by with a smiling face, and at the gallows dismounted and sat under a tree, unfalteringly looking above at the swinging noose and around at the sympathetic faces of the soldiers.

"How long have I to live, Captain Armstrong?" he inquired.

"About fifteen minutes, Sam."

"What is the news from the front?" And Armstrong told him of General Bragg's battle and defeat. "Thank you, Captain; but I'm sorry to hear it." And then, with one last quaver in his voice of loving remembrance of his comrades in gray: "The boys will have to fight their battles without me."

Captain Armstrong broke down. "Sam, I would rather die myself than execute sentence upon you."

"Never mind, Captain," was the gentle reply. "You are doing your duty. Thank you for all your kindness."

It was then that Captain Chickasaw came swiftly on horse, and, leaping to the ground, sat himself by Sam and pleaded in that last fierce moment of youth for the word of information that would send him to his home in freedom.

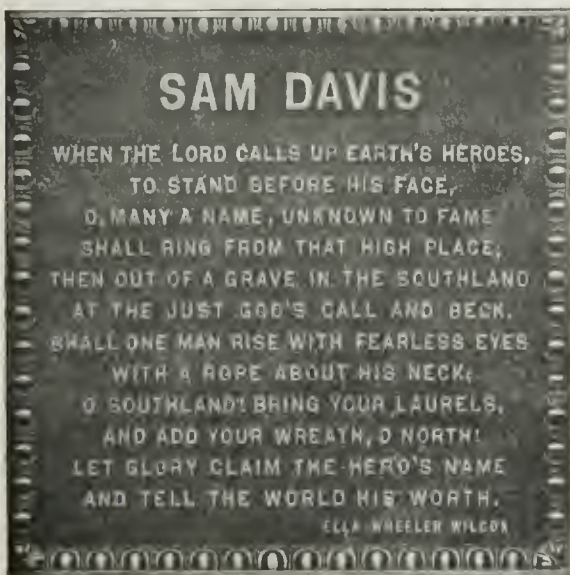
Sam arose to his feet and, with flashing eye and uplifted face, made his last answer: "No, I cannot. I would rather die a thousand deaths than betray a friend or be false to duty."

A Federal officer, who was looking into Sam's face, wrote of him long after in the Omaha Bee: "The boy looked about him. Life was young and promising. Overhead hung the noose; around him were soldiers in line; at his feet was a box prepared for his body, now pulsing with young and vigorous life; in front were the steps that would lead him to disgraceful death, and that death it was in his power to so easily avoid. For just an instant he hesitated, and then put aside forever the tempting offer. Thus ended a tragedy wherein a smooth-faced boy, without counsel, in the midst of enemies, with courage of highest type, deliberately chose death to life secured by means he thought dishonorable!"

The steps to the gallows were firmly mounted, and Sam's

last words, "I am ready, Captain," followed the Chaplain's prayer—when in a moment he had passed through the gates of death to take his place forever among the heroes of the Southland.

In his memory a costly and beautiful monument, surmounted by a bronze figure of the boy, is being erected in Capitol Park, in the heart of Nashville. From every State in the Union, from Blue and Gray, from rich and poor, the money to build the monument was contributed upon the plea of Editor S. A. Cunningham, of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, whose conception it was; and many thousands will bow their heads on dedication day in loving memory of the hero of Tennessee. Sometime, when you are passing through Nashville, take a moment to look upon the noble bronze face, and then visit the old Smyrna home and in the garden see the grave of Sam as he sleeps by the side of his mother and father. And if you care to put them in your scrapbook, take the words of Ella Wheeler Wilcox from the bronze tablet on the monument.



The foregoing by Dr. Hamill is to be part of a booklet issued by the VETERAN in which will appear an account of the history of the movement to erect the monument. The people of Tennessee, and especially of Nashville, should take special pride in this tribute to the most conspicuous private soldier of the Confederate army.

PUBLISHED IN FEDERAL PAPER AT TIME OF SAM'S DEATH.

[The Nashville American copies an article from the Pulaski Chanticleer of December 2, 1863. It was a paper edited by C. W. Hildreth and devoted to the interests of the left wing of the 16th Army Corps.]

Last Friday the citizens and soldiers of Pulaski witnessed one of those painful executions of stern justice which make war so horrible; and though sanctioned by the usages of war, it is no more than men in the service of their country expose themselves to every day. Samuel Davis, of Coleman's Scouts, having been found within the Federal lines with dispatches and mails destined for the enemy, was tried on the charge of being a spy, and, being found guilty, was condemned to be hanged between the hours of 10 A.M. and 6 P.M. on Friday, November 27, 1863. The prisoner was apprised of his sentence by Captain Armstrong, local provost marshal; and though

somewhat surprised at the sentence of death, he did not manifest any outward signs of agitation.

Chaplain Young, of the 81st Ohio Infantry, visited the prisoner and administered spiritual consolation. The prisoner expressed himself resigned to his fate and perfectly prepared to die. He exhibited a firmness unusual for one of his age, and up to the last showed a lively interest in the news of the day, expressing regret when told of the defeat of General Bragg.

The scaffold for the execution of the prisoner was built upon the ridge, east side of town, near the seminary, a position which could be seen from any part of the town.

At precisely 10 A.M. the prisoner was taken from his cell, his hands tied behind him, and, accompanied by the chaplain of the 81st Ohio Volunteers, was placed in a wagon, seated upon his coffin, and conveyed to the scaffold. Provost Marshal Armstrong conducted the proceedings. At precisely five minutes past ten o'clock the wagon containing the prisoner and the guards entered the hollow square formed by the troops, in the center of which was the scaffold. The prisoner then stepped from the wagon and seated himself upon a bench at the foot of the scaffold. He displayed great firmness, glancing casually at his coffin as it was taken from the wagon. Turning to Captain Armstrong, he inquired how long he had to live, and was told that he had just fifteen minutes. He then remarked: "We would have to fight the rest of the battles alone." [This awkward expression is evidently an error. A quotation from his associates is as follows: "The boys will have to fight the rest of the battles without me."—EDITOR.]

Captain Armstrong: "I am sorry to be compelled to perform this painful duty."

Prisoner with a smile: "It does not hurt me, Captain. I am innocent, though I am prepared to die, and do not think hard of it!"

Captain Chickasaw then asked the prisoner if it would not have been better for him to have accepted the offer of life upon the disclosure of the facts in his possession, when the prisoner answered with much indignation: "Do you suppose I would betray a friend? No, sir; I would rather die a thousand times first."

He was then questioned upon other matters, but refused to give any information which would be of service.

The prisoner then mounted the scaffold, accompanied by the chaplain, James Young, whom he requested to pray with him at his execution. The prisoner then stepped upon the trap, the rope was adjusted about his neck, and the cap drawn over his head. In a moment the trap was sprung, and the prisoner fell suspended in the air. For a few moments he struggled with his hands and feet; this was succeeded by a slight quivering of the body, which ceased at three and one-half minutes from the time he fell. After being suspended seventeen and one-half minutes, the officiating surgeon, D. W. Voyles, of the 6th Indiana Infantry Volunteers, pronounced the prisoner dead, and he was cut down and placed in his coffin. It was supposed from the protracted animation which the prisoner exhibited that the fall had not broken his neck and that he died by strangulation, but upon subsequent examination his neck was found to be completely broken.

So fell one whom the fate of war cut down early in youth and who exhibited traits of character which under other circumstances might have made him a remarkable friend and member of society.

DEDICATION OF SAM DAVIS MONUMENT.

MAJOR LEWIS DELIVERS TRUST OF MONUMENT COMMISSION.

Governor Patterson, Members of the General Assembly, Old Confederates, Fellow-Citizens: The Fifty-First General Assembly of Tennessee, by proper legislative enactment, appointed Joseph W. Allen, John W. Thomas, John C. Kennedy, G. H. Baskette, John M. Lea, John W. Childress, R. H. Dudley, S. A. Cunningham, and E. C. Lewis a committee to be known as the Sam Davis Monument Committee. The General Assembly authorized this committee to select a site within the Capitol grounds and erect a monument to perpetuate the memory of Sam Davis and to place thereon suitable inscriptions commemorative of the valor and deeds of this Tennessean.

The resolution was approved by Benton McMillin, Governor, who served with the committee and approved the selection of the site.

One word about this committee: The best that was in them they individually and collectively gave to this work. The result will soon stand unveiled before you. The committee was appointed ten years ago. The first to leave us was that delightfully gentle, generous, and appreciative character, Joseph W. Allen, who died in 1902. A year later the venerable John M. Lea died. In 1906 John W. Thomas died. John W. Thomas! When the committee came to vote on this site for the monument, Major Thomas walked away. The chairman followed him and asked how he voted. He pointed to his residence and said: "I cannot vote on this site." In 1908 Judge John W. Childress went the way of everything earthly, and only a few days ago John C. Kennedy, the treasurer of the committee, followed. The day after his burial Mrs. Kennedy sent to the chairman of the committee Mr. Kennedy's bank book. Every dollar he had received had been deposited in the bank the day of its receipt to the credit of the Sam Davis Monument Fund, and there it stood on the book and in the bank, drawing interest all the time, till every cent of the cost of this monument was paid in full.

Mr. Kennedy went to Pulaski in 1863 and brought the body of Sam Davis home to his people in Rutherford County. From that moment he never lost interest in the story of Sam Davis. The hope of seeing this monument erected was dear to his heart. Those left of the committee especially regret the death of Mr. Kennedy. To have attended these ceremonies would have given an added comfort to his departing soul.

Mr. S. A. Cunningham conceived the idea of a monument to Sam Davis. He has worked without falter for many years to secure what he has—a worthy monument to this worthier character. Mr. Cunningham has been tireless in his labors and his devotion.

Financial Statement.

Of the total amount of moneys collected, Mr. S. A.

Cunningham received through his CONFEDERATE VETERAN from more than 2,000 subscribers.....\$3,459 14
There came to Mr. Kennedy direct..... 1,595 79
Mrs. E. H. Hatcher as treasurer through all of the Daughters of the Confederacy..... 1,627 64
Mr. G. H. Baskette, through the Children's Chimes Fund, brought..... 300 00
Through Mr. George Julian Zohnay, of St. Louis.... 800 00

Total receipts.....\$7,782 57

The preliminary expenses were.....\$ 289 41
Foundation and preparation..... 122 95
Marble work cost..... 2,700 00
Statue 4,000 00
Erection 225 00
Tablets 200 20
Freight bills were..... 86 59
Hauling 25 00
Ceremonies 100 00

Total expenditures.....\$7,750 15

From the beginning the desire of the committee has been to make the monument what the resolution of the General Assembly desired and what the contributors expected—a presentation to the youth of all America in marble and in bronze of an everlasting example to stand in eternal evidence of what one American soul of heroic mold, even when incased in the body of a mere boy, would do and did do when the occasion demands. He gave his life. Mortal man never did more. Calmly and gently, without sound of drum or cheer of trumpet, with no flag flying, with no comrade's hand in his, surrounded only by a too impatient foe, he gave his life for his country.

"The boys will have to fight the battles without me." That was his only regret. The tablet on the front of the die bears a simple epitome of his youthful life and his heroic death. The western tablet gives a few lines from that soulful and tuneful poem of Ella Wheeler Wilcox. On the east the tablet tells how national the monument is. There are more than two thousand subscribers, the name of each of whom with the



ELIZABETH DAVIS,

Grandniece of Sam Davis, who unveiled the monument.



ASSEMBLED CROWD AT TIME OF DEDICATING THE MONUMENT.

address has been placed in a copper box under the die. Contributions have been made by citizens from every State in the American Union.

The statue is by Zolnay. When love and work join, devotion leads the way and inspiration shapes the end.

Governor Patterson, the Sam Davis Monument Committee, having concluded its labors, presents to you for all our common country this monument as a tribute to Sam Davis, of Tennessee.

ACCEPTED BY THE GOVERNOR.

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Commission, Fellow-Citizens: When a boy in school at Nashville I witnessed the ceremonies of the dedication of another figure in bronze on the other side of this picturesque hill, and well do I recall the awe and rapture of imaginative youth as my eyes beheld for the first time a heroic figure on horseback—an incarnate force of action. The man and the horse seemed born one for the other—the one a master with the erect and easy grace of martial bearing and conscious power of rule, the other as if proud to bear his weight, restive for action and breathing the very fire of war.

Little did I think then, even in the daydreams of youth, that one day as Governor I would be called upon to accept in the name of the State another figure in bronze erected on this side of the grounds, not of a man on horseback, but of a young man scarcely more than a boy, who belonged to another and later age of our history, who stands without the marks and accouterments of rank, without any other sign save that of a soldier ready to fight and ready to die. The name and fame of Andrew Jackson fill the mind with wonder and admiration; the memory of Sam Davis, with infinite love and tenderness.

This tablet in front records on its enduring face the fact that Sam Davis was born on October 6, 1842, near Murfreesboro, in Rutherford County, Tenn. His life was short. It scarcely began to unfold before it ended on the scaffold at Pulaski on the morning of November 27, 1863. Sprung from

a splendid race, he was of a large family of children, and grew from infancy to youth in the purest of all atmospheres, that of a Southern country home, presided over by a Southern wife and mother.

From a gentleman who knew Sam Davis well and who married one of his sisters I have this information as to his appearance and some of his characteristics. He seemed to have filled every conception of the flower and chivalry of young manhood, and his very presence was suggestive of romance and valorous deeds. His habits were pure, his affections strong, his disposition singularly quiet and reticent. In stature he was just six feet tall, slender and finely proportioned, with regular features and an expression of mingled strength and refinement. His eyes were dark and aglow with intelligence, his hair almost black, his figure erect as if it scorned the low and base, his manners gentle as becomes the brave.

After receiving some education at home and in his native county, Sam Davis was sent to the old Military Institute at Nashville, and while there he heard the sound to arms, which reverberated from every mountain side, swept over every plain, and echoed in every valley as the South called for her sons to rally in defense of home and native land. And they came. They came from the seaboard, they came from the towns, from the fields, from the hills and glades, from the churches and the schools, and they were the bravest of the brave and the truest of the true. In that great army which gathered beneath the most gallant flag that ever waved in the breeze and led by the greatest soldier who ever drew a sword was this Southern boy, the product of Southern soil and Southern environment.

He enlisted as a member of Company A, 1st Tennessee Regiment, and in 1863 was assigned for duty to the scouting party under the command of Captain Shaw, of General Cheatham's Division. Shaw as commander of the scout went by the name of Coleman. We can well understand why Davis should have had such a duty to perform, for the scout must be self-

reliant and self-poised, a good horseman, intelligent, and, above all, a man to be trusted in every emergency and in every peril.

Tennessee was then within the Federal lines, and Captain Shaw intrusted to Davis certain papers and maps giving important and accurate information of the movements, strength, and fortifications of the enemy, and these were to be delivered to General Bragg, whose headquarters were at Missionary Ridge. The mission on which he was sent was full of hazard. The chances of capture and death were many; those of success were few. But the stout young heart never quailed, and boldly he entered the enemy's lines without a thought of personal danger, with no other feeling animating his bosom save duty, and without a hope save to perform it well.

When about fifteen miles below Pulaski he was intercepted and captured by a detachment from a Kansas regiment, and upon being searched a letter to General Bragg was found in one of his boots, maps and descriptions of fortifications in his saddle seat, and other papers upon his person. These were delivered to General Dodge, commanding the Federal forces, and Davis was hurried to Pulaski and lodged in jail. The papers in possession of Davis were so accurate and the information so important that General Dodge suspected they had been given by one of his own officers, and he was very solicitous to know from Davis himself where and from whom the papers had been obtained.

He was taken to headquarters and closely questioned by the commanding general, who, failing to get the responses he wished, finally said to him: "You are a young man and do not seem to realize your situation." And to this Davis replied: "I know my danger and am willing to take the consequences." Evidently struck with the lofty and intrepid spirit and the manly bearing of one so young, and wishing if possible to save his life, General Dodge explained that he would have to be court-martialed under the laws of war and that the sentence of death would certainly be inflicted, but that he would save his life if he would give the information which he asked.

Davis never hesitated, for to his knightly soul the bargain was a dishonorable one, to sell his honor for his life. With modesty, but with decision written in every lineament of his face, he answered: "I know that I will have to die, but I will not tell where I got the information, and there is no power on earth that can make me tell. You are doing your duty as a soldier and I am doing mine. If I have to die, I will do so feeling I am doing my duty to my God and my country."

General Dodge offered still another chance to save his life, but Davis made the interview final when he said: "It is useless to talk to me; I do not intend to do it. You can court-martial me or do anything else you like, but I will not betray the trust reposed in me." With the inborn courtesy of a man whom promise could not betray or danger make afraid, this young knight of the South thanked General Dodge for the interest he had shown, and was led back to the prison to await his doom. A court-martial was ordered, and under its stern mandate the sentence of death was passed in the most ignominious form.

Davis had expected that he would be shot as a soldier; but the sentence was that he be hung as a spy, and the hours of the execution were fixed between the hours of ten in the morning and two in the evening. He received the sentence of the military tribunal with composure, and never once did he give way to lamentation or useless grief. His thoughts were busy, though, and they flew back to home and mother. The invisible chord was touched, whose music is sweeter than any lute

touched my mortal hand, and from his soul came one last pure tone before the casket which held the jewel of an immortal life fell and was broken forever. On the night before his execution he wrote this farewell to his mother from his prison cell:

"PULASKI, GILES COUNTY, TENN., NOV. 26, 1863.

"*Dear Mother:* O, how painful it is to write you! I have got to die to-morrow morning—to be hanged by the Federals. Mother, do not grieve for me. I must bid you good-by for evermore. Mother, I do not fear to die. Give my love to all.

"Your son,

SAMUEL DAVIS."

This breathes the love of his heart, and is in full accord with his fine, manly nature. There is no complaint, no bravado, no fierce invective against his captors, no storm of passion against his accusers, no craven fear of death. In simple, unadorned statement the awful fate which the day will bring, in forgetfulness of self, in the last wish that there shall be no



AT THE MONUMENT AFTER THE DEDICATION.

useless grief, but that he shall not be forgotten when dead, this boy seems to have been endowed with a spirit above mortality, and an angel must have come from on high to have guarded him that night, and sweet were the dreams which came to the soldier boy.

When the morning sun of an autumn day rose above the encircling hills in one of the most entrancing portions of Tennessee and light had scattered the black legions of the night, the boy rose even as a son of light, clear as its rays, beautiful as its myriad forms. Early in the morning the drumbeats are heard vexing the air with ominous and baleful sounds. Men in blue uniforms are hurrying in rank. The regiment is formed, arms are shouldered, the bugle is sounded, the march is begun. It was not necessary—only a useless formality of war—to send so many men against one defenseless boy; but all the soldiers who ever trod the earth could not make him afraid, for his heart was pure as Arthur's of the Round Table, his courage as high as all the legions of Julius Cæsar.

A wagon was driven up to the jail. Davis was escorted from his cell and climbed upon it. Standing erect, he looked around and waved his hands to two other Confederate prisoners who had been captured and who were confined in another part of the jail. This alone would be enough to show the

utter absence of fear, the cool collection of all his faculties. And when the curtain has rung down upon this act in the noblest drama the world has seen of all life's tragedies, we might dismiss the two Confederates who were left in the prison, as they do those characters on the mimic board who, having played their small parts, are heard and seen no more. But fate has woven these two into the very texture of the story of this immortal death.

One of them was Joshua Brown, a fellow-scout, who had also been captured by the Federals and who has lived to add his testimony to these stirring events; while the other was Captain Shaw, the chief of scouts, the very person who had given the papers to Davis with instructions to deliver them to General Bragg. Here again each succeeding scene heightens in human interest, the color becomes deeper, and Davis looms in heroic form greater and greater with each passing moment. It is said that Brown and Shaw knew of the terms of the offer of life to Davis; and when the salutation came, Shaw exclaimed as if answering the question which he himself had asked and upon which his life depended: "He will never tell."

General Dodge said that he did not know until after Shaw had been sent to the North as a prisoner of war that he was the person who had given the papers and information to Davis to be carried to Bragg, and that if Davis had told him his own life would surely have been saved and that Shaw would have met his fate. But why, some may ask, did not Shaw himself cry out when he saw this boy led to his death: "I alone am responsible; this young man was under my orders; he only obeyed; if any one is to die, let it be me?"

Ah, it was asking too much, for Shaw, brave as he was and willing as thousands are to meet death when it comes, like millions more, would avert it until the last hour, for his life was more precious to him than the life of another

man. But if Shaw had possessed the heart and soul of Davis he would have been hung in his stead and the story of Damon and Pythias, coming down to us from the mists of antiquity, would have been repeated; but not in all respects, for in the ancient story both the friends were saved and in the modern one must surely die, for Dionysius, tyrant though he was, could spare for fidelity, but war knows neither age nor youth nor pity. Shaw acted just as others would have acted.

Davis acted as only he could act. He sat on the coffin in the wagon which was to hold his body when his spirit had fled, and no king in the robes of purple was ever more princely than this young man in his faded uniform, and none has ever lived to rule a people who had as fine a soul beneath the royal robe, for Davis gave his life, and it was all he had to give. To save it was worth to him all the domains of all the rulers of earth. It was above the price of all the jewels that ever glittered in coronets. But, precious as it was, it was not worth his honor and his sense of duty. When the scaffold is reached Davis mounts it as if he is ascending a throne. He asks with perfect composure how long he has to live, and is told that fifteen minutes is all of life that is left.

There is the dangling rope that is to strangle the fair young throat and stop the parting breath. Davis asks for news of the war, and is told of the reverses of the Confederates at Missionary Ridge. He expresses his regret, and then with a tinge of sadness says: "The boys will have to fight their battles without me."

The hearts of his executioners were melted with pity that one so young had to die, and the duty which stern war had imposed upon them could not prevent the signs from being manifested. The executioner even apologized for his cruel work, when Davis assured him that he did not blame him, that he knew he was only doing his duty. A courier was sent from the headquarters of General Dodge, and again his life was offered to him for his secret; but he again refused to divulge it, and finally said: "I would die a thousand deaths before I would betray a friend."

How sweet it is to live! how hard it is to die! What efforts do we make to ward off the end! How we struggle with brain and hand for existence, for the world's triumphs and its joys! How we ply the oar blades in those frail barks which hold mortality and resist as long as we can the onward sweep of the waters of that strange river which poets call the river of life! But whether we will or not, our boats sail out on the mystic sea, vanish from sight, and from out of the darkness never a light is seen. Did this young man want to live as he stood there like a day god and saw the dangling noose, the mark of infamy and civilization's badge of barbarism? His mind was clear, the blood of youth was coursing and leaping in his veins. He had built his castles in the air.

Life was before him and earth around him, with its untasted joys, its unknown sorrows; mother and home and loved ones were not far away. But this boy gave them all for his honor, and looked death in the face without a murmur and without a tremor. The minutes flew, the clock struck, the noose is adjusted, the black cap is drawn, and the slender figure, unspotted with sin, is writhing and twisting between earth and heaven. The bells ceased ringing, the red currents stopped and congealed in their courses, all motion ceased, death had come, the bark was out at sea, and the "breathing miracle into silence passed."

How can I speak of this man and his death? What power can come to me to tell of the pathos, the deep meaning of it



VIEW SHOWING LOCATION OF MONUMENT.

all? It is above and beyond the power of words. It rises from the earth and reaches heaven. As looking upon the restless billows of the ocean or the blue of the sky, the mind cannot formulate its musings or express the thoughts which are stirred, but falls back weary, dejected, mystified, and all the philosophers of the world, all of the cults, all our faith cannot help us to understand. But the sea and the sky are so familiar that only once and anon do their mysteries come upon us with profound and conscious force, accentuating our smallness in the divine plan, leaving us like children in the dark, without a hand to guide.

So it is with the life and death of Davis. They are familiar to every schoolboy in Tennessee, the theme of orators and the subject of verse. But at last when the mind, chased of all fugitive thoughts and purged of all grossness, views the scaffold and the rope, we see at our very doors a scene which for human grandeur and sublimity reaches the ultimate of human conception, and in the sweep of years will grow to yet more splendid proportions. No one with brush or chisel or pen, with thought or tongue of eloquence is able to reach the heights which this boy trod when he gave his innocent life that day. Blind Homer, who sang the story of Troy; Milton, who told of the loss of Paradise; Shakespeare, who sounded every depth and touched every shore of humanity, nor all the other masters can nothing add and nothing take from the simple majesty which clothes the death of Davis.

On Calvary the Son of God died with cruel nails driven through his quivering flesh, the crown of thorns pressing down upon his agonized brow, and since then the cross has been the Christian's sign in every land; and which of us has the right to say that He who created the earth and the sky and every living thing on sea and land, whose mysteries baffle, but whose providence is over all, could give the son of Mary to teach men how to live could not also give this son of Tennessee to teach men how to die?

Before concluding I wish to invite your attention to what seems to me a beautiful and most appropriate conception of the committee who have had charge of this work and who have so unselfishly and patriotically performed their labors. The figure of Sam Davis when the veil is lifted will reveal the genius of the sculptor and will stand, as will be observed, on a pedestal and surrounded by marble quarried from the hills of Tennessee in the center of a heart-shaped inclosure, suggesting at once the thought that his name and memory live in the great heart of his native State, from whose dust he came and to whose dust he has returned.

This spot will be sacred evermore to those who love the pure, the true, the brave, for it is dedicated to the knightly tenants of the soul. Let mothers bring their children here to learn the story of his young life and triumphant death, to know that brave men never really die, that truth is worth more than gold, that honor is more precious than life. Let those of us who have put on the armor, met in the shock of life's conflicts, dealt and received wounds, now gather at this shrine, forget the petty rivalries which gnaw at the soul and fetter the pinions of noble aspiration, and at the feet of Sam Davis remember that we too are Tennesseans; that here we meet on common ground, and from this holy precinct let us go to forgive and forget. With his memory and its pervading inspiration let us face the future and bring to the service of our State and our country a higher measure of responsibility, deeper and truer conceptions of duty.

In the name of Tennessee, illustrious in peace and war,

whose star has shone resplendently in the glorious canopy of the Union for more than a century of time, and whose luster is undimmed by the passing years, I receive this statue of her soldier boy.

I speak for every living man who wore the gray, whose sands of life are running swift and low, on whose ears soon the last command will come to pitch their white tents on the silent fields and wait for the resurrection morn; for the dead who sleep and molder in unknown graves from the Potomac to the Southern Seas, whose names may be forgotten, but whose deeds will live in song and story until the waves of time shall break upon the deathless shores; for the South, the shades of whose immortals roam the earth in high procession—stronger for every danger she has passed, richer for every son whose blood was shed, dearer for every tear that has fallen from the eyes of love, more beautiful for every scar that war has made.

But when I speak of these, let me recall, for we should never forget, those rare women of the elder day, who bore the bravest sons the world has seen, typified by the sainted mother who brought this, her firstborn, into the world, who heard his first weak cry, who nourished him at her breast and crooned the lullaby which hushed him to slumberland, whose spirit long ago joined her boy in Paradise and rests with him in eternal bowers of bliss and shares with him the smile of the living God.

FLOWERS FROM THE NASHVILLE CHAPTER, U. D. C.

Two large wreaths of carnations and ferns were placed at the foot of the figure at the unveiling. One of these was presented by Nashville Chapter, No. 1, United Daughters of the Confederacy. The other was larger and more elaborate. It was presented by the United Daughters of the Confederacy of the entire State through Nashville Chapter, No. 1. Both wreaths were very beautiful. Immediately after the enveloping flags fell from around the statue and pedestal the old flag of the 1st Tennessee was placed with the flowers. It had been brought to the unveiling by W. L. McKay, who keeps it in a tin box. The flag shows little color, having been blackened by smoke and fire and age. This is Chapter 1 in the great organization, United Daughters of the Confederacy, numbering nearly fifty thousand members.

UNION SOLDIER ABOUT SAM DAVIS.

BY REV. A. W. BILL, MENOMINEE, MICH.

I hope it will not be an intrusion if an old Presbyterian minister expresses his satisfaction that a monument has been erected to commemorate the fidelity of young Sam Davis to what he considered honor and duty.

In November, 1863, I was on duty with my regiment, the 66th Illinois Infantry, at Pulaski, Tenn. I was a private serving on special detail. The morning of November 27 broke fair and warm. We heard that a spy was to be executed and that he had been offered freedom if he would divulge the names of traitors who gave information to the enemy. He refused to do this.

Presently the assembly was sounded. Men fell into line and marched silently into town and to the brow of a hill on the left of the road. There stood a rude gallows. I went near. Over at the guardhouse a detachment of men with fixed bayonets began to move, and there was the sound of muffled rolling of drums. A horse and wagon was in the midst, a young man, his hands tied behind him.

At the scaffold steps Davis got out and met a man and woman who I supposed were his father and mother. They conversed briefly, then Davis walked quietly up the steps and stood on the trap. The sergeant approached to tie his feet and blindfold him. Davis seemed to speak. The sergeant paused. Davis lifted his face and gazed long and steadily at the hills and fields and sky. Then it was that I saw the noble profile, the black eyes, the close-pressed lips, the white, white face of a young man only two years and a little older than myself, and who might have been earlier a playmate had I lived in Tennessee, and then my heart gave way.

Davis made a sign, the sergeant placed the cap over his face, the trap was sprung, there was a convulsive drawing up of the knees, a whirling of the body—and Davis was gone.

The troops marched silently, sadly to camp, and I heard many say later: "I wish that man could have gotten away." So did I wish in my heart, and to this day, after all these years, the tears come to my eyes when I think of young Sam Davis. I am glad he has a monument.

What an ordeal our torn nation went through! I suppose it had to be. The God of your fathers and mine decided, brave men thrashed out the issue at the bayonet point, and we abide the decision; but the memorials, South and North, attest to an old soldier some sorrows that no one knows who was not there. You know all this, but it does my old heart good to write it.

Dr. A. W. Bill writes in reply to a letter from the VETERAN: "I wish to thank you for your kind letter and also the sketch by Dr. Hamill. I am particularly glad to get the sketch, as it gives me some details I did not know; and as I may have mistaken the ones whom I thought to be a man and woman at the scaffold, I am glad to learn otherwise. Probably they were some of the persons mentioned in the sketch; but my memory strongly clings to the vision of a man and woman at the foot of the scaffold talking with Mr. Davis. I inclose herewith \$5 which I will ask you to place to my credit as a subscriber to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN; and if there is a little balance, I would be pleased if with it you could lay a little bouquet of flowers on the monument of Sam Davis."



FAVORS DESIGN FOR WOMAN'S MONUMENT.

BY WALLACE STREATER (TREASURER OF THE ARLINGTON MONUMENT, C. S. A.), WASHINGTON, D. C.

In the April issue of the VETERAN I noticed the picture of the principal figure selected for the woman's monument and read your criticism of the accepted design with a great deal of interest.

It is unfortunate that no photograph accurately represents a piece of sculpture. However true the lines of a picture may be, they cannot portray the action, the spirit, the atmosphere which surround a sculptured figure. It is likewise unfortunate that the picture published is that of the sculptor's final sketch or working model, that from which the heroic figure of the completed model was fashioned. The working model is not perfect; it was not expected to be. It simply illustrates the idea of the sculptor, while the completed model shows his ideal.

I have visited the studio of Mr. Amateis several times since first he was selected to design the woman's monument, and have seen the evolution of the accepted model. In my judgment the committee has acted wisely in deciding on the present design. It is an expressive work of art, one which does credit alike to the sculptor, the committee, the subject, and the South.

The beautiful allegorical figure is full of spirit and action. The face and head are singularly attractive. No inscription or legend is needed to translate the idea which the sculptor is trying to convey. The figure admirably expresses the unconquerable spirit, the dauntless courage, the unfailing devotion which animated the women of the Confederacy.

There are two bas-reliefs which form a part of the monument, and in these as in the dominant figure the sculptor has risen to the occasion. One shows the Confederate woman at home; the other as a nurse on the field of battle. Both conceptions are well executed.

In conclusion, it may be said that Mr. Amateis, although foreign-born, is an American citizen who has pursued his profession in this city and in New York for nearly thirty years, in which time he has contributed materially to the art of our country. In Galveston the stately monument to the heroes of the Texas revolution and in Houston the remarkable conception, "The Spirit of the Confederacy," show that his ability has been appreciated in the South; while the bronze doors which he has designed for the Senate wing of the National Capitol demonstrate that his genius has more than local appreciation. I know that in his work on the design for the woman's monument Mr. Amateis has given the best of which he is capable, and his creation is not only a work of art, but an accurate presentment of the spirit and the people of the time.

The VETERAN and other objectors to the design of the woman's monument have not questioned the work of the sculptor, but the design itself is most objectionable. Even with General Walker's idea to put the sword in scabbard to prevent its cutting the woman's hand the conception is gravely objectionable to many Southern people. Surely such a statue will not be placed before the public of the Southern States as representing the Southern woman of the sixties.



CAPT. J. L. NEEL.

Capt. Joseph L. Neel was born in Jefferson County, Ala., on September 22, 1826; and died at his home, in Cartersville, Ga., March 9, 1909. He moved in early manhood to Georgia, where he resided almost continuously afterwards.

Captain Neel organized a company at Adairsville, Ga., which formed a part of the 40th Georgia Regiment, which regiment went to the front in the spring of 1862 under the command of Col. Abda Johnson. The regiment participated in the Kentucky campaign under General Bragg, the siege of Vicksburg, the Atlanta campaign and the battles leading to it, Franklin, Nashville, and the last fight at Bentonville, N. C. Captain Neel was badly wounded in the battle of Atlanta and also in the battle of Bentonville, N. C.

Captain Neel was a brave, true soldier who always did his duty. He was honored and beloved by his men, whom he often affectionately called "his boys." He was frank, generous, noble, and brave. He was a great student of nature, loved children, and had a pleasant word for every one he met. He had a remarkable constitution, and retained his mental faculties to a wonderful degree.

In politics Captain Neel was a Jeffersonian Democrat. He served his county for two terms in the State Legislature.

The end came quietly. He had often expressed a wish to go as he did. "He fell asleep." In creed he was a Cumberland Presbyterian. He died in the hope of the dawn of a "new day." The funeral was largely attended. P. M. B. Young Camp Confederate Veterans attended in a body.

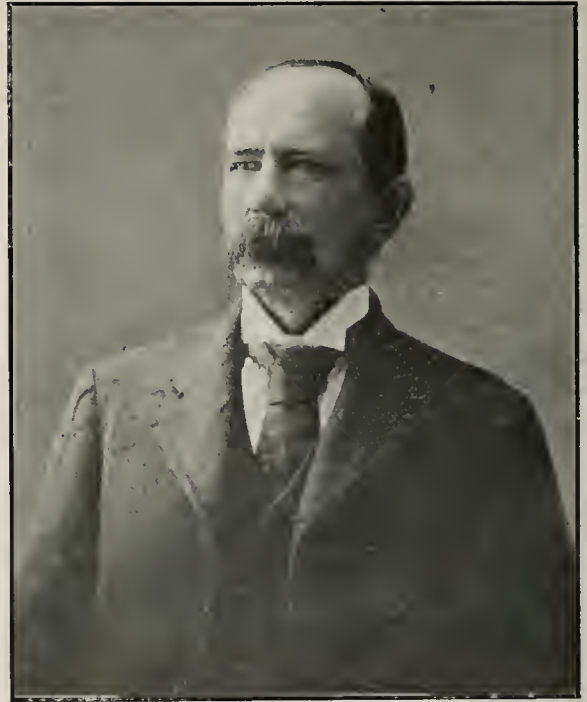
JAMES A. WALKER.

James A. Walker was born in Jones County, Ga.; and died at Rome, Ga. From his earliest childhood he evinced the bravery that was later to give him so brilliant a career as a soldier.

In the spring of 1861 a company was formed in Jones County under P. T. Pitts as captain, and on the list of privates J. A. Walker was enrolled. The company on reaching Virginia was attached to the gallant 12th Georgia Regiment as Company B. At the time of his enlistment young Walker was in the full glow of early manhood, a typical Georgia soldier, with all ambitions of her men to "wrest fame from the cannon's mouth."

His regiment was placed under Stonewall Jackson, and was with his command in every battle fought by this famous general. His regiment's battle record is a notable one, consisting of Battle Green River, October 5, 1862; Fort Royal, May 23, 1862; Winchester, May 31, 1862; Cross Keys, June 5, 1862; Port Republic, June 10, 1862; Seven Days' Battle, June 17, 1862; Cedar Mountain, August 9, 1862; Chantilly, September 1, 1862; Harper's Ferry, September 15, 1862; Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862; Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862; Chancellorsville, May 3, 1862; Gettysburg, July 1, 1863; Mine Run, November 6, 1863; Wilderness, May 5, 1864; Spottsylvania, May 10, 1864. In this last-named battle he was captured and kept in prison until June, 1865.

He was promoted to be sergeant, then in turn to be second and first lieutenant. While his record as a soldier was always good, he was conspicuous for gallantry as the commander of the sharpshooters of his regiment. At the battle of Chancellorsville he was awarded a medal for distinguished bravery.



JAMES A. WALKER.

After the surrender he returned home and busied himself in the trying days of the reconstruction. When the Confederate Camp was formed, he was elected Commander; and always cool, brave, and self-possessed, he won the love and confidence of all his comrades. He loved to have the veterans around and in talk to live over the days when they carried a half-empty haversack and with bleeding feet followed Stonewall Jackson on to victory.

W. L. STANTON.

W. L. Stanton, a well-known citizen of Atlanta, Ga., died in Los Angeles, Cal., after an illness of only a few weeks. The funeral services will be held in Los Angeles and the interment take place at West View Cemetery, Atlanta. Mr. Stanton was a Confederate veteran, having served with great distinction under Wheeler. He founded the Southern Baptist College at College Park, and was prominent in the development of College Park and West End.

JAMES W. CHAPMAN.

James W. Chapman died of pneumonia at Martinsburg, W. Va., aged seventy-four. He was a member of the famous Stonewall Jackson Brigade, and served with honor during the entire war. He was a consistent Christian, a member of the Baptist Church, and was known as an honest, useful citizen.

BONNER.—John E. Bonner was born in Surry County, N. C. In 1862 he enlisted in Company A, 2d North Carolina Battalion, was made sergeant of his company, and served with conspicuous gallantry till the close of the war. He was one of the charter members of Surry County Camp, Mount Airy, N. C., and his death in March, 1909, will leave a blank not easily filled.

CAPT. HOLLY POWER NICKELL.

H. P. Nickell was born in Morgan County, Ky., March 6, 1842; and died at Lee's Summit, Mo., March 10, 1909, having just passed his sixty-seventh year. At the breaking out of the war Comrade Nickell helped to organize the 5th Kentucky Volunteers, of which he was chosen captain. He was in many engagements, and displayed the heroism of the true soldier. He was captured and sent to Johnson's Island, where he remained until exchanged, when he in that true spirit of devotion returned to his regiment and served to the close of the war. After the war he removed to Kansas, then to Missouri, finally locating in Jackson County, where he died. He is survived by his wife and six children. Comrade Nickell was a Mason and a consistent Christian gentleman.

JAMES S. STANLEY.

James S. Stanley, Mayor of Wilson, La., died on the 27th of March in his sixty-sixth year. He was a native of East Feliciana Parish, and had long been prominent as a planter and business man, but had retired from active business on account of failing health. He was prominent as a Church member and Mason, and was buried with the Masonic ceremonies. He is survived by his wife, three sons, and two daughters.

Comrade Stanley served the Confederacy as a member of Company E, 1st Louisiana Cavalry. He was wounded in an engagement near Clinton, but recovered and served throughout the war.

CAPT. JACKSON KIRKMAN.

The death of Capt. Jack Kirkman at the Garfield Hospital, Washington, is recorded.

He enlisted in the Confederate army at the age of fifteen and served under Gen. John H. Morgan. He was of the "Immortal 600" exposed to the fire of Confederate batteries in retaliation.

After the war he was two years in the German University at Heidelberg. He was later a journalist in Mississippi. An appointment was given him in the Treasury Department at Washington. He held clerkships in Washington for several years. By President Cleveland's successor he was given a less lucrative position.

W. N. L. DUNLAP.

W. N. L. Dunlap died in Humboldt, Tenn., February 12, 1909. He was Commander of Camp No. 974, Bivouac No. 35, U. C. V., and was so devoted to the Confederate cause that he never missed one of the Reunions of his old comrades.

At the age of eighteen he enlisted in Company G, 47th Regiment Tennessee Infantry, and no braver soldier ever fought for his country. He was severely wounded in the battles of Franklin and Murfreesboro, and received a slighter wound during the Georgia campaign.

His life as a soldier was typical of his life as a private citizen, for he gave his State and fellow-men the same warm devotion and clear-minded service that he did his regiment. He was Master of Chancery for twenty-five years in the same county (Gibson, Tenn.) in which he was born.

He was especially strong in his assistance and counsel to the Nathan Bedford Forrest Chapter, U. D. C., Humboldt, Tenn., and they unite with a wide circle of friends in sorrow over their loss.

At a meeting of the Humboldt Camp, No. 974, U. C. V., April 3, 1909, the following committee was appointed to prepare resolutions touching the death of Comrade W. N. L. Dunlap. C. H. Ferrell, L. K. Gillespie, and N. A. Senter. The committee submitted the following report: "The death of our esteemed friend and comrade, W. N. L. Dunlap, fills us with a sadness that words cannot express. In every sphere of life he was the same true friend, the same brave man, the same honorable, upright citizen, whether in the domestic circle, where he was a true husband, a tender father, and a wise counselor, or in the Church, which he loved and served from his young boyhood, loyal to his Master, true to his vows, leading a life of true piety and setting a worthy example to others. On the field of carnage he was a brave soldier and a staunch comrade, always ready to do his part. In civic life he filled many positions of honor and trust with satisfaction to his constituents and credit to himself. He was born October 5, 1843, in Gibson County, Tenn. He was the son of W. and Mary L. Dunlap."

GEORGE DELAUGHTER.

George DeLaughter died in Lincoln County, Miss., May 2, 1909, aged seventy-five years; and he is survived by his wife and a daughter, Mrs. John Houghton, of Philadelphia. The burial place was Fairfax C. H., Va.

Comrade DeLaughter was a member of the Confederate Veterans' Association of the District of Columbia and of the Temple Baptist Church. He served in the Army of Northern Virginia throughout the Civil War. His regiment was of Barksdale's Brigade, known as the Mississippi Riflemen, which participated in most of the sanguinary battles in Virginia, Maryland, and at Gettysburg. Many of the members were expert riflemen, and the command was selected by General Lee to hold the army of General Burnside in check at Fredericksburg while the Confederate forces were taking position on Marye's Heights and other eminences about Fredericksburg.

After being liberated from the military prison at Point Lookout, Md., at the close of the war, Mr. DeLaughter went to West Virginia, where he married. Soon afterwards he moved to Kansas. His relatives at Brookhaven, Miss., learned that he was in West Virginia and wrote to his former address, but received no reply and gave him up as dead. When the Reunion of the old ex-Confederates was held at New Orleans ten years ago, he attended, and went by his old home at Brookhaven, Miss. When confronted by his brother, a prosperous planter, the latter declared he could not recognize in the gray-bearded stranger his brother who went to the war with Barksdale's men nearly forty years before. The brother recalled, however, that many years ago George while splitting wood had cut his big toe in two by a stroke of the ax. He said to George: "Show me the scar on your toe." Off came the brother's boot, and there was the deep scar on the big toe.

BRODNAX.—David Walker Brodnax, an old and highly esteemed citizen of Rockdale, Tex., died there on the 11th of February, 1909, aged sixty-seven years. He was a Virginian by birth, but had lived in Texas since the fifties. He served through the entire war as a member of Company D, 15th Texas Cavalry, Green's Texas Brigade, and his loyalty to the cause for which he fought never wavered. He was interested in the Confederate Reunions, and at the time of his death was Commander of Sam Davis Camp, U. C. V., of Rockdale. Comrade Brodnax was never married, but leaves several brothers and sisters.

JAMES S. MEUX.

James S. Meux, of Stanton, Tenn., member of Hiram S. Bradford Bivouac, Brownsville, Tenn., died at his residence October 5, 1908. While yet a very young man he enlisted in Company 1, 1st Confederate Cavalry, April 15, 1862, and served faithfully and gallantly until the surrender of Wheeler's Corps at Gainesville, Ala.

He married Miss E. J. Somervell on the 29th of July, 1880. She and two children (Miss T. S. Meux, of Stanton, and Dr. George W. Meux, of Memphis, Tenn.) survive him. Mr. Meux was a devoted son to his widowed mother and an exemplary husband and father. By his earnest efforts and sound judgment he acquired a large estate. It was a great pleasure to him to talk to friends, and especially to Confederate veterans, of the battles, marches, and other incidents of the war. He was well posted in the movements of both the Army of Virginia and the Army of Tennessee. Mr. Meux was a consistent member of the M. E. Church, South, and for years a member of the official board of his Church. He was a great advocate for the education of the young, and served at great personal inconvenience as school director of his district for a number of years, and without the fact being known to the world aided young men in their college course. By his death our State has lost one of her best citizens in every respect and the Confederate soldier a true, steadfast friend.

ROBERT B. WALL.

Robert Bruce Wall, a member of Stonewall Jackson Bivouac of McKenzie, Tenn., was born in Dover (Fort Donelson), Stewart County, Tenn.; and died January 27, 1909. He enlisted in Gould's company D, Forrest's Regiment, in 1861.

By some mishap Gould's company failed to receive orders that General Forrest was going out, and the captain ordered his company to escape if possible and report to him in Texas. In the darkness and confusion this company had not received the order or failed to understand, and so were left behind and were being surrounded by the enemy.

Robert Wall looked about him with despair in his heart and with a prison in view. Looking to the right, he saw that the place was familiar from boyhood. He had new scenes, however. Long lines of glittering bayonets were rapidly approaching. He turned toward the river and saw the approach of the gunboats. Looking down the bank, he saw a flatboat containing Confederates pushing out into the river. With strength born of despair, he leaped far out, reached the boat, and escaped by crossing the river. At a farmhouse he found rest, food, and friends. Resting by day and traveling by night, he reached his home, in Henry County.

After a few days he mounted a splendid horse which had been presented to him by friends who knew his worth as a true soldier and started on his lonely journey to a distant Texas town to join those of his company who had escaped.

A letter written at Atchafalaya, La., and dated July, 1864, states: "I am writing by the light of the camp fire, while my comrades lie sleeping around me. The first dawn of peace will see me on my way home. The thought of that time thrills me with feelings beyond description. Yet as long as a man remains in the field I too will be there."

JOHN W. TUCKER.

J. Ed Murray Camp, U. C. V., of Pine Bluff, Ark., mourns the loss of a member, Comrade John W. Tucker, whose death occurred on October 27, 1908. Comrade Tucker was a native of Morgan County, Ala., born February 22, 1845. He joined

Company 1, 5th Alabama Cavalry, in Col. Josiah Patterson's regiment, Roddy's Brigade, in 1862. He was then about seventeen years of age; and, full of the spirit and ardor of the Southern youth, he went to the defense of his State and country, serving bravely and gallantly to the close of the war. As a favorite scout and daring soldier, he won the admiration and confidence of his commanders and fellow-soldiers. In scouts, skirmishes, and battles in the mountains of North Alabama and in forays along the Tennessee River he established a character for skill, bravery, and intrepidity equal to any of the gallant companions of his brigade. He surrendered with Forrest's Cavalry at Gainesville, Ala., in May, 1865.



JOHN W. TUCKER.

Returning home, he helped to reestablish conditions that the enemy had left dismantled as a record of their exploits. Later on he went to Jefferson County, Ark., and began to work out the new problem of life. Devoting himself to farming and planting, by industry and economy he won his way to a strong position in the affairs of his county and in the confidence of his neighbors and fellow-citizens.

A brave soldier, a loyal friend, a devoted husband and father, and an upright citizen, he has gone to the reward of the true and the just, where such as this comrade will receive recognition of the Master in his "Well done, good and faithful servant."

[Extracts from tribute by the Committee on Resolutions, O. H. Keadle, Junius Jordan, W. D. Vance.]

DR. J. H. REED.

Stephen Cooper, 221 S. Kendall Street, Battle Creek, Mich., sends notice of the death of Dr. James Hall Reed, who was buried there November 28, 1908, in which he writes: "He was a Confederate soldier, and belonged to the 14th Mississippi. He was buried with all the military honors by a delegation

of Grand Army men. The casket was draped with the American and Confederate flags, and was almost completely covered by beautiful floral offerings. The remains were carried from the church by six prominent physicians of the city. Upon leaving the church a guard of honor composed of eight Grand Army men marched beside the hearse to the cemetery. Following the burial service at the grave by Rev. Chester Woods, Comrades Cooper and Rogers rendered 'The Retreat,' a martial selection appropriate to the solemn occasion, with fife and drum over the remains of the brave soldier and loyal citizen. The boys who wore the blue turned out loyally to witness and participate in the last ceremonies paid to the departed comrade."

MILTON C. HOUSE.

Comrade Milton C. House, son of John W. and Mary House, was born in Cabarrus County, N. C., in April, 1848. He volunteered in the Confederate service when but fifteen years old, enlisting in Company H, 8th North Carolina Regiment, Clingman's Brigade, Hoke's Division, then located in front of Petersburg, Va. In a battle on the Weldon Railroad, near Petersburg, he was captured three times in one engagement. He was in many other battles in Virginia and North Carolina, and surrendered near Greensboro, N. C.

After the close of the war Comrade House returned to his home, in North Carolina; and finding nothing but desolation, he went West. He spent several years in Illinois, Kansas, Texas, and other States.

He was married four times. His last wife was Miss Annie Carpenter. Three children of a former marriage and four of the last, with their mother, survive him.



MILTON C. HOUSE.

Comrade House lived twenty-eight years in South Bend, Lonoke County, Ark., where he had the confidence and esteem of his neighbors. He was several years school director of his district, and later was postmaster at Panola. He was a farmer, and made a comfortable support for his family. He always took great interest in public affairs and in the upbuilding of his community. In 1891 he organized Troop A, Arkansas State Guard, the only cavalry then in the service of the State. He was elected captain of this company, and afterwards promoted to major. His command wore gray uniforms, furnished at their own expense, refusing to wear the blue furnished by the State government. In 1904 he was elected sheriff of Lonoke County, and served two terms, dying just at the close of the last term.

For many years he was a consistent member of the Methodist Church. At the time of his death he was a member of Cabot Lodge, F. and A. M., and of James McIntosh Camp, U. C. V., No. 862, and was buried by these two bodies. He was interred at his request in his gray uniform in the cemetery near Jacksonville, Ark.

HENRY T. BRAGG.

Henry Talbot Bragg, who died March 15, 1909, at his home, near Eads Station, in Shelby County, Tenn., was born in Florence, Ala., in August, 1839. His father, Henry A. Bragg, and his mother, Frances Armistead Bragg, were Virginians, the former a native of Norfolk and the latter born in Loudoun County. They moved in the early thirties to North Alabama, where Henry T. Bragg was born. He went with his parents in 1848 to Memphis, where he was educated in the private schools of that city.

When Henry Bragg had just attained his majority, the great Civil War broke out with intense fury. The young man was strongly attracted, being chivalrous in his nature, though quiet in his habits, but bold to the point of rashness, and quickly determined to take up arms in behalf of his country.

At that time a cavalry company, the first organized in the Southwest, was being recruited by Capt. Thomas H. Logwood and named the Memphis Light Dragoons. While it was the first company offered by Memphis to the service of the South, it was not mustered in regularly until the 16th of May, 1861, with several other commands. His company became A of the 7th Tennessee Cavalry. It was perhaps the most splendidly equipped and mounted company which entered first the State and then the Confederate service. Young Bragg himself was an ideal trooper. Tall, splendidly formed, with massive shoulders and the erectness of an Indian, he added more than a unit to the splendid aggregate of the company. And his subsequent career proved him to be a perfect type of the Confederate cavalry soldier which made Forrest famous and enabled him to accomplish such grand results.

His career was that of the Confederate private. Under the lead of W. H. (Red) Jackson, Van Dorn, and Forrest his company was in the forefront of battle throughout the war. Beginning with the initial engagement at Belmont, Mo., in November, 1861, young Bragg took part with his company in thirty-seven heavy engagements and battles, and was more than two hundred times under fire, in one campaign alone with Forrest being engaged thirty-three times in forty days.

In all these emergencies he was the same cool, brave, determined young soldier, never faltering when danger called and never lagging when the word was "Forward." After the war he was married to Miss Sallie S. Star, became a farmer, and accumulated a handsome estate.

GEORGE SYLVESTER CAPERTON.

George S. Caperton was born near Lebanon, Dekalb County, Ala., February 17, 1841; and died at Shiloh, Tex., March 4, 1909. He spent his early life in Jackson County, Ala., and on April 16, 1861, enlisted in Company A, 8th Confederate Cavalry, a portion of Anderson's Brigade, Kelley's Division, Wheeler's Corps. His captain often said of him: "He at all times fully performed the high and trying duties of a true and gallant Confederate cavalryman from the time of his enlistment as a boy of twenty in Jackson County, Ala., to the time of the surrender of the Army of Tennessee by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Greensboro, N. C., on April 26, 1865. He saw active service under Gen. Joseph Wheeler through all his cavalry campaigns."

G. S. Caperton was a member of E. C. Walthall Camp, No. 1411, Wellington, Tex., having his membership in same from the time of its organization, and was always present at its meetings when possible, always bringing cheer to the "boys" of the camp, such being his terms of addressing and speaking of them.

By nature Comrade Caperton was genial and companionable, and was much loved by all who knew him. He moved to Collingsworth County, Tex., in February, 1893, and located at Dozier, where his congenial companionship and his hospitable home made his place a resort for many of the most prominent Panhandle citizens.

He was a true and faithful soldier and comrade, a tender and loving husband and father, and a widow and several children survive him.

DR. WILLIAM HENRY FRIZEL.

Dr. William Henry Frizel was born near Lexington, Miss., in June, 1838; and died at Deasonville, Miss., in December, 1908. He began his education at Milton Academy and graduated from Sharon College. Later he took a medical course in the New Orleans school, and practiced his profession at Acona, Miss.

He enlisted as a private in the Durant Rifles, and soon after was elected lieutenant. His regiment was ordered to Virginia, and was with Lee from Manassas to Gettysburg, where he was captured. During his imprisonment he was one of the "Immortal 600," who were held in the fire of the Confederate battle ships as retaliation.

After the war he resumed the practice of medicine, and continued in active service till his health failed, when he moved to Deasonville and joined his son, who was also a physician.

He was married twice. His first wife, Mrs. Mary Floyd, had four sons. His last wife, Miss Ella Horton, had four sons and three daughters. All but one of his children and his last wife survive him. He was a member of the Methodist Church and a charter member of Stahlhane Farrel Camp, U. D. C., of which Camp he was Assistant Surgeon.

MRS. ELIZA MADDOX JOHNSON.

There died in Mayesville, Ky., in March, 1909, aged eighty-seven and with all her faculties clear, a most remarkable old "woman of the sixties," Mrs. Eliza Maddox Johnson, the soul of kindness, hospitality, and liberality, whose heart and hand were ever ready to help those in need. Her generosity was oftentimes prodigal; and when her friends told her that she would impoverish herself, her reply was: "The Lord will repay me. She was an uncompromising Democrat, and would always defend her principle. Equally uncompromising was her dislike for everything concerning the Yankee and his views of her beloved Southland. In the sixties she was pos-

sessed of ample means, and not only her heart and her hand but also her purse was at the service of her enemy.

The number of men she assisted to enter the Confederate army can never be known. Horses, saddles, and outfits, besides clothing and firearms, were her almost daily gifts to those who needed them. Boxes of clothing she sent to the "poor boys" in the Northern prisons whenever the opportunity occurred. She was in danger of arrest and imprisonment from those ever-watchful home guards, but she always succeeded in outtalking them.

In after years she liked to think and talk over those trying days, and always rejoiced that she had been able to do as she had done. As the years went by she lost her means and became very poor, so that she could no longer give freely; but there was never any change in her devotion to Democracy and the South.

When she died a Confederate flag was placed within her coffin next to her heart and beautiful red and white flowers were laid upon it. Hers will always be one of the honored graves to be decorated on Memorial Days.

MASON.—Death came suddenly to the Rev. James M. Mason on February 3, 1909, at his home, in Opelika, Ala. He was an earnest, zealous minister of the gospel, ever ready to give aid and comfort, and to know him was to love him. As a soldier he was brave and true, having enlisted in Company C, 4th Alabama Cavalry, when about fifteen years of age and served through the war. The friend who writes of him was a school-mate, and the two ran away from home and enlisted with Capt. Frank B. Gurley's company, C. S. A.



BARTON DICKSON, MEMPHIS, TENN.

For sketch of Capt. Barton Dickson see page 240 May VET-ERAN. He was born in October, 1836; and died January 15, 1909. Captain Dickson was captain of Company A, 16th Alabama Regiment.

CAPT. W. B. JOHNSON.

Report of the death of Capt. W. B. Johnson, of Matador, Tex., was received some time since, but for some cause has been delayed until now. He was born in January, 1828; and died on the 12th of March, 1907, aged seventy-nine years. He was born in Alabama, but his parents removed to Mississippi when he was a child, and at the age of twenty years he enlisted in the Mississippi Rifles, commanded by Capt. W. J. Davis, which was mustered into the U. S. A. as Company F, 2d Mississippi Infantry Volunteers, commanded by Col. Jefferson Davis, General Wool's Brigade, and Gen. Zachary Taylor's Division, in the Mexican War. As for his record in that service, history has recorded what was done by the Mississippi Rifles and that regiment, with Davis as its colonel.

In the War between the States, when Mississippi seceded, Comrade Johnson was among the first to offer his services and assisted in raising a company, of which he was chosen captain, and which was mustered into the Confederate service as Company H, 3d Regiment Mississippi Infantry, and served to the end faithfully and with honor. After the war, Captain Johnson engaged in the mercantile business, and was known as one of the representative men of his community, a conscientious Christian, and an active member of the Masonic fraternity, by whom he was buried.



WILL J. WHITE.

There was a brief sketch of Comrade W. J. White in the May VETERAN, page 245. Although relieved from service because of wounds, he rallied again and was paroled in North Carolina at the close.

JAMES HENRY HARRIS.

James Henry Harris was born in Selma, Ala., in January, 1842; and died April 15, 1909, at Tullahoma, Tenn. He was a faithful soldier of the Confederacy and a member of the Pierce B. Anderson Camp, U. C. V. Comrade Harris was widely and well known for many years as a conductor on the N. C. & St. L. Railway.

Mr. Harris leaves a wife and six children. The interment was at Oakwood Cemetery in Tullahoma with U. C. V. ceremonies.

JERRE S. CROOK.

On March 15, 1909, Jerre S. Crook died. He was a member of the Albert Sidney Johnston Camp at Paris, Tex.

Tribute comes from a committee of the Camp, composed of J. M. Long, W. J. Notley, and J. W. Dickey, which states:

"Comrade Crook came to Texas just prior to the battle of San Jacinto and grew into manhood in Lamar County. Being of sturdy, liberty-loving pioneer stock, the fibers of his splendid nature were enlarged and strengthened by association with a people who had wrested an empire from the hands of tyrants. Blood of race, traditions, circumstances, and the environments of a wild and romantic country went into the building of this man and comrade whom we loved.

"He had those qualities of heart and soul which all men admire. Loving peace, the amiable qualities of his nature were strengthened by the Christian religion; yet he was a soldier without fear. Comrade Crook enlisted in the 9th Texas Infantry, commanded by the distinguished Col. Sam Bell Maxey, and was elected first lieutenant of Company A. Always earnest and whole of purpose, no finer soldier ever went to war.

"When the flag he had followed went down, Comrade Crook went back into the ranks of peace and helped to rebuild his war-torn and devastated country.

"As soldier and citizen he was of the highest type, and he passed from us old in years and rich in the love of family, friends, and old comrades. Soldier, rest, thy warfare is over."

REV. G. W. FINLEY.

Rev. G. W. Finley was born in December, 1838, in Clarksville, Va.; and died in April, 1909, at Staunton, Va.

In May, 1861, he entered the Confederate service as captain of the Clarksville Blues, Company E, 14th Virginia Infantry. Later he was adjutant of the same regiment. Resigning for personal reasons, he returned home, and while there was elected as lieutenant of Company K, 56th Virginia Infantry, Pickett's Division. He commanded his company at Gettysburg, and was one of the small number of survivors who crossed the stone wall that the Federals used as a breastwork, and he was near when General Armistead was killed at the mouth of the Federal cannon. Before his capture in this battle G. W. Finley had won an enviable reputation for bravery. He was in Fort Delaware Prison and later on Johnson's Island. He was one of the six hundred Confederate prisoners who were carried to Charleston, S. C., and exposed to the fire of the Confederate guns.

While in prison and conducting religious services he became inspired to preach the gospel. Having been educated in Hampden-Sidney College, he at once entered the theological department of that institution, and held many appointments.

His wife died about four years ago, and he is survived by five sons and four daughters. Next to his religion, Rev. Dr. Finley held the Confederacy and the welfare of his comrades very near his heart.

DR. N. P. MARION.

Dr. N. P. Marion was born at Cokesbury, S. C., February 19, 1820, and was a grandnephew of Gen. Francis Marion, of the Revolutionary War, who made such brilliant onslaughts on the British lines that he was called the "Swamp Fox."

Dr. Marion attended the schools of the country where he resided and then the medical college of Charleston, S. C., where he graduated in 1842. The following year he went to Florida and purchased a body of land in Hamilton County, on the Suwannee River, and moved there a large number of slaves. He resided there until his death, March 20, 1909.

After the War between the States commenced, all but the old men and the boys too young for service were mustered into the army. When General Seymour invaded the State as far as Olustee, Dr. Marion raised a company of old men and offered their service to General Finegan. However, he had raised a sufficient force to meet the enemy and advised Dr. Marion to return home and protect the women and children. General Finegan told Dr. Marion that his service at home was worth far more to the cause in getting supplies, provisions, clothing, shoes, etc., for the army than he could possibly be as a soldier in the field. Besides, he was needed to aid the women who were left with no one to direct and provide for them. He made their crops for them and also furnished bread to the destitute. He was a quiet, peaceful man, a true Southern patriot, having the respect and esteem of all who knew him. A kind parent and a good citizen has crossed over to the loved ones who preceded him.

WILLIAM LILLARD DALE.

William L. Dale, whose death occurred on December 10, 1908, at his home, in Anniston, Ala., was born on March 17, 1841, near Jacksonville, Ala.; but at the age of six years his parents removed to Ellijay, Ga., where he grew to manhood. He was twenty years old when he enlisted in Company D of the 11th Georgia Regiment, and was mustered into service in June, 1861. His command was ordered to Richmond, and in the Seven Days' battle he was wounded and furloughed home. Returning to Richmond, he was made ward master in the hospital, serving until March, 1864, when he returned to his old company. He was captured in April, 1864, and remained in prison at Elmira, N. Y., until the end of the war. He returned home June 1, 1865.

Soon after the war he moved back to his old home, in Calhoun County, Ala., where he was known as a good citizen and a devoted Christian. In 1870 he was married to Miss Frances Mohorn, who survives him with three daughters and a son. His comrades of Camp Pelham, U. C. V., appreciated his honorable character and will cherish his memory.

THE LATE LIEUT. P. R. BREWER.

I see in the March VETERAN, page 133, a brief notice of the death of Lieut. P. R. Brewer by the Adjutant.

Comrade Brewer was a member of Company F, 4th Louisiana Infantry. He enlisted at Greensburg, La., in April, 1861, and served until the end. In the organization of the company he was elected orderly sergeant, and so served until the reorganization in May, 1862. He then became a private until September, 1863, when he was elected to a lieutenantancy. He was sergeant of the company at Shiloh, was in the battle of Baton Rouge, La., and in the first siege or abandonment of Jackson, Miss., and at Port Hudson in the first attack, in March, 1862, with the Army of Tennessee.

On May 27, 1863, our regiment was put in General Quarles's Tennessee Brigade. He led the company in the night engagement on the right of the army on the 28th of May; but his most conspicuous act was when he led the company into the attack upon the Federals at Jonesboro, Ga., on August 31, 1864, where twenty-four men and officers were in line, and eleven were killed and nine wounded. He was not hurt, but his brother was badly wounded. He was in Hood's Nashville campaign, and on the retreat near Hollow Tree Gap, in Tennessee, he, with the greater part of the regiment, was captured and was sent to Johnson's Island and kept a prisoner until June, 1865.

Comrade Brewer was born at Washington, Miss., on February 8, 1839, and was sixty-nine years and six months old. As a youth he learned the printer's trade at Natchez, Miss. He came to Greensburg, La., in 1859, and was publishing a paper when he left the case with a gun.

After his release from prison he returned to Greensburg and began the publication of the Journal. Early in 1866 he and his brother, A. A. Brewer, removed to Liberty, Miss., and there for twenty years he was editor and proprietor of the Southern Herald, and later he engaged in merchandising. Comrade Brewer was an upright Christian gentleman.

[Sketch by his friend and comrade, A. P. Richards.]

COL. W. B. WALKER.

Col. William B. Walker died at his home, in Brandon, Miss., on August 20, 1908, in the sixty-second year of his age. He was born in Canton, Miss., in 1846, his father being the Rev. Dr. J. R. Walker, a distinguished Methodist divine. At the age of seventeen years William Walker joined the 4th Mississippi Cavalry, and fought under Forrest till the close of the war as a private. He was a true and devoted soldier, never known to shirk a duty nor flinch under fire. He was an efficient soldier, besides doing the most arduous scout duty, for which he was admirably fitted.

After the war he went to New Orleans, engaging in reportorial work on the leading papers, becoming later editor in chief of the Picayune, which failing health forced him to resign, though he retained a position as correspondent for this journal up to his death. During the dark days of reconstruction his trenchant pen was a power in the land, and his influence was felt in the highest places. Here again did he render conspicuous service to his country.

In 1887 Comrade Walker married Miss Julia Jayne, of Brandon, Miss., a fitting companion for this brilliant writer. In 1889 he removed to Brandon, and had resided there since that time. He was honored and respected, and he was recognized as one of the most accomplished scholars of his State and a genial, loving gentleman "of the old school." Though possessed of a store of learning, he was not pedantic, but was modest and retiring. He was wholly unselfish, and wrought alone for his family, to whom he was devoted.

JOHNSON.—The community of Bamberg, S. C., lost a good citizen with the death of S. W. Johnson, a popular citizen, who had served two terms as Mayor, and who for twenty-eight years had been the hospitable proprietor of the Johnson Hotel, of which he made a great success. Comrade Johnson served in the Confederate army as a member of Company E, 1st South Carolina Volunteers, with Haygood and Jenkins's Brigade, Longstreet's Corps. He was wounded several times. His death occurred on the 31st of December, 1908, and surviving him are his wife, two sons, and two daughters.

CAPT. DAVID JUDSON BURR REEVE.

On January 25, 1909, in Henderson, Ky., his home for forty-one years, Capt. David J. B. Reeve, whose heart was ever faithful to the Confederate cause, answered the last roll call.

D. J. B. Reeve was born in Richmond, Va., on June 12, 1838. He was a member of Company F, 1st Virginia Infantry, before the great war. Upon organization of the 21st Infantry Company F was assigned to that regiment.

In 1862 he was elected a lieutenant in Scott's Cavalry Battalion, and served as adjutant with that command during its existence. In a brochure entitled "During the War and After the War," written a few years ago by Colonel Scott, the Colonel says: "There was a gentleman in the battalion who merits a more particular distinction. The adjutant general, Capt. D. J. Burr Reeve, of Richmond, Va., was an officer perfectly suited to that important position. He was a brave, cheerful Scotchman with untiring attention to all the duties which appertained to his office. Intuitively, it seemed, he knew every soldier in the command perfectly, and by a kind of sorcery taught them to respect and love him. Captain Reeve served subsequently as clerk in the commissary department under Maj. William H. Harvie, who was generally on duty with Captain Cole at General Lee's headquarters until the end of the war."

After the war Captain Reeve remained a few years in Virginia, but removed in 1868 to Henderson, Ky., where he and his brother, John James Reeve, embarked in the tobacco business. He was married there in 1872 to Miss Lucy H. Hopkins and lived in his Kentucky home till the day of his death, loved as a staunch friend, honored as a business man of absolute integrity, and revered for his purity of character and faithful, conscientious performance of all life's duties. He was

a prominent and devoted member of the First Presbyterian Church, of which he was first elected a deacon and then an elder, and was a zealous worker in the Sunday school. He will always be remembered as a noble, dignified, Christian gentleman.

W. H. RITCHEY.

Died at Carpenter, Miss., January 29, 1909, W. H. ("Tip") Ritchey, aged sixty-nine years. He was one of the oldest landmarks of Northwestern Copiah. He had been a sufferer from Bright's disease for several years.

He enlisted at the beginning of the war in Company D, Wirt Adams's Regiment, and served with bravery and distinction throughout the hostilities. His comrades admit that no braver nor truer soldier wore the gray. He was in every battle that his command took part in, and came out without a scratch, though holes were shot through his clothing a number of times. In the battle of Iuka four bullets passed through his clothes. He surrendered at Selma, Ala., at the close of the war.

In 1866 Comrade Ritchey was married to Miss Agnes Strong, of Hinds, whose death preceded his more than eighteen years, leaving him with a large family of small children to care for. He was a member of Carpenter Methodist Church.

KATHRENE WILSON BURNETT.

The Robert E. Lee Chapter, 1131, of Minneapolis, Minn., has suffered an irreparable loss in the death of its Secretary, Mrs. Kathrene Wilson Burnett, who entered into rest on Sunday, April 25. Mrs. Burnett had great charm of manner and personal magnetism, and was richly endowed with all the qualities of heart and intellect that mark our best womanhood.

Her married life was spent in Minnesota, but she was a native of Kentucky, and she brought with her to her Northern home intense loyalty to the South and a love for its traditions and history that was a part of her very being.

She was one of the first women in the State to become interested in the work of the U. D. C., and very largely through her efforts was a Chapter formed here a year ago. She was untiring in her work for the U. D. C., and her enthusiasm was an inspiration to her fellow-workers.

Mrs. Burnett was the Minnesota director for the Arlington Monument fund, an object very close to her heart, and her last plans were for that work.

Her consideration of others, her unselfishness, and her great strength of character are shown in the fact that for more than a year she kept within her breast the knowledge that she was the victim of a fatal disease, and with a courage inherited from her Confederate ancestors faced the inevitable alone and unflinchingly. Her evident thought was to spare her loved ones as long as possible, and not till the very end did they know of the battle she had fought. She is survived by her husband, Mr. Frank L. Burnett, whose grief is shared by a host of friends.

BANKSTON.—Capt. A. C. Bankston, was born in Georgia in 1828; and died at Poplar Grove, Ark., February 15, aged about eighty-one years. He removed to Louisiana when a young man. He enlisted in the 11th Louisiana Cavalry as a private early in 1861, and served throughout the war. He was paroled as a captain. He removed to Phillips County, Ark., some twenty years ago, and during later years lived with his son near Poplar Grove. His U. C. V. membership was with the Camp at Helena.



CAPT. D. J. BURR REEVE.

DEATHS IN CAMP AT GREENSBORO, ALA.

W. G. Britton, Commander of Camp Allen C. Jones, No. 266, of Greensboro, Ala., reports the death of members during 1908: Charles E. Briggs, Thomas G. Moore, Capt. J. W. Williams, James L. Webb, of Company D, 5th Alabama Regiment; C. A. Ramsey, T. G. Rainey, of 8th Alabama Cavalry; J. J. Whitehead, B. S. Evans, of 36th Alabama Regiment; John Weeks, C. M. Calhoun, of 20th Alabama Regiment; R. W. Drake, of 12th Alabama Regiment.

JOSEPH TALIAFERRO BROWN.

Joseph Taliaferro Brown died at St. Luke's Hospital, St. Louis, Mo., of heart disease on October 16, 1908.

When the Civil War commenced Joseph T. Brown was a boy of twelve residing at his home, in Mississippi, and naturally his sympathies were with the South. He remained at home for two years; but when fourteen years of age he shouldered a gun and took his place in line to assist in repelling the famous Grierson Cavalry raid in May, 1863. On that occasion he was really captured by some Federal soldiers; but his youth and the plausible excuse he made about being out squirrel-hunting saved him not only from being taken into custody but the gun as well. When but fifteen years of age he participated in the battle of Coleman's Lane with the command of Gen. Wirt Adams against four regiments of United States colored troops and a regular battery, for which action he was highly mentioned in the dispatches of Lieut. Col. Calvit Roberts, under whose immediate command he served. In February, 1865, he was regularly enlisted and mustered into the Confederate army in the 4th Mississippi Cavalry, under command of Gen. N. B. Forrest, in which command he served until the declaration of peace.

In 1886 he settled on Tongue River, in Custer County, Mont., where he was engaged in the cattle business until mustered into the United States Volunteer Cavalry May 19, 1898. He served with his troop at Chickamauga Park, Ga., until he was mustered out September 8, 1898. After leaving the volunteer service, Captain Brown returned to Montana, where he represented Custer County in the State Legislature, and was at the time of his death one of the presidential electors from that State.

CAPT. T. J. KENNEDY.

Capt. T. J. Kennedy was born September 27, 1828; and died April 19, 1909, having attained the ripe age of eighty years. He was born in Tennessee, but was living in Pontotoc County, Miss., in April, 1861, when he entered the Confederate service as captain of a company which made a part of the 41st Mississippi Infantry, and which served under General Bragg. He was in the great battles of Murfreesboro and Perryville. His brother, Capt. William Kennedy, was killed in the former, while he himself was wounded in the latter. After going home to recuperate, he resigned his position in the infantry, raised another company, and again entered the service as captain of Company H, 28th Mississippi Cavalry.

Under the gallant Forrest he was in the bloody battles of Price's Crossroads, Harrisburg, and Fort Pillow.

Made penniless by the war, and thinking he could do better in a new land, in 1871 he removed to Texas and settled in Fannin County, near Red River, where he opened a new farm and prospered. He had married in 1859 while living at Pontotoc, Miss., Miss Josephine Johnson, who survives him with their six children and twenty-seven grandchildren, who

cherish the memory of him who has fallen asleep at the end of a long and useful life.

[By Capt. J. E. Deupree, a comrade, neighbor, and friend.]

CAPT. R. E. PARK.

Capt. Robert Emory Park was born at La Grange, Ga., January 13, 1844; and died in Atlanta May 7, 1909. He was the son of Maj. John Park, a teacher and officer of Georgia State troops, and his wife, Sarah T. Robertson, a native of Clarke County, Ga., and daughter of John S. Robertson, whose father was a soldier of the Revolution. Her mother, Martha Brown, of Nottoway County, Va., was a daughter of Samuel Brown, a Virginia soldier of the Revolution. One of Captain Park's ancestors was Arthur Park, of County Donegal, Ireland, who came to America in 1720 with his wife, three sons, and a daughter. He founded the town of Parkesburg, Westchester County, Pa., and was founder also of five Presbyterian Churches in Chester County. His grandson, John Park, was a lieutenant of Pennsylvania continentals and was wounded in the battle of the Blockhouse, Pa. His son John Park was mortally wounded under Gen. Daniel Morgan in the battle of Cowpens, in South Carolina, and was buried at Fair Forest Church, S. C. His son William Park moved to Georgia in 1799, and was the grandfather of Robert Emory Park.

Captain Park was reared in Greenville, Ga., and was educated at Emory College, Oxford, Ga., and at the East Alabama College, Auburn, Ala., now the Alabama Polytechnic Institute.

Leaving college, he enlisted as a private on June 12, 1861, in the Macon Confederates of Tuskegee, Ala., commanded by Capt. R. F. Ligon, afterwards Lieutenant Governor of Alabama. The Macon Confederates became Company F of the 12th Alabama Infantry, and served in Rodes's Brigade.

This company served throughout the war in the corps commanded by Stonewall Jackson and his successors, Ewell and Early. The members of this company owned more than two million dollars' worth of property, and twenty-six of them became commissioned officers in the Confederate army.

At the reorganization of the company in April, 1862, Private Park, then eighteen years old, was unanimously elected second lieutenant. After Seven Pines he was promoted to first lieutenant, and continued to serve with distinction in the many great battles of the Army of Northern Virginia. By his gallantry in the battle of South Mountain, Md., he was especially commended by Gen. D. H. Hill for his skillful and heroic leadership, when with forty men deployed as skirmishers he held back for a long time many times his number. In one of the desperate engagements in which he led his company the order came to fall back. One of his men who had just received a severe wound called piteously for water. Captain Park started to his help, when a superior officer asked him if he had not heard the order to retire. He replied: "I will come as soon as I have given that wounded man some water." Though exposed to a terrific fire of Minies and shell, he went to the soldier, raised his head, gave him the water, laid him down tenderly, and then rejoined his retreating comrades.

Captain Park was in the Valley campaign of 1864 under General Early and in the battle of Winchester, September 19, 1864, in which his division commander, General Rodes, was killed. He was wounded and captured. The remainder of his Confederate service was upon crutches in Federal prisons: first at the Old Capitol, Washington, D. C., then at Point Lookout, Md., and finally at Fort Delaware, Pa. His com-

mission as captain was announced soon after his capture, a well-deserved reward, for he had on many occasions acted as such where the missiles of death flew thick and fast.

Throughout the war Captain Park kept a diary, which was published in 1875 in the papers of the Southern Historical Society. Returning to Georgia after the war, Captain Park studied law and taught school in La Grange, where he was married to Miss Stella Swanson, who died in a few months. In 1872 he accepted a position with a large publishing house, and held it for twenty-five years, giving also much attention to agriculture and fine stock-raising at Holton, near Macon, of which city he was a resident. He served as lieutenant colonel on the staff of Governor Northern, and was for many years a member of the Board of Road Commissioners of Bibb County. He was also a member of the Executive Committee of the Georgia Agricultural Society and Vice President of the Georgia State Horticultural Society and of the Georgia State Dairymen's Association.

In 1895 he was President of the Macon Chamber of Commerce. He was for many years a trustee of Emory College, at Oxford, Ga., and of Wesleyan Female College, at Macon, Ga.

In 1900 Captain Park was elected Treasurer of the State of Georgia, and continued to hold that responsible position until his death. He had been reelected for another term.

On February 9, 1875, Captain Park was married to Miss Ella H., daughter of Gen. W. S. Holt, whose widow mar-

ried Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar, Justice of the United States Supreme Court. This wife died in 1890, leaving two children, William Holt and Ella Henrietta. On April 27, 1892, he married Mrs Emily Hendree Stewart at Richmond, Va.

After his election as State Treasurer, Captain Park resided at his home in Atlanta, though still holding his citizenship in Macon and Bibb County, where he had many interests, among them his farm at Holton, where several years ago he had built a handsome church of brick and granite in memory of his second wife. Here also he kept his membership. On April 26, 1909, Confederate Memorial Day, he acted as marshal of the day and introduced the orator. He looked the picture of manly vigor. On the next day he started with his wife and daughter for a pleasure trip to New York. While there he was taken ill and all returned to Atlanta. On Friday, May 7, he was taken to Dr. McRae's sanitarium, where an operation was performed. But all efforts were unavailing, and on Friday, May 7, he breathed his last. He was laid to rest Sunday afternoon in Oakland Cemetery. The services were held at First M. E. Church, South, Gen. Clement A. Evans, Bishop Warren A. Candler, and Rev. S. R. Belk officiating. In the funeral procession were Gov. Hoke Smith, the Statehouse officers, the judges of the Superior Court, State, county, and city officials, the boards of trustees of Emory and Wesleyan Female Colleges, and the Confederate veterans. The members of Atlanta Camp, 150, U. C. V., of which Captain Park was a member, formed in a hollow square around the hearse and served as a special escort from the house to the church. One beautiful and impressive feature was that each one of the large escort of veterans carried a floral tribute. A gallant veteran, a liberal-hearted Christian gentleman whose charitable deeds have brought joy to many needy persons, a noble son of Georgia has gone to his reward.

[Sketch by Mr. J. T. Derry, of Atlanta.]

In the foregoing lengthy sketch the half is not told. While the management of the VETERAN is profoundly grateful to many comrades and friends for persistent coöperation in its every interest, no other is recalled whose unremitting zeal exceeded that of Captain Park. As a practical business man, he nearly always had public attention called at State Reunions to the importance of advancing the circulation of the VETERAN. Now that his work is ended in this sphere of existence active gratitude remains and his memory will not cease to have that exaltation that he so richly deserved.

DR. ANDREW JACKSON BEALE.

Dr. A. J. Beale died in Cynthia, Ky., on January 4, 1909. He was born in March, 1839, the son of Richard E. and Margaret Seaton Beale, both natives of Fauquier County, Va. His father was a soldier in the War of 1812. A. J. Beale was reared on a farm and educated in the schools of the neighborhood until 1851, when he began the study of medicine at Louisville University, graduating in 1854 from Transylvania University, at Lexington, Ky. He located in Cynthia for the practice of his profession, and there was married to Mrs. Mary A. Elliott.

In 1861 Dr. Beale enlisted as a Confederate soldier, and was made second lieutenant of Company D, 9th Kentucky Infantry, of the famous Orphan Brigade. He was promoted to first lieutenant after the battle of Shiloh. At Murfreesboro he received a dangerous wound. He was captured and sent as a prisoner to Fort Delaware, and during his imprisonment he was made captain of his company. He rejoined his command in May, 1863, but shortly after resigned on account



CAPT. ROBERT EMORY PARK.

of disabilities from ... and was made surgeon on James Island, where he remained with his command until May, 1864. He then rejoined his company in the Virginia campaign, and was in the battles at Gaines's Mill, Drury's Bluff, and Petersburg.

In July, 1864, on account of failing health, he was again assigned to hospital duty at Harrisburg, Va. He was captured again during Sheridan's raid, and was detailed to take charge of the sick and wounded Confederate prisoners. Then after exchange he was assigned to duty in the Lynchburg (Va.) hospital, where he remained till the close of the war. He saw service in Kentucky, Louisiana, South Carolina, Virginia, and Mississippi, and participated in the battles of Shiloh, Vicksburg, Hartsville, and Murfreesboro, besides many lesser engagements and skirmishes.

In 1865 he returned to Cynthiana and resumed the practice of medicine. In 1868 he was elected Circuit Clerk of Harri-



DR. A. J. BEALE.

son County, and held the office for six years. In 1879-81 he was a member of the General Assembly, and from 1883 to 1889 served as sheriff of Harrison County. While a member of the City Council of Cynthiana he was the author of the ordinance which gave the city its graded schools. He removed to Oklahoma in 1889, and was the first Mayor of Oklahoma City. In 1896 he was elected delegate from Oklahoma Territory to the National Democratic Convention at Chicago. In 1899 he returned to his old Kentucky home to spend the remainder of his days in quiet retirement, and found his greatest pleasure in ministering to the wants and necessities of his old comrades. At the time of his death he was Colonel on General Evans's staff and Commander of Thomas H. Hunt Camp, U. C. V., at Cynthiana.

BUZZARD.—William Buzzard, a veteran of the Stonewall Brigade, died recently at his home, on the east side of the Shenandoah River, aged seventy-three years.

B. E. PRIEST.

The death of B. E. (Bud) Priest occurred near Hughesville, Mo., September 13, 1908. Comrade Priest was born in Logan County, Ky., December 14, 1836. In 1838 he removed with his parents to Pettis County, Mo., where he remained.

In 1861 he enlisted in Sterling Price's command. A year later he was transferred to Company A, 10th Kentucky Cavalry, Morgan's command. He was captured July 21, 1863, and sent to Camp Chase. Subsequently he was sent to Camp Douglas, where he was confined for twenty-two months, experiencing all the horrors of a war prison. On March 7, 1865, he was sent to be exchanged; but exchange was not consummated before the surrender, and he was paroled at Nashville, Tenn.

No soldier bore the trials and the hardships with greater fortitude or with more zeal and unrelenting love for the South and her cause than did Bud Priest. Though a private, he bore the crushing blow of defeat with the strength and stoicism of a Spartan. At his death no military salute was fired, no sad bugle call was sounded, no flag was furled in honor of the fallen brave, and yet never did the hand of death still a heart more true or the cold, unresponsive bosom of earth pillow a head more devoted.

As a parent and a kinsman, he was revered. As a citizen and a neighbor, he was held in universal esteem by those who knew him in every walk of life. As a soldier, none was braver; in battle he stood with the strong men of Troy. Thus sleeps a soldier whose beautiful character is still seen through a mist of tears by those who loved him.

PAT H. NOBLE.

P. H. Noble was born in Abbeville District, S. C., in April, 1831; and died November 10, 1908, near Learned, Miss. He was married to Miss Bettie Brady in 1856, and removed to Hinds County, Miss., where were born to him ten children, of whom six sons and two daughters survive. Comrade Noble served his country in the trying times of the sixties as a member of Company K, 45th Mississippi Infantry, coming through unscathed. He was a member of P. A. Haman Camp, U. C. V., of Learned, Miss.



B. E. PRIEST.



P. H. NOBLE.

EDUCATION IN VIRGINIA BEFORE THE WAR.

Mrs. James H. Williams, President Shenandoah Chapter, U. D. C., has an interesting article on before the war education in Virginia. She says that after the Revolutionary War schools and colleges were incorporated, but were not endowed, and occasionally glebe land was given the school near which it lay; but it was not till after the second war with England that any permanent fund for popular education was established. For a long time the populace opposed the giving of even the one cent tax to any college or school where the sons of rich men were received, as they felt that the education of these sons should come entirely from the fathers.

However, the schools, once established, rapidly grew in prosperity. In quick succession William and Mary College was followed by Hampden-Sidney, the University of Virginia, Washington College (Washington and Lee College), and lastly the Virginia Military Institute, whose cadets did such noble service in the battle of New Market.

These colleges have had some brilliant graduates. Of the fifteen Presidents of the United States before the war, nine were Southern men, and seven of these nine were from Virginia and graduates of some of her colleges.

TO SURVIVORS OF THE 24TH GEORGIA REGIMENT.

J. A. Jarrard, of Morrison's Bluff, Ark., asks all survivors of this regiment who can possibly attend the Reunion at Memphis to meet him there. He says: "As a boy of twenty years it fell to my lot as senior captain commanding to surrender the remnant of our regiment at Appomattox C. H. on the 9th of April, 1865. The picture below was taken just forty years later. I would be pleased to know just how many of the old 24th are left. God bless them! Write to me."



J. A. JARRARD.

A POPULAR NUMBER.—The December *VETERAN*, though it ran the full twenty-one thousand edition, has been exhausted for nearly a month, and it has been impossible to meet the almost daily demand for a copy, as there are none left.

In sending a contribution to the Jefferson Davis Home Association, in which he expresses interest, James A. Pearce, of Charlestown, Md., writes: "My father, James Alfred Pearce, was a member of the United States Senate from Maryland from March 4, 1843, to December 20, 1857, when he died. He was a warm personal friend of Mr. Davis both while the latter was in the Senate and while he was Secretary of War, and from him I learned of Mr. Davis's lofty character and charming personality when I was a boy. All men know how heroically he bore himself while President of the Confederacy and after its downfall. If this movement could be so managed as to enlist the organized interest of the women of the South, I believe the fullest object would be attained in a few years."

In the *VETERAN* for November, page 566, appeared a poem entitled "Night in the South," which was contributed by Miss Isabella Caldwell Jones, of Los Angeles, Cal. Some inquiries having been made as to the battle on which this poem was founded, she writes that her informant, Mr. Will H. Trout, who lives in Cincinnati, mentioned it as having "occurred in Lexington, Va., June 11, 1864," and his recollection is that the Federals were in the command of General Crook, while the Confederates were under John C. Breckinridge; yet she cannot understand from his letter whether the fight was carried on by the soldiers under command or by their own volition. His information of the affair is rather vague, yet he reiterates the statement of the loss of life among the young cadets of the school, and says: "History says nothing about the affair."

This was a most mysterious affair, it appears, and any reader of the *VETERAN* who can throw any light on it will confer a favor to those who wish to know where such a fight could have occurred.

COMRADES OF COMPANY C.—J. Ed Craig, of Clackstock, S. C., writes that some of the survivors of Company C (Capt. P. W. Goodwyn), 6th South Carolina Cavalry, desire to have as many of that old company meet them at the State Reunion in Chester, S. C., June 23 and 24, 1909, as can possibly do so. In case you can't attend drop a line to Mr. Craig giving him some information of yourself since you disbanded. He inquires especially for J. R. Sanders, who was last with them in North Carolina. He was supposed to have been captured by Sherman's army. His family was in New Orleans in 1863.

THE REGIMENT CAPTURED BY SERGEANT J. S. BELL.—In the unprecedented capture "single-handed" of more than a regiment, as reported by Captain Maddox in the *VETERAN* for September, page 407, there occurred two errors which are corrected herein. The recapture of the colors was at Appomattox instead of Washington, Va., and the command that surrendered to Sergeant Bell was the 19th instead of 49th Wisconsin Regiment.

TO THIRD COMPANY RICHMOND HOWITZERS.—John B. Boyd, who served in the 3d Company of Richmond Howitzers under Captain Taylor, is now living in Mobile, Ala., in indigent circumstances and wishes to procure a pension. Any one who can testify as to his service in the C. S. A. will confer a favor by writing to him in care of Neil McCarron, 25-26 Bank of Mobile Building, Mobile, Ala.

Don't forget to suggest to friends a trial of the *VETERAN*.

ABOUT A REUNION OF GRAY WITH BLUE.

All honor to Union veterans who seek a joint Reunion with Confederates! The more liberal of them have shown great soul in such matters for years. To such Confederates enjoy feelings of most fraternal regard. Reasons why this is not brought about may be had in the following telegraphic correspondence:

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., June 1, 1909.

Editor Confederate Veteran, Nashville, Tenn.: Judge Ell Torrance, former Commander in Chief G. A. R., to-day suggests that national government provide for joint Reunion of G. A. R. and United Confederate Veterans in Washington within the next few years, Secretary of War to direct arrangements and the government to make appropriation for the entertainment of visiting veterans, idea being that Reunion will be object lesson to the world and rising generation in America that Civil War wounds have been entirely healed. Will you please wire by 10 A.M. Wednesday at the Journal's expense your opinion of this suggestion?

THE MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL.

REPLY TO THE JOURNAL.

Your telegram to me as editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN asking for my opinion concerning Judge Torrance's suggestion that the national government provide for a joint Reunion of G. A. R. and United Confederate Veterans at Washington as guests of the government is carefully considered. Confederates favored this years ago, and the Richmond Reunion of 1896 was changed with the understanding that the Confederates go from there to New York to meet the G. A. R., and the veterans of the two armies parade on Broadway. The parade was to have been on July 4.

Confederates were stunned when the G. A. R. Commander for that year refused to coöperate. Remonstrance was made by parties seeking the parade with explanation that Confederates would not carry guns, and he said the Grand Army should not march with them if they wore Confederate uniforms. This movement was headed for Confederates by their magnetic, great-hearted leader, Gen. John B. Gordon, but the Grand Army Commander was obdurate. Had Torrance been in command then, a great stride might have been made for reconciliation.

Corporal Tanner made a great speech at that Richmond gathering. Confederates have not considered that subject favorably since. All veterans of the war on battle lines have had right regard for antagonists all this time. Politicians and religious fanatics have caused all the trouble. President Roosevelt in his speech on the centenary of Lincoln's birth never mentioned the South's Chief Executive during the period that Lincoln's fame was made, although he was born in Kentucky, also within a year of the same time. To-morrow thousands will pay tribute to the memory of Jefferson Davis at the place of his birth, Fairview, Ky. President Taft at the dedication of the soldiers' monument at Gettysburg last Monday extolled Union soldiers, but never mentioned Confederates, his fellow-countrymen, who caused the glory to Union arms. Then our devoted Southerner, J. M. Dickinson, Secretary of War, while praising Confederates took occasion to tell how much better the country is under one government. He gave them only merited credit.

Confederates knew that all the while. They fought not for policy, but for principle. Many of our people, gratified with the expressions indicated by President Taft, have been hopeful that no opposition would be made in the next national contest. Recently a Northern Church, after years of

litigation, criticising the Supreme Court of this State, in which the Confederate General Reunion is to be held next week, has aroused antagonistic feelings which would deter liberal response to Comrade Torrance's suggestion.

Confederates gladly greet veterans of the Union Army. They believe that those men would have come back South to their rescue had they realized the outrages of reconstruction. The South wants peace and prosperity; but it must come, if at all, with thorough recognition of such motives as they would have in facing the judgment.

A TRIBUTE BY PRESIDENT GENERAL D. A. R. TO SAM DAVIS.—In a personal letter from Mrs. Julia G. Scott, the President General of the Daughters of the American Revolution, to the editor of the VETERAN, she states: "I could not permit a stenographer to tell you how much I appreciate your letter. * * * But what touched me most and brought hot tears to my eyes was the little leaflet, 'Sam Davis,' by Dr. Hamill. I have read nothing more touching than the pathetic story of this heroic boy."

A "MONUMENT" TO CONFEDERATE WOMEN.

BY R. C. MAY, MIAMI, FLA.

As much has been said about monuments to the Confederate women, I suggest that each of us who receives a pension apply one-tenth of that pension as an endowment fund for a training school for the girls and boys who are our lineal descendants wherein the principles for which we fought can be perpetuated. This would insure our posterity being taught correctly and these schools, if managed by the U. D. C., would be a living monument to those women of the Confederacy whom we desire to honor. If we could consummate this, then our victory would be complete and none of us need fear for the perpetuity of our republican institutions.

UNION VETERAN'S OPINION OF THE MONUMENT.

Mr. Fitz Edward Culver, writing from Ingleside, Lake County, Ill., to Dr. H. M. Hamill, of Nashville, states:

"My Dear Sir and Comrade: I have just read your description of that proposed women's monument, and what you say strikes my fancy forcibly. Also from it I have decided to subscribe for two years to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, although I was a Union soldier of the Army of the Potomac (44th New York Volunteer Infantry, Company A)—from wooden guns at Centerville to Appomattox. I can get a better insight of you brave men I so often met, which alone I prize and enjoy, as I am, like you, marching to our last roll call.

THE BEAUTIFUL LIFE OF GENERAL LEE.

[Prof. George S. Bryant to U. D. C., Independence, Mo.]

Tapestry is woven from the underneath. The artist designs, but the worker knows not his figures. When the work is finished, the weaver is surprised at the beauty brought out above. His colors have disappeared in their blending. And as with tapestry so in history we work on the underside. Unconsciously the beautiful figure is developing above. We work ignorantly, but ideals gradually take shape and remain as the permanent possession of the race.

The history of every great movement is summed up in the name of one man. Alexander stands for the Macedonian Empire, Copernicus for the discovery of the solar system, and John Milton is an epitome of the Puritan Revolution, representing every phase of thought from Satan in rebellion to God overruling. Nowhere is this thought better illustrated than wherein George Washington was one mighty compendium of the American struggle for independence.

THE HISTORY OF FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

In writing this history of Fredericksburg G. J. Quinn has practically divided his work into three subheads. First, he tells of the days of the first settlers, when Pocahontas roamed free with Powhatan, her father, and the fair hills and valleys of Virginia were an unknown land; but John Smith's exploration of the Rappahannock is followed fast by many other explorers eager to see the marvels of this new world and to grasp its richness. Quinn gives a graphic account of the expedition of Governor Spotswood and his party over the Blue Ridge Mountains, an expedition which became world-famous.

John Fontaine, one of the gentlemen in the party, kept a diary of its daily happenings, which diary Quinn gives entire, and this alone would well repay a careful reading of the book. Quinn follows Fredericksburg from its naming for the Prince of Wales through all its vicissitudes into growth in strength and importance. And clustering around this statistical structure he has given much rare insight into the manners and customs of the times, its employments and amusements, its modes of punishment and its awards of merit.

Of course the heart of the book is the account of the bloody days of the sixties, when all of Virginia was a battle ground and Fredericksburg the fulcrum of the great lever of the armies. Quinn's story of the march and countermarch, fierce onslaught and rapid retreat seems to reek with the smoke of battle, so vivid is the impression it conveys, and every Confederate heart will beat faster at reading of these deathless deeds of valor.

Last comes Fredericksburg after the war in two pictures: a city torn by shot and shell, devastated by two armies, twice laid low by fire, and dragging a debt seemingly too heavy to lift; then Fredericksburg as it is now, a city of perfect sanitation, fine churches and public buildings, good roads, and excellent schools, a city whose government is by the people and for the people.

The book is excellently printed by the Hermitage Press, Richmond, is beautifully illustrated, and will form an excellent addition to any library, public or private.

LIFE OF GEN. WILLIAM B. BATE.

The VETERAN has on sale the "Life of William B. Bate, Citizen, Soldier, and Statesman," written by Park Marshall, Esq., of Nashville, Tenn. The VETERAN offers this interesting book at \$1.25. It also offers the book and one year's subscription to the VETERAN for \$2 for the two.

General Bate was a lieutenant in the Mexican War, and held the ranks of colonel, brigadier general, and major general in the Civil War, commanding troops from Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, and Florida. He served before the war as a member of the Legislature and as District Attorney-General; and after the war he was Governor four years, and was elected to the United States Senate in 1887, 1893, 1899, and 1905. He died March 9, 1905. He thus held high public positions longer than almost any one else in the State's history.

Mr. Marshall's book is very interesting and accurate, and is especially valuable to the old soldiers and their children in the States named. It is divided into six chapters and an appendix.

Chapter I. is a sketch of General Bate's "Early Life," and runs from 1826 to 1861, and among other things treats of the pioneer times of the early settlement of Sumner County, Tenn.

Chapter II. treats of the "Civil War," and traces the movements of the Army of Tennessee and their causes and objects.

The battles of Franklin and Nashville are specially described, though somewhat briefly so as to comport with the limits of the book.

Chapter III. is "After the War," and describes that period, including General Bate's unsuccessful races for the Senate.

Chapter IV., "As Governor," gives the situation up to 1882, and embraces an accurate history of the State debt and the manner of its settlement under General Bate during his two terms as Governor, from 1883 to 1887.

Chapter V. shows General Bate's election to and service in the United States Senate, 1887 to 1905.

Chapter VI. is the "Conclusion," describing his death and funeral.

The Appendix consists of memorial addresses by Senator Carmack, General Grosvenor, and Mr. Stanley; also General Bate's oration of May 7, 1870, at Elmwood Confederate Cemetery, Memphis, and his speech of September 20, 1895, at Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Park.

The original matter of the book covers two hundred and fifty-eight pages. Including the Appendix, there are three hundred and sixty-three pages, making a compact and handy volume. There are two pictures of General Bate.

Libraries, public and private, should contain this volume.

"BELLES, BEAUX, AND BRAINS OF THE SIXTIES."

T. C. De Leon's book of the above title is from the press of G. W. Dillingham, New York, and is most attractive in its dress of type, with elegant binding and with a hundred and fifty half-tone portraits of the men, women, and girls that made up the select circle of society in the Confederate capital and other cities.

Mr. De Leon is a native South Carolinian, but has lived in many cities, and has had exceptional advantages in gathering the social data necessary to his work, the illustrations being entirely from pictures given him by the originals or from photographs loaned him by their families. The facts, names, genealogies, and incidents are so delightfully woven together by the author's choice language that the book presents all the charm of a prose poem.

Though the principal incidents occurred in the capitals, Washington, Montgomery, and Richmond, the book is by no means confined to these, some of its best word-painting finding its studies in New Orleans, Mobile, and Charleston. The text of the book embraces every range, from the formation of cabinets to amateur theatricals and the whirl of cotillions.

Price of the book, three dollars; supplied by the VETERAN.

FOR CONFEDERATES AT THE ALASKA-YUKON EXPOSITION.—The committee on invitations, composed of W. L. Gazzam, Dr. A. Jordan, A. J. Park, and E. W. Blackwood, sends from Seattle, Wash., the following to "comrades and Daughters": "The John B. Gordon Camp of Confederate Veterans, the Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., and the Robert E. Lee Camp, U. S. C. V., all of this city, unite in extending to your Camp a most cordial invitation to attend the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition to be held here from June 1 to October 16, 1909. We shall endeavor to see that you are well housed, that you will be protected against exorbitant prices, and that your visit will be both pleasant and instructive. Suitable Southern headquarters will be established on the Fair Grounds, where all Southerners may not only find a resting place but a true Southern congenial atmosphere. Information relating to the Fair will be cheerfully furnished upon application to Comrade M. F. Gilmer, Secretary, 45 Maynard Building, Seattle, Wash."

"BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF AMERICAN HISTORY."

Possibly the best criticism of this very remarkable book that can be given is to quote a personal letter to the editor of the *VETERAN* by its author, Mr. Leon C. Prince, a member of the Pennsylvania bar and of the faculty of Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa. Mr. Prince writes: "I am taking the liberty to send you a copy of my book, 'Bird's-Eye View of American History,' in the hope that the rather unusual view taken of the Civil War, reconstruction, and the race question by a Northern man may commend the book to your own heart and judgment and to the great constituency you represent."

The manuscript was declined by one publishing house in Philadelphia because of its strictures on the methods of Thad Stevens and its alleged 'pro-Southern' character, and it has been turned down generally by Northern school boards for the same reason. My motive in writing the book was simply to tell the truth, to present without bias or partiality the true issues of the war, and the naked reality of all that followed it. If I have made out a better case for the South than the North can indorse, the fault is not mine. I was not born till ten years after the war closed. Perhaps that is the reason I can see without prejudice, though I have two hundred and fifty years of New England ancestry."

The title, "Bird's-Eye View," shows the book not to be an exhaustive historical treatise. Mr. Prince has taken all the salient points of history and all the prominent questions and treated them in such a manner as to convey a clear and definite knowledge of everything he writes about. He touches the principal points of interest from the date of the discovery of America through its colonizations, its early wars, its rise in prosperity, the influence of other nations upon its advancement, and the Revolution and the establishment of the republic. Even here he begins gathering up the threads that showed the inevitable outcome of the burning questions that led to the Civil War.

In the history of this war Mr. Prince has showed a thorough comprehension of the South and her people, and gives unstinted praise to the noble heroes and generals that the Southland delights to honor. In speaking of Lee he says: "General Johnston was wounded and for a time was forced to leave the service. He was succeeded in the command of the Army of Northern Virginia by Robert E. Lee, the greatest of all the Confederate generals and the most chivalrous figure in the history of the South, a character of transcendent purity and worth, in whom neither friend nor foe has ever found a flaw."

Mr. Prince has one chapter on "Reconstruction" that alone would sell the book to Southern people, for it shows with such perfect truth the situations that marked those days, and his treatment of the negro question is a full justification of his claims of an "unbiased history." Rarely has any book treated the questions of the Civil War more correctly, and certainly never before has such justice been given by a Northern writer.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF GEN. R. E. LEE. By Dr. J. William Jones, D.D. A personal friendship between General Lee and the author gave valuable material in the preparation of this work, which is a revised edition and contains many letters of General Lee not heretofore published. Cloth. Price, \$2.

LIFE OF STONEWALL JACKSON. By Col. G. F. R. Henderson, C.B. The best biography of the great general ever written, presenting clearly the science of military strategy so successfully followed. Published in two volumes. Six hundred memorial edition in half morocco, \$4.

SERVICE AFLOAT. By Admiral Raphael Semmes. A new edition of this standard work on operations of the Confederate navy and giving the history of the Confederate cruiser *Alabama* has been issued, and is offered at \$4, cloth, postpaid.

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SOUTHERN MARATHON RACES.

During the last days of May or the first week in June a Marathon race will be held in Atlanta, Ga., open only to Atlanta Athletic Club, and is to be strictly amateur, and representatives of colleges, schools, athletic clubs, Young Men's Christian Associations, and any strictly Southern organization may enter to compete.

Atlanta is an ideal place for such a race, for it has splendid roads. If the Marathon distance, twenty-six miles, is accepted as the test, the run will either be from the Roswell bridge over the Chattahoochee River into the city or a sufficient detour around the city and through the parks will be made to make the desired distance. In either case the race will end where thousands can assemble to see the finish.

NEW EDITION—"LIFE OF FORREST."

The "Life of Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest," by John Allan Wyeth, is out in a delightful new dress, and with additions that add much to its value. Dr. Wyeth adds a voluminous postscript to his book containing much information that reached him after the original volume was published. This book, which would be an ornament to any library and is a necessity to all Confederates, is furnished by the *VETERAN* office. Price, four dollars.



The above cut is that of the great painting of "Lee and His Generals," by George B. Matthews, of Virginia. ¶ General Marcus J. Wright indorses it as follows: "I regard it as one of the finest paintings I ever saw. The truthfulness of feature of all these great generals is most remarkable. The Lithograph copy is a most striking and accurate reproduction of the original. I hope all Confederates will procure copies." ¶ The Lithograph is in color. Size, 27 x 16 inches. State agents can make most liberal contracts. Agents wanted in every city and town in the South. ¶ Sent by mail on receipt of 55 cents. Every home should have a picture. It will make a nice Christmas gift. Address

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R. V. Johnson, of Guthrie, Ky., wishes to get a \$100, \$500, and \$1,000 Confederate treasury note, issued at Montgomery, Ala., and one of each of the Richmond issue. He wishes also copies of the VETERAN for 1903 with the exception of October, November, and December, which he will exchange for others. He also wants December, 1895.

Mr. Neil McCarron, of Mobile, Ala., is seeking to establish the record of an old veteran there so he may secure a pension. This veteran is John Boyd, who belonged to the second company of Richmond Howitzers, under Captain Taylor, A. N. V. He surrendered at Appomattox. Any surviving comrades will confer a favor by giving anything of his service that will aid him.

George B. Adams ("called Poney"), who enlisted in Company C, 1st Georgia Regulars, at Albany, Ga., in February, 1861, wants to hear from some of his comrades. Any one who can testify as to his services will please write to him or Davis Biggs, Jefferson, Tex.

William L. Thompson, Commander A. S. Johnston Camp, Beaumont, Tex., wishes information of F. M. Drinkard, who enlisted in St. Landry Parish, La., in Captain Offutt's company, which became Company C of the 6th Louisiana Regiment, and served through the war in the Army of Northern Virginia, Hays's Brigade, Featherston's Corps.

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C. M. Farrar, of Blacksburg, W. Va., wishes to locate the burial place of his brother, John A. Farrar, who was killed near Kernstown August 25, 1864. He was a member of Company A, 36th Virginia Volunteer Infantry. He will appreciate any information about it.

W. F. Clarke, who served in Company K, 2d Virginia Cavalry, now living at Merced, Cal., writes of having in his possession a picture supposed to be General Reed, which was found at his side when killed at the high bridge in Virginia a day or two before the surrender at Appomattox. Some member of General Reed's family can get it by writing to Mr. Clarke.

Mrs. M. R. Lanier, of Merkel, Tex., the widow of Oscar Lanier, who served in the Confederate army, wishes to secure his record in order that she may get a pension. She is in indigent circumstances, and will appreciate any information of his service. He enlisted at Corpus Christi, Tex., in Walker's Division, and they were camped at Hempstead, Tex., when she married him.

Mrs. S. D. Mitchell, of Jupiter, Fla., inquires for any comrades of her husband, Samuel Davis Mitchell, who served under General Morgan. When the war broke out, he with other students ran away from a military college in Kentucky and joined Morgan's command. His wife is now old and in need, and wishes to procure his war record that she may secure a pension. He was a son of J. W. Mitchell, of Louisville, and was born at Salt River, Hardin County, Ky.

Benjamin Walker, of Alexander City, Ala., writes for the Sidney Lanier Chapter, U. D. C., to secure some information of the birth and army record of Lieutenant Braun, killed in Tallapoosa County, Ala., by Rousseau's raiders on their way to Auburn and Opelika, Ala., in the summer of 1863. This being the only Confederate killed in that county during the war, the U. D. C. of Alexander City wish to erect a suitable monument to his memory. He was a member of some Louisiana regiment, was wounded in the fights about Richmond, and assigned to post duty at Dadeville, Ala., where he fell in the performance of his duty. This information will be appreciated.

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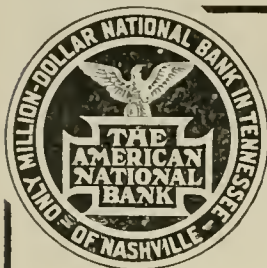
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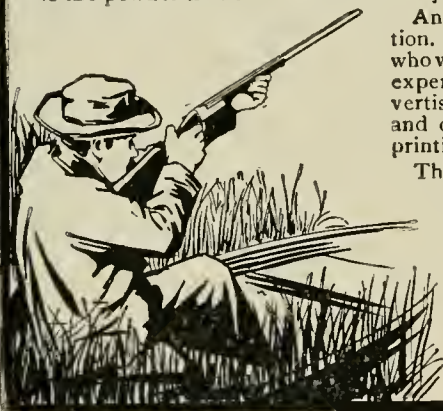
is much like gunning for birds. You must have a definite aim, because indiscriminate advertising, like indiscriminate shooting, results in empty pockets. The printer furnishes the shot, and postage is the powder that carries it wherever you direct.

And you *must* have good ammunition. Foolish indeed the sportsman who would use pebbles for shot to save expense, yet equally foolish is the advertiser who wastes energy, postage and opportunity on weak, ineffective printing.

Think it over; then let's talk it over. We have furnished ammunition for so many successful campaigns that we know you will find our experience of value.

Anyway, let's talk it over.

BRANDON PRINTING CO.
NASHVILLE, TENN.



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1906 Florida Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.

A Boarding and Day School for Girls and Young Ladies. Preparatory and Special Courses. Art, Music, and Languages. New building, specially planned for the school. Washington offers exceptional opportunities to students. Illustrated catalogue on request.

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Birmingham Seminary

Birmingham, Ala.

The very best home and city school for girls in Alabama

For Catalog, Address

LOULIE COMPTON, Principal
1722 Fifth Ave. Birmingham, Ala.

If afflicted with SORE EYES Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Foster J. Mims, of Henderson, Tex., asks that any survivors of Company G, 1st Alabama Regiment, in which he served, will kindly write to him in order that he may prove his record as a Confederate soldier and secure a pension.

Mrs. A. G. Parrish, of Selma, Ala., writes that the widow of the soldier who captured the sword of Ed Frothingham, who was killed in the battle of Seven Pines, wishes to return it to his family, and asks for their address. It is a cavalry sword.

Mrs. J. Wesley Stephens, of Lake City, Fla., seeks information of Dr. John Bowden, ranking as captain and belonging to the 1st South Carolina Volunteers during the war, or of Reuben Bowden, his son, who joined two years after the war began, being too young to enter at the beginning.

Charles V. Wagner ("Telsie"), of 205 W. 91st Street, New York City, refers to the article on page 288 of the May VETERAN about General Ashby in the Shenandoah Valley, and is very anxious to get in communication with the writer of it, as he was a member of the same company, G, of the 7th Virginia Cavalry. He says: "Who are you? Drop me a line. I want all of us to get together this summer if possible. Of those left about all I know are Dr. Bernard Browne, Baltimore, Md.; Jack West, Joe Trapnell, Clarence Hillary, Tom Hillary, Frederick; Dr. Charley Russell, London; Tom Gatch, Baltimore; Blanch Philpot, Frederick; John Wakenight, Harrisonburg, Va."

Thomas C. Smith, Adjutant Pat Cleburne Camp, Waco, Tex., makes inquiry in behalf of two old comrades there who are trying to secure pensions, and will appreciate responses from those who can give information of their service. Thomas Anderson served with the Missouri troops as first lieutenant in Company A, Capt. W. A. Waddell, in Colonel McCowan's Regiment of Missouri Infantry, Little's Brigade, Price's Army. He enlisted in the fall of 1861 at Warrensburg, Mo., and was in the battles of Springfield, Pea Ridge, and Carthage; was discharged, but lost his papers. Thomas Eagan served in Company F, Captain Austin, of the Crescent Regiment Louisiana troops. He enlisted at New Orleans.

"The Causes of the Civil War," advertised in this issue, is a history in a nutshell that should be in every Southern home. The rising generation will learn from its pages the facts as they were, and all who read will be ready with a reason for the faith that linked their destinies with the Southern cause.

If there are any survivors of Captain Glackmyer's company, 2d Alabama Cavalry, who served with James McCloskey, his widow, Mrs. Mary J. McCloskey, will appreciate any information that can be given of his service, as she wishes to procure a pension. He enlisted at Montgomery, Ala., in 1862. Write to her in care of T. P. McCloskey, Riley's Cigar Store, Pensacola, Fla.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.
The date to a subscription is always given to the month before it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The civil war was too long ago to be called the late war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR.
SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.

VOL. XVII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY, 1909.

No. 7.

J. S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

CONCERNING MEMBERSHIP IN THE U. C. V.

In a report of Adjutant General W. E. Mickle he states that during the past year there were chartered thirty-two new Camps, as follows: Oklahoma, 10; Texas, 8; Pacific, 3; Arkansas, 2; Mississippi, 2; Georgia, 2; Alabama, Florida, Louisiana, North Carolina, and West Virginia, 1 each.

He reports a summary of Camps by Divisions: Texas, 212; Georgia, 118; South Carolina, 85; Mississippi, 84; Alabama, 82; Arkansas, 71; North Carolina, 70; Virginia, 69; Tennessee, 65; Kentucky, 61; Louisiana, 58; Oklahoma, 57; Florida, 48; Missouri, 47; West Virginia, 19; Pacific, 16; Northwest, 15; Maryland, 8.

The total number of chartered Camps is 1,703. This shows a falling off of 518 Camps, or about thirty per cent, since the organization.

THE MOUNT VERNON OF KENTUCKY.

[This title originated with the editor of the VETERAN.]

Most important of all matters with the U. C. V. Convention at Memphis was that of the Jefferson Davis Home Association. As the vice president and general manager of the undertaking the editor of the VETERAN had printed three thousand booklets of thirty-two pages each for distribution at the Convention among the Veterans, Daughters, Sons, and friends. Shipment was made by express on Monday night, and the package was therefore due at Memphis on the opening day. But it could not be found. The editor devoted nearly every hour each day using the wire for tracing, but in vain. There was a kind of prostration in the disappointment, and prevented the writer's attention to the business of the VETERAN. There was comfort, however, in the fact that he did all he could to procure the package. Announcement was made to the Convention that the booklets would be distributed in the lobby of the Peabody Hotel, where, through the cordial courtesy of the Manager, Mr. Parker, the headquarters of the VETERAN had been established.

The fruitless effort was pursued almost to the ending of the parade on Thursday. One last determined effort was made then by the writer to get to the post office, working his way through the mass of people from one express office to another across Court Square, and then getting to the line of march in the densest part of the crowd. With the herculean task performed of reaching the parade line, he was halted by a large officer on foot, who said, "You can't cross here," al-

though the line was standing with ample space between the files. "But it is an emergency," was pleaded, with the further remark, "Do you know who I am?" "Yes, I know you," was the response. "My name is Brown, and this is the R. E. Lee Camp marching in honor of President Davis." That settled it. The Appomattox of defeat had come.

The man whose name stands officially on a note for forty-six hundred dollars to Gen. Bennett H. Young, who so generously advanced that amount of money to procure the lands purchased for a memorial to President Jefferson Davis at the place of his birth, was cut off from the very important effort to disseminate the knowledge it was so important to make known to the thousands of loyal patriots there. That U. C. V. officer Brown will never know how impressed the writer was by his action. The Commander in Chief would have stopped the parade in the interest of distributing the information. If a little "Puck" had been there to comment upon the situation, he might have commented upon mortals to Officer Brown's disgust.

The worry and disappointment caused by delivering the package to the wrong person came near causing an illness. It occasions more space in this issue than would have been given otherwise, and it is the greater reason for action on the part of all Confederates to make this cause special. (See the list of contributors.)

SUBSCRIPTION OF \$100 FROM INDIANA.

The project of properly marking the birthplace of Jefferson Davis in Fairview, Todd County, Ky., created an intense interest among the Confederate veterans at Memphis, and at the request of General Evans and all concerned Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander of the Kentucky Division, was asked to make a statement in regard to the enterprise both as to what had been done and the plans for the future.

When General Young asked if the South was disposed to do less for the birthplace of Mr. Davis than the nation had done for the birthplace of Mr. Lincoln, more than a thousand Confederates arose to their feet and cried out: "No, no, no!" Amid the enthusiastic applause with which General Young's address was received Capt. Thomas Hanlon, who is on the staff of General Young, arose at the rear of the hall and said: "My comrades, this enterprise must not fail. I am from Indiana, but I hereby subscribe one hundred dollars to the fund of building this memorial to President Davis."

Deafening applause resounded through the building, and

everybody was delighted to shake the hand of Captain Hanlon and thank him for this splendid response. He had served in a Louisiana regiment for a while during the war. For a



CAPT. JOHN HANLON.

long time he has lived in New Albany, Ind., and has held some of the most responsible offices within the gift of the people of Floyd County, Ind.

Captain Hanlon was a close personal friend and political adviser of Thomas A. Hendricks and Daniel W. Voorhees; and when Cleveland was elected, they had him appointed collector for one of the Indiana districts. He was an ardent Democrat partisan, and of course had political enemies. The Republicans aroused opposition and his confirmation failed by a tie vote, and Gen. Benjamin Harrison cast the vote that lost Hanlon the place. Captain Hanlon has never failed of election to any office to which he has aspired, and for many years he has been an earnest leader of his party in Southern Indiana.

General Young tells an amusing incident in connection with Captain Hanlon's service on the Louisville, New Albany, and Chicago Railroad, where he was conductor when General Young was president of the road. When President Arthur came to visit the Southern Exposition in Louisville in the early eighties, Captain Hanlon was in charge of the train which carried the President from Louisville to Chicago. In the presidential party were W. P. Gresham, Robert T. Lincoln, Senator Folger, and others. President Arthur was General Young's guest. Indiana friends were not showing due consideration to the chief magistrate of the nation, so General Young wired ahead to have flowers ready to be presented to the President at suitable places. He had the train slowed up at these selected towns along the way and a carriage in waiting, so when the President arrived he would receive a fitting reception.

Captain Hanlon is a typical Irishman, and enlisted a great deal of interest among his Hoosier friends toward President Arthur, who was one of the most courteous and agreeable of men. He sent for Captain Hanlon, who had the political history of Southern Indiana at his tongue's end, and for more than an hour the President inquired about people and things. As they neared Chicago the President invited Captain Hanlon and General Young into his private stateroom, when he expressed the great pleasure his trip through Indiana had given him, and concluded by saying to Captain Hanlon that there were several good offices in Indiana which he could bestow, naming them, and if the Captain desired any one of these he would be glad to appoint him. With great dignity but courteously the Captain said: "Mr. President Arthur, I greatly appreciate what you have said to me, but you must not forget that I am a Democrat." There was no office that he as a Democrat was willing to receive from a Republican President.

Captain Hanlon attends all Confederate Reunions, and the veterans will be glad to know something of the man who has given this handsome contribution to help on the cause and erect this memorial at the birthplace of Mr. Davis.

MONUMENT TO GEN. STEPHEN D. LEE.

Early June was replete with events of Confederate importance. The Reunion at Memphis was of national interest, and only second to this was the unveiling of the beautiful monument to Gen. Stephen D. Lee in the National Park at Vicksburg. This was consummated June 11 in the presence of a large and appreciative assembly. The monument stands upon the spot on which General Lee stood as he directed his troops at the siege of Vicksburg, and is a place of which he was peculiarly fond.

Vicksburg was elaborately decorated in flags and bunting, and at the appointed time every business house in the city was closed, most of the business men taking part in the great parade which formed at the Carrol Hotel and marched out to the park. All the contingent counties sent in large deputations, and both the State and national military took part, adding a fitting martial air to the occasion. Con. Henry Watterson, of the Louisville Courier-Journal, was master of ceremonies. He first called upon Rev. H. F. Sproles, who was a chaplain in the Confederate army, for an invocation, and the prayer was earnest and deeply touching in its nature, after which the choir of the Vicksburg school children sang "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground." Colonel Watterson made a short but appropriate address preliminary to the introduction of the other speakers, the general trend of his words being the great need of closer bonds between the reunited States and the fast-growing brotherhood of North and South.

The monument was then unveiled by the two little grandsons of the dead hero, Master John Glessner Lee, son of Mr. Blewett Lee, of Chicago, and Master Lee Harrison, of Columbus, Miss.

Gen. Clement Evans was then introduced and made an eloquent address with a eulogium on the character and life of General Lee that was a glowing tribute. Of Lee the man he said: "Not a cloud lowers around his name. He was brave, since he fought without malice; his courtesy had the charm of chivalry. He was generous to the opinions of others. His tongue did not falter in his praise when merited even by a foe. He will take his place in the biography of Americans as the type of the true citizen and noble soldier, the ardent Confederate, the affectionate husband and father, and the humble Christian gentleman." Of Lee the soldier he quoted from

President Davis: "Stephen D. Lee was one of the best all-round soldiers we ever had. I tried him at the artillery, and he handled the guns so superbly that I thought we could never spare him from that arm of the service. I tried him at cavalry, and I thought he was born for that branch alone; and when I put him to command infantry, he was equally able in that position." General Evans then presented the monument to the nation.

Gen. Frederick D. Grant's speech of acceptance was eagerly watched for, and was enthusiastically applauded. General Grant said that he "felt himself honored in being selected to represent J. M. Dickinson, Secretary of War, upon this occasion, and still more honored in the service from the warm personal friendship and admiration that he had always felt for General Lee." He ably gave a sketch of the life of the gallant leader from his birth in Charleston September 22, 1833, to his death from apoplexy in Vicksburg May 28, 1908. He touched lightly on his youth and young manhood, but paid noble tribute to his genius as a soldier and leader, and under his admiring words the picture of Lee the educator and Lee the noble gentleman was beautifully revealed. With courteous art Gen. Frederick Grant then received the beautiful statue in the name of the nation and the National Park.

Col. George R. Peck in flowery but well-chosen words made

an address dealing with the life and character of General Lee. Incidentally he dwelt upon the fact that the statue



BLEWETT LEE, ONLY CHILD OF GEN. S. D. LEE.

they were presenting had been erected by almost equal contributions from North and South; also that on the spot where the two fathers, Lee and Grant, had fought so noble a fight the two sons, Blewett Lee and Frederick Grant, were standing side by side united in bonds of friendship.

As that bond spanned the chasm between them, so may the rainbow of reunion cross the void from the mist of war to the sunlight of peace!

SOUTH CAROLINA U. C. V. REUNION.

The South Carolina State Reunion of Veterans, Sons, and Daughters at Chester was well attended. Chester was in gala attire, and made every effort to make the meeting a success. Gen. Zimmerman Davis, Commander of South Carolina, made a brief but earnest speech, which was followed by the splendid address of Hon. George Bell Timmerman, Commander of the Sons of Veterans. Miss Janie Ford, an attractive daughter of that State, representing the Daughters of the Confederacy, read a poem beautifully. Senator Weston and Dr. Mitchel made eloquent appeals to the patriotism of their State.

In the annual election of officers General Zimmerman Davis was again chosen as Commander. Proposed changes in the pension law were referred to a committee with authority to act.

The band from the battle ship Texas played during the Reunion, and it was one of the attractions of the grand parade which marked the closing of the Convention.

The Louisiana Historical Society is endeavoring to procure the ordinance of secession of that State. Hon. R. C. Wickliffe, M. C., and Senator Foster have the matter in hand. It is in the archives of the War Department, Washington.



THE STATUE OF GEN. STEPHEN D. LEE.

THE CONFEDERATED MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The tenth annual Convention of this Confederation was held in the city of Memphis, Tenn., June 7-10, 1909. The first meeting was called to order Monday, June 7, at 2:30 P.M. at the Nineteenth Century Club, which had been generously donated for the Convention. The President of the Ladies' Memorial Association of Memphis, Mrs. C. B. Bryan, presided. The opening prayer was offered by Rev. W. M. Long. Addresses of welcome were made by Mayor Malone, Gen. Clement A. Evans, and Gen. George W. Gordon, Commanding the Department of the Army of Tennessee, U. C. V. Mrs. Bryan then delivered an address of welcome, and the Convention was turned over to Mrs. W. J. Behan, President of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association.

Mrs. Behan expressed her pleasure at being again in Memphis and returned thanks for the beautiful sentiments expressed by the speakers and to all who had taken part in the delightful program that had been arranged by the hostess Association, under the leadership of Mrs. C. B. Bryan.

The idea of having the Memorial women meet on the day previous to the opening of the U. C. V. Reunion was highly commended and recommended for future Conventions, as it gave the delegates an opportunity of attending the opening meeting of the Veteran organization. There was a large attendance at the first meeting. Among those present was Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, who was a delegate from the First White House of the Confederacy Memorial Association, Montgomery, Ala., and she was invited to the platform.

On Tuesday, June 8, no meetings were held, the delegates attending the opening of the U. C. V. Reunion, where seats had been provided for them on the platform. After the Commander in Chief, General Evans, had concluded his address, he presented in turn to the veterans Miss Lucy Hayes and Mr. Billie Hayes, grandchildren of Jefferson Davis, Mrs. W. J. Behan, President of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association (the "Women of the Confederacy"), Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, President General of the U. D. C., Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, Poet Laureate of the C. S. M. A., and other women prominent in Confederate work.

On Wednesday, June 9, at the morning meeting reports were read, and at 12 M. the meeting adjourned to attend the memorial service at the U. C. V. auditorium. This service, which was held as usual under the joint auspices of the United Confederate Veterans and the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, was most impressive. Rev. James R. Winchester delivered the principal address and Mrs. Virginia Boyle read an original ode, "To Jefferson Davis," which is one of the finest of all the compositions of this gifted daughter of the South. The double quartet of the Ladies' Memorial Association rendered the hymn "Day unto Day," written by Mrs. Boyle and set to music by Mrs. Randolph. The entire Confederate Choir and the audience united in singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and the benediction.

At the afternoon meeting greetings were read from Mrs. J. Addison Hayes, who regretted that illness prevented her from attending. She thanked Mrs. Behan for all she had done for her dear father's memory, and said: "To you I feel is due the restoration of my father's name to its rightful place." New business was then considered. Among other matters was the adoption of a badge for the Junior Memorial Associations of the South. A strong plea was made for the organization of Junior Memorial Associations to assist the Women of the Confederacy on Memorial Day. The election of officers was next in order, and resulted as follows: Presi-

dent, Mrs. W. J. Behan, of New Orleans, La., reelected; Recording Secretary, Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, of New Orleans, reelected; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. J. Enders Robinson, of Richmond, Va.; Treasurer, Mrs. J. H. Moyston, of Memphis, Tenn.; Historian, Miss Mary A. Hall, of Augusta, Va., reelected; Poet Laureate, Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, of Memphis, Tenn., elected for life. Vice Presidents: Alabama, Mrs. J. C. Lee; Arkansas, Mrs. Julia Garside Welch; Florida, Mrs. W. D. Chipley; Georgia, Mrs. R. L. Nesbitt; Louisiana, Mrs. Alden McLellan; Mississippi, Mrs. M. A. Stevens; Missouri, Mrs. G. K. Warner; North Carolina, Mrs. R. H. Jones; South Carolina, Mrs. W. R. Bachman; Tennessee, Mrs. Charles B. Frazer; Texas, Mrs. Sterling Robertson; Virginia, Mrs. Shelton Chieves.

RESOLUTIONS.

One offered by Mrs. C. B. Bryan extending the thanks of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association to ex-President Theodore Roosevelt and to ex-Secretary Luke E. Wright for courtesy shown to the Confederated Southern Memorial Association in restoring the name of Jefferson Davis to "Cabin John Bridge," an act of justice which is appreciated by a united country, was approved.

Resolution offered by Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle asking the Memorial Associations of the South to celebrate in a suitable manner the centennial of the birth of Admiral Raphael Semmes, which will occur on September 27, 1909.

Resolution offered by the Committee on Resolutions returning thanks to the State and city officials, the State and local Confederate officers, the Ladies' Memorial Association, the Junior Memorial Association, the Confederate Choir, the Chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and all who contributed to the success of the Convention and to the pleasure and entertainment of the delegates. The quartet of the Ladies' Memorial Association sang "God Be with You till We Meet Again" and the doxology. The Convention then adjourned to meet in Mobile, Ala., next year.

THE JOHN H. MORGAN STATUE.

Mrs. W. M. Bateman, chairman of the committee, writes the VETERAN from Lexington, Ky.: "The work was commenced in 1906, and something over \$5,000 has been raised. The statue completed will cost \$15,000. It is located in the city of Lexington. The clay model has been accepted and



DESIGN FOR THE JOHN H. MORGAN STATUE.

pronounced by thousands to be 'handsome, dignified, pleasing to the eye, and artistic in design.' The horse is approved as 'perfect' by one hundred horsemen of national reputation whose signed statements we hold. This statement may seem almost incredulous. The mount and military bearings were most favorably criticised by three United States generals, and the figure and features are pronounced excellent in every detail by his two brothers, other members of his family, and many friends. It gives me much pleasure to give these favorable criticisms to the work of Mr. Pompee Coppini, the sculptor."

Capt. W. T. Ellis, of Owensboro, shows lasting grit. He writes: "Recently, without any consultation with me and without my consent, I was elected Commander of the Rice E. Graves Camp at this place. Since my election I have set about to see what I could do in recruiting the thin ranks of our old comrades. But my chief ambition is to organize and recruit to a very high tide sons of Confederate veterans. We want to inspire the sons of Confederate veterans to take an active interest in organizing Camps to perpetuate the memory of their fathers when the last one of them is dead."

THE DECEASED REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE.—The death, which occurred recently, of Rev. Edward Everett Hale, of Boston, who was for many years preceding his death Chaplain of the United States Senate, recalls an interesting visit of the editor of the VETERAN to Boston in the early seventies. He attended the Unitarian Church on Sunday and heard Dr. Hale preach about "a city whose builder and maker is God," in which he described how the wealthy people of Boston instead of maintaining the very poor as a charity made ways for them to earn their living by industry. At the close of the service the Southerner introduced himself to the minister, who took his address and sent him several copies of the sermon.

ERROR IN DATES OF BATTLES CORRECTED.—Comrade M. H. Achard, of Baton Rouge, La., a member of the Louisiana volunteer company, G, writes of errors in dates as given in the JUNE VETERAN concerning the battles fought by the 12th Georgia Regiment under Gen. Stonewall Jackson. He states that the battle of Port Royal was fought on May 22, not May 23, 1861, the battle of Middletown on May 23, the battle of Winchester on May 24, not May 31, 1862, and the battle of Cross Keys on June 8, 1862, instead of June 5.



MONUMENT TO FRANK CHEATHAM CAMP, U. C. V., AND BIVOUAC, NASHVILLE, ON DAY OF DEDICATION.

A monument to the Frank Cheatham Bivouac, No. 1, of the Tennessee Confederate soldiers, and Camp No. 35, U. C. V., was dedicated in Nashville June 19, 1909. It is called the "private soldiers' monument," but the tablet contains the names of major and brigadier generals, colonels, and staff officers—all men, whatever their rank, who happened to be members of the two organizations. There are two military organizations, both active, under the laws of Tennessee—Troop A Cavalry, under Capt. George F. Hager, and Company B, commanded by Capt. I. J. Howlett. There are on the bronze tablet five hundred and forty names, and of the number there are three hundred and twenty-eight survivors. The picture herewith presented shows prominently Troop A and Company B made on the day of the dedication. The ceremony

was brief. Rev. R. Lin Cave, Chaplain General U. C. V., made the invocation, and Judge S. F. Wilson, of the Tennessee Court of Appeals, was the orator of the occasion. Maj. B. M. Hord, chairman of the committee (since the death of Mr. Theodore Cooley, who was prominent in inaugurating the movement), was master of ceremonies, and was doubtless the most grateful member present, having had the burden of raising the money and was much depressed until the Daughters of the Confederacy became active participants and, as they always do when they undertake an enterprise, carried it through. Immediately in front of the statue are the little granddaughters of Major Hord, who, together with Master Winston Pilcher Folk, grandson of the late Capt. M. B. Pilcher, participated in the unveiling.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

Comrade James P. Coffin in sending a Last Roll sketch of a true and tried veteran adds: "If there be any charges, and *there should be*, I will remit immediately on being informed of the amount." The italics are his.

That note is used for a text to comment upon the policy of the VETERAN. No charge is ever made for anything that appears as a reading notice. Contributors often send manuscript and ask the privilege of paying for the space. The VETERAN columns are ever so crowded that the liberty is taken to condense any article. This is done generally to advantage, all material facts being given. Last Roll sketches are sometimes too long, but it can't well be avoided. The VETERAN demurs, however, to the presumption that pictures, which are very expensive to it in the aggregate, should be paid for by the publisher. Frequently gallant men who died penniless deserve this expense, and it becomes a tax upon the publication.

Some unpleasant memories are recalled in connection with engravings. A rich man died for whose family there had been several engravings made; and when it was delicately suggested that he pay the expense of a subsequent one, he demurred stoutly, claiming that the "courtesy due" by the owner of the VETERAN. A correspondent who esteemed himself as a gifted writer sent an article demanding that if printed at all it must be exactly as written. He proposed to write a series of articles, and upon the assurance that all would be printed *verbatim* he would "proceed to send a remittance for a year's subscription." It survived his failure to remit the one dollar.

Regard the foregoing as outlining conditions with which the VETERAN has to deal. Its policy has ever been upon the most liberal lines. It has for sixteen years and six months been published on this open, generous plan, and it must so continue.

Now with this successful career of over a sixth of a century, with the unstinted official indorsement of every general Confederate organization in existence, it is as true as are these Confederates to principle that an uprising should occur to treble its circulation, its power. A few months ago the good people of Nashville undertook to procure \$200,000 in donations for a Y. M. C. A. building, and it was overdone by a few thousand dollars; then with harness on, and without waiting to "rest up," the same organization said they would raise \$100,000 during the next week for the Y. W. C. A., and this they did with an addition of over \$10,000 to the building fund.

Why can't the friends of the VETERAN do similar work for it? They can do so by each friend taking part. Will you do so? Determine so, and you will succeed.

The June issue of the VETERAN was sent to more than a thousand postmasters in the South to which no copies were being sent with the request to serve as agents or to commend some suitable person. Very pleasing reports came from many of them, and diligent effort will be made to increase the subscription list at these places. Many seemed to estimate the prospect of additions solely to the Confederate veterans in their localities. This should not be; for not only families of

Southern sympathizers, but those of intelligent, conservative sentiment should be urged to cooperate in establishing the principles that actuated their neighbors who made incomparable sacrifices in the sixties, and it can be in no other way as well as through the VETERAN.

SOUTHERN WOMAN'S MONUMENT.

One of the most interesting subjects for consideration at the Reunion was that of the Southern woman's monument. The design submitted by General Walker's committee was disapproved. A sketch by Miss Belle Kinney, of Nashville, is described briefly: It represents Fame supporting the wounded and exhausted Confederate soldier with her left arm, while with her right hand she is placing a wreath upon the head of the Southern woman, whose every nerve is vibrating with love and sympathy for the soldier and his cause, as expressed by the palm she is trying to place upon his breast, thoroughly unconscious that as her reward a crown is being placed upon her own head. In strong contrast are the two figures—Fame in her calm expression of justice, the woman typifying the



SKETCH OF WOMAN'S MONUMENT, BY MISS BELLE KINNEY.

sacrifices made by Southern women in those strenuous times, having done all in every way possible to relieve the soldier.

Gen. C. I. Walker, chairman of the committee, in writing of Miss Kinney's sketch, states: "It has an artistic soul."

LET THE COTTON TAX OF MILLIONS BE RETURNED.—Comrade J. D. Rinehardt, of Crowder, Okla., writes some pertinent suggestions in regard to the cotton tax of about \$15 per bale that has been held in the treasury at Washington since reconstruction times—a tax on the South when in sore financial stress—which was held by the Supreme Court to be an illegal requirement of the South. It is indeed strange that this large sum of money is not returned to the people from whom it was collected. Granting that the just return to individuals is impossible now, it might be proportioned back to the States to be used by them as they deem nearest right.

MEETING OF MOSBY'S MEN.—The annual meeting of Mosby's men, 43d Virginia Battalion of Cavalry, will be held at Front Royal, Va., on Saturday, August 28. A full attendance of members is requested.

TERMS AS TO WHO WAS "RIGHT," ETC.

Much is being said by speakers and writers on issues of the sixties as to who was "right." Mr. S. D. Van Pelt, a Union veteran, in a published address at Danville, Ky., on last Memorial Day takes to task those who use the term, "We know we were right," and disclaims such emphatic declaration as to himself; but he states that, while believing he was right, he does not declare it. He "loves and honors" the brave Confederate, than whom "no braver soldier ever lived." In paying such tribute it is assuring that he saw the Confederates tested, and it goes without question that such testimony is proof that the author was a good soldier in his country's service.

It is hardly worth while to discuss whether belief makes a fact. As to the Confederate soldier, however, whatever may have been his faith in the right to secede, enlightenment through study of the history and principles of the government in his maturer years, he is amazed at how fully justified he was in serving the powers over him to maintain the cause for which he enlisted before he really knew what his rights were. Hence the declaration that he knew he was right is emphasized without reserve as an expression that he would not modify it even to perpetuate his own life.

For years the VETERAN has permitted the expression without protest that "we are all Americans." This submission has continued without demurring because it has emanated mainly from Union veterans who sought to influence their fellows that Confederates are of the same blood and were actuated by the same principles for which the Union soldiers fought. But how unjust to truth! Many times Confederates fought regiments in which the English language was not known. It may be claimed that foreigners who had come to the country and enlisted at once in the Union army and had taken the oath of allegiance were therefore "Americans;" but natives to the soil whose homes were devastated by those hired bounty men cannot accept that they were Americans.

It is not so easy to enthuse over "Old Glory," either. True, it is our country's flag; it is the flag of the fathers of Confederates; but it was quite alienated by the inestimable infamies perpetrated under its folds. The flag is all right, but adoration is not increased by excessive comment from those who make so much ado about it. The Confederates in all soberness accept it and will ever protect it; but patriotism is not enhanced by the gush of foreigners and those who disgraced its sacred origin under martial law.

The term "New South," started and pressed by those who came South after the war and wanted our successes credited to "Northern brains and energy as well as Northern money," has unwittingly been circulated by some Southerners. This should not have been. The VETERAN has protested against the use of this term for years, and happily it is not used now except in isolated cases. The editor of the VETERAN protested vigorously at the time—and that was long before this organ was launched.

Another term, the most objectionable of all, is "lost cause." Shame upon it! If any article of questionable availability comes to the VETERAN, the use of that term seals its doom. Let those who write for the VETERAN take notice. In his beautiful peroration of his admirable address at the Memphis Reunion the Commander in Chief, Gen. Clement A. Evans, said: "We have the divine Word for a saying that you may sow a field with wheat and bury the grain beneath the ground so that the external shell will die, but the wheat is not lost. * * * No! No! Our cause was not lost, because it was

not wrong. Our cause is a living constitutional principle inherent in the nature of our wonderful system of free government which shall be employed as a power for peace and for our common national glory. No! No! Our cause was not lost for the reason that it was not wrong! This body of venerable soldiers now speak for their people who have faithfully fulfilled all the obligations of citizenship in every respect during every day of all the years that have come and gone since the armies were disbanded and war ended. The South should have and enjoy its proper share of all the true history, the true glory, with all other advantages of a true Union. The whole South will hail a genuine nonsectionalism in feeling, politics, legislation, and administration of the government."

Please help to stop using these reproachful terms. Comrades could render invaluable aid in protesting to newspapers using them. Such a "campaign of education" should be aided by every Southern man and woman.

A GRACIOUS TRIBUTE FROM YORK, PA.

The following letter has a gracious charm all its own, and the contributions sent will be much appreciated by both the committees of the Arlington Monument and the Davis Home Association:

"S. A. Cunningham: I was born in the Valley of Virginia I love the South, its traditions, its customs; in fact, all it ever stood for. My feet are on the downward steps of the ladder, and before I too cross over the river I want to add my widow's mite to the Arlington Confederate Monument and the Davis Home Association. Will you kindly help me? Inclosed is my check for \$20 for the Arlington Monument and \$10 for the Davis Home Association.

"Before closing I want to tell you how much I enjoy my VETERAN, and thank you that you have done so much for so small money returns. I will ask that my name be not made known to the public. I thank you in advance for attending to this matter for me."

TO HONOR ADMIRAL SEMMES.

The Confederate Veteran Association of Savannah, Ga., sends the VETERAN a paper in regard to the appropriate observance of the one hundredth anniversary of the birthday of Admiral Raphael Semmes, which occurs this year on September 27. Southern people, realizing the gallant part taken in the war of the sixties by the great naval commander, commend the idea of some special celebration in his honor at the time named.

The VETERAN suggests that each Camp of Veterans and each Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy give the matter cordial support and earnest attention.

The following is the paper received from Savannah: "The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Rear Admiral Raphael Semmes will occur on the 27th of September next, and it is eminently fitting that the memory of the loyal and distinguished son of the South should be adequately honored. Each Camp belonging to or affiliating with the United Confederate Veterans is urged to hold appropriate public services commemorative of the centenary of our great sea captain. The Commander in Chief is requested to issue such instructions as will insure the carrying out of these suggestions."

Widespread interest will be felt in the foregoing suggestions. The career of the Alabama in the Confederate States navy has a large place in the "War Records."

REVIEW OF THE MEMPHIS REUNION.

Memphis *en fete* was a city beautiful. Main Street and all the artery streets that lead into it—in fact, all the proposed route of the grand procession—was a mass of brilliant bunting and fluttering flags. Everywhere were large pictures of war heroes enshrined in the patriotic colors they loved so well. The resident district also was in gala attire, nearly every house showing the stars and bars with masses of Chinese lanterns and bunting. It was noticeable that the star-spangled banner was given almost equal place in many instances with the banner that was furled but never conquered, the mingled flags preaching their silent sermon of "peace on earth, good will to men."

Beautiful as the gala city was by day, by night it was a scene of fairylike enchantment, for myriads of electric lights lent their glow. They were on corners, on buildings, and spanned the streets in glittering archways.

EXCELLENT ARRANGEMENTS.

Seldom have so elaborate preparations been made for any Reunion as were made for this, the nineteenth Convention and the second meeting of the Confederate veterans in the Bluff City. Aside from the decorations of the city, which were as elaborate as an unlimited expenditure of money and beautiful taste could make them, the general arrangements were well conceived and thoroughly carried out. The entire city seemed resolved into a ways and means committee, every third man or woman met having the little silken badge, "I live here; ask me," and the slightest show of bewilderment or hesitation on the part of a visitor would bring one of these courteous guides to his assistance.

Possibly Memphis realized that in the nature of things this probably would be the last Reunion held in that city, so made every effort to make it the *Ultima Thule* of perfect success. The management is to be congratulated on the wonderful smoothness with which all arrangements were carried out, and especially complimented upon the handling of the enormous and unexpected crowds.

The most conservative summing up places the number of visitors at ninety thousand, while the more correct estimate would carry it to the hundred thousand limit. They poured into the city from every State in the Union till every hotel and boarding house was crowded to its utmost capacity, hallways and parlors being filled with cots. The visitors were a jolly set, and only joked and laughed over their sardine-like packing. Many people slept in the parks; and as the weather was sweltering, they felt that they had the advantage of those at the highest-priced hotels.

Many veterans were given free entertainment. As near an approach to a regular barracks as could be arranged was provided, and here the beautiful Memphis ladies served their heroes with war-time rations—bacon, hard-tack, beans, and coffee—but added to these well-remembered things were all the luxuries of the city market.

The Bijou Theater, which was used as the Convention hall, was most beautifully and elaborately decorated in the red and white, interspersed with palms and ferns. Grouped around the speakers' stand were gray-clad officers of the old Confederacy, the gold insignia upon collar and coat sleeve gleaming as brightly as their memories of unforgettably days. Back of these sat the sponsors, maids of honor, and chaperons, all in virgin white, a field of Southland lilies sweet and beautiful, and above in tiers were the hundred lovely girls who formed the famous Confederate Choir. Gathered from all

over the South, these sweet-voiced young women in the uniforms of homespun gray and soft hats formed a large part of as beautiful a picture as was seen during the Reunion.

Major General McDowell called the meeting to order, and was followed by an earnest prayer from the Chaplain General of the U. S. C. V.

Governor Patterson's address of welcome was next in order, but was delayed on account of his absence from the hall. Mrs. J. G. Edwards, of Norfolk, Va., Commander in Chief of the Choir, sang "Dixie." Mrs. Edwards is a very enthusiastic Confederate, and as she stood before them in her uniform of gray with its colonel's three stars upon her shoulder, in her hands the well-loved flag of the Confederacy, the audience, obeying an instinctive thrill, rose and stood at "salute." But when her voice of wondrous clearness and thrill soared in the well-known battle hymn, the wildest enthusiasm prevailed. Men threw their hats in the air, hugged each other, or broke into tears they made no attempt to hide. The Convention was a mass of waving flags; and as the last sweet note sounded, an old-time "Rebel yell" arose.

At the first silence Miss Bingham, wearing a military blouse and red soldier's cap, rose in the center of the Choir and on her bugle sweetly sounded the "assembly" call. The enthusiasm broke out again, and was only quieted when the Governor made his speech of welcome. He paid many noble tributes to the heroes who were gone and the heroes who were still wearing the laurels won in many a hard-fought battle. Mayor Malone on behalf of Memphis told the Veterans that the city and the fullness thereof was theirs, and the more they made themselves at home the more the citizens would be pleased.

General Gordon, on behalf of the Executive Committee and Memphis Veterans, welcomed the visitors with eloquent words, and the chief marshal, General McDowell, turned the hall over to the Veterans for their convention proceedings.



MISS JEANNETTE FALCONER RATHBONE,
Sponsor for Army of Northern Virginia Department.

Commander in Chief Gen. Clement A. Evans gave thanks in the name of the Veterans, and his patriotic address was beautiful oratory, for his words

"Gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer
Or tears from the eyelids start."

Every hearer was impressed by the deep tone of feeling that underlaid every word he uttered. In his peroration General Evans said: "We have the divine Word for saying that you may sow a field of wheat and bury the grain beneath the ground so that the external shell shall die, but the wheat is not lost; its life will hear the voices of the rain and sunshine calling it to come to the cry of hungry humanity, and it will respond to meet the need. Thus shall all the virtues of courage, truth, and fidelity to the cause of the South, though buried, rise up in a thousandfold increase at our country's every call."

General Evans's hold upon the hearts of the Veterans was well shown later in the order of business by his reelection to the post of Commander in Chief against his protest, he having emphasized his opinion that the honor should be passed on, not held too long by any one man.

The afternoon session was marked by a thrilling address from the celebrated orator of Norfolk, Va., Gen. Theodore S. Garnett, whose glowing periods went far to win for him a reputation as the Demosthenes of the South. He was followed by Col. Lewis Guion, of New Orleans, who made a strong appeal for the Vicksburg Park and the Confederate monuments there.

BEAUTIFUL FLORAL PARADE.

The floral parade was one of the finest features of the Reunion. Hundreds of automobiles, carriages, victorias, and floats gayly decorated were in line, and the rarest skill had

been employed to make each more beautiful than the other. It was a riot of color, each vehicle claiming some special tint, and the four mounted escorts of each carriage bravely wearing and carrying his lady's colors in sash and banner. Beautiful as were the carriages, still more beautiful were the inmates, for here rode the sponsors, maids of honor, and chaperons of the different organizations. Southern chivalry has always claimed the palm for Southern beauty, and with this galaxy of stars to aid the claim was more than won. The whole scene was more like a poet's dream of fair women than a real happening of this workaday world, more a royal pageant than a veritable parade.

THE SONS OF VETERANS.

The Sons of Veterans held several sessions. At one the question of a change of name was discussed. The U. S. of the U. S. C. V. on their badges led many outsiders to think it stood for United States, and this caused the proposed change. After careful consideration, the original name was retained by a large majority vote. The gifted and patriotic Clarence M. Owen, of Abbeville, Ala., was elected their Commander in Chief. This selection means well for the Sons.

MEMORIALS TO MR. DAVIS.

Beginning exactly at noon, as usual, a solemn service in tribute to the dead chieftain, President Davis, was held, and the vast multitude of those that loved him stood with bowed heads and tear-dimmed eyes to listen to the soft singing of "Nearer, My God, to Thee" by the Confederate Choir and the many eulogiums pronounced in honor of the chief. Among the group upon the stage were five State Governors, and back of these were the sponsors, the Choir, and the members of the Junior Memorial Association. These little boys were all in gray and carried tiny rifles, the replicas of those their grandsires bore so bravely long ago. In further honor to President Davis a tablet had been placed in the wall of the house formerly occupied by him and his family while in Memphis. This tablet was unveiled by his granddaughter, Miss Lucy White Hayes, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Addison Hayes, of Colorado Springs. Miss Hayes was in Memphis as the sponsor of Forrest's Cavalry, and was the recipient of many honors and courtesies from the veterans and the society leaders of Memphis.

FORREST'S CAVALRY.

Noticeable even amid the many organizations attending the Reunion Forrest's Cavalry, acting as escort to Gen. Henry A. Tyler, was very conspicuous. Troop A from Nashville of this brigade has the distinction of being the first Confederate cavalry company to reorganize after the war. The average age of this troop is sixty-seven, the average age in their first enlistment being nineteen years. The Mary Latham Chapter, U. D. C., of Memphis, dedicated the beautiful lamps surrounding the Forrest monument during the Reunion.

Among the notable events of the great Reunion was the introduction to the audience of Nathan Bedford Forrest, the great-grandson of the celebrated raider. This young man of four years was dressed in the full uniform of a general, which had been made from an old uniform worn by General Forrest during the war.

IMMORTAL SIX HUNDRED.

The remnants of the Immortal 600, now a pitiful handful (only forty-two in number), held a reunion of their own; memorial partly, for since the Reunion in Birmingham seven members have answered the last roll call. At this meeting Capt. Bender Miller was an honored guest, Captain Miller being the commander of the gunners who so successfully



MISS JULIETTE OPIE TABB,

Maids of Honor for Army of Northern Virginia Department.

aimed their fire that none of the six hundred Confederates were touched, though exposed by the brutality of General Foster as protection to his men to the deadly missiles from Fort Moultrie, Castle Hickney, and James Island.

Although the bevy of beauty that honored the Reunion is said to at least equal that of any previous occasion, none were more admired nor greater social favorites than the two pretty Indian maidens from Oklahoma, Miss Juanita Johnson, daughter of the chief of the Chickasaw Nation, sponsor for the Oklahoma Veterans, and Miss Floy Muller, her beautiful maid of honor.

WOMEN'S MONUMENT.

The design for the proposed monument to Southern women, having been submitted to the Reunion, was almost universally rejected, the Amazonian proportions and warlike attitude of the figure not conforming to ideals of a true Southern woman. Miss Belle Kinney, of Nashville, submitted a model, which in pose and expression seemed to meet with most cordial approval. The design is simple and impressive, and appeals to all as typical of Southern womanhood.

SPECIAL SOCIAL FEATURES.

Besides the grand ball, with its many "dancers dancing in tune," and the great parade of veterans, who kept time to the martial music as if their feet were as young as in the sixties, there were many special features—a regatta on the Mississippi, automobile races and fireworks at the Tri-State Fair Grounds, a steamboat excursion, magic lantern shows, theaters, etc. The fair sponsors received many private courtesies, the social world of the Bluff City vying with each other to do them honor.

HUMOROUS HAPPENINGS.

Of course there were some very amusing incidents. A man from Arkansas, fearing to lose some member of his family in the crush, roped his wife and five children together, and with the end of his rope in hand marched triumphantly through the streets, totally oblivious of the numerous upsets that followed the rope in its journey. Especially amusing was the plight of an old veteran from Georgia who, confused by the mysteries of a sleeping car, in which he had never traveled before, threw his trowsers, containing sixty-seven dollars in money, out of the window, thinking he was throwing them into another room. The man had no other trowsers, so had to be escorted to the veterans' headquarters bundled up in bath towels!

Several cities contended for the honor of the next Reunion, Nashville, Chattanooga, Mobile, and Houston making equal claim. A vote put Mobile so much in the lead that the other places withdrew, and that city was declared unanimous choice.

ALABAMA POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE MEMORIAL TO CONFEDERATE SOLDIER-STUDENTS.

At the recent Alumni Association Day of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute a magnificent bronze tablet was presented to the college by the Alumni in memory of the many students who entered the Confederate armies during the war of 1861-65.

Dr. H. M. Hamill, of Nashville, Tenn., whose conception the beautiful memorial was, was invited to deliver the presentation address, a part of which, together with the photograph of the tablet, we give a place of honor in the *VETERAN*. When shown the beautiful souvenir of the occasion and a copy of the memorial, Gen. Clement A. Evans, Commander of the U. C. V., expressed his sincere appreciation of this formal college commemoration of its dead and living soldier-students as a precedent that in his judgment should be widely followed.

EXTRACTS FROM DR. HAMILL'S ADDRESS.

Fifty years ago near this spot, encircled by a reverent multitude under the spell of a great orator, the corner stone of the East Alabama College was laid. Over it hung ominously the cloud of impending war, and amidst the hush that preceded the storm, with a noble faculty and generous patronage, the college began its brief career. Though the hearts of the people were tense with expectation and the air electric with prophecy of war, yet among the hundreds of happy students who gathered at morning chapel there was little sign of the great tragedy at hand. Down the peaceful streets of Auburn and a thousand other villages companies of holiday soldiers were passing in glittering uniforms to the music of fife and drum, and on every train the leaders of the young Confederacy were hurrying to the new capital in Montgomery.

On a bright April day in 1861 the roar of cannon shook the college building as a signal that the bombardment of Fort Sumter had begun. War was upon us, and the trumpet began calling from the streets for our student soldiers. For a time the chapel bell continued to ring and class rooms to open for students who lingered in hope that the war would soon close; but by and by came an afternoon when the last roll was called and college days to most of us had forever ended. There were tender partings and long good-bys—so long to many that



not yet has word of home greeting come. It seemed a great thing to be a soldier in those brave days, when the girls decked the parting ones in flowers and sang to them "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Bonnie Blue Flag," and "Dixie." The scarlet and gold and gray, the flashing sword and burnished musket, the bright flowers and gay song marked the beginning of the death struggle of the South. Soon the song deepened into the hush before a great battle or rose into the cry of the stricken heart over the long lists of the wounded and dead. War grew grim and fierce and relentless. The peaceful town became a drilling camp, and college and campus a great hospital.

On another April day in 1865, as a boy in Mahone's Division, I looked my last into the face of my great commander as, seated on old Traveler, he bade us good-bye, saying: "Never mind, you have done your best. Go home and be brave and true citizens." For a few hard years of poverty we tried to open again the college doors and relight its torch of learning; but not until the State laid its kindly hand upon it and trans-

ferred to its roll of honor the student boys of the old college who had worn the gray was the present stronger, though not nobler, educational era begun.

And now after many years, by grace of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute and in behalf of its Alumni Association, I present to this later institution, in care of its trustees, faculty, and body of students, the memorial tablet which has been unveiled before you in remembrance of those students who wore the gray and fought in the ranks of the Confederacy. Over their lowly graves that lie scattered on many battlefields and in many peaceful cemeteries I would inscribe that exquisitely pathetic epitaph that one may read upon a Confederate monument in these simple words: "To the memory of those who in giving up their love of learning and their ambition for lives of honor and usefulness gave more than life itself; who glorified a fallen cause by the simple manhood of their lives, the patient endurance of suffering, and the heroism of death; and who in the dark hours of imprisonment, the hopelessness of the hospital, and the sharp agony of the field, found support and consolation in the belief that at home they would not be forgotten."

BROAD-MINDED PATRIOTISM.

GLIMPSES OF SOME DELIGHTFUL LETTERS.

The following extracts from letters written by Col. J. M. Schumaker, a prominent railroad official of Pittsburg, Pa., to Miss Corinne, daughter of Dr. Tebault, of New Orleans, La., who represented the South as sponsor at the last Reunion in Nashville, are expressive of a broad-mindedness which ignores any sectional lines. The first was dated November 26, 1906:

"I am without words, my dear Miss Tebault, to express my gratitude and thanks for yours of the 20th inst. inclosing General Lee's delightful invitation to attend the coming Reunion of Confederate veterans at Richmond, Va., next spring, and I will write him my grateful acceptance. Indeed, I have no greater happiness in store than to meet with my fellow-men who had the courage to stand up and fight for their convictions as God gave them the right to see. No one knows better than myself how they fought for it, and to actually meet and take them by the hand is an honor that I deeply appreciate."

He wrote again in reference to the gift of a St. Joseph charm, saying: "I have been so busy since my wire announcing St. Joseph's arrival as to be unable to find a moment to write more fully my happiness in his possession. I don't know whether or not he was responsible for my seeing in a dream a picture that hung on my father's home walls of two big lions and a child between them with a hand on each shaggy head and the words beneath, 'A little child shall lead them;' and as I looked the lions, child, and words faded slowly away, and as slowly came back two full-length pictures of the two greatest modern soldiers, Lee and Grant, and standing between them with hand on each shoulder was a beautiful girl, and the words beneath were: 'Be ye friends on earth as we are in heaven.' Now, please don't rush off and be an angel, for we want your hands on the shoulders of the blue and the gray on earth; and if you will let them, the blues will love and crown you with the same devotion as the grays. I shall always remember the reminiscent talk with your father and never cease to admire him for his courage to stand for the right as God gave him to see it. It's all over now, as you say, and he is spared to see, as I am,

the grandest majestic civilization the world has ever known, made possible only by the terrible suffering, sacrifice of lives and property, and the heartaches that still exist for the sacrifices during the four cruel years of our Civil War. Never lose your interest in the old soldier, gray or blue, who helped roughhew our magnificent country. It's all ours."

Again, on June 1, 1908, he writes: "I hardly know how to express my gratitude, my dear Miss Tebault, for the splendid work done for me in my tribute to General Lee's memory. It had always been my earnest desire to in some way return his kindness to me at Richmond, but never seemed able to find a way to do so; and when announcement of his death followed, I naturally turned to the dear sweet girl who put me in touch with General Lee to help me in the only way left open to pay a last tribute to the brave soldier, the great, big, good-hearted man who had answered to the call of the last mustering out officer."

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL FOR HARVARD.

(From the Harvard Crimson.)

More than forty years of domestic peace have healed the wounds left by the Civil War. At the close of the struggle many who had left Harvard for the front returned to complete their course. Others there were who did not return, but died on the battlefield—soldiers of the North and soldiers of the South. Memorial Hall was built as a tribute to the gallantry of those who fell fighting for the Union. Probably a greater number left Harvard to join Confederate ranks than fought in the war with Spain. Would it not be a fitting token of the cessation of strife and the knitting of severed bonds to establish a memorial to those sons of Harvard, no less her sons for having joined battle against the majority of their classmates?

The university receives numerous gifts, from which a sum might be devoted to a small number of scholarships for Southern students. An appropriation for such a purpose would not only provide a lasting memorial to soldiers who died for the right as they saw it, but would tend to increase the Southern representation which the university so sadly lacks.

VISITS OF PRESIDENT GENERAL U. D. C.

BY MRS. CORNELIA FRANCH STONE, BLUE RIDGE SPRINGS, VA.

In the early part of May I attended the Conventions of three State Divisions, U. D. C., the first being that of Florida, held in the historic city of St. Augustine, the oldest in America; and with its quaint old fort and sea-wall front, relics of Spanish occupancy, its wealth of bloom, beautiful old homes, and grandest and most artistic hotel, the Ponce de Leon, it made a picturesque setting for the State Convention. The meeting was in every sense a successful one, showing excellent work accomplished, particularly in the historical department, and in the organization and enthusiasm of the Children of the Confederacy. The dates of the Florida Convention conflicted with those of Louisiana and Mississippi; and my engagement having been made with Florida some weeks before receiving the invitations of the latter Divisions made me wish that I might have been able to be at three places at the same time. At St. Augustine I was the guest of the local Chapter at beautiful Resthaven, the home of Sister Esther-Carlotta, who was elected State President of Florida, and upon memory's walls these two picture homes will hang "a joy forever."

After spending two days in Opelika, Ala., at the charming

home of the Recording Secretary General, Mrs. A. L. Dowdell, she accompanied me to Huntsville, Ala., where we attended the annual meeting of that State Division, where I was the honored guest of Mrs. Clay-Clopton at the home of her friend, Mrs. Milton Humes. This beautiful old Southern home, with its stately columns, grand old trees, Italian and rose gardens so well kept, its spacious halls and high-ceiled rooms, with fine old paintings and statuary, brought back the ante-bellum days of matchless hospitality. The sweet, womanly kindness and thoughtfulness of Mrs. Humes and the gracious presence of Mrs. Clay-Clopton gave a warmth to the welcome found there that will be treasured by the large house party that enjoyed it during those May days. Even "Pearl," the ebony man cook, was a reminder of the domestic service of the olden time, and with the freedom of those days urged upon us a longer stay. Mrs. B. B. Ross, of Auburn, was unanimously chosen President of the Alabama Division.

The Alabama Convention was marked for its harmony of action, its splendid reports, and excellent work done. The duties of this meeting were the same as those of the Tennessee Division.

I left Huntsville for Jackson, Tenn., to be present at the last day of that Convention, and was again the guest of the local Chapter, of which Mrs. Holland is the efficient President. Mrs. L. Z. Sansom, of Knoxville, will guide the Tennessee Division through the coming year.

The State President, Mrs. M. B. Pilcher, showed splendid work done in her Division, and the closing session was full of beauty, harmony, and good feeling.

On my return to Galveston after an absence of a little more than two weeks, having covered many miles in my journeying, there was an accumulation of official work to keep me busy until the time came to meet the dear veterans of the South, and "On to Memphis" was my watchword, for it is always a privilege to be present at the annual Reunions of these revered and honored heroes. It is a grand sight to see them assembled in Convention, a host in gray, with those fine old types of Southern manhood on whose faces are written the glorious and matchless record of their achievements not only on the field of battle, but on the no less victories of peace, in which reconstruction and rehabilitation played such conspicuous and vital part. The heat was intense; but undaunted, as in days past, none of the old soldiers would admit themselves too feeble to march in the grand parade on the last day of their meeting, and it was a notable scene long to be remembered—that line of gray mounted and on foot marching to the music of many bands playing "Dixie," the "Bonny Blue Flag," "Maryland," and other strains of nearly a half century ago.

The climax of this great spectacle was had in the recognition of Gen. Fred D. Grant by the Confederate soldiers and their warm and loving greeting to the son of the great leader of the hosts that they had so often met in battle, sometimes in victory, and by which at the last were overpowered and outnumbered. The memory of the great magnanimity of Gen. U. S. Grant as the victor at Appomattox was returned a hundredfold to his son as he stood on the reviewing stand beside his wife on June 10 at Memphis, and to him it will be and must be one of the treasured incidents of his life—this spontaneous tribute to his father's memory. As I took his hand when my carriage was brought up close to him the light of this new fraternal baptism was shining on his face, and there is assurance that in his heart there is a closer tie for the people of the South, and he honors the reverence

shown for her old soldiers, which is broad enough to pay tribute to all great Americans.

May God bless our dear old veterans and keep them ever in the first place in Southern hearts, that they may be ever tenderly cared for, as their great service deserves and their knightly courage demands!

Memphis honored herself in the splendid entertainment she gave in such full measure to these dear "boys of the sixties." These Reunions are a love feast to the old soldiers, free from all antagonism or bitterness and full of joy and pleasure in living over the heroic days of the past, the hardships and privations so faded out by the intervening years that only pleasant memories abide in their hearts.

WORTHY WIDOW WHO DESERVES A PENSION.

(From a war-time newspaper, Milledgeville, Ga.)

At twelve o'clock on Friday last both branches of the General Assembly by resolution attended the funeral of the late Capt. T. George Raven, who died in this city on the 10th inst. The President of the Senate and Speaker of the House acted with the pallbearers. A discourse suited to the occasion was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Ridley at the Episcopal church, from whence the remains were followed to the cemetery.

Captain Raven was a native of Lancashire and a graduate of the military college at Addiscombe, England. He engaged in commercial pursuits, which brought him to America five years ago. Marrying in Charleston, S. C., he there remained, and in the autumn of 1860 joined the Washington Artillery, and served with that battery through the fall of Sumter, and subsequently joined the South Carolina Rangers as an independent volunteer. The prospect of active operations near Charleston being remote, he tendered his services in the spring of 1863 to Adjutant General Wayne, who took him upon his staff as a military engineer and placed him in charge of the fortifications at Etowah Bridge. He is honorably mentioned in the annual report of the Adjutant General.

The works at Etowah finished, Captain Raven joined the Adjutant General at Resaca, who, in addition to his duty as military engineer, appointed him inspector of fortifications. While on duty at Resaca he contracted a severe cold which laid the foundation of his disease. He came to Milledgeville as bearer of important information to the Executive respecting the Army of Tennessee. His journey was performed in the cold weather two weeks ago, and the day after his arrival he was prostrated with pneumonia, from which he never recovered. His young and interesting wife was present to soothe his last moments. Captain Raven was a Christian gentleman in the true sense of the word, and died in great peace in the twenty-sixth year of his age. His nature was chivalrous and noble, and a bright career seemed to await him; but he died in a cause dear to his heart. Devoted in his friendships and faithful in every trust, the generous young foreigner has passed away under circumstances which will ever endear his memory to the Southern people.

The above extract was sent the VETERAN by the Rev. Dr. Gailor, Bishop of Tennessee, who says the widow of this brave soldier is living in Memphis in the utmost poverty. He says he takes pleasure in being sponsor for this lady, and that any help given her personally or in assisting her in obtaining a pension will be appreciated by him as much as by Mrs. Raven. Her address can be obtained from Rev. Thomas F. Gailor, Bishop of Tennessee, Memphis.

FORTY MEN FOUGHT GRANT'S ARMY.

BY W. MARION SEAY, LYNCHBURG, VA.

Much has been written of the big battles of the sixties; but many small desperate engagements with important results have been overlooked by the historians or mentioned simply as a "skirmish with pickets" or a "brush with the cavalry." Of such character was the affair of which I write. Although it had no great effect on the general results of the war, it saved a large part of a brigade and held General Grant's entire army in check for about half a day. Only about forty men and five commissioned officers were engaged, all of whom were made prisoners save one, who escaped. They were parts of two companies—C and E of the 11th Virginia Infantry—with one or two odd men from other companies of the same regiment. Capt. T. A. Horton, the only member of his company (B), was the senior commissioned officer present, and assumed command; the other officers present were Capt. William H. Morgan, Company C, Lieuts. George P. Norvell and James W. Wray, Company E, and Lieut. Peter B. Akers, Company A. Of these, all except Captain Horton and Lieutenant Akers are yet living.

In early May, 1864, Kemper's Brigade of Pickett's Division, which had been operating temporarily in Eastern North Carolina, was ordered back to Virginia. Grant's large army was marching on to Richmond from the North, and Ben Butler's army and gunboats were coming up the James River and were within a few miles of Richmond and Petersburg, and all troops that could be spared from less important points were ordered to Richmond. Kemper's Brigade, commanded by Gen. William R. Terry (General Kemper being off duty on account of wounds received at Gettysburg), was detained at Petersburg and marched to Chester, midway between Petersburg and Richmond, where they skirmished for a day or so with the enemy. On May 16 this brigade fought Butler at Drury's Bluff, capturing General Heckman and his Massachusetts brigade, after which they were ordered to Richmond, arriving there on the afternoon of the 20th of May. They stacked arms on Broad Street to await cars on the R., F. & P. Railroad to carry them to meet Grant's invading army.

The first train available consisted of a few box cars, which were quickly filled with the first men who scrambled aboard, a few from each company and regiment, probably four to five hundred or less in the entire brigade. The ranking officer was Major Norton, of the 1st Virginia Infantry. The train soon pulled out in the direction of Hanover Junction, its destination unknown perhaps to any officer on board. The rest of the brigade were left on Broad Street. The train was stopped at Milford Station (Bowling Green), about halfway between Richmond and Alexandria, and our Falstaffian army was detained. After sending a few skirmishers or pickets across the North Anna River, the small force bivouacked on the south bank; and after our strenuous ordeal for several weeks, we gladly dropped on the ground and were soon fast asleep, hardly caring what the morning might bring forth, we were so thoroughly exhausted.

In the twilight of the following morning we were awakened by the firing of the pickets and call to arms, and we were soon in line and were double-quickened to the bridge crossing the North Anna River. Captain Horton took command. Upon a hill across the river the Yankee cavalry were plainly visible. They were probably a half mile away beyond the railroad station. Our orders from Major Norton were to "charge the hill, take, and hold it at all hazards," which we thought was an

easy task, as from our experience the infantry had but little fear of mounted cavalry. Our advance was slow until we reached the railroad station, where the ascent of the hill began. On the platform of this station we saw several of our men from Company A, who had been wounded when the pickets were driven in. Among them was Capt. R. M. Mitchell, shot in the face, and we then thought mortally wounded. He was living in Atlanta not long since. These wounded men inflamed our little squad to greater determination. Forward went our little band up the hill, emitting the old "Rebel yell." We were soon in the midst of a hail of bullets, but not one fell out of ranks; and when we reached the top, the Yanks were skedaddling for the tall timber and touching only the high places on the ground. We had obeyed the first order, had charged the enemy and taken the hill, and now we were to "hold it at all hazards."

With a breathing spell we looked around and located our position. Every inch of this ground is vivid to me still; and were I an artist, I could make a sketch which would fully describe our position. To the southeast of us was the bridge across the river over which we had come; the railroad station (Milford) was between us and the bridge. In our immediate front our friends, the enemy—how many of them we had no idea—were dodging about behind trees in the wood that commenced about thirty or forty feet from us. We supposed there might be a regiment or possibly a brigade, but what did forty or fifty infantrymen care for even a brigade of mounted cavalymen?

On the top of this hill there had been an ice house, but the pit luckily remained. From this pit extending toward the river was a gully three to four feet in depth and parallel with the enemy's line of battle. We utilized it as a breastwork. How providential that it was there! Otherwise we would probably have been annihilated quickly! Ensconcing ourselves in this ditch, we felt very comfortable and as if we could whip all the cavalry in the Federal army. In a very short time the enemy advanced in great numbers, but not as cavalry; they had dismounted, and were armed with modern repeating rifles as against our single-shot muzzle-loaders. The open field was about the distance our guns could be effective. The enemy stopped in the skirt of timber and opened fire against us in our natural breastworks. We could see the effect of our shots when the fight began, as they would fall or drop their guns and skedaddle to the rear. They kept up an incessant fire, having ammunition to spare; while we simply waited for targets among them, and we made nearly every shot count. It was exciting to the highest degree. We occasionally had a man struck, but our casualties were few, none being killed and but few wounded. The Yanks evidently did not realize our small numbers, and must have thought there were several times as many as we were. At any time during the fight had they charged many would have been killed; but we would have been compelled to give way, and I doubt if they would have lost as many men as they did.

This fighting had been kept up for a considerable time, probably two or three hours, when some one exclaimed: "Where is the bridge?" It caused every one to look around in that direction, when lo! the bridge was not to be seen. Our troops had destroyed it and withdrawn. It then dawned upon us that we had been sacrificed to save the troops across the river. Good generalship, I suppose, but "tough on the frogs." This diversion only caused an instant's hesitation in the firing. The enemy was being constantly reinforced, and

their firing became more rapid, while our little army replied in kind. On our right we saw (but out of range of our guns) a line of men start from the woods in single file at first and quite a distance apart and looking in our rear. Then we saw the same movement taking place on our left. In a short while this force quickened their march, closing up to the front, and soon they had a double column reaching to the river, forming a horseshoe, and we were "it."

Then Captain Horton said: "Boys, you see our position. There is no escape; we will probably all be killed; but we will make them pay a big price for our lives. Be careful with your cartridges and make every shot count. If they charge us, it will soon all be over." One of the other officers (probably Lieutenant Wray) said: "Captain, while we may yet kill many more of them, the results are plainly visible. We can probably charge them through their right wing in our rear, cutting our way out, and possibly some of us escape." Captain Horton replied: "It is not a question of what we might do, but our orders; these were to 'charge, take, and hold this position.' We have taken it and will hold it as long as possible; it will give the brigade that much more time to save themselves." No more was said, and both officers turned to the work in hand.

The enemy were getting bolder or were being reinforced in such numbers that there were not trees enough to hide them, and there was now a solid mass of them in front of us, and no occasion for us to throw away a shot unless we aimed too high, as they were evidently doing. The only way to account for our small list of casualties is that we were saved by the gully—our "breastwork." We took deliberate aim and made every shot count; while the enemy fired from the hip, as was customary with cavalry, and consequently most of their shots went over our heads. When we were captured and marched to their rear, the woods in our front had many dead and wounded men. I am sure I saw many more dead and wounded than we had engaged all told during the engagement.

We had had nothing to eat that morning. Yet as for myself, I really enjoyed it, though not from any great love of fighting, as I did not boast of physical courage; but we were in for it to keep and hold our own, and in the excitement of the rapid work I believe the words "enjoyed it" express the feeling of every man engaged at that time.

However, there had to be an end, and its beginning came when some one said: "This is my last cartridge." Others examined their boxes, and one said, "I have only one more;" another, "I have only two;" and so on. None of us had over forty rounds to begin with. Captain Horton said: "Then, boys, we had as well end it. The balance of the brigade are probably safe by this time. Have any of you a white handkerchief?" White handkerchiefs were scarce, but some one said: "I have a towel, but it is not very white." The towel was produced and fastened to a ramrod while we were still keeping up the fire. I was loading, with a ball halfway down the barrel of my little Enfield sergeant's rifle, which had become foul from overuse, and both ball and rammer had stuck, so that I could not move it down or draw the rammer. "Cease firing" came the command; but by that time I had the gun to my shoulder and pulled the trigger. The flag of truce went up and I went down against the rear bank of the breastworks. In a moment I was up with (I thought) a shattered shoulder. I had fired my last shot for the cause I loved. I threw my gun over in the pit of the old ice house. The Yanks were standing over us with the muzzles of their guns pointed within three

feet of us. They seemed as we looked into them from that distance to have a bore about the caliber of an ordinary camp kettle, and right there what little courage I possessed left me and I became good and scared. One poor Yank immediately in front seemed to leap about two feet from the ground and fell over our heads and down into the ditch, never knowing what struck him. He was shot in the head by some one in our rear. One of their men said we had shot him after we had surrendered, and I thought sure we would now be butchered, but their officer interfered and we were spared.

We were marched out to the field headquarters of General Torbett, commanding General Grant's advance guard, where we learned for the first time what we had been "up against." In place of a little cavalry foraging party—as we thought we had come across the bridge to drive off the hill—we were fighting a large advance force of Grant's entire army.

After surrendering we were well treated by our captors. The officers and men in the field, sure-enough soldiers, were exceedingly kind—quite in contrast with those we met later. The Sunday soldiers who came out of their bombproofs at Washington crowded the wharf to see what they had not seen before—*i. e.*, a live Rebel—and hurl their insults and epithets at us. Nor did we fare better when later we were carried to Point Lookout, Md., and turned over to Major Brady and Captain Barnes and their "coon" brigade of guards, who had us in their keeping for the next ten months. We were paroled at Harrison Landing, Va., in March, 1865, about two weeks before the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox, and sent home living skeletons.

I wish to dwell a moment on the treatment we received from our immediate captors, officers and men. I especially have a pleasant remembrance of a Captain Hess, who, I think, was on General Torbett's staff, and was exceedingly kind and pleasant, dividing and distributing rations, tobacco, etc., among us. It must have been near midday. I should like to know if Captain Hess is still living. If he is, he may remember the incidents here related. I should like to hear of or from any old Yank who was engaged in this skirmish.

FIVE MESSMATES AT MEMPHIS REUNION.—Three brothers and two cousins all named Deupree, survivors of the same mess and company, met at the Memphis Reunion and had a good time. They were royally entertained and cared for by their kind Memphis relatives. Three brothers were T. J., of Texarkana, Ark., J. L., of Mayhew, Miss., and J. W., of Brooksville, Miss. The two cousins were J. G., of Oxford, Miss., and J. E., of Ivanhoe, Tex. They served in Company G, 1st Mississippi Regiment, Armstrong's Brigade, Forrest's Cavalry Corps. J. L. Deupree had a finger shot off in battle, T. J. Deupree had a horse killed under him at Shiloh, and the tail of a horse ridden by J. G. Deupree was shot off by a cannon ball in the same fight. Subsequently a horse was killed under him at Holly Springs. J. E. Deupree was captured and held for twenty-three months, when he escaped from prison after many efforts by answering at the call for a dead man's name. These veterans met for the first time after the war at the Memphis Reunion in 1901. All of them have been fortunate in peace as they were in war.

Mrs. S. L. Jordan, 705 S. Maple Street, Pana, Ill., requests information in regard to her brother, W. A. Beard, who enlisted from New Orleans in the 3d Louisiana Regiment. She is a widow, and would appreciate any information that his comrades may be able to give to her.

DEDICATION OF DAVIS MEMORIAL HOME.

June 3 was a memorable day at Fairview, Ky. The celebration of the birthday of Jefferson Davis after one hundred and one years was attended by many thousands of people, despite the threat of rain in the morning.

The day was really ideal, and a finer assembly of people is rarely seen. While all the roads leading to Fairview furnished a liberal quota, the magnificent highway of eleven miles from Hopkinsville exhibited a continuous scene each way of elegant people mainly in private carriages.

The assembly at Fairview was in the beautiful grove owned by the Association. The stand was elaborately decorated with banners, flags, and flowers, and photographers used a feast of scenery.

A sumptuous dinner was served to the multitude. After dinner was served, Capt. Charles F. Jarratt, of Hopkinsville, who had diligently looked after arrangements, called the assembly to order. Then was pronounced an invocation. Captain Jarratt then introduced the most venerable man of the town, Dr. E. S. Stuart, who greeted the assembly with profound reverence for the occasion. He recited briefly the events of Fairview in connection with the Confederate President's career, and concluded with an appeal for perpetual zeal in making the Davis Memorial Park all that it should be.

At this point in the proceedings S. A. Cunningham, Vice President of the Association, took charge of the meeting. He read a letter from Mrs. Buckner expressing regret from General Buckner that he could not be present owing to an attack of acute rheumatism. Mr. Cunningham also read a telegram from Gen. Bennett H. Young explaining that he was detained by a lawsuit in Chicago. General Young, however, had prepared his address, and it was read by Col. W. A. Milton, of Louisville, Vice President Courier-Journal Company.

ADDRESS OF GEN. BENNETT H. YOUNG, OF LOUISVILLE.

On the spot where we now stand, one hundred and one years ago, Jefferson Davis was born. Of the hundreds of thousands of people then living in Kentucky, we can count on our fingers all that remain, and a new generation gathers about the scenes of the nativity of this illustrious man and dedicates to his memory forever these nineteen acres purchased by the Jefferson Davis Home Association and which now become the property of the nation as a memorial to one of its truest and bravest spirits.

Two sons of Kentucky were the leaders in the most gigantic struggle mankind ever witnessed. They were born within one hundred and twenty-five miles of each other—Abraham Lincoln, in 1809, in Larue County, and Jefferson Davis, in 1808, in Christian County. Neither reposes in the bosom of his native commonwealth; but Lincoln sleeping in Illinois and Davis in Virginia are still the sons of Kentucky, and both in their lives magnified and glorified the history of the State that gave them birth.

A recent popular movement has secured the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln, and a grateful nation is erecting a splendid memorial to his virtues and achievements. That he was a Kentuckian only makes him dearer to the Kentucky people. His triumphs over a humble birth and his victory over adversities crown him with praise, and every Kentuckian, whatever his views or position upon questions which were involved in the war, is ready to accord Mr. Lincoln a distinguished place on the scroll of the world's heroes. Stricken down by an assassin's hand at the moment when Federal success was assured and at a time when he might have rendered the noblest

and grandest service to the American nation, for the men and women of the South there are none who envy Abraham Lincoln the beautiful structure at the place of his birth, and thousands of Southern men and women have willingly contributed to the fund collected from the American people to make eternal, in so far as stone and bronze can do so, the grandeur of private life and public service.

But we are here, my countrymen, this day to turn over another page of history and to write on it lines which will tell the world of the Southland's love and appreciation of the life and character of Jefferson Davis.

To my mind one of the noblest and most inspiring scenes in American history was when a little Southern girl pinned a Confederate badge upon the lapel of William McKinley, and the softest and godliest words of reconciliation and love that ever came from a statesman were those uttered by Mr. McKinley when he pleaded for the care and protection of Confederate graves by the republic. I challenge all political history to produce a parallel, and this act of him who also died by the hand of an assassin will go sounding down the ages as the sweetest evangel of peace that ever started upon an errand of harmony.

The time has come in this nation when men may speak freely, kindly, and truly of the past. The war with its sacrifices has ceased and peace between sections, with its ennobling, refining, and uplifting influences, has come to abide forever. They who would stay its marches and delay its reign are the enemies of the nation's happiness.

Jefferson Davis, misjudged in life, disfranchised until death, is finding his true place in history, and as sons and daughters of the South we are here to-day to declare this spot sacred and ever to remain sacred to Southern hearts, to declare our veneration for the memory of Jefferson Davis, to declare our love for his superb sacrifices at the call of duty and his devotion to truth, and to bedeck with fresh laurels and to glorify with renewed praise him who bore the crown of sorrow and persecution and humiliation because of his steadfastness, his loyalty, and his devotion to the people of the South in their titanic struggle.

It fell to the lot of Jefferson Davis to be the leader of his people in the combat which cost untold sacrifice of life and the expenditure of almost countless millions of treasure.

As the voice of reason speaks to the public heart, there are many sad things in the career of Jefferson Davis that the nation regrets. The cruelties inflicted upon him at Fortress Monroe, the indignities pressed upon him when his emaciated hands were manacled by force, the hardships visited upon him in his long confinement all well-thinking American citizens would blot out if they could. The impartial judgment of mankind will fix the wrong of these things where it belongs. It is a memory of the past, regretful and sad. A prodigious struggle for what both sides believed an inalienable right, the greatest war ever waged between English-speaking people, prolonged for four years over a wide area, was bound to bring its sacrifices, losses, anguish, ruin, and desolation, and along with these as product of passion and prejudice there ensued many things which in the light of after years compel universal regret. * * *

Mr. Davis suffered as no other Confederate could suffer. He was refused the right of citizenship, and he steadily declined to ask it. The same boon had been refused Robert E. Lee, and with this before him there was no hope for aught he might seek. American justice, we believe, would expunge this from the unchangeable past could it be expunged, and it

ought to be a boast of our common country that only here and there, widely scattered and isolated, can be found an American who does not deplore the extremity of punishment meted out to Mr. Davis after the war.

These words are not spoken to awaken a single emotion of prejudice or ill will, but to emphasize the duty of the South to the memory of Mr. Davis. In every Southern State there should be erected an imposing monument to his memory. His life was pure and his career upright, his integrity beyond reproach, and his patriotism immeasurable. He became the leader of his people over his personal protest of unworthiness. He assumed a task at which any human being might hesitate. The South had no resources, no factories, no arsenals; it had a vulnerable seacoast six times longer than that of the other States; it had no standing army upon which even to base the conflict. Mr. Davis became the head of the Confederate States, and no responsibility so stupendous was ever laid upon human heart, no burden so great was ever placed upon human shoulders. He was moved only by a sense of duty. Mistakes he was bound to make. He was to choose generals, agents, and aides in all lines. He had the chivalry and devotion of a brave and patriotic people upon which to rely; but in his heart was pulsing a nation's life beat, and its throbs and agonies both sorrowed and strengthened his undaunted soul. Calm, a stranger to fear, responsive to every call of duty, he occupied a position never before assumed by one man since the sunrise of history.

At home he was sometimes opposed by his friends; criticized by those from whom he had a right to expect unquestioning and unqualified support; maligned, misrepresented, misunderstood, and misjudged by his enemies, he yet bore in his soul a nation's hopes, ambitions, and woes, and his magnificent spirit did not quail before the terrible solemnity of the issues involved. He never hesitated in the discharge of all that honor demanded, and he refused his countrymen nothing that his genius and his courage could give.

There are those who tell us that when near the end Mr. Lincoln said, "Write 'Union' at the top and fill in the balance as you please;" but it must not be forgotten that Mr. Davis was at the head of the Confederacy, placed there by his people who had staked their lives, their liberty, and their all on success, and that the men and women of the South, who had made such tremendous sacrifices in their efforts to maintain a nation's life, would never have understood or appreciated the conditions which enforced submission. The President of the Confederacy day by day saw and felt the diminishing power of the Confederate pulse beat; but he dared not relax his efforts; and thus surrounded by circumstances he was powerless to change, he beheld his people bravely struggling on in the throes of anguish and death, while he stood with his great and loving heart unable to allay a single pang or change the course of destiny.

When the Confederacy had passed the period where success was no longer possible, when the struggle was wasting the energies and lives of a nation dearer to him than his own, he stood undismayed; but no craven spirit of fear touched his brave, brave heart, and he exhibited the highest and noblest courage that ever filled a human breast as he battled on without hope and yet without fear. In a dark cell at Fortress Monroe for twenty-four weary and wasting months, with scarcely a ray of sunlight, with few to minister to his wants or cheer his spirit, he sat and thought and remembered and suffered for the Southern people.

With the conditions of captivity steadily ravaging his ener-

gies and undermining his constitution, he reviewed the tragedy and realized that he had endured all this for the men and women of the South, and submitted himself to his surroundings with a dignity and a splendor of manner that at least touched with tenderness and undying love the hearts of his countrymen. No breath of criticism dare assail the conduct of Mr. Davis during this awful ordeal of imprisonment. Threatened with prosecution for treason, denied his liberty, with limited opportunities to prepare for his defense, light was none the less slowly reaching into the cell where sat the beloved President of the Confederacy. Good and true men throughout the nation realized that his incarceration, with all its attendant circumstances, was a political crime, and that it was a discredit to the people of the greatest nation upon which the sun has ever shone. It took two years for public sentiment to right itself, for the law of love to overcome the law of hate and passion. At last the men who had opposed him became his bondsmen, and after two years of confinement he again saw the light of the sun and breathed air that did not come to him through prison bars. In these dreadful hours of confinement he became a thousand times dearer to his people, and their love and gratitude went out to him in boundless measure and with resistless force.

Twenty years have passed since he died, and the limelight of history has only brightened every spot in his pure, unsullied life. Hestood in suffering, humiliation, and imprisonment for the South, its head, its chief, its representative. He bore in his body and soul the deepest anguish for his people. Now that he is gone and men may review the past and weigh and judge his life, his conduct, and his motive, slowly, but surely and irresistibly, Jefferson Davis is coming to his own. As he stood for the South, the South will stand for him and all that his life and suffering implied, and the South will see that he shall be understood and appreciated and that no shadow shall darken his fame and that no misrepresentation shall scar the splendor of his character and the glory of his transcendent heroism in the dark days of his humiliation.

We are here this day upon a holy mission, one of peace and good will, and with the eyes of our nation turned to Fairview, and all men rejoicing that the South is doing honor to Jefferson Davis. No American history will be just that does not recognize in him a great and good man. Some say that he was a misguided leader and that he judged wrongly in the conflict. Let it be answered as an eternal truth that he settled every issue and obligation of duty according to the lights before him, that he brought to the solution of every confronting problem a pure heart and an honest desire to know the truth and to do the right and a courageous willingness to follow wherever honor and fidelity pointed the way. Never did he falter, never did he hesitate when manhood and patriotism called to action. He knew that adherence to principle would entail sorrow, sacrifice, and perhaps death. But consequences had no terror for his heart; once assured of the right, he braved every storm and accepted results with courage.

A Grecian sailor out on the Ægean Sea, in the darkness and raging of a mighty storm that overshadowed his soul with fear of destruction, cried out: "O, Neptune, god of the sea, you can destroy me if you will; you can save me if you will, but I'll surely keep the rudder true." Jefferson Davis kept the rudder true, and his people can point with love and pride to his heroism and constancy under difficulties and misfortunes which were great and sweeping enough to have alarmed any soul ever confined in mortal form.

We should carry forward this work to a splendid con-

summation. While the North honors Lincoln's birthplace, the South will do as much for Davis. The simplest form of gratitude bids the men and women of the South go on to a complete fulfillment of this enterprise. If it is done at all, it should be done well. Here, this day, amid these sylvan scenes, made so beautiful by the generous hand and lavish bounty of nature, our hearts are softened by memories which arise around the birthplace of the only President of the Confederacy, and we pledge for all the people of the South a memorial worthy of their chieftain and their leader.

In this glorious work we feel sure that Christian and Todd Counties will lend a helping hand. We have every right to ask and expect and to know in advance that both of these counties will be liberal in their support of this holy undertaking. Kentucky, grateful mother of the illustrious dead, will see that the birthplace of Jefferson Davis, one of the most magnificent of men that ever called her mother, shall be fittingly recognized, and from every point of the South shall come prompt and magnanimous response to the call for this great cause. These people will not be slow to show the world their veneration of the spot where Jefferson Davis was born and to provide here a shrine to which in affection and gratitude the sons and daughters of the Southland in after ages may come and shed a tear and lay a flower where Jefferson Davis first saw the light of day, and which is consecrated in their hearts and memories as the home of his childhood—the spot of earth which he himself with characteristic liberality donated to the cause of Almighty God. Close by us stands the church marking the place of his birth, which he gave whereon to erect a memorial to the Father of all and from which towers aloft a spire pointing always to the higher and nobler life which some day we hope to enjoy in the home above. Amidst this beautiful environment, close to the heart of nature and here under heaven's blue and upon this sacred soil, we shall build an enduring structure to honor him who honored us, who loved and served the South, and whose name is a priceless heritage.

We send to-day greetings of peace to all the world. The awfulness of war is past; its sacrifices and sufferings are a memory of days that are gone, and out of these and from these has come a nation the splendor of whose achievements, the grandeur of whose destiny, the glory of whose principles, the justice of whose government, and the breadth and power of whose liberty challenge the admiration of all the peoples of the world. Peace reigns where once was war, and it is that peace which guarantees the perpetuity of a people's government and which blesses all the nations of the earth.

At the conclusion of General Young's address the band played "Dixie." Next followed a spirited address by Capt. John H. Leathers, Treasurer of the Association. Although he had not contemplated an address, Captain Leathers, who as a Virginia soldier had under Stonewall Jackson was taught early how to meet emergencies, was so imbued with the spirit of the occasion that he electrified as large a part of the assembly as could get in hearing distance.

Hon. D. H. Kincheloe, of Madisonville, was the next chosen speaker, and in him it was demonstrated that the younger men of Kentucky are alive to the worthy cause for which the Association was formed.

The benediction was by Rev. Mr. Mitchell, of Pembroke.

Aside from the disappointment in the absence of General Young and Capt. W. T. Ellis, who are of Kentucky's most eloquent orators, the event was a most gratifying success.

LIST OF SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION TO MAY 1, 1909.

(Through Capt. John H. Leathers, Treasurer.)

Abraham, J. E., Louisville, Ky.....	\$ 1 00
Armistead, Gen. H. B., Fort Smith, Ark.....	1 00
Arnold, J. M., Cincinnati, Ohio.....	1 00
Allison, J. S., Benton, La.....	1 00
Allen, B. G., DeWitt, Ark.....	1 00
Allen, Elbert P., De Witt, Ark.....	1 00
Allen, John W., De Witt, Ark.....	1 00
Allen, John W., Jr., De Witt, Ark.....	1 00
Allen, Mildred, De Witt, Ark.....	1 00
Allen, Mora L., De Witt, Ark.....	1 00
Brown, G. G., Louisville, Ky.....	25 00
Boylston, S. C., Jacksonville, Fla.....	1 00
Buckner, Gen. S. B., Glen Lily, Ky.....	25 00
Brusle, Charles A., Plaquemine, La.....	1 00
Boggs, S. T., Jr., Catlettburg, Ky.....	1 00
Brockenbrough, Mrs. S. B., Tappahamock, Va.....	1 00
Bush, S. H., Elizabethtown, Ky. (62 names).....	62 00
Bell, Benjamin, Marshall, Tex.....	1 00
Bird, J. W., Louisville, Ky.....	18 00
Brown, C. C., Bowling Green, Ky.....	7 34
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Crane, H. L., Dade City, Fla.....	1 00
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Cameron, Miss Rebecca, Hillsboro, N. C.....	1 00
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Carr, Gen. Julius S., Durham, N. C.....	100 00
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Haldeman, Walter N., Louisville, Ky.....	1 00

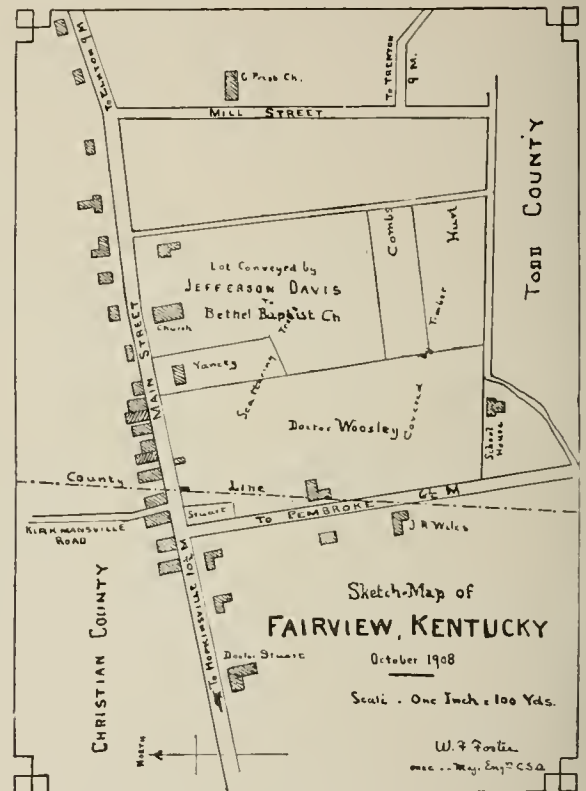
Haldeman, Annie Bruce, Louisville, Ky.....	\$ 1 00	Watkins, Barbara, Louisville, Ky.....	\$ 1 00
Heartsill, W. W., Marshall, Tex.....	1 00	Wells, Elbert, Marshall, Tex.....	1 00
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Through Dr. C. C. Brown, Bowling Green, Ky.....	475 89
(The list by Dr. Brown, where the amount is over one dol-	
lar, may be expected in the VETERAN ere long.)	



THE MOUNT VERNON OF KENTUCKY.

HISTORIC SKETCH OF THE MEMORIAL.

The birthplace of Jefferson Davis, at Fairview, Ky., becomes historic through the patriotic zeal of Southern people who revere his memory.

Dr. C. C. Brown, of Bowling Green, conceived the idea of founding the memorial, and he has been ardent for its success. The undertaking included at first a large area of the land long ago owned by the father, Samuel C. Davis, at Davisburg (now Fairview); but the committee, after visiting the premises, concluded that a smaller area would be preferable. Upon this choice ground, including several residences, options were secured, and to save them to the committee Gen. Bennett H. Young, commanding the Kentucky Division, United Confederate Veterans, advanced the cash necessary to complete the purchase. The Davis Memorial Home is therefore established, and it is to be a Mecca, the Mount Vernon of Kentucky, a credit to the South and the country at large in proportion to the liberality of those who honor the memory of the Confederacy's only President.

There lived to an advanced age in Fairview the gentlewoman who was nurse to Jefferson Davis in his infancy, the families being neighbors. Her nephew, Dr. E. S. Stuart, yet a resident of the place, recalls his aunt's frequent comment about the babe, "little Jeff," to whom she became much attached. Dr. Stuart is now venerable in years; but the fire of youth enlivens his face on any occasion whereby he can honor the memory of President Jefferson Davis. The only gift to the Association of realty in Fairview was by Dr. Stuart, who owned a corner lot, long his office location, the only part of the land selected for memorial purposes in Christian County practically; and he not only deeded that most prominent corner to the Association, but at his own expense is having important improvements made on the property.

The citizens of Fairview generally show their deep interest in the cause, and the committee is ever delighted with their prompt service in liberally advancing the project as fully as is practicable. Hopkinsville leads in whatever tends to the advancement of the memorial cause. The committee never asks of them in vain. The people of Elkton and Pembroke, the other two accessible railroad points, show patriotic interest. If the spirit prevails throughout Christian and Todd Counties as in those towns, they will doubtless make liberal appropriations to an endowment fund for the memorial.

The Davis Memorial Home movement was inaugurated at a Reunion of the Orphan Brigade in Glasgow September 12, 1907. The original manuscript has been retained by the editor of the VETERAN, its author.

Capt. John H. Weller, Commander of the Orphan Brigade, appointed the following committeemen at the Glasgow meeting: Gen. S. B. Buckner, Capt. George C. Norton, Capt. J. T. Gaines, Thomas D. Osborne, Dr. C. C. Brown, Gen. Bennett H. Young, Gen. Basil W. Duke, W. B. Brewer, and S. A. Cunningham, editor of the VETERAN. All but Mr. C. are Kentuckians. It is sad to relate that Mr. Brewer, who resided at Fairview and who exercised the greatest diligence in securing options on the properties, died soon afterwards.

In the outset it was set forth that the work of the committee was preliminary to action to be taken by the United Confederate Veterans at the Birmingham Reunion. That Convention approved the report, and the Commander in Chief, Gen. Clement A. Evans, appointed the following members additional to the committee: North Carolina, J. S. Carr; Kentucky, W. A. Milton; South Carolina, T. W. Carwile; Virginia, T. White; Maryland, A. C. Trippe; Tennessee, George W. Gordon; Florida, F. P. Fleming; Alabama, George T. Harrison; Mississippi, Robert Lowery; Georgia, C. M. Wiley; Texas, K. M. Van Zandt; Missouri, J. Robertson; Oklahoma, W. M. Cross; Montana, Paul A. Fusz; California, Thomas L. Singleton. Of these, Robertson, Carwile, and Fleming have since died. Sketches of each are in the VETERAN.

The Executive Committee has had several meetings in Louisville. General Buckner, being unable to attend the duties of President, has been made honorary chairman of the Executive Committee. Gen. Bennett H. Young has been chosen his successor and S. A. Cunningham Vice President and General Manager of the committee. Thomas D. Osborne, of Louisville, is the Secretary and Capt. J. T. Gaines Assistant Secretary. The committee is most fortunate in the selection of Capt. John H. Leathers as Treasurer. The members are gratified with his promptness and efficiency in the performance of his duties, which are very unlike the duties generally of a treasurer.

While deeds are not procurable to verify the report, it is

understood that Samuel C. Davis, father of the distinguished son, owned six hundred acres of land there where he settled, having moved from Georgia in 1793.

The Memorial Park area was purchased from the following owners at prices named, all of which have been paid: J. W. Yancy, \$800; W. B. Woolsey, \$5,000; Miss Harned, \$300, a life interest and John Carroll and wife the residuary interest, \$300; J. W. Hurt, \$300; T. H. Combs, \$350. The lot on the corner of Main and Pembroke Streets, the main corner in the town located in Christian County, is added to the area selected by the committee and is Dr. Stuart's gift, as has been stated, while the other properties are in Todd County.

First praise in all this worthy memorial is due to two brothers, M. H. and Lewis Clark, of Clarksville, Tenn., who with no other project in view than to memorialize the place furnished \$600 or \$800 to President Davis, who visited Fairview and participated in the dedication of a Baptist church. It is a coincidence that neither Mr. Davis nor the Clarks were Baptists. Mr. Davis in his talk at the dedication on March 10, 1886, stopped suddenly and after a pause exclaimed: "Many of you may think strangely of my participation in this service, not being a Baptist. My father was a Baptist and a better man."

In commenting upon his birthplace while at Fairview, Mr. Davis explained that the family left the place during his infancy, but he had visited the place once before; that then and now he felt like exclaiming: "This is my own, my native land." After a tribute to the worthy purpose to which his birthplace had been consecrated, he concluded with this remark: "I come only to tender you formally the site upon which this building stands." Then, raising his face upward and extending his hands in the attitude of blessing, he said with tones of deepest solemnity: "May He who rules in heaven and on earth bless individually and collectively this whole community, and may his benedictions rest on this house always!"

Mr. Davis presented the congregation a solid silver salver and chalice for the communion service. Shortly after the dedication Mr. Davis returned to Clarksville, Tenn., and after a visit to M. H. Clark, his secretary, in Richmond, he returned to Beauvoir, Miss. This was his last visit to the scene of his birth.

The log house in which Mr. Davis was born was constructed from timbers cut in the neighboring forest. It was purchased in 1807 by the Rev. J. W. Bingham and associates and removed to the Nashville Centennial Exposition, where it was placed on exhibition. Its location now is unknown.

While Jefferson Davis was born in Christian County, the place of his birth is now in Todd, the latter being formed from parts of that county and Logan. Christian is one hundred and thirteen years old and Todd but ninety. The land purchased by the Davis Home Association is in Todd County, with the exception of one lot in Christian. A few weeks ago there was a proposition which met with considerable favor to convert the Woosley residence into a home for Confederate women. As speedily as practicable the grounds secured will be cleared and the work of beautifying and adorning the park will be carried on.

Every incident in any way connected with the birthplace of Jefferson Davis is now eagerly sought. Early in October, 1875, the Christian County Agricultural and Mechanical Association secured an address from Mr. Davis at the annual fair at Hopkinsville, Ky.

The occasion of that visit induced the citizens of Fairview

to invite Mr. Davis to partake of a dinner at his natal home, and they dispatched a messenger to confer with him, who returned with his acceptance, the following Monday being designated. The evening previous (Sunday) Mr. Nelson Wade gave the committee a cane made from an old black locust which formerly stood immediately in front of the residence of Mr. Davis's father, which must have been planted by the father of Mr. Davis. The committee, composed of Dr. E. S. Stuart, Rev. T. H. Shaw, and G. W. Braden, sent it to Hopkinsville with orders to have a gold head put on it for presentation to Mr. Davis. It was returned at daylight Monday morning with the cane ready for presentation.

At nine o'clock the Fairview brass band moved some three-quarters of a mile to meet Mr. Davis and escort, and to the soul-stirring strains of "My Old Kentucky Home" escorted him to the residence of Dr. Stuart, where he remained for some time. Mr. Davis was then conducted to the portal of his natal home, where a stage had been erected, and he at once addressed the citizens, who had assembled from miles around. His closing words were: "The noblest work of man is to do and suffer for his fellow-man." When he had finished, Mr. James R. Wiles, an old Confederate soldier, stepped forward and in a few appropriate words presented the cane to Mr. Davis "as a token of esteem from the citizens of Fairview."

[A good story is told by Comrade Wiles in connection with the presentation. He had gone to Hopkinsville in the stress of having the cane ready and had been up all night. Then he was timid besides, and when called upon to make the presentation said he could not possibly do it. There was by his side the little woman who was to become his wife, and did. She at once told him that it was the opportunity of his life, and that he should not miss it under any circumstances. That gave him courage, and he has ever been proud of his part in the ceremony.]

A correspondent in a recent issue of the Courier-Journal says: "It is not doubted that the great Southland will gladly respond to the appeal of the Association and that the memorial park will worthily honor the fame and labor of the noble chieftain whose eyes on this spot were first opened to the light of day."

There are many in the Fairview region who recall with delight the occasion of Jefferson Davis's first visit to the county and home he had left as a child. He was greeted with wild enthusiasm by thousands of people at the old fair grounds in Hopkinsville and by another large crowd at Fairview. He came on Friday, October 8, 1875, driving through the country, twenty-five miles, from Clarksville. For three days he remained in the city as a guest of Mr. Hunter Wood, a Confederate veteran and prominent citizen. A newspaper mentioned his visit to the fair grounds, when "cheer after cheer went up from the multitude and every expression of sympathy for him was manifested." Another writer represented his appearance as follows: "At sixty-seven he is still strong and erect. His face is, however, a sad one, and tells the whole story of the fate of the Confederacy. His features are small and the lower portion of his face a little shrunken with age, and deep lines are written upon it. His forehead is large and broad; but it is plowed with furrows, and I could not but think how much suffering and mental agony every wrinkle could tell if it had a tongue."

There was deep pathos in the introduction of Mr. Davis's address on this occasion, and scores of people wept audibly: He said:

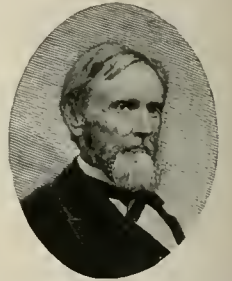
"Ladies and Gentlemen: It is with great pleasure, and I

may say with equal surprise, that I find myself received with this cordial demonstration, which speaks much for your hearts and little for my merit. Never before did a people rise up in such majesty to show their affection for a man who happened only to be identified with their misfortune and of whom they could only say: 'If he was our leader, he led to disaster.' Then I say to you, good, great, grand people, that I glory to have suffered for you.

"After many a long and weary wandering, I return now to the place of my birth, and I come with those feelings which ever cling around the heart of every man who feels that he treads upon his native soil. My friends, my condition is not unlike that of some tempest-tossed mariner, who, turning to his home with high hopes, is shipwrecked upon the coast and finds himself stranded and cast helpless upon the shore to which he hoped to return and bear rich treasure and gifts for his loved ones. But it would indeed be ungrateful for me to dwell on such sad thoughts when before me is presented this grand galaxy of happy, friendly faces."

In his speech he dwelt upon the needed improvement of the Mississippi River and touched briefly on political issues. His peroration follows: "Kentucky, my own, my native land, God grant that peace and plenty may ever run throughout your borders! God grant that your sons may ever rise to illustrate the fame of their fathers, and that wherever the name of Kentucky is mentioned every hand shall be lifted and every head bowed for all that is grand, all that is glorious, all that is virtuous, all that is honorable in men! When at my age I come among you, it renders it less than probable that I shall ever look upon your faces again; but if I never do, be assured that in the latest hour of my life I shall remember the kindness I have received, and in that latest hour my prayers shall ascend for all the precious gifts that kind Providence can bestow upon the people from whom I have sprung."

On Sunday Mr. Davis attended divine services at the Episcopal church in the morning and at the Baptist church at night. On Monday he went to Fairview and spent several hours in his old home. There he made an informal speech on a platform erected in front of his birthplace. He had stood where Shakespeare was born, but he had never been on a spot that so deeply impressed him as this. Here he was surrounded by those who in childhood were his neighbors.



JEFFERSON DAVIS.



The last visit of Mr. Davis to Fairview was at the time the church was dedicated. That evening the writer (the founder of the VETERAN) was with him in a long wait for the train in the then dingy station at Pembroke, and was charmed with his conversation. He returned for his last visit to his friend, M. H. Clark, of Clarksville, Tenn.

INFORMATION FOR AND ABOUT VETERANS.

James Argo, Jr., writes from Oviedo, Fla., July 22, 1908: "My father was born in Lenora County, N. C., in the year 1796, enlisted in the War of 1812, and served only three months, as peace was made. Later he moved to Georgia, and on May 15, 1861, he enlisted in the Confederate service in the 8th Georgia Regiment, served two years, resigned, and went home to straighten up his business; then he reënlisted in the 26th Georgia, and remained in that regiment until the close of the war, after which he returned home. In 1866 he was attacked with pneumonia, which ended his life. He had nine nephews, three sons-in-law, and an only son (myself), making fourteen in all in service, eight of whom were killed. His age was seventy years when he died. I was born in the same State and county in 1833, and was seventy-five last June. I enlisted with my father on May 15, 1861. I served all the time until captured at the fall of Richmond. I was in Libby Prison when Lincoln was assassinated. From there I was carried to Newport News Prison, and remained there till the 3d of July, 1865, when I was paroled."

John Rawle, of Natchez, Miss., Box 83, writes: "As the time is approaching when I may expect to turn up my toes to the daisies, I should like to hear from some of my old comrades of the Confederate war. I enlisted as a private in Company A, Louisiana Guards, served at Pensacola and in Virginia; afterwards was made major and chief of artillery of Lieutenant General Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee; after the battle of Murfreesboro was assigned as chief of artillery to Lieutenant General Forrest at Columbia, Tenn., until after Chickamunga, when Forrest was ordered to North Mississippi, and I was assigned as chief of artillery of Lieut. Gen. Joe Wheeler; and after the Tunnel Hill battle I was, at my request, assigned to Lieutenant General Polk at Demopolis, Ala., who ordered me to the command of the artillery in the Department of East Louisiana, headquarters at Clinton, La., and from there I was made chief of staff and chief of artillery of the Department of Alabama—and then came the deluge!"

W. T. Hardison, of Nashville, Tenn., writes of a rather unusual family record as survivors of the war, saying: "As a few words of something uncommon always interest the few remaining of our number, the following will doubtless have some attention. There is living near Hardison's Mills, in Maury County, Tenn., Joel Clymon, who was a member of Captain Cundiff's company, Starnes's Regiment, now eighty-six years old. He served in the Confederate army to the end, and was wounded in the battle of Thompson Station. His son Monroe, sixty-four years old, went out early in the same company, and was with us at the surrender. Another son, Joe H. Clymon, now sixty-two years old, joined some command later, and was at the surrender. These men are all living. Another such case will hardly be found."

Mrs. M. T. McPherson, the Louisiana agent for the VETERAN, sends a very interesting letter from W. C. House, of Company F, Cobb's Legion, Georgia Cavalry. He says he reads of the scenes recounted in the VETERAN, and in dreams lives over the whole panorama of the war. He says: "In a few years the last who participated in the great struggle will be in the great beyond, and our own children and grandchildren can point with pride to the fact that they are de-

scendants of the men who fought for four years to perpetuate the liberties of the Southland and maintain the constitutional republic in America."

Mrs. Justus Danhower, of Osceola, Ark., asks for any information of John Harding, who lived near Lucy, Tenn., and was in Forrest's Cavalry in the early part of the war. He was captured and imprisoned in the Irving Block in Memphis, Tenn., got out on bond, dressed himself in a Yankee uniform, and made his escape. He then became secret agent from the eastern division to the western division of the Army of Tennessee to that in Arkansas, and crossed the Mississippi at Fort Pillow with mail and information.

Miss Mittie Jennings, of Davenport, Ala., pays the VETERAN some very highly prized compliments. She says she is one of the "shut-ins" through deafness, and reading is her chief pleasure, this magazine being her especial favorite. She thinks the Confederate Choirs should assume titles if it gives them any pleasure, but suggests instead of uniforms that they dress as did the belles of the sixties; that Southern songs would take new dignity sung by women gowned as they were when the songs were new.

C. E. Fisher writes from Port Lavaca, Tex.: "There is an old Confederate veteran in our town that has become unable to work for a living. He is entitled to a pension, but he does not know where any of his old comrades are to identify him. His name is Frank Marsh. Please ask any survivors of Company D, 1st Alabama Regiment (Capt. Julius A. Law), who knew him to write me and I will gladly pay them for their trouble. Mr. Marsh is a fine old man, and I want to do what I can for him."

ONE OF THE YOUNGEST C. S. A. VETERANS.—A. C. Lake, of Memphis, Tenn. (28 N. Front Street), "was born February 21, 1849, nine miles south of Memphis. He enlisted May 9, 1864, in Dobbins's Brigade, Fagan's Division, Price's Corps. He was taken prisoner October 25, 1864, by Federal pickets two miles north of Fort Scott, Kans., and escaped from Alton, Ill., April 3, 1865. He reached Toronto, Canada, about April 27, 1865."

"What is the number of Confederate monuments in the States?" has been asked several times lately, and the VETERAN would like to form a list. Will some one from each city or town in which a monument to the Confederate dead has been erected write this magazine? From the replies thus received will be made a tabulated statement which will be published as soon as possible.

S. W. Abbay, who has "An Incident" of Rock Island on page 68 of the February issue, seeks information of — Garrison, whose nickname in Rock Island was "Penty," in Barrack 47. Garrison shared the \$100 referred to in the article. He was from Pontotoc, Miss. His health was poor, and his associates did not expect him to survive prison hardships.

F. Herron, Adjutant of the U. C. V. Camp at Graham, Tex., desires information from some comrades of J. J. Johnson, who was a member of Company B, 9th Georgia Battalion Artillery, mustered into service in Fulton County, Ga., February 14, 1862. This information is important to help Comrade Johnson secure a pension.

Lieut. James McMullin, of Company E, 12th Battalion, Rucker's Tennessee Cavalry, was sought at the Memphis Reunion, but in vain. His address is sought through Lock Box 53, South Boston, Va.

MONUMENT TO J. M. FALKNER.

BY W. P. T., MOUNTAIN CREEK, ALA.

October 22, 1908, was the day set apart to dedicate a monument here to Jefferson Manly Falkner. It was the most interesting and important event in the history of Mountain Creek. The occupants of the Home bearing the honored name of J. M. Falkner Camp had anticipated the event with much concern.

At ten o'clock Captain Simpson ordered the bell sounded, summoning the people to the veiled monument, at the northeast corner of the Auditorium. Captain Falkner was the founder and manager of the Home until ill health compelled him to surrender the loved care to another. The shaft, twenty feet high, was draped with Confederate flags.

The Commandant, taking charge, announced the programme.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Charles Culpepper, in which he made an earnest appeal for the surviving veterans and paying high tribute to the deceased founder of the Alabama Confederate Home.

At the conclusion of the prayer "Auld Lang Syne" and several other appropriate songs, led by Comrade B. M. Washburne, of Montgomery, were rendered in an impressive manner, particularly the song, "When the roll is called up yonder." Veterans and visitors enjoyed it most heartily.

Comrade Washburne as chairman, after brief reference to the deceased and appropriate tribute to the orator of the day, Col. John W. A. Sanford, of the 60th Alabama Regiment, presented him to the assembly.

Colonel Sanford dwelt upon the many good traits of the deceased, having known Comrade Falkner for fifty years.

INSCRIPTION ON MONUMENT.

Sacred—to the memory of Capt. Jefferson Manly Falkner, of Company B in the 8th Confederate Regiment of Cavalry. He was the son of the Hon. Jefferson Falkner and of Samantha Breed, his wife. He was born in Randolph County, in the State of Alabama, on the 14th day of July, 1843; and died at Mountain Creek, in Chilton County, in this State, on the 18th day of May, 1907; age sixty-three years, ten months, and four days. Possessing a splendid intellect, he was endowed with all the attributes that adorn a noble manhood. Among them were an ardent patriotism, an unwavering fidelity, a dauntless courage, a Christian humanity and gentleness, a stainless integrity, a broad philanthropy, whose generosity induced him to donate land and to establish thereon the Confederate Soldiers' Home of Alabama for the protection and benefit of his disabled and destitute comrades, and thereby elicited the eternal gratitude of his fellow-countrymen.

Colonel Sanford continued his eulogy to the "only private citizen to whose memory the people of Alabama had ever erected a monument." The memorial fund was contributed from savings out of appropriations by economy on the part of the management from the various moneys granted by the Legislature for the maintenance and support of the institution. In this way it can truly be said that the shaft was erected by the people of Alabama.

I cannot close this letter without mentioning the brave Lieutenant Colonel Troy, who was wounded at Hatcher's Run; the gallant Major Cook, who was killed; that silent, good, and truly brave Captain Clark, of old Company F, 60th Alabama, who while leading his company up the hill fronting the Appomattox Courthouse building had a foot shot off by one of the cannon belonging to a United States regular bat-

tery which Sanford's Regiment captured and turned on the enemy during the last hour and the last charge of the old 60th. I cannot forget the words of the dear dead Captain Clark when he said to me and one other of Company F when we proffered help to him there with but one leg good and the other bleeding and grape and canister plentiful: "Go on, boys." Forty-three years have elapsed, but I can hear that "Go on, boys," as faintly uttered by Clark, to-day as plain as on that morning of the memorable 9th of April, 1865, as he encouragingly urged us on to grasp that four-gun battery which the old 60th Alabama, with the never-flinching John A. Sanford leading, captured.

Permit me space to mention some of the Daughters present: Mrs. H. E. Jones, Mrs. J. M. Falkner, Miss Addie Beaumont, Mrs. F. H. Elmore, Mrs. Snyder, Miss Kate Lasiter, Mrs. Johnny Pat Bruno, Mrs. John W. A. Sanford, and Mrs. McMasters. A splendid barbecue was furnished, and old veterans and visitors alike were sandwiched together at the bountifully supplied tables, where all, even to the poorest and humblest backwoodsman of the surrounding country, ate until hunger was no more.

There was a business meeting of the Board of Control, consisting of those present: W. C. Ward, of Birmingham, as President *pro tem*, who served in the stead of the absent President, Governor Comer; J. B. Stanley, Greenville; S. T. Frazier, Union Springs; C. L. Ruth and B. M. Washburn, Montgomery; H. W. Caffey, Verbena. At this meeting the Commandant's vouchers, accounts, etc., were carefully canvassed and found to be in a highly satisfactory shape.

COMMANDANT SIMPSON'S BIRTHDAY.

Captain Simpson, Commandant of the Alabama Soldiers' Home, celebrated his seventieth birthday on November 11. Captain Simpson's seven daughters and one son were all present on the interesting occasion. The family by name and seniority is as follows:

Mrs. Wade Allen and two children, Richmond, Va.

F. Bush Simpson, hardware merchant, Birmingham, Ala.

Mrs. Carrie McMaster, Mountain Creek, Ala.

Mrs. M. J. Smollen, Birmingham, Ala.

Miss Bessie Simpson, Montgomery, Ala.

Mrs. J. Y. Brame, Jr., and daughter, Cameron, Montgomery.

Mrs. J. N. Bruner and son, Westminster, S. C.

Miss Lucy Grenville Simpson, attending school in Birmingham.

Captain Simpson may well congratulate himself upon being the head of so exemplary a family. He remarked to the writer that the birthday reunion was one of the happiest days of his life. Captain Simpson is an all-round favorite with the men at the Alabama Home. He is a Christian gentleman, doing all in his power for his old comrades. He served during the Civil War as captain of Company F, 13th Alabama Regiment, until April 9, 1865.

Our Adjutant, Mr. Frank Snyder, is worthy of special mention for the admirable way in which he served the barbecue for veterans and visitors at the dedication of the monument.



CAPTAIN SIMPSON.

ON THE FIRING LINE WITH BRAGG.

BY A. H. BROWN, MEMPHIS, TENN.

As a member of that "thin gray line" now rapidly passing over to rejoin their comrades lying beneath the shades in the "silent bivouac of the dead" it is a source of much pleasure and comfort to me to read the *VETERAN*. We realize the fact that it has been and is a wide-awake vidette on the firing line and a power for good in crystallizing and maintaining the true record of the motives that actuated the heroic deeds performed from '61 to '65 by the Confederate soldier.

While it makes me feel sad to recall those dark days, yet I like to muse upon them and to read of incidents of the war. I enlisted in Company B, 13th Regiment Tennessee Infantry, at Corinth, Miss., about May 1, 1862. The Federals were gradually advancing their lines, and about the latter part of May General Bragg withdrew his forces to Tupelo, Miss., where we remained until August, when we moved to Kentucky. Our regiment was commanded by Col. A. J. Vaughan, Lieut. Col. William E. Morgan, Maj. Peter Cole, and Adjutant R. M. Harwell. Our brigade was commanded by Gen. Preston Smith, of Memphis, and it belonged to Gen. B. F. Cheatam's division, General Polk's corps. Our brigade and two Arkansas brigades, commanded by Generals McNair and Reynolds, a part of Hardee's Corps, were detached from Bragg's army and sent by railroad to Knoxville, Tenn., to reinforce Gen. E. Kirby Smith. Bragg's main army went by the way of Sparta, Tenn., crossing the Cumberland Mountains farther west of us.

When we arrived at Knoxville, we rested about twenty-four hours. Orders then came to cook rations and be ready to move in two hours. General Smith's object was to cross the Cumberland Mountains at Big Creek Gap and get in the rear of the Federal General Manson, who was at Cumberland Gap, with a force of about twelve thousand.

Where we crossed it was extremely rough. The road was like a worm fence all the way up, and it was impossible for our wagon train to accompany us. We managed to carry a few ambulances, the men helping at the wheels. We crossed several spurs of mountains, but it has been so long ago that I do not remember what time we were in crossing; but I do remember that we struck camp about dusk in a little valley between the spurs, and nine-tenths of the men were without a bit of food and had had nothing for about twelve hours. Near by was a field of late corn of good roasting ears. Our general made a deal with the old farmer for his eight acres of corn; so we had roasting ears in abundance, but no grease and not a grain of salt to season with.

About daylight the bugle called to fall into line. Ike Carter, a sick messmate, said: "Captain Lighte, is it possible that you are going to leave me here sick? If I get well, the bushwhackers will kill me." (The bushwhackers had fired into our command the day before, wounding several. They shot from the cliffs and ledges.) Captain Lighte said: "No, Carter, we will not leave you. My company will not move until there is a way provided for you to ride." In a short while an ambulance came and Carter was placed in it.

That morning about nine or ten o'clock we were in Barbourville, Ky. The Federals had beat us to Barbourville some three or four hours, but we pressed on after them and came upon them about two miles south of Richmond. We were hungry and mad, and felt that we could put up a warm fight for food. It took only a short while to put the Federals on the run. The second and last stand was south of town at

the cemetery. They fought pretty well this time for about an hour or more; then there was a complete rout, and we captured 4,500 prisoners; killed and wounded, about 1,800.

We rested there a couple of days and the prisoners were paroled. We then went to Lexington, Georgetown, Paris, Cynthia, and up very near Covington, then dropped down to Frankfort and went to Shelbyville, where we remained two days; then again to Frankfort, thence to Harrodsburg, where we joined Bragg before the battle.

ALABAMA CONVENTION, U. D. C.

The Alabama Convention, United Daughters of the Confederacy, held at Huntsville May 12-14, 1909, will be pleasantly remembered for a long time by the Daughters, by the citizens and guests from the Grand Army of the Republic—liberal-hearted and patriotic gentlemen who went from Ohio to Alabama as bearers of flags of some of her regiments who were overpowered in battle.

That undying spirit of hospitality which has characterized the aristocratic and hospitable people of that section for generations was found as fervent as of old. The Mayor and Council gave official welcome at the Huntsville Hotel, and on Wednesday the Convention opened. Mrs. A. W. Newson gave a beautiful message of welcome from the hostess Chapter, and then Mrs. Virginia Clay Clopton gave a characteristic greeting. These were responded to feelingly by Mrs. C. M. Tardy for the State, by the distinguished President General, Mrs. Cornelia B. Stone, and by the Honorary President General, Mrs. Helen Plane, of Georgia, who were present and gave advice on many points of benefit to the Division. Mrs. Tardy was especially felicitous as she reviewed the happy days of her young girlhood in the fine old town.

The afternoon session was devoted to reports of officers and committees. The President, Mrs. C. G. Brown, gave a fine report of work accomplished during the year, in which she reported the organization of eight new Chapters.

The Thursday morning session was devoted to memorial services, in which the loss of the Honorary President, Miss Sallie Jones, was recorded.

The State Director, Mrs. Mary E. Pickens, gave a good report of the efforts of the children and the great work they are accomplishing in establishing a permanent scholarship at Auburn for a worthy descendant of a veteran. In the furtherance of this auxiliary work, the President, Mrs. Brown, offered a gold medal for excellence in historical research, which was won by Annie Tardy, of the Pelham Auxiliary, Birmingham. Mrs. Brown also presented a beautiful banner, made by the same young girl, to the Chapter that had accomplished the best work financially during the year. The Emma Sanson Auxiliary, of Troy, was awarded this through its representative, Miss Wilson.

A report in the Montgomery Advertiser concludes as follows: "So the Convention of 1909 closed with deep satisfaction at the work accomplished and ardent trust in the results to come. We realize fully that much of the success of the Convention is due to Mrs. A. W. Newson, President of our hostess Chapter, on whose shoulders so much of the preliminary burden of the Convention rested. And her sweet spirit which opened wide the doors of her stately colonial home in a gracious reception at Oak Lawn is a treasured memory. From Oak Lawn we proceeded to Mrs. F. W. Webster's, at Melrose Place, another gem in this city of colonial homes. The wealth of entertainment was added to by Miss Weeden and Miss Sarah Lowe, who opened their homes informally."

NEW PRESIDENT ALABAMA DIVISION, U. D. C.

Mrs. Letitia Dowdell Ross, the newly elected President of the Alabama Division, U. D. C., is a native of the State, and is a daughter of the late William Crawford Dowdell, of Auburn. Her mother was Elizabeth Thomas Dowdell. Mrs. Ross is a niece of the late Col. James F. Dowdell, who commanded the 37th Alabama Regiment, C. S. A., and for several years before the war was Representative in Congress from the East Alabama District. She is a first cousin of Chief Justice Dowdell, of the Supreme Court, and of the late Gov. William J. Samford, of Alabama.

Mrs. Ross possessed the best educational advantages at home and abroad, having spent a student year in Germany. For a number of years she has been actively identified with patriotic societies and federated club work. She has been President of the Alabama Federation of Women's Clubs.

Mrs. Ross has been prominently associated with U. D. C. work since the organization of the Admiral Semmes Chapter of Auburn, the third Chapter organized in the State, and for several terms was its President. She has held the positions of Recording Secretary and First Vice President in the State Division, and has frequently been a delegate to the General Convention, U. D. C.

Mrs. Ross, being the wife of Prof. B. B. Ross, Professor of Chemistry in the Alabama Polytechnic Institute and State Chemist, has taken an active interest in all movements looking to the benefit of the young men of that institution. She enters with enthusiasm and interest into the social and literary life of the college town in which she resides, and is greatly admired by her many friends for her intelligence and her many amiable, womanly qualities.

MRS. ROSS ISSUES ADDRESS TO ALABAMA DAUGHTERS.

At the thirteenth annual Convention of our organization, which was held May 12-14 in Huntsville, I was made your President. For this high honor you freely and unanimously conferred upon me I wish to express my deepest appreciation and to pledge the best service of which I am capable to the administration of your affairs and to the extension of this our work, so ably and successfully carried on by my worthy predecessors. It is but fitting that with the change in the administration I should as your newly elected President extend to you a greeting and ask for your loyal support and helpful coöperation. Having served for two years as your Recording Secretary and again for two years as First Vice President, I am not unacquainted with the responsible duties incident to this important office; but if the Alabama Daughters will only "keep the faith" (and I believe they do realize their individual responsibilities), I will feel encouraged to go forward, nothing daunted.

The time for active work in the Chapters is nearly passed for this season, yet I must urge the Chapters before going into summer quarters to remember their pledges to the Falkner Soldiers' Home, and especially to the tuberculosis ward in the Home. The Treasurer, Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, of Troy, Ala., tells me this appeal is most urgent, as the Division treasury is almost depleted. The claim of the old soldiers upon our remembrance surpasses that of all other claims. Shall we fail to remember the few that remain to us?

The funds for Gettysburg and Arlington were greatly increased by voluntary contributions from the floor of the Convention. It was decided that a special day should be set aside in each Chapter to be known as Arlington Day, in order to awaken a greater interest in the proposed monument and to secure funds for the same.

The president of the university sent a satisfactory report of the young man who has received the Division scholarship for two years. The placing of this scholarship for another year is left entirely in the hands of the committee.

Every Chapter President and all directors of Children's Chapters are urged to make the organization and strengthening of the children's auxiliaries a leading feature of this year's work, as the perpetuity of our organization depends on the children of the Confederacy.

Mrs. Pickens confidently expects to have in hand before September 1 the full amount of \$1,250 with which she plans to found the Lee memorial scholarship at Auburn at the opening of the fall term of the college.

The chairman of the Blandford window fund has collected the necessary amount for purchasing the window, pledged by the Alabama Division, and at an early date she will announce through these columns the plans for placing the memorial in Old Blandford Church, Petersburg, Va.

To our list of committees, by order of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, will be added a committee on education, to foster all educational interests in the State.

From many Daughters throughout the State have come messages of loving appreciation and congratulation. I am most grateful for these expressions of confidence, and trust I may be found worthy.

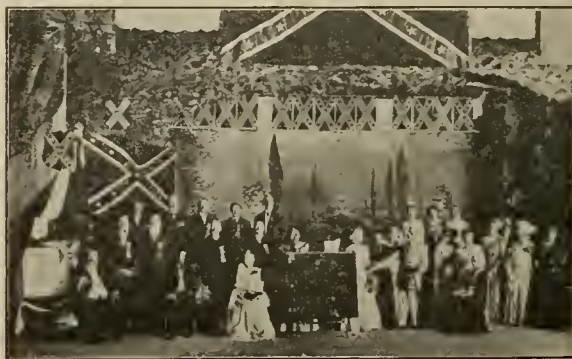
AN EVENING REplete WITH HISTORY.

BY MRS. C. M. TARDY, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

"Historical Evening" has long been a most important and interesting part of the annual Convention of the Alabama U. D. C. Never, however, has there been an occasion which gathered together so many distinguished people and was so full of intense, patriotic, and historical interest as the recent meeting of the Alabama Division in Huntsville.

Less than a year ago Mrs. Charles G. Brown, President of the Alabama Division, learned of a flag in the capital of Ohio. She immediately wrote to the Governor of Ohio requesting the return of the flag. A very courteous reply was received asking that she write again the following January, when the Legislature would be in session. Promptly at the time suggested she wrote again to Governor Harmon, who had just been inaugurated. His reply was also most courteous and encouraging; but it was only after much correspondence and the official indorsement of Governor Comer, of Alabama, that Mrs. Brown received notice early in April that the flag would be returned, and the details were arranged which culminated in the beautiful program of May 12.

The exercises took place in the Elks' Theater. Every seat was filled and the aisles were crowded. Flags waved, the



FROM PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SCENE.

band played, and the very atmosphere seemed permeated with patriotism, with love and welcome for the old flag. The stage, with its bordered decorations of battle flags, shields, and drapery, made a magnificent setting. On the left of the stage, seated beneath the stars and bars, were the gentlemen of the Ohio delegation, who had come so far to honor us and the cause we hold dear. On the right were seated Mrs. Virginia Clay Clopton, of Alabama, and Mrs. Helen C. Planc, of Georgia, Honorary Presidents of their State Divisions; Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, of Texas, President General; Mrs. Charles G. Brown, President of the Alabama Division, and her officers; also Hon. H. L. D. Mallory, of Selma, Hon. William Richardson, of Huntsville, Hon. Winston C. Garth, of Governor Comer's staff, and Hon. Paul Speake, of Huntsville.

The meeting was opened with prayer and a beautiful rendering of "Alabama" by the Children of the Confederacy, after which the orator of the evening, Hon. H. S. D. Mallory, of Selma, was introduced by Judge Paul Speake. Mr. Mallory chose for his subject "The Confederate Soldier and His Influence on History." The immense audience listened with concentrated attention to his every word, interrupting only to show their appreciation by hearty applause. "Old Kentucky Home" was then sung by the Confederate Choir of Huntsville. Many of the audience joined spontaneously.

As the last notes died away Mr. John A. Pitts and Capt. W. W. Shoemaker, of the 4th Ohio Cavalry, were introduced. As they came forward to respond the orchestra played "Yankee Doodle," and the entire Ohio delegation arose to their feet and shout after shout blended with the "Rebel yell." Right here occurred an incident full of a strange significance. On the far left of the stage draped with the Confederate red and white was an easel bearing a portrait of Jefferson Davis. As the notes of "Yankee Doodle" filled the air a small Confederate battle flag hanging over the picture dropped so as to cover the face of the Southern chieftain. The shrill voice of a child was heard: "That's too much for Jefferson Davis, mamma."

When the audience was again seated, the dear old flag was brought forward. It was captured by the 4th Ohio Cavalry from the "Rifle Scouts" in the battle of Selma during the spring of 1865. Forty-four years later it is returned to the daughters of the State whose sons gave their lives for it.

Captains Pitts and Shoemaker were very happy in their remarks, expressing true loyalty and joy in the united country which rendered their presence and their errand possible. A beautiful tribute was paid Mrs. Brown, the State President of the Daughters, who had brought about this happy incident.

Hon. Winston Garth, of Governor Comer's staff and acting for him, then presented Mrs. Brown, who in the name of the Alabama Division accepted the flag. Her words were simple and womanly, yet replete with patriotism, love, and loyalty for the Old South and the entire country.

It was a picture to be remembered long after the principal actors have passed away in its lessons of loyalty and unity.

Just before the conclusion of the exercises Colonel Mallory presented Mrs. Brown, on behalf of Camp Jones, United Confederate Veterans, of Selma, with a heavily wrought silver tray as a token of their appreciation of her untiring efforts in securing the return of the flag. Selma was the childhood home of Mrs. Brown, and her reply, in which she voiced the thanks of the "little Mary Billingsley they used to know," was full of womanly feeling. Her last words were almost drowned by the strains of "Dixie," led by the Confederate

Choir. The blue and the gray clasped hands over the bitterness of years till "Yankee Doodle" and "Dixie" were merged into the strains of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

CONCERNING THE CAPTURE OF COL. CORCORAN.

BY JUDGE R. T. SIMPSON, FLORENCE, ALA.

My attention was called to a newspaper account of the capture of Colonel Corcoran, of the 69th New York Regiment, at the battle of First Manassas by some Virginia regiment. I write what we comrades understand about this capture.

Unfortunately, so many of our comrades having passed over the river, we cannot bring definite proof; but I was a private in McFarland's company of the 4th Alabama Regiment at the battle of First Manassas, and I remember that our company regarded it as a fact that William Oakley, a member of our company, had captured Colonel Corcoran, of the 69th New York Regiment. Oakley claimed it himself, and he says he turned some prisoner with his horse over to the authorities whom he understood to be Colonel Corcoran, while Oakley retained a saber, which he took from the officer and sent home to his relatives, who now have it.

Oakley is dead, and the few of us who remain have only this general recollection; but A. C. Chisholm, who was in another regiment which reached Manassas the morning after the battle, remembers meeting Oakley, who told him that he was lying in a pine thicket watching the Union forces retreating when, seeing a horseman alone, he presented his gun and demanded surrender, and Colonel Corcoran surrendered to him. We think this should be published to the credit of the gallant Alabama boy; and if there is any mistake as to the name of the officer whom he did capture, we will be glad to hear from any comrade who has a more definite recollection of the incident.

GEN. ROBERT E. LEE UNDER FIRE.

BY J. B. MINOR, 57 PERRY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

In the spring of 1863, when Gen. Joe Hooker made his advance on the Army of Northern Virginia at Chancellorsville, my company, 1st Richmond Howitzers, was on the line fronting Sigel's Corps. During the fight and while Stonewall Jackson was flanking our friends the enemy on the left General Lee rode up to my battery, dismounted, and stood with Major McLaws beside a medium-sized pine tree. I was passing back and forth with the ammunition (being No. 5) when a 10-pound shell cut the tree square off just about a yard above their heads. I could not see that he noticed it, though General McLaws ducked a little. After a few more words with him, General Lee mounted and rode a few paces to my right and close to Capt. E. S. McCarthy, of our battery, and while there a shell burst immediately in front of old Traveler, who reared up and stood as straight as ever I saw a man. The General sat serene until he came down on his fore feet. Captain McCarthy then ran to General Lee, and I heard him say: "General, we can't spare you; go back under the hill." He rode away, and in a few minutes there was a lull just in front of us; but there was heavy fighting some three hundred yards to our right, where the Persell Battery of Richmond lost forty-three killed and wounded in a few minutes, and whom did we see sitting on his horse calmly watching the fight but General Lee!

I have seen all kinds of bravery—the reckless, the bravado, the enthusiastic, and the true moral courage—but for the all-round article on a high plane I think General Lee possessed it to an eminent degree. God bless his memory!

MISSISSIPPIANS AT CHICKAMAUGA.

JUDGE W. M. HAWKINS IN PENSACOLA JOURNAL.

I belonged to the 18th Mississippi, of the "Old Barksdale Brigade," as we were known throughout the war from our beloved commander in Lee's campaign in Virginia and who was slain in the battle of Gettysburg while leading his troops in a desperate charge. Colonel Humphreys, of the 21st Mississippi, was the senior colonel, and took command of the brigade on the battlefield when General Barksdale fell. Afterwards, while in winter quarters, we elected Colonel Humphreys to be our brigade commander, we having assumed the privilege of electing at the beginning our own officers, which was never denied us.

On this occasion we had been sent under Longstreet to reinforce Bragg, of the Western Army, and arrived at Ringgold Station, Ga., on Saturday night. We made a forced march that night out to the front some eight miles. Arriving on the field, we were ordered to relieve Hood, who had been fighting all day. This we did, and Hood's men marched out to the right. As they left they informed us that we were to have a tough job in the morning. "Out there is a hill with a battery of six guns on top, and you will be expected to capture it," they said.

Our position was in a skirt of woods at the foot of said hill. When Sunday morning dawned, a dark cloud of fog and smoke for a time obscured everything; but about eight or nine o'clock the sun revealed to us the hill in front, the battery crowning its crest, with three lines of breastworks between us and the battery. The question among us was: "Who will make the charge?" But soon we learned that that honor had been assigned our brigade, with Kershaw's South Carolina Brigade to support us. Kershaw's men immediately moved up in our rear, and we eagerly awaited the signal to advance.

About nine o'clock suddenly three shots rang out in our rear, the signal to advance. We moved out to the open ground and, dropping down, commenced crawling up toward the first line of works. The enemy attempted to impede our advance by firing on us, but their balls went above us; and also Kershaw's sharpshooters had command of their lines, and made it very unhealthy for a Yankee to show himself above his breastworks. Thus they invariably overshot us. Occasionally one was wounded, but I don't think we lost a single man. We advanced steadily up the hill until we reached the enemy's line of works, they remaining on the other side. Stillness reigned for a moment. Now the main struggle was about to commence, and thousands of eager eyes were watching us. Suddenly five shots in quick succession rang out on the morning air, and the noise had hardly ceased when we sprang up, and with fixed bayonets we swarmed over those works in a moment.

A feeble attempt at resistance was made by some of the enemy, but that line of Confederate steel was too much for them. They broke and fled, with us in close pursuit. Up the hill they went pellmell, and we followed them, with our bayonets punching them up to do their best running. Soon we covered the intervening space between the first and second lines, and as the fleeing Yanks broke over the works we were right there too. Necessarily this wild stampede threw the second line into confusion, and before they could rally from it we were on them like a western cyclone, and they also broke and ran. Now we had two lines of the enemy, and they were in full flight before us. From the time we routed the first line

the enemy couldn't shoot us without shooting their own men. All this time we hadn't fired a gun; but when we routed the second line and they went swarming up the hill like a drove of blackbirds, we fired into them, and we covered the ground with dead and wounded Yankees. We soon reached the third and last line of breastworks. They didn't wait for us, but joined the others in their mad flight up the hill. Occasionally we poured in a volley while still in full charge, and we never failed to stop the flight of numbers of them. When we captured the third line, with the enemy in mad flight before us, the "Rebel yell" broke loose. Thousands of our men, eagerly watching our charge, knew we had them when that line was crossed, and from center to right and left and all along our battle line, together with our men, raised such a yell as I don't think I ever heard before or since.

We charged on the battery, shooting down the horses to keep the enemy from carrying off the guns, and before the Yankees could get a chance to fire on us we charged on and into the battery, firing some of their own guns at them as they got farther away. There must have been thousands killed and wounded in that charge. It was after we had made the charge and captured the battery that I remembered seeing some Kentucky troops on the field. But we were not relieved temporarily on account of exhausting our ammunition. We never quit the front until we had captured the battery.

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

Editor National Tribune: Why did our government continue to keep the Rebel prisoners well fed and clothed in comfort while our poor soldiers in their hands were so brutally treated? Was retaliation ever tried? It looks much like the government did not care for the prisoners in the Rebels' hands as they should have done. On the evacuation of Richmond Libbey Prison was found empty by the Union army. What had they done with the prisoners? I have read with great interest your account of the different campaigns, and look eagerly for what is to come—*C. L. Spielman, Sergeant 78th Illinois, Blondineville, Ill.*

We have frequently explained the reasons for the stoppage of exchange. The Confederates insisted that all the prisoners held in our hands should be returned to them, paroling all over the number required to exchange those Union soldiers held by the Confederates. Our government stood ready to exchange man for man, but declined to parole the surplus, as this would give toward the end of 1864 approximately 200,000 well-rested, well-fed, well-clothed men to swell the armies opposed to Grant and Sherman. The administration was perfectly right in this, as it knew from experience with the prisoners captured at Vicksburg and Port Hudson how little the Rebels would regard their parole. The Confederate government had previously ordered into the service all those captured by Grant and Banks, and they did their utmost to overwhelm Rosecrans at Chattanooga. Retaliation was beneath our government's dignity.—*Editor National Tribune.*

The VETERAN keeps watching the course of the National Tribune, the organ of the G. A. R., hoping it may relent and try to publish the real truth about such matters as the foregoing. If General Grant were alive, he could hardly allow such statement to go uncorrected.

G. C. Ennis, of Comanche, Tex., desires to hear from survivors of Company E, Wirt Adams's Cavalry, C. S. A., with a view to establishing his record as a Confederate soldier, being in need of a pension.

EXCITEMENT ON JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

BY H. W. HENRY, LAKE WEIR, FLA.

Herewith I send you an incident which occurred at Johnson's Island when President Lincoln was assassinated.

It was a bright and balmy day in April, 1865. The ice had disappeared from the lake, the green grass was springing up, and everything was so peaceful and lovely that we could hardly realize that the end was drawing near to all our hopes and that our hard struggle through hunger, nakedness, privations, and dangers was all in vain.

A fellow-prisoner called my attention to the morning boat coming over from Sandusky with its colors at half-mast. Of course the sorrows of our enemies were our joys, and we at once began speculating as to where a battle had been fought and who of their military leaders had fallen in battle. While we all were expecting some good news for our side, we had no thought of the great tragedy that had occurred, and were gathered in groups full of expectancy.

Very soon we noticed an unusual stir and excitement outside. The blockhouses and walls around the prison were lined with soldiers, the ports opened and the guns run out, while the gunners stood by ready to sweep the streets. Of course we could not understand the meaning of it all, as we had no knowledge of any planned outbreak.

Very soon Colonel Hill, the commandant, came in. The prisoners gathered around him and he mounted a stairway. He told us that he had some very bad news to tell us; that President Lincoln had been assassinated, that the Northern people were greatly excited, and that they attributed the act either to our government in its desperation over its defeat or to some of our people wreaking their revenge upon the head of the nation in the hour of its rejoicing over its victory over us. He warned us not to make the least demonstration of rejoicing, as his men were wrought up to such a pitch of frenzy that it would be hard to restrain them from firing upon us, and that any cheering or demonstration of joy by us over the event would certainly expose us to the fire of his men.

While he was speaking a one-armed officer with flushed face and blood-shot eyes, either from indulgence in drink or grief, pushed his way in and said to the Colonel in a very excited manner: "Tell them plainly that if a single one of them 'cheeps' we will fire upon them." The Colonel replied: "Return to your post of duty, sir." As he was in command of the guard of course we had no great confidence in his prudence or discretion.

The prisoners assured Colonel Hill that they could not believe that either the Confederate government, any of its officials, or any Confederate soldier had anything to do with planning or carrying out Mr. Lincoln's assassination; that we were an honorable people and fought fairly and did not stoop to assassination, and deplored the act as likely to subject us in our defeat to harder terms and conditions on account of the vindictive feeling aroused in the North against us.

Of course under the suspense of our own apprehensions and the warning of Colonel Hill we walked very carefully and refrained from anything that might have been construed by our guardians as evidence of rejoicing. Most of us accepted the event as one of the inscrutable orderings of a Providence with which we had nothing to do but submit, and looked upon it as a fit crowning of a four years' terrible tragedy in which the principal cause suffered with the rest. The next morning brought us the daily Sandusky paper giving an account of the assassination, and either in an editorial or com-

munication calling upon the people to arm themselves, come over to the island, and join with the garrison in massacring every Rebel prisoner in retaliation for Mr. Lincoln's death.

A committee of prisoners inclosed the paper to Colonel Hill calling his attention to the article and suggesting that if there were any probability of their purpose being carried out he would at least give them an opportunity of defending themselves, and solemnly pledging themselves that if he would supply them with arms they would use them only in defense of their lives, and as soon as the exigency was over they would return the arms and again place themselves in their proper quarters. To this Colonel Hill replied that the communication was uncalled for, as he was fully able to protect them. It is needless to say that there was no love lost between the people of Sandusky and the country around and the Confederate prisoners; and had the prisoners been armed and the attack made upon them, the holocaust may have been given by the party least expecting to do so.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WYTHEVILLE RAID.

BY V. M. JOHNSON, MOUNTVILLE, VA.

[Formerly captain Company D, 30th Virginia Volunteer Infantry and colonel and aid to his Excellency, John Milton, War Governor of Florida, in compliment to Wythe-Gray Chapter, U. D. C., of Wytheville, Va.]

The beautiful town of Wytheville, nestling in the fertile valley between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghany Mountains, in the county of Wythe, was the scene of a hostile invasion in the latter part of July, 1863. I was left in Wytheville by Gen. John B. Floyd in charge of the post to furnish quartermaster and commissary supplies. There were no troops stationed at Wytheville at that time. The report came of a cavalry force of about thirteen hundred men, under the command of Colonel Toland, which had destroyed the salt works and were then approaching Wytheville to destroy the depot of supplies for the army. Maj. Joseph F. Kent, of the 4th Virginia Infantry, was at home on furlough. I went to see him to consult about the situation, for the report seemed to be well founded that the Yankees were coming. It was determined best to telegraph Gen. John B. Floyd at Glade Spring and also Gen. Sam Jones at Dublin Depot for aid, which we did.

General Floyd sent Capt. J. M. Oliver with his company with instruction to bring into action two pieces of artillery, already in Wytheville, and to check the raiders if possible. Gen. Sam Jones sent up Major Bowyer with two companies of office employees and volunteers and two pieces of artillery; but unfortunately they all came too late, arriving about 5 P.M., and at that time the battle had already been fought and won and then lost for the want of support.

Maj. Joseph F. Kent and I had gathered about one hundred and twenty men, composed of citizens and soldiers who were going through the town—some going to their commands and some going home on furlough. With this small force we formed about where Tazewell Pike enters the town, near the Methodist church. This was, as my memory serves me, in the forenoon, perhaps eleven o'clock. The men were supplied with muskets and ammunition, and all things were made ready as far as possible to receive the charge of the thirteen hundred cavalymen of the enemy. The undertaking was a desperate one and daring; but to leave the citizens of the town to the mercy of the enemy without a struggle would have been degrading and shameful. There were only two persons besides Major Kent present on that occasion whom I can

now recall. One was the Rev. Mr. Wharey, stated supply to the Presbyterian Church, and the other was a one-armed lieutenant whose name I cannot recall, but one of the gamest men I ever saw. I will refer to him later.

Before noon the approach of the enemy was fully realized, for the noise of so many horses on the metal road was unmistakable, and as they approached the town they increased their speed. The clatter of hoofs, the clanking of sabers, and the yelling of the men sounded like perdition turned loose. Imagine yourself seated on a keg of powder with a slow match attached to it and you can understand our position. On they came, the head of the column by fours, until it was almost upon us. Men's hearts failed, and many left us for safer places. Major Kent and our one-armed lieutenant and others begged them to remain and fire one volley into the head of the column. But with all we could say our one hundred and twenty men dwindled to one-half, and about sixty men met and blocked the way of thirteen hundred. Our men fired upon the head of the column. The colonel commanding the raiding party was killed, and the head of the column went down, men and horses in a confused mass. We had time to load and fire other volleys before the column could extricate itself, and this we did with much more confidence and with steadier nerves. Our execution was fearful.

The momentum of the column of cavalry carried many who were near the front over the dead and wounded men and horses. It was death to them to remain or hesitate. They spurred their horses forward over their dead and dying comrades and passed between our ranks as we opened out to the sidewalks. While they dashed by us firing their pistols we continued the use of the musket. The bugle sounded the retreat, and the column of cavalymen faced about and retired, only to re-form and come at us again.

In the meantime we replenished our ammunition and looked after our wounded and the wounded of the enemy and also to the recall of some of our comrades who had taken shelter behind houses, etc.; we had a cessation of hostilities for probably forty minutes. The men who had deserted us had not been idle; they were fighting the Yankees who had broken through our ranks and dashed on toward the depot. It was due to these men that many captures were made. A Yankee was shot in front of Mrs. McGavock's house and badly wounded. She sent her servant, a colored man, to bring him into her house; and when in the act of raising the soldier up, the negro was shot down by another Yankee soldier.

While these encounters were taking place in the town the men assembled to meet the second assault of the thirteen hundred, which, if anything could be worse, was more furious than the first and as terrible as an earthquake's shock or the ocean's storm. Our men were more confident, and met the charge of the enemy's cavalry with a deadly fire that mowed down the head of the column. Lieutenant Colonel Powell, of West Virginia, now in command, was among the fallen, and was supposed to be mortally wounded. To describe this assault would be to repeat the description of the first onslaught, except that more Yankees passed through our line than at first and the casualties were greater—more killed and more wounded.

The Yankees, supposing that they could not force their column through our lines, sounded the retreat, and a second time turned about and marched up the Tazewell Pike. They halted about three-quarters of a mile from town, dismounted their men, and deployed them on the east side of the pike and marched on the town. We were too busy to note the move-

ments of the main column. We were trying to dispose of those who had passed by us. The one-armed lieutenant and I discovered that about a dozen Yankees had taken shelter behind the Methodist church near the pike, and we got into a stable lot east of the church and found the gate leading to the street half open and supported by a gatepost of good dimensions. The crack between the gate and the post afforded us a good porthole, and we shot alternately through that crack as fast as we could load. My friend, the one-armed lieutenant, had lost his ramrod, and we were obliged to load and fire alternately. There was not a horse living, and the Yankees still surviving were lying down behind their horses, using them for breastworks. When my one-armed lieutenant exclaimed, "My God! look at the Yankees!" I looked in the direction indicated and saw a sea of Yankee bluecaps coming through a corn lot north of the stable lot and the Methodist church. We turned to the fence east of us, which separated an orchard from the stable lot. The lieutenant was in advance of me, and he threw his gun over the fence and bounded over. I got my gun entangled and fell over the fence. We were fired upon by what appeared to be a whole company of Yankees. They, supposing that I was shot, turned into the orchard and pursued my one-armed lieutenant. I scarcely knew myself whether I was shot or not. I was stunned by the fall. High weeds next to the stable lot on the orchard side protected me from sight, and I remained in them; but I saw my lieutenant captured by the Yankees. They captured the town and burned some of the best private residences.

My classmate and friend, Capt. John M. Oliver, of the V. M. I., was killed after he had surrendered and his body left near a house which they burned; it was badly charred. A train was heard approaching the depot, and the Yankees asked of some prisoners what that meant. They replied that reinforcements were coming. The commanding officer, being informed, ordered a retreat, and the column was soon on the march again on the Tazewell Pike. This was late in the afternoon. They took off about forty prisoners, the two pieces of artillery, and such supplies as the soldiers could find. Our cavalry was in pursuit of them. The Yankees after marching all night, being hard pressed, paroled their prisoners and abandoned the artillery. The Confederate cavalry overtook them and punished them severely.

On the following day about twelve o'clock the paroled prisoners reached Wytheville, and were heartily welcomed. I met them as they entered the town. My one-armed lieutenant exclaimed as he rushed up to me and grasped my hand: "I thought you were dead, and so reported to the men here. I was sure you were shot when we jumped that lot fence and you fell." Rev. Mr. Wharey was among the prisoners.

Many of the out-of-town men went to Colonel Boyd's hotel at the depot and got a square meal free and then went their several ways. I have never seen my lieutenant from that day to this, nor do I know whether he is living or dead; but a cooler and braver man I have never seen in action. God grant him his reward!

Major Kent and I rode out on the Tazewell Pike that morning; and when we got back to town, I turned my mare loose and got a gun. My mother had sent me a birthday cake, and I had wrapped a portion of that cake in a piece of newspaper that happened to have my name and address on it and placed it in my overcoat behind my saddle. Some of our deserters caught my mare (Comet) south of the town and thought they had a fine Yankee horse and outfit; but when they ex-

amined my overcoat and found the cake (which they ate), they examined the paper in which it was wrapped, finding my name. They returned my mare to me the next day and told me how they had identified her. I was pleased to get her back, and made no complaint about the missing cake.

I wonder if that church is still standing on the east side of the pike and if there are any bullet marks on its brick walls to tell the story of that day in July, 1863. The lot fence is of course gone; that was scarred by many bullets that were otherwise harmless.

The records of the War Department, Washington, D. C., show that this raid was made on Wytheville in the afternoon of July 18, 1863; that the Federal force, consisting of the 3d Brigade and 8th Army Corps, was composed of the 34th Ohio Mounted Infantry and the 2d West Virginia Cavalry, all commanded by Col. John T. Toland, of the 2d West Virginia Cavalry.

Rev. J. M. Wharey, D.D., pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Statesville, N. C., makes the following statement:

"I think your account of the Wytheville raid is quite accurate as well as I can remember. The only thing in which my recollection differs from yours is as to the interval between the charges of the enemy. I would say it was more nearly ten minutes than forty. (Colonel Franklin in his report herewith says: 'The contest of the most obstinate hand-to-hand fighting lasted about one and a half hours.' This evidently refers to the charges they made and the resistance we offered. They had to reorganize after each charge, which took some time, as their commanding officer was left in our hands dead or mortally wounded.)

"I can see the charge; I can almost feel the thumpings of my heart at the sight; I can hear the volleys and the scattering shots afterwards. I remember pulling down on several of them, but I am happy in not knowing whether I killed any of them or not. When the firing ceased and the enemy dismounted, I went back to Main Street and found Major Kent, who told us to take care of ourselves. I emptied my musket at a Yankee in Major Kent's yard, a long way too far for that musket to do any harm, threw the gun away, and concluded I would go back to my office and finish writing my little sermon. I thought perhaps they would respect 'the cloth.' I was within ten steps of the gate when a squad of Yankees led by a lieutenant came down a lane from the back street and confronted me with muskets aimed directly at me not more than twenty feet away. I thought my time had come. I threw up my arms in token of surrender. One of them said: 'Let's shoot him, anyway, a d—n bushwhacker.' The lieutenant commanded: 'Don't shoot! Here, one of you men take this man to the rear.' A little bit of a shrimp of a fellow spoke up: 'Let me take him, lieutenant; my gun won't shoot, anyway.' So I was ingloriously led away by that little peayune of a Yank that I could have picked up and thrown over the fence. I thought that when we got to the end of this lane I would show him a thing or two, especially comforted by the statement that his gun would not shoot. I had made up my mind that I would give him my fist on the side of his head with all the force I had and then take to my heels. But lo and behold! when we got to the back street, either way as far as I could see there were Yanks after Yanks. There was nothing for me to do but obediently and meekly run the gantlet of that mocking and jeering crowd at the coat tail of my little captor. I remember one fellow cried out: 'Hello, Jim, where you taking that fellow? He has not been fighting.'

'Yes, he has; don't you see the powder black and the mark of the musket on his shoulder?' another answered. I thought I had removed all signs of having been in the fight when I threw my musket away; but my hands and face too, I suppose, betrayed me.

"On the whole, it was a good stroke for the Confederacy. If we had not given them that blow, there is no telling what damage they would have done. Had Colonel Toland lived, the lead mines, the salt works, and the railroad bridges near Wytheville would have been at their mercy. So our little battle disconcerted their plans and the raid was a complete failure.

"Well, I thank God the cruel war is over, and it is well that the passions it kindled should subside, and it is time we old Confederates were thinking about and preparing for the crossing to the other side. May God guide us all to a living faith in Jesus Christ, 'the only name given under heaven whereby we must be saved!' You must allow the old preacher to preach a little."

Rev. Mr. Wharey left Wytheville soon after the raid above described and was assigned as chaplain to Poague's Battalion of Light Artillery, and served with it until the close of the war. He was in most of the big battles in Tennessee.

REPORT OF COL. F. E. FRANKLIN, U. S. A.

FAYETTEVILLE, July 23, 1863.

On the 18th our column arrived in the neighborhood of Wytheville. Colonel Toland immediately sent two companies to the railroad, ten miles west of the town, to destroy the track and wires. It was then his intention to divide the balance of his force—one part for the bridge, the other for Wytheville—but for the want of a guide he could not do that. He therefore marched his whole remaining force on Wytheville. But the town was occupied by about five hundred troops concealed in the houses, besides two pieces of artillery. The contest of the most obstinate hand-to-hand fighting lasted about one and a half hours. We, however, carried the town by storm and with a perfect rush. As the soldiers, citizens, and even the women fired from their houses, both public and private, we burned the town to ashes. We had three commissioned officers killed and four wounded, fourteen men killed, twenty-six wounded, and thirty-eight missing and prisoners.

By the time the action was over and I had rallied my men the enemy had received seven hundred reinforcements in our front and three hundred cavalry in our rear, besides which there were a regiment of infantry and a battery of artillery at the Long Bridge. We therefore concluded it would be madness to attempt anything more except the destruction of a large culvert east of the town, which we effected. The loss of the enemy in killed was estimated at seventy-five, the number of wounded unknown. We took eighty-six prisoners.

REPORT OF GEN. SAM JONES, C. S. A.

I have information that the Federal raiders numbered twelve hundred or thirteen hundred men when they started to Wytheville. When they returned to Fayetteville, they had only five hundred men, of whom only three hundred were mounted. Our loss as reported to me was one captain and two privates killed, a lieutenant and three or four men wounded. They captured about twenty-five of our men, and I believe a somewhat larger number of citizens, and carried them some ten or twelve miles and paroled them. They left the artillery they attempted to carry off on the road. They left uninjured a few boxes of muskets and a wagon load of

ammunition on the street in front of the courthouse. The only damage done to the railroad was repaired by the ordinary section hands in less than an hour. A few of the best houses in Wytheville were burned. The truth is, the expedition was a complete failure.

A MEMORY OF PICKETT'S BRIGADE.

LA SALLE CORBELL PICKETT, IN OCTOBER LIPPINCOTT'S.

It was years after the war, and some veterans of both sides were exchanging reminiscences at a banquet given by the Board of Trade of New York. It was presided over by the first president, Col. J. J. Phillips, colonel of the 9th Virginia Regiment, Pickett's Division.

"There is nothing else so terrifying as a night attack," said Colonel Phillips. "The imagination works with intense activity in the darkness, and even in peaceful times adds infinitely to the fear of perils, real or fancied. How much more are the horrors of warfare increased when the opposing forces are hidden from sight, when the first announcement of hostile intention is the thunder of guns, the crack of rifles, the flash through darkness, for it is the darkest possible night that is always selected!"

"One of these night attacks in particular—on the Bermuda Hundred lines in 1864—I shall never forget; not because of its startling horrors, but because of a peculiar and sacred circumstance, almost resulting in the compulsory disobedience of orders and obeying, as it were, of a higher than earthly command.

"The point of attack had been carefully selected, the awaited dark night had arrived, and my command was to fire when General Pickett should signal the order. There was that dread, indescribable stillness, that weird, ominous silence that always settles over everything just before a fight. It was so thick you could cut it with a knife, so heavy it weighed you down as if worlds were piled upon you, so all-pervasive that it filled creation for you. You felt that nowhere in the universe was there any voice or motion.

"Suddenly that awesome silence was broken by the sound of a deep, full voice rolling over the black void like the billows of a great sea, directly in line with our guns. 'It was singing the old hymn, 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul.' I have heard that grand old music many times in circumstances which intensified its impressiveness; but never had it seemed so solemn as when it broke the stillness in which we waited for the order to fire. Just as it was given there rang through the night the words:

'Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.'

"'Ready, aim, fire to the left, boys,' I said. The guns were shifted, the volley that blazed out swerved aside, and that defenseless head was covered with the shadow of His wing."

A Federal veteran who had been listening looked up suddenly and, clasping the colonel's hand, said: "I remember that night, colonel, and that midnight attack which carried off so many of my comrades. I was the singer."

There was a second of silence; then "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" rang across that banquet board as on that black night in 1864 it had rung across the lines at Bermuda Hundred.

OLD TORPEDO BOAT FROM SPANISH FORT.

In the early part of 1907 Mrs. Paul Israel, member of Chapter 72, U. D. C., who was then Custodian of Relief for the Soldiers' Home of Louisiana, elected by the State U. D. C. Convention, conceived the idea of getting for the Soldiers' Home the old torpedo boat which had lain abandoned for

many years on the banks of Bayou St. John at Spanish Fort. She applied to Mr. W. O. Hart, who was then the Commandant of Camp Beauregard, No. 130, U. S. C. V., and enlisted his aid in the matter.

Mr. Hart interested Mr. E. H. Farrar, Jr., a member of Camp Beauregard, in obtaining the boat. Hon. E. H. Farrar, the father, is general counsel of the New Orleans Terminal Company, which owns Spanish Fort, and therefore the boat. Mr. Farrar obtained a gift of the boat from the New Orleans Terminal Company to Camp Beauregard through Mr. Hart, and at the meeting of the Camp in December, 1907, the boat was turned over to Mrs. Israel, who presented it to the Soldiers' Home. It was accepted by Mr. Charles Smith, a member of the board.

Considerable difficulty was found in moving the boat, owing to its unwieldy character; but finally through a committee of Camp Beauregard, of which Mr. Gordon S. Levy, formerly Commandant of the Camp, was chairman, aided by the Jahneke Navigation Company, the boat was moved from Spanish Fort to the Soldiers' Home, and placed on a suitable foundation.

By resolution of Camp Beauregard a plate will be placed upon the boat, giving the names of the officers of the Camp at the time it obtained the boat and of the committee which placed the boat in the grounds of the Soldiers' Home and the dates of both events.

THE BATTLE OF MINE RUN.

BY H. M. BROWN (47TH VA. REGT.), CHARLESTON, VA.

In the *VETERAN* of March, 1909, on page 125, Elder S. E. Lookingbill, of Metropolis, Ill., gives us a short account of the battle of Mine Run, in which he says after skirmishing occasionally with cavalry and infantry they arrived on the 26th of November at Mine Run, where they met Confederate soldiers "too numerous to mention." Now my estimate of the Confederate soldiers in that battle is exactly opposite to his. Longstreet had recently been taken from us and sent to Tennessee, and the great gaps made in our ranks during the recent terrible summer's campaign had not been filled and could not be.

I was not in that part of the army which fronted Elder Lookingbill. There were at that time two roads running from Orange C. H. to Fredericksburg—one the old turnpike and the other the plank road. I was a member of the 47th Virginia Regiment. We went down the plank road, and about two or three o'clock our division filed off the road to the right and formed line of battle. We had not gone more than a hundred yards or so when we came to an old field about two or three hundred yards wide and full of tall broom straw and young bushy pines scattered over it, for which I had reason to be thankful. On the opposite side of the field there was an old pine pole fence and beyond the fence thick pine woods. Just as our line reached the edge of the woods a very hot fire was poured into us. It happened that my company (B) was thrown out as skirmishers with orders to dislodge the enemy from that fence, which we did in fine shape. But for those young bushy pines I don't believe a man of us would have gotten across that field. It has always been a mystery to me why they gave back from that fence. On into the woods we went, but not a Yankee was in sight, though we couldn't see twenty steps ahead of us. Soon after that a cannon shot passed through a large pine in front of me and a piece struck me on the breast. It knocked me senseless; but fortunately I had my blanket and French fly so rolled across my breast that I was not seriously hurt. When I got up I

could see neither friend nor foe, but I got a glimpse of the plank road to my left and started for that.

After going a few steps I saw a Yank standing on the far side of the plank road. I drew a bead on his belt buckle, when another man yelled out: "Don't shoot that gun, you —!" Right there my career as a soldier ended. In a moment four Yanks ran up from behind, each one claiming that I was his prisoner. Finally a little Dutchman outswore the others and took possession of me. With an oath he ordered me to run. I asked him which way. I felt something pressing me between the shoulders, and looking back I saw it was a big navy pistol cocked and the man's finger on the trigger. You ought to have seen me run. It seemed to me that every tree in the woods big enough to hide a Yank had three or four behind it. After a while we passed through two lines of cavalry and three lines of infantry, and after we got out of the woods and came to the plank road again we found it crowded with cavalry, infantry, and artillery.

Well, I think I would be safe in telling Elder Lookingbill that they had at least ten men to our one, even though ours were "too numerous to mention." We were taken down the plank road about two miles to a church, where we spent the night, and until I went to sleep the road was full of men marching in quick step to the front. I think there were about two hundred of us. I don't know how many of their men we captured. I remember talking to an intelligent soldier who asked me how far it was to Gordonsville, saying they expected to be there in a few days.

They kept us moving back and forth behind their line, and one of the guard explained to me that it was to keep Mosby from getting us. It kept us from getting much to eat; but the guards fared likewise, and they were very kind to us.

Well, we finally got to the Old Capitol prison in Washington, where they fed us well and treated us well for about three months, and then they sent us to Point Lookout, where we had to submit to negro cruelty and insults, hunger and cold, with no fire except in the severest weather. Some of the tents were so bad I believe a turkey could have flown through them. [Would the comrade have stopped the turkey?—ED.] Sometimes they gave us raw codfish with no way to cook it.

There is one bright spot in my memory, however. When *en route* for exchange the surgeon of the boat stood on the steps leading to the cabin and told the officer in command that he could take a few of the weakest of the men upstairs with him, and I was one of the lucky ones, and he treated us royally. His first act was to give us a drink of good whisky.

TEXAS, NOT ARKANSAS, REGIMENTS CONSOLIDATED.—The interesting account of a "wounded Texan's trip home on crutches" in the April VETERAN contains an error. It was in the first paragraph, and refers to remnants of regiments being consolidated which the report gave as Arkansas troops when they were in fact of Texas regiments. Comrade McClure doesn't want it understood that he was forgetful of the command in which he served.

OUR SWEET "MOCKING BIRD" STILL REMEMBERED.—A war concert given at Belchertown, Ill., recently was decidedly attractive and well patronized. Mr. J. E. Anderson, of the Wilcox Post, G. A. R., made a very fine speech, and then illustrated his tonic command by whistling the "Mocking Bird," to the delight of his audience. A young man on the platform wore the drummer boy uniform of Mr. Anderson.

HAWKINSVILLE MONUMENT.

The engraving below illustrates the beautiful Confederate monument recently unveiled at Hawkinsville, Ga., which is one of the handsomest in the State.

Upon a granite base 10x12 feet stand the shaft and two figures, one of Lee and one of Jackson. The shaft is a symbolic figure of a Confederate private facing east, which is life-size. The figure of Jackson faces north, while that of Lee faces south. These last two statues are of three-quarter size, were cut in Italy, and are of white marble. The block of granite that supports the shaft is eight tons in weight. In the eastern face of this block is cut the Confederate flag hanging from a broken shaft. On the west face are the stacked arms of the Confederacy.

The ceremony of the unveiling was very impressive. Miss Martin, daughter of Judge Martin, in well-chosen words presented the monument to the veterans, paying them special tribute. Miss Nita Anderson with her thirteen beautiful assistants unveiled the monument, and the fourteen fair maids covered the base with wreaths of evergreens.

Speeches were made by Hon. George W. Jordan and H. F. Lawson on behalf of Pulaski County and the city of Hawkinsville, and Judge John H. Martin accepted the monument on behalf of the veterans in a soul-stirring speech of some



length, which was heard with much applause. Judge Martin is a brilliant speaker; and having his heart thoroughly in this, his words were beautiful and effective. Several original poems of great merit were read, and Mrs. D. G. Fleming sang very beautifully a song entitled "He Was Brave Enough for Lee."

SCHOOLMEN IN THE CAMP.

DR. A. B. JONES, IN MIDLAND METHODIST.

This article, which I am sure will be of great interest to all schoolmen of the South, is not written entirely from my own observation, but is a compilation from many sources of information.

It has been said and written in papers printed in the North that the Confederate army was composed of illiterate men who were persuaded to take up arms under great excitement and stress of circumstances, and that many of them were forced into the ranks from fear of public opinion. This is far from the truth. I enlisted in a regiment of as brave and patriotic men as ever drew bead on an enemy, and yet they were men of first-class positions in the social circle. There were lawyers, farmers, merchants, preachers, schoolmen, bankers, besides men from almost every vocation in life in this regiment alone.

The proclamation of Mr. Lincoln, which definitely declared the policy of coercion by force of arms, made at once "a solid South," and all classes throughout the Southern section united for the common defense.

The farmer left his plow in the furrow, the merchant left his merchandise unsold, the mechanic left his job unfinished, the lawyer left his brief unargued, the physician left home and practice to render service in the hospital, march, and battle; the professor left his chair and the teacher his school, the preacher gave up his pulpit in the church to minister to the imperiled flock in the field, the student exchanged the "midnight lamp" for "the camp fires of the boys in gray," and all classes rallied around the "stars and bars"—not necessarily, not men bought up with "bounty money," but the very flower of our Southern chivalry, the bone and sinew, the brain and brawn, the wealth, the education, social position, moral worth of our Southern manhood.

From the very large mass of material at hand a volume could not suffice to do the subject full justice.

Rev. Dr. Jenkins, father-in-law of Stonewall Jackson, an able and admirable man, a Northerner and a Union man, who was the President of Washington College, at Lexington, Va., called his faculty together and asked them: "What are you going to do about that rag on the dome of the college?" (alluding to a Confederate flag which the students raised as soon as they heard of the secession of Virginia). Prof. James J. White, whom Col. William Preston Johnston once characterized as "the learned head of the Greek Department who combines in one person the subtlety of Ulysses and the proportions of Ajax," at once replied: "I do not know what the other gentlemen propose to do about it; but, for myself, I say let it wave, and I propose to fight under it." Accordingly he organized that day among the students a company called "The Liberty Hall Volunteers," thus reviving and assuming the name of the company from the academy out of which Washington College sprang, that did valiant service in the Revolution of 1776. This company was afterwards attached to the famous "Stonewall Brigade," and rendered gallant service from the First Manassas to the close of the war.

Hampden-Sidney College also organized a company of students. In the expedition which moved on the evening of April 17, 1861, the day on which Virginia seceded, for the capture of the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, there were two companies of students from the University of Virginia; and of the six hundred students, fully nine-tenths of them enlisted in the Confederate armies.

The President of Howard College, at Marion, Ala., Judge Porter King, organized and led to the front a company of students of that college. The University of North Carolina, the University of Georgia, the University of Alabama, the University of Mississippi, South Carolina College (the citadel of Charleston), the University of Louisiana, and the colleges generally throughout the South sent their students and the flower of their alumni to the Confederate armies.

On the very day and at the very hour designated by the Governor a quiet professor at Lexington, Va., marched to the front the whole corps of cadets of the Virginia Military Institute, and came not back again until he was borne to his burial in "Lexington, in the valley of Virginia," while two continents were ringing with the fame of "Stonewall" Jackson.

The famous Rockbridge Artillery was organized in Lexington, Va., and drilled by Rev. Dr. W. N. Pendleton, a graduate of West Point, but the rector of the Episcopal Church of the town. It was recruited from young men all over the South. Dr. Pendleton, Lee's chief of artillery, was made its first captain, and it won fame on nearly every battlefield from First Manassas to Appomattox. This company illustrated the hold which the Confederate cause had on the intellectual and moral classes of the South. In the Rockbridge Battery, among the private soldiers, were seven Masters of Arts of the University of Virginia, twenty-eight college graduates, twenty-five theological seminary students, and among the others many of the most accomplished young men of the South, including R. E. Lee, Jr., son of the great commander. This was by no means an isolated example; for many other companies of artillery, infantry, and cavalry were composed of similar splendid material.

In September, 1859, there came to Washington College, at Lexington, Va., a young man who walked from near Clarksburg, in Northwestern Virginia, and, appearing before the President, said: "I want an education. I have no money, but I am willing to saw wood or do any work to meet my expenses." He was received into the college and, though imperfectly prepared, soon showed real genius, and by hard study took a high stand in all his classes. When the war broke out, he at once enlisted in an artillery company, displayed the highest qualities as a soldier, and became especially distinguished as a gunner for the quickness, accuracy, and cool courage with which he handled his piece. He was made sergeant, refusing higher promotion because he would not leave his loved gun. He carried his Greek classics and his books on higher mathematics in his haversack, and studied them around the camp fires, frequently teaching classes of his comrades when in camp. At the close of the war he went back to Washington College, of which his great chief, R. E. Lee, was now President, sustained himself at the head of his classes, won the "Cincinnati" prize for the best scholarship, was made adjunct professor and given leave of absence to go to Europe; won at a German university his degree and the highest honor ever won by an American student; was made Professor of Greek in Vanderbilt University and then in the University of Texas, also in the University of Virginia. It is conceded by scholars generally that this ex-Confederate, Prof. M. W. Humphries, is one of the first Grecians and one of the most thorough scholars in this country.

There was also another private soldier, a brilliant Master of Arts, who had completed nearly the whole of his theological course and was under appointment as missionary to Japan

when the war broke out, changing all his plans. During the intervals between battles or while in camp he could be found, after his duties were performed, with book in hand, which one might have thought was a volume of light literature that had been captured from the enemy; but he was amusing himself studying Arabic. After the war he spent several years in study at one of the German universities, was for many years Professor of Hebrew in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, and was for some years the able and accomplished head of the Department of Oriental Languages in Harvard. When President Eliot was asked why they had put a "Rebel soldier" in a chair at Harvard, he replied: "We did not select him because he was a Rebel soldier, but because Prof. Crawford H. Toy is unquestionably the first scholar on the continent in that department."

Many other individual examples of the intellectual cast of the Confederate army might be put in evidence, but it must suffice to state that a correct list of the professors in our Southern colleges and universities that served in the Confederate armies shows that at least nine-tenths of them had been Confederate soldiers; and a very large proportion of the students in universities, colleges, and theological seminaries were "men who wore the gray" during the four years of war. The witty editor of the Richmond Christian Advocate, Dr. Lafferty, said of a certain State: "They already have twelve universities, and at our latest advices they were cutting poles for another." We do not call our schools "universities;" but in the log chapels and log huts of winter quarters, in the camp of summer, and even in the bivouac of active campaign there were classes taught by scholars who would have graced the chairs of university or college, and a high grade of scholarship maintained which would have astonished many of the so-called "universities."

It was noted in all of our Southern colleges and universities that the classes formed just after the war were the most brilliant they ever had, and the obvious explanation is that the students were prepared for college in those army classes by their able teachers and were enabled by this preparation, added to native intellect and hard study, to take the very highest stand in their classes.

These instances refute the charge of illiteracy, etc.

HOW ATLANTA OBSERVED MEMORIAL DAY.

Atlanta paid beautiful tribute to Memorial Day when in its honor the busy marts of trade were closed and the rush of business set aside. The lust for gold was hushed for a time by the tender touch of sacred memories. April 26 found Atlanta happy, for there was no sadness in the honors given the Confederate veterans both of dead and the living. The streets through which the procession passed were a solid mass of people, and every window was crowded with eager spectators.

The grand marshal of the day was W. G. Obear, and he was assisted by a number of mounted aids in scarlet sashes. The procession consisted of the military, the 17th Infantry, U. S. A., with their famous band; next the brigade of the National Guards of Georgia, Battery B field artillery, Troop L second squadron of cavalry, two ambulances with medical officers, and hospital corps of Georgia National Guard.

In striking contrast to these seasoned regulars were the fresh-faced cadets of the Georgia Military Academy and the boys of the high school marching to the music of their band, which was one of the best in the parade.

The vortex of interest centered around the "boys in gray."

The old veterans marched with all the old-time vim and enthusiasm. Every few moments the well-known Rebel yell would almost drown the strains of "Dixie," and would be answered by wild applause from the crowded sidewalks. Following the veterans came the Southern Express wagons containing inmates from the Soldiers' Home and old warriors too feeble to walk so far. Closely following were ambulances with their medical corps and nurses. Next in line were the ladies of the Memorial Association, the Children of the Confederacy, the Daughters of the Confederacy, and the Daughters of the Revolution. These rode in gayly decorated carriages and automobiles and carried flags and wreaths of flowers. Then came the pioneer women, the Mayor and City Council, and last of all were many wagons loaded with flowers and wreaths to lay upon the graves.

Dr. Lansing Burrows was the orator of the day, and his brilliant speech was replete with gems of patriotic thought, and was a noble tribute to the gallant dead.

Mrs. E. G. McCabe, President of the Atlanta Chapter Daughters of the Confederacy, presented the crosses of honor to a number of veterans. The two especial hymns of the occasion were "In the Sweet By and By" and "God Be with You till We Meet Again."

Just as the setting sun was reddening the tree tops a salute was fired by Battery B of the Georgia National Guards, and Trumpeter S. R. Broussat, of Troop L, sounded the long roll, and then after the impressive silence came "taps," and the city of the dead, the beautiful cemetery of Oakland, was left to its perfumed silence. Under the faint light of the rising moon and the watchful stars rose the noble shaft and the Lion of Lucerne keeping their guard over the camp where the reveille comes only with eternity. Atlanta is a model city in training the young.

The foregoing is out of season as news, but on that and other occasions Atlanta has proven a model city in maintaining the story of the glory of Confederate valor. The parade of public schools, every boy and girl carrying a flag, is a lesson that guarantees the future regard for Confederate days.

A. H. Huber, of Westminster, Md., writes that at the time of the visit to that place of Stuart's Cavalry in the Gettysburg campaign (1863) a United States flag was removed from the fireproof room of the clerk's office in the courthouse and carried off by some of the men of Stuart's command. "This flag," says Mr. Huber, "was the handiwork of a number of our resident Union ladies, one of whom was my wife, now deceased. Each star bore the name of a lady engaged in the work. Until removed from the staff and placed in the fireproof vault, the flag had floated from the cupola of the courthouse. The surviving ladies desire to say that, as the survivors on both sides are returning captured banners to the original owners, it is no more than fair that the banner taken from the ladies of Westminster, Md., be returned to them. Any information will be gratefully appreciated."

LINCOLN'S "COUNTRYMEN" AT GETTYSBURG.—Dr. C. H. Todd, of Owensboro, Ky., inquires if there is any authority for the following statement: "July 1, 1864, being the first anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg, President Lincoln visited the battlefield and, pointing to Cemetery Ridge, said: 'I am proud to own as my countrymen the men who charged those heights.'" Dr. Todd adds: "Did President Lincoln make such or a similar statement at that time and place or at any other time and place?"

CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY MRS. MARY A. PICKENS, DIRECTOR AND REGISTRAR ALA. DIV.

I read with much interest the article on "Children of the Confederacy" in the April number, for I do not think too much importance can be placed upon this branch of the U. D. C. work. In 1868 the first children's Chapter of Alabama, the "Sam Davis" Auxiliary of Camden, was organized by Miss Sallie Jones, the first State President of the Alabama U. D. C., now dead. She wrote me that it was the second children's Chapter in the South, the first being the Mary Custis Lee Chapter of Alexandria, Va. Alabama now has twenty odd children's Chapters and over five hundred Children of the Confederacy. The Director of each auxiliary is a member of the Parent Chapter, and upon her interest and good work depends the success of the auxiliary.

Lovely little booklets of historic programs have been arranged for their monthly meetings by Mrs. C. M. Tardy, of Birmingham, Ala., Historian U. D. C., and Alabama's State President awards a gold medal at the State conventions each year for the most correct answers to historic questions she prepares for their instruction, and this year our State President, Mrs. Charles G. Brown, of Birmingham, will also award a beautiful silken banner to the auxiliary with the best report of the year's work, and many are working for the medal and the banner.

These children, in whose keeping the future U. D. C. cause will be intrusted, are already doing splendid work. They send money and boxes of things to the old Veterans' Home and help with memorial exercises and in every good work of the kind in their homes; but their crowning work which they hope to complete this year is the raising of twelve hundred and fifty dollars to endow a memorial scholarship in memory of Gen. Robert E. Lee to be used for educating Confederate descendants that need help, and that will be something no other Division has done.

Alabama gives no charter to her children. These children make out their application papers which are registered, and then they receive a certificate, and as they become of age the girls are merged into their Parent Chapters by right of inheritance and the boys into the Sons of Veterans. They have representation at the State Convention and a special time set apart for their reports, etc.; but children are not capable of self-government and should not have a "voice in State questions." Every U. D. C. Chapter in every State, if possible, should have its auxiliary, and the work and life of its auxiliary should be no small part of the Chapter work, for the success and future of the Children of the Confederacy depend upon the Daughters of the Confederacy and their guidance and interest.

For four years I have labored faithfully in this work as State Director and Registrar, receiving every help and encouragement from our State President and the blessings of our dear President General, Mrs. Stone, on my work, and I feel much encouraged as to the future, for I believe a greater interest will be taken in this branch of work from now on. Alabama compares well with any other Division in her children's work, which is growing all the time.

The writer of the article, "Children of the Confederacy," in the April number would like to say that unintentionally a wrong impression was conveyed to which the above calls attention. The children in Florida have a voice in State questions through their Directress, but do not personally vote on nor discuss questions in the convention hall. The Direct-

ress guides and directs Chapter government, but the conducting of all meetings is done by themselves, and they personally assume the Chapter work.

"JOHNNIE" AND "YANK" DIVIDE THE HOG.

BY W. H. LEE, CO. D, 8TH IOWA CAVALRY, SHICKLEY, NEBR.

You may think it rather strange to get a letter from a Yank away up North. I met a "Johnnie" a few days ago, and we were talking about the many things we had observed during our service, and I told of experiences on the Atlanta campaign.

A short distance north of where the Confederates made the midnight charge on General Butterfield's command was a picket post of which I was sergeant in charge. One of our boys went out in front of our post prospecting. He soon returned and reported that he saw several hogs, but failed to get one, and insisted that I should go, as I was a pretty good shot with a revolver. I turned the command over to him and started. I went perhaps only a hundred yards, when I came on to Mr. Hog, and in trying to get a shot at him I was standing a-straddle of a stump about knee-high. Before I got a chance to shoot, "bang!" went a gun right in front of me, and the ball hit that stump and knocked it to kingdom come. I very suddenly made a right turn, but went only a few steps when a fine porker came running across my path. I shot at it while running and knocked it down, and I know that hog squealed louder and longer than any hog ever did before or since; but I ran up to it and shot it again, this time in the head, killing it instantly.

Just then I heard some one say: "Do you want all that hog?" I looked up, and there not ten steps away and coming right up to me was a "Johnnie" soldier fully armed. I told him "No," and he said, "Can I have part?" I answered, "Certainly." He laid down his gun and accoutrements, and with our pocket knives we soon divided that hog, he taking part and going one way and I the other part and going the other way. There were no questions asked and the war was not mentioned. Now if that soldier is alive nothing would please me better than to hear from him.

A WOMAN DARED DEFEND HER HOME.

BY JOHN B. MOORE, COM. CAMP TRICE, U. C. V., COLUSA, CAL.

I am well pleased and entertained by stories published in the *VETERAN* from the old soldiers who saw and know the things they write about. I want to contribute an interview between a Virginia lady and myself and make inquiry for the woman in question and her children, if any are living.

On the night before Jackson made his flank movement at Chancellorsville, between dusk and dark, I was ordered to take my company, deploy, and forward upon the enemy until I drew his fire. I had advanced but a short distance when I came upon a woman with a gun in her hand. Standing around her were three or four small children.

Pointing with my sword, I said: "Take your children behind the hill and you will be safe." She said: "I will not leave my home." To my right a short distance stood a log cabin. I said: "Go back; I am ordered to draw the fire of the enemy, and their bullets will come upon you." She answered: "My father taught me to defend my home with my life, and I will not go back." With my men I passed on and drew the fire of the picket line in front.

At the time I was captain of Company L, Orr's Regiment of Rines, South Carolina Volunteers, McGowan's Brigade. This regiment was at bottom of the hill on the old turnpike when Jackson was wounded and were the nearest troops to him.

AN ADVENTUROUS TRIP.

BY MRS. EMILY S. LEDYARD.

Memphis was in the hands of the Federals, and a cordon of pickets were around it on every side. My sister-in-law from Panola, Miss., had been in Memphis for some time, and was very anxious to get back to her home and family; but we did not know exactly how to manage her going. Finally it was decided that I should go with her, and the next question was our mode of conveyance. The Yankees had taken every decent carriage or horse on the place, and the only attainable thing to carry us was a dilapidated buggy with rattling wheels and holes in the top big enough to thrust your fist through. To draw this elegant equipage we had a flea-bitten gray mule badly wind-broken and so thin that every bone showed.

My father was a Chesterfieldian old gentleman of the true Southern school who did not believe in women going anywhere unprotected. So he would not hear of our leaving till suitable escort was provided. Our fairy chariot and fiery steed had to stand in the stable while he hunted some man going South. Finally he told us he had found us an outrider in a gentleman who was making his way to the army to see his boy, who was wounded and in the hospital.

We started next morning early, our escort, who looked like "Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance," riding a very pretty brown horse. I could not blame this gentleman much for his impatience over the delay. His horse was speedy, he was anxious to get on, and ours could only go fast enough to carry us a little over fifteen miles that first day, for our buggy broke down three times and had to be patched up with white cotton rope. I saw his impatience, and after supper I told him to go on, that we could manage alone. He then told me that he had made a mistake and had brought us on to the Hollyrood road, which was infested by jayhawkers, and that we must get off of it and on to the plank road as soon as possible.

The next morning the lady with whom we spent the night, knowing our escort had left us, suggested that we engage a soldier, who had also spent the night at her home, to take us on our way. This man said he was a member of Wheat's Division of Louisiana, and was trying to get back to his command. I did not like his looks much, and would rather have gone alone; but Jennie insisted that we should engage him. He managed pretty well till that evening we caught sight of a party of men on a distant hilltop, and our soldier told us to wait till he went to reconnoiter. He told us to stay where we were, but I did not, but drove right after him, and saw him meet the men, and it struck me that it was very queer the way they did. When the man came back, he was angry because we had not waited, and showed it so plainly that I said: "Maybe I had better tell you that I will have to pay you with Confederate money for escorting us." He demanded to know if I had no "good money," and I showed him one dollar in greenbacks and a roll of Confederate money. He snatched the dollar and turned and rode back after the men as hard as he could go.

A little while after this the whole band came galloping up and surrounded the buggy and ordered us to halt. One man asked where we were from; and when I said "Memphis," he told me he wanted some newspapers. The only one I had was wrapped around a doll baby I was taking my little niece. I gave him that, and they galloped off. Five minutes after they were back, and again halted us and asked to be told all the Memphis news. I told them everything I could think of, and off they went, only to come tearing back. This time an-

other man came to the buggy and said: "Here, this fooling won't do; I want to ask you if you know who we are."

I was badly frightened, but I stood up in the buggy and said as quietly as I could: "Of course I know who you are: you are Southern gentlemen and Southern soldiers, and we are Southern ladies, who expect you to take care of us."

The soldiers stood perfectly still, then the first one who had asked for the paper cried out: "By G—, boys, she is right. I am a Southern gentleman if you are not, and you shall not touch them. Come away at once!"

The rest hesitated; but this one rode right among them, jerked one, turned another around till they were all riding slowly away, and he went behind them, making us a low bow with his hat in his hand as he went behind the trees.

Jennie was almost fainting, and I did all I could to revive her, when I heard the crash of thunder and found a storm was right on us. O dear! how it did rain and lighten! The water came through the holes in the buggy top till we were both drenched. It grew so dark that I could not see where I was driving at all. I just had to depend upon the mule and let him take us wherever he wanted to go. About seven o'clock we saw a light. I climbed over a fence, and after a long hunt found the gate and drove to the guiding light. It was in a cottage, but the lady living there indignantly refused to let us in, saying she had had enough of blockade runners. I begged for permission to enter, told her how wet we were and that my sister was sick, but without effect. Jennie by this time was ill with fatigue and excitement; so I helped her from the buggy and forced my way in to the fire, whose blaze we could see through the open door, dragging my weeping sister after me. The woman stormed and abused us, but I took Jennie to the cheering blaze and began to take off her wet things. The woman flounced out of the room and left us alone, and later a beautiful little girl came in. I made friends with her and gave her a doll baby and some candy out of my carpetbag. When the mother found the child so happy in my lap, she did not say anything more; but she did not invite me to supper when the bell rang. However, I followed her out just as if she had extended a most cordial invitation, praised every good thing on the table, and took some of it to Jennie. I had been in the room only a short while when a little darky came and made up the bed in the corner, saying it was for us. I was too delighted at even this grudging hospitality to be anything but grateful.

Next morning I was just dressed when I heard a man's voice say: "I hear you have two ladies here from Memphis." "Ladies nothing," said our involuntary hostess. "They are nothing but female jayhawkers or Yankee spies." I opened the window and leaned out to find Dr. Harsdale, whom I had known all my life, sitting on his horse under a tree. The woman was very sorry for her bad treatment, and insisted on giving us a lunch to carry with us. Dr. Harsdale told us that our cousin, Gen. James Chalmers, was on the other side of the Tallahatchie River, and if we could get to him he would send us under escort home, but that a battle was expected and Chalmers had ordered every Confederate soldier and able-bodied man at once to report at camp.

It rained all that day, and we missed our way trying to take a short cut, and by dark we were entirely lost. Trying to ford a little creek, our buggy wheel stuck tight. I did all I could to get it out, but could not. I then stepped on the off wheel to see if my weight would not help, but missed my footing and lay down in the creek. It was cold, and the water was filled with floating bits of ice. I called and called,

then Jennie and I called together, and soon we heard a dog bark, then a crash of footsteps through the underbrush and "Who dar?" in unmistakable negro tones. I begged him to come to our aid, and he said he would go and get a light. When he returned, his wife was with him. They proved to be caretakers of a large house whose master and mistress were away. The old darkies opened the house, made a big fire, supplied us with dry clothes from the mistress's wardrobe, and prepared us a delightful supper. I never enjoyed anything more than I did that night's sleep in the four-post bed, so high we had to climb into it on steps, and piled up with feather beds halfway to the ceiling, it seemed to me.

Those darkies were genuine good Samaritans. She cooked us a good breakfast and sent us on our way with many smiles and courtesies and good wishes. He said he "would go wid you past dat long hill on de road, for dar is sho some pow'ful bad places dar in it." It was well he went, for halfway up the hill—crack, and our buggy broke half in two. The front part stayed on the hillside, fastened to a very much astonished mule. The back part, with Jennie and me sitting up in it, went rolling down the hill, and bumped right into a tree! Our good Samaritan went off across the field to the house of a neighbor, who came back with him, each armed with cotton rope. By the time they finished tying up that mud-spattered buggy with white rope it was a sight that would have made a sphinx laugh. Taking together the ties our first escort had made in the harness and the knots our last escort made in the buggy, there was not much of our outfit that was without its decorations except the mule's tail, which he needed to flap. This he did constantly, except when he got it over the reins, when I had to lean over the dashboard and lift it to freedom. This interesting proceeding occurred every mile or two, and effectually prevented any monotony.

That day we reached the Tallahatchie, and after riding along a short time saw a pontoon bridge with soldiers guarding it on the other side of the river. They called to us to halt and told us not to cross. "What will happen if we do?" I called. "You will be arrested," they replied. I did not say a word, but drove right on across. As soon as we reached the other side a dozen men came around us and told us we were under arrest. "Thank goodness for it," I said. "I don't know where to turn nor where to go. We are lost, and now that you have arrested us you will have to take care of us."

The sergeant sent two men to guard us with orders to carry us to General Chalmers, who was in camp in the woods about three miles off. General Chalmers (or "Bun Chalmers," as his family called him on account of his being so small) was not only our cousin but my brother's best friend, and we knew we would receive every courtesy from him. One of our guards, a bright-faced young boy, said he knew me very well, as he had played often in our yard in Memphis when he was a child. He suggested that he should go to General Chalmers and report our condition and get his orders, so as to save us the long ride. He galloped off; and when he returned, he brought orders from the commander that we should be freed and that he should escort us on our way, which he did, carrying us entirely to Jennie's home, in Panola. We had been five days on the road, and were certainly glad when we heard the noisy welcome of dogs, darkies, and children when we turned into the long lane that led "home."

Thomas S. Barker, of Yuba, Okla., writes an account of the battle of Prairie Grove, Ark., in which he pays many deserved compliments to the soldierly qualities of General Frost.

who, under General Hindman, was in command at that battle. Mr. Barker was in this fight, and has unstinted praise for the courage and daring exhibited by both soldiers and officers in the Confederate lines.

RECOLLECTIONS OF FLORIDA HISTORY.

BY T. C. M'CALL.

My recollection of Florida history begins with 1861, when the men who were then prominent in State affairs generally gave place to others better fitted for the different and more stirring events of the war, though I cannot remember very definitely as to all measures.

The State was politically divided between the Whig and Democratic parties. The Democratic party, led by John Milton, of Marianna, was in favor of secession; the Whig party was opposed to disunion. A convention was called in January, 1861, and by a large majority it was in favor of secession, making Florida, I think, the second State to secede. Milton was elected Governor, and remained in office until Lee's surrender, when, for what motive I know not, he committed suicide. By virtue of his position as Speaker of the Senate Gen. A. K. Allison, of Quincy, became Governor, but when the Federals obtained possession he was arrested and confined for several months in Fort Pulaski, near Savannah, Ga.

All the people accepted the action of the convention, and except at some points around the coast were united for State rights. Immediately the State began to arm; and as there were many volunteer companies trained beforehand, Florida soon had some fine regiments ready for service under command of men who afterwards rose to high rank in the war. Col. J. Patton Anderson, of the 1st, became major general in the Western Army. Col. George F. Ward was killed in the battle of Williamsburg, Va., while making a gallant and successful charge. Col. J. J. Finley, of the 3d Brigade, was in the Western Army, and many other of Florida's sons kept fully abreast of the bravest from other States.

Florida gave at least one son of high rank and distinction whom all the South knew and honored—Gen. E. Kirby Smith.

On account of Florida's twelve hundred miles of Atlantic and Gulf Coast, which was constantly menaced and raided by vessels of war, it was necessary for the State to keep many bodies of cavalry, who did arduous service in patrolling the long coast line and many rivers. Many of the sons of Florida are waiting where they fell in the West or Virginia, and there are mourners who have not forgotten them, but are trying to show by building monuments to them that they are still remembered, honored, and loved.

The great battles of the war were not fought on Florida soil, and not often, save at Olustee and Newport Bridge, were the roar of cannon and rattle of musketry heard; but the quick raid and fierce cavalry attack at unexpected times and places showed that, though on a smaller scale, the men who rode with Stewart and Hampton, with Forrest and Wheeler had worthy compeers in those who guarded the "Land of Flowers."

It would take too long to tell of Perry and Finnegan, of Lang and Lamar and Brevard, and many others who led the Florida boys to battle and death under the South's princely leader, Gen. Robert E. Lee, or of Anderson, Finley, Keenan, Stockton, Davidson, and others who loyally followed the great leaders of the Army of the West. In 1861 Florida had many young men, but in 1865 many did not answer to roll call. In 1909 the line is nearly all gone. Just a few old men remain, in whose eyes there is a far-away look as across the gulf they are looking to the future.

CAREER OF GEN. JOSEPH LANCASTER BRENT.

The late Gen. Joseph Lancaster Brent was a superb soldier, a distinguished lawyer, an incorruptible legislator, a successful planter, and a peerless gentleman. He was descended from "the noble and ancient family of Brent" existing at the time of the Norman Conquest, of which Odo de Brent was then Lord of Cossington. In 1254, in the reign of Henry I., the manor of Cossington was possessed by Robert Brent, the first to assume the surname of Brent. From this ancient and noble family of Cossington in the County of Somerset came Giles to Maryland in 1637. His brother Fulke and his sisters Margaret and Mary followed in 1638. Fulke Brent, after serving in the Assembly in 1639, returned to England, and died there in 1656 without issue. Giles received the grant of the manor of Kent Fort, on Kent Island, was a member of the Assembly in 1639, commander of Kent Island in 1639-40, member of Council in 1642, and appointed in 1643 lieutenant general, admiral, chief captain, and commander of Maryland.

Gen. Joseph L. Brent was born in Charles County, Md., on November 30, 1826, while his father was in Congress. He was educated at Georgetown College, where he also studied common and civil law. He first practiced his chosen profession in the Attapapas section of Louisiana, but soon moved to Los Angeles, Cal., where he acquired a lucrative practice and considerable real estate. His popularity was attested by his election to the California Legislature, in which he served two terms.

When the tocsin of war sounded, in 1861, he turned his face to the South "to live or die in Dixie." His only route home was by ship from San Francisco via Panama to New York. He sailed in company with General Sumner and three hundred United States troops. His sentiments were well known, and on arrival in New York he and United States Senator Gwin and United States District Attorney Benham were arrested and incarcerated in Fort Lafayette on the charge of treason. Failing to confirm the charge, they were released, and General Brent made his way to Baltimore, and from there crossed the Potomac and came through the lines to Richmond, where he proffered his services to the Confederacy. He was given the position of major and assigned to the staff of Gen. John Bankhead Magruder, with whom he served in the Peninsula and Richmond campaigns. After the Seven Days' battle, he was ordered to report to Gen. Dick Taylor in Louisiana, where he served as chief of artillery and ordnance until promoted and placed in charge of a brigade. After reaching Louisiana, President Davis appointed him colonel of artillery, in which position he won fame and a brigadier's wreath. Colonel Brent participated in the battle of Mansfield and all other important engagements in this section. General Taylor in his book, "Destruction and Reconstruction," has filled many a page with the recital of his worth and deeds.

General Taylor in his concise way of writing said of General Brent: "Ruggedly built, although not a particularly large man, he looked the part of a commander of men."

Of their first meeting, General Taylor says: "Returned to Alexandria and met my chief of artillery and ordnance, Maj. J. L. Brent, just arrived from the East with some arms and munitions, which he had remained to bring with him. A lawyer by profession, Major Brent knew nothing of military affairs at the outbreak of the war, but speedily acquainted himself with the technicalities of his new duties. Devoted to work, his energy and administrative ability were felt in every direction. Batteries were equipped, disciplined, and drilled.

Leather was tanned, harness made, wagons built, and a little workshop established at New Iberia by Governor Moore became important as an arsenal of construction. The lack of paper for cartridges was embarrassing, and most of the newspapers were stopped for want of material. Brent discovered a quantity of wall paper in the shops at Franklin, New Iberia, and used it for cartridges, and a journal published at Franklin was printed on this paper."

Of the capture of the *Indianola*, General Taylor says:

"Major Brent took command of the expedition with Captain McCloskey staff quartermaster on the *Queen* and Charles Pierce, a brave steamboatman, on the *Webb*. On February 19 Brent went down to DeRussy with the *Queen*, mechanics still working on repairs, and there called for volunteer crews from the garrison. These were furnished at once—sixty for the *Webb*, under Lieutenant Handy, and seventy for the *Queen*, on which boat Brent remained. It was a curious feature of the war that the Southern people would cheerfully send their sons into battle, but kept their slaves out of danger. Having exhausted his powers of persuasion to no purpose, Major Brent threw some men ashore, surrounded a gang of negroes at work, captured the number necessary, and departed. A famous din was made by the planters and continued until the negroes were safely returned.

"On the night of February 22 the expedition, followed by a tender, entered the Mississippi and met a steamer from Port Hudson with two hundred men sent by General Gardiner to destroy the *Queen of the West*, not knowing that it had been captured. Arriving in the afternoon of the 24th at a point sixty miles below Vicksburg, Brent learned that the *Indianola* was but a short distance ahead with a coal barge lashed on each side. He determined to attack in the night to diminish the chance of the enemy's fire. It was certain that a shell from one of the eleven- or nine-inch guns would destroy either of his boats.

"At 10 p.m. the *Indianola* was seen near the western shore, some thousand yards distant, and the *Queen*, followed by the *Webb*, was driven with full head of steam directly upon her. The momentum of the *Queen* was so great as to cut through the coal barge and indent the iron plates of the *Indianola*, disabling by the shock the engine that worked her paddles. As the *Queen* backed out the *Webb* dashed in at full speed and tore away the remaining coal barge. Both the forward guns fired at the *Webb*, but missed her.

"Returning to the charge, the *Queen* struck the *Indianola* abaft the paddle box, crushing her frame and loosening some plates of armor, but received the fire of the guns from the rear casemates. One shot carried away a dozen bales of cotton on the right side; the other, a shell, entered the forward porthole on the left and exploded, killing six men and disabling two field pieces. Again the *Webb* followed the *Queen*, struck near the same spot, pushing aside the iron plates and crushing timbers. Voices from the *Indianola* announced the surrender and that she was sinking. As she was near the western shore, not far below Grant's army, Major Brent towed her to the opposite side, then in our possession, where some distance from the bank she sank on a bar, her gun deck above water.

"Thus we regained control of our section of the Mississippi. Succeeding events at Vicksburg and Gettysburg so obscured this one that, in justice to the officers and men engaged, it has seemed to me a duty to record it.

"Brent returned to Red River with his boats much shattered by the fray, and before we could repair them Admiral Farra-

gut with several ships of war passed Port Hudson, and the navigation of the great river was permanently lost to us."

Col. Charles Schuler, the efficient Louisiana Commissioner of Agriculture and Immigration, commanded one of the guns on the Webb, and is specially complimented for his coolness and gallantry in this fight by General Brent in his official report to General Taylor. One particular incident in this fight is not recorded by General Taylor. When the steamers went into the fight, General Brent was standing on a pile of cotton bales on the front of the Queen; and when this boat struck the Indianola, it was with such force that Brent was precipitated in the river and the cotton bales on him. He was injured by the falling cotton, but, removing his coat and shoes, swam as best he could. In the excitement prevailing no one had missed him. In the noise and confusion existing his screams for help were unheard. Several times he attempted to get into the boat from the water, but failed. Finally, as if by the special dispensation of Providence, the cook was attracted to the rear of the steamer, and looking down saw a man struggling in the water. Quickly he threw him a rope and by dexterous action drew him aboard. Reaching the deck without hat, coat, or shoes, and finding the Indianola had surrendered, he rushed forward and demanded of Lieutenant Brown, the commander of the Indianola, his sword. Brown looked with amazement upon the man before him and hesitated to deliver his sword. General Brent turned to Colonel Brand and said: "Colonel, explain to Lieutenant Brown who I am." This being done, Lieutenant Brown readily complied. General Brent suffered for some time from this injury, but always claimed the providence of God rescued him from drowning.

In the latter part of 1864, in recognition of his splendid services, he was commissioned brigadier general of cavalry and assigned to the brigade consisting of the 2d, 5th, 7th, and 18th Louisiana Regiments. This brigade performed picket service from the Arkansas line to the Gulf and westward to Texas.

After the defeat of Banks at Mansfield, the entire Trans-Mississippi army, under Gen. E. Kirby Smith, remained practically inactive. Both President Davis and Gen. R. E. Lee urged its transfer to the East, where troops were so badly needed. Vicksburg and Port Hudson had surrendered, and the entire Mississippi River from Cairo southward was filled with gunboats doing patrol duty and making the crossing of the river even in skiffs exceedingly hazardous. Many schemes were proposed for the crossing of these troops, but all were rejected. The writer has before him a paper presenting in great detail a plan by which General Brent proposed a successful crossing. Mail boats were engaged in transporting the mails up and down the river. The gunboats were about twenty miles apart, each patrolling its assigned beat. These mail boats went from gunboat to gunboat unarmed and unprotected. General Brent's plan was to capture one or more of these mail boats and, secreting a force of men aboard, approach the gunboat as usual, and on arrival to overpower the crew and capture the gunboat. By this means several gunboats might be captured. With these gunboats and already prepared pontoon boats he proposed to cross hurriedly the entire army. He asked for a careful consideration of his plan, but it was reluctantly "not approved." Brent's experience in capturing the Indianola had convinced him that this plan would work, and he asked to be permitted to try it. Who can say now that it would have failed? Had it succeeded, twenty-five thousand fresh troops could have been used in reinforcing the depleted ranks of Lee and Johnston.

When the news of the surrender of the armies of the East reached the Trans-Mississippi Department, both officers and men realized that a prolongation of the war was futile. General Brent and General Bagby were appointed commissioners to visit the enemy and to secure satisfactory terms of surrender. This they successfully accomplished; and after issuing paroles to the army, General Brent returned to private life with the proud consciousness of having fully and honorably discharged every duty assigned him.

General Brent returned to the practice of law in Baltimore in partnership with his brother, Hon. Robert J. Brent. In 1870, yielding to earnest entreaties, he returned to Louisiana to take charge of large estates, which his recent marriage had given him an interest in. On his return to that State, the theater of his military achievements, he was lovingly welcomed by hundreds of his old soldiers.

In 1870 General Brent married Miss Rosella, the youngest daughter of the Hon. Duncan Farrar Kenner and his wife, Nanine Bringier, the daughter of Michel Donradon Bringier.



GEN. J. M. BRENT.

The latter was possessed at his death of many large sugar plantations, an interest in which passed to his daughter, Mrs. Kenner. The management of these estates, in addition to a large estate of his own and extensive interests in New Orleans, devolved upon Mr. Kenner. Soon after the above marriage General Brent gave up his law practice and assumed control of these estates, which he successfully managed until the death of Mr. Kenner, in 1880, which required a division among his heirs, when he disposed of Hermitage, Houmas, Ashland, Bowden and Texas, and the historic residence on Melpomene Street in New Orleans.

After returning to Louisiana, General Brent served two terms in the State Legislature and had passed several laws looking to the advancement of the agricultural interests of the State. He was President of the State Agricultural Society until he left the State. It is believed that had he remained in the State he would have been placed in the gubernatorial chair and perhaps finished up his remarkable career in the United States Senate.

After returning to Maryland, he took an active interest in public affairs and occupied several positions of honor. He

was deputy governor general from Maryland of the Society of Colonial Wars, and was President of the Maryland Sons of the American Revolution. On Maryland Day at the St. Louis Exposition he delivered an interesting address on the part Maryland had played in colonial history. General Brent died in Baltimore November 27, 1905, leaving his widow and two children, Duncan Kenner Brent, a lawyer in Baltimore, and Miss Nanine Brent.

He was noted for his modesty, his gentleness, his purity of character, and his devotion to principle. He published several small works, the results of his profound study, written in hours of leisure, not for general distribution, but simply to record his views.

He has bettered the world by living in it, and in the grand evolution of the human family has certainly added a decided differential to progress.

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world: 'This was a man.'"

CALIFORNIA CELEBRATED BIRTHDAY JUNE 3.

The three Chapters of the U. D. C. located in San Francisco, Oakland, and Berkeley, Cal., united in celebrating the birthday of the South's gallant leader, Jefferson Davis, the place selected being Idora Park, one of the most beautiful resorts on the Pacific Slope. Under fair California skies, amid the fragrant roses and lilies of that favored land, a large crowd gathered to listen to the words in honor of the dead leader.

The commemorative program consisted of eloquent addresses from the brilliant orator, Father Callahan, and California's gifted daughter, Mrs. W. K. Hicks. Both addresses were replete with gems of thought and warm with Southern enthusiasm.

After an open-air luncheon served by the ladies beneath the drooping willows of the park, a musical program was rendered. This consisted of several numbers from Conway's Band and many songs by the ladies, principally those of the Old South and the ringing songs of the army with their soul-stirring choruses.



CLIP OF VETERANS IN ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON CAMP, C. S. A., LEAUMONT, ILL.

1. A. C. Bozeman, Co. I, 35th Miss. Inf. 2. L. A. Pattillo, Co. E, Speight's Bat. 3. L. K. Billingsly, Co. E, 17th Texas Inf. 4. H. H. Sanders, Co. I, 10th Mo. Inf. 5. J. A. Andrews, Co. F, 4th Ala. Cav. 6. Tom J. Russell, Co. E, Mo. State Troops. 7. T. J. Booth, Co. F, 3d Ark. Cav. 8. O. C. Herrenkud, Co. E, 18th Texas Inf. 9. W. W. Williams, Co. D, 1st Texas Inf. 10. J. K. P. Byrne, Co. I, 1st Miss. Cav. 11. Don Longnecker, Co. B, 3d Ky. Cav. 12. W. H. Pope, Terry's Scouts, Whorton's Cav. 13. L. E. Wasson, Co. K, 1st Texas Cav. 14. S. L. Townsend, Willis's Texas Bat. 15. Dr. B. F. Calhoun, Co. E, 1st S. C. Inf. 16. W. H. Albertson, Terry's Texas Rangers. 17. W. L. Thompson, Co. B,

Pt. Coupe, La., Art. 18. R. N. Webber, Co. B, 7th La. Inf. 19. J. L. Cobb, Co. B, 10th Bat. N. C. Cav. 20. I. L. Tanner, Co. F, 35th Texas Cav. 21. J. A. Brickhouse, Co. C, 21st Texas Cav. 22. C. H. Crawford, Co. M, 1st Texas Leg. Inf. 23. Rev. A. J. Anderson, Co. I, 51st Tenn. Inf. 24. W. E. Rogers, Co. A, Speight's Bat. Cav. 25. C. H. McGill, Surgeon C. S. A. 26. F. C. McReynolds Major 21st Texas Inf. 27. G. W. Kidd, Co. B, Speight's Bat. Art. 28. A. G. Virden, Co. H, 32d Ga. Inf. 29. B. F. Wortham, Co. C, 15th Texas Inf. 30. T. W. Redman, Co. B, 3d Cor., C. S. A. (Ala.).

(A column engraving of Commander W. L. Thompson (17) appeared in the VETERAN in 1903, page 375.)

FACTS ABOUT "THE CLEBURNE FLAG."

W. E. Preston, of Columbus, Ga., who was of Company B, 33d Alabama Regiment, writes that the three old brigades of Cleburne's Division carried "bonny blue flags," and wants to know the reason why. He says: "The 33d Alabama Regiment, carrying a Confederate battle flag, was placed in Woods-Lowrey's Brigade at Corinth, Miss., in May, 1862, and at Tupelo in June drew one of Cleburne's bonny blue flags, with about an inch and a half of white border about it, a white new moon in the center, with '33d Alabama Regiment;' drew another like it at Wartrace, Tenn., about March, 1863, with 'Perryville, Murfreesboro' on it, and another at Dalton about March, 1864, with 'Chickamauga' also. We sang the 'Bonny Blue Flag' more than any other song, possibly 'Dixie' excepted, and the division band played it more than any other.

Govan's Brigade from Arkansas, Granbery's from Texas, and Woods-Lowrey's 16th, 33d, and 45th Alabama, and 32d and 45th Mississippi Regiments carried these flags. Why?

The foregoing was submitted to Col. H. G. Evans, of Columbia, Tenn., who served under General Cleburne and has taken much interest in the flag. Colonel Evans received the following letter on the subject from Capt. Irving A. Buck, of Front Royal, Va., who was assistant adjutant general to Maj. Gen. P. R. Cleburne:

"My Dear Colonel: In reply to yours of the 8th inst. will say that in my book, 'Cleburne and His Command,' now in the hands of the publishers, there is the following in reference to our division battle flag: 'At Wartrace, Tenn., new flags were ordered to be issued to the troops. When they learned that their old battle flag—blue and white—was to be displaced by the newly adopted regulation one, a hurricane of protests was heard, a demand that they should retain their old flags or have new facsimiles of them. Their requests were heeded, and they were allowed to retain their distinctive colors. General Hardee is authority for the statement that this was the only command in the Confederate service permitted to carry into action other than the national colors. This was a high compliment to the division, but carried with it penalties, and, like all luxuries, was costly, for the enemy soon learned to whom it belonged, and where it appeared there was concentrated the heaviest firing.'

"Your recollection as to the history of this flag is entirely correct. It was not designed by General Cleburne, but by General Hardee after the battle of Shiloh, in which the colors carried by various organizations caused confusion. He adopted this flag as distinctive of his old division. It was retained by General Buckner, General Hardee's successor, and by General Cleburne, who succeeded General Buckner in command of the division. The flag was between four and five feet square; the field was blue with a large white circle, or moon, in the center, and the edges were bordered with white about two inches deep. In my book will be an exact reproduction of this famous flag in colors. One of them, that of the 45th



COL. H. G. EVANS.

Alabama, was captured by Colonel Belknap (afterwards Secretary of War in President Grant's Cabinet), 15th Iowa Regiment, on the 22d of July, 1864, in front of Atlanta. This flag, which I have seen and handled since the close of the war, is now in the Statehouse at Des Moines, Iowa. The foregoing statement may be relied upon as absolutely correct.

"Very truly yours,

IRVING A. BUCK."

In a personal letter to Colonel Evans Captain Buck states: "To you more than to any single individual I am under obligations for data in regard to some special orders, etc."

JASPER'S BEAUTIFUL MONUMENT.

The people of Jasper, Ala., are justly proud of the beautiful Confederate monument recently dedicated there and which is said to be one of the handsomest in the State.

From a base of ten feet square rises a central shaft of Georgia granite, culminating in a statue of white Italian marble, representing a beardless youth, a Confederate infantryman, standing at attention, his gun in hand to meet any emergency.



THE MONUMENT AT JASPER, ALA.

Beside this central shaft stand two other figures of life size sculptured in Italy and all of the finest white marble. That on the right is a typical cavalryman, the gun across his shoulder and his hand upon his saber mutely telling the story of the watchword "Duty." The other figure, again an infantryman, but of one grown old in years, has the watchful look upon the face that tells of life's lessons well learned. His ready gun in hand shows that he too stands true to the calls of his country and cause.

The inscription upon the shaft is especially attractive—"Comrades!" The mere word tells of the closeness of the tie between the heroes who sleep beneath the grasses and the living heroes who gather near to do them honor—a tie that is the bugle call which earth gives and heaven answers.

This monument is the outcome of the unremitting work of the Jasper Chapter, U. D. C., organized only three years ago, but which at once began those untiring efforts which crystallized this poem in granite and marble. Mrs. Musgrove, President of the Chapter, has been especially active, and in honor of her noble work the dedication of the monument was postponed last November, as she was too ill to attend at the time.

On this occasion there was gathered in Jasper the largest crowd ever seen in that place, a crowd that had assembled through the noblest motives which actuate humanity, the desire to honor man's highest attributes, bravery, and patriotism.



MRS. E. MUSGROVE.

In loving, moving words Mrs. Musgrove presented the monument to Jasper, and the speeches of acceptance from Senator John H. Bankhead, Hon. W. C. Davis, and Gen. George P. Harrison were brilliant and appropriate. The beautiful address of Mrs. Musgrove, which she was too feeble to deliver, was read by Mrs. John A. Gravlee, and some very fine verses, composed for the occasion by Mr. Will Gunter, entitled "The Southern Dead," were effectively read by Miss Propst.

The inscriptions on the monument are:
South side:

1861-1865.

(Furled Banners.)

Furl that Banner! True, 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust.

—Father Ryan.

COMRADES.

To Our

Confederate Soldiers.

Erected by

Jasper Chapter, U. D. C.,

1907.

North side:

1861-1865.

(Alabama's Great Seal.)

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!

West side:

C. S. A.

(Crossed Swords.)

"Their shivered swords

Are red with dust,

Their plumed heads are bowed:

Their haughty banner,

Trailed in dust,

Is now their martial shroud."

East side:

C. S. A.

(Crossed Guns.)

In Memory of

Our Brave Soldiers

Who Wore the Gray.

They Fought for You and Me.

CIVILRY IN RAGS.

The scene of this story was Brownwood, Tex., January 25, 1897, with the thermometer eighteen degrees below freezing and a blizzard blowing. There came to me at my office a Confederate veteran, thinly clad, a member of the Confederate Soldiers' Home at Austin, Tex., with his certificate of good deportment duly signed by Gen. (Gotch) W. P. Hardeman, Superintendent of the Home. The veteran stood at a "present," every movement showing the soldier, the gentleman, the hero, and stated that he had been on a visit to his daughters, both married, at San Antonio, Tex.

He had left the Soldiers' Home with a view of remaining with them, but found their condition such that it would work a hardship upon their families for him to remain longer than a few days. So he resolved to return to the Home. He was on his way and out of funds.

I supplied him with some change; and as it was the middle of the afternoon and no train for many hours, I invited him to go to my hotel and stay till morning or until the weather cleared off. He replied that he could not think of such a thing, and would not impose upon my generosity to so great an extent, and left the office with grateful thanks for the favor bestowed and the tendered hospitality, with a hearty handshake and an earnest "God bless you, Major." Even in his destitution the man was a gentleman, and would not intrude himself upon my hospitality save as far as was absolutely necessary.

SOLDIER SONS OF EX-GOVERNOR PATTON.

A name beloved and revered in Alabama is that of Ex-Gov. Robert M. Patton. His home was at Florence. Before the great war he supported the Union ardently, but after the ordinance of secession was passed he threw every energy into the cause.

As Confederate commissioner he collected large sums of money to clothe and feed the army. His two grown sons joined the army. The elder, J. Brahan Patton, was elected captain of the first company to leave Florence, April 1, 1861. The company was sent to Mobile, where the 7th Alabama Regiment was organized, and the regiment was sent to Fort Barrancas, Fla., to protect the Gulf Coast. It remained there ten months, when it was sent to East Tennessee to protect the people from the Tories, who were devastating the country.

At the disbanding of the 7th Alabama Captain Patton joined the 35th Alabama, and shared its hardships and fought in many battles until at Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864, he was wounded and off duty a few weeks. He returned to his command, and was with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army at the surrender in North Carolina. He died in Florence in June, 1905.

The second son, William, went in May, 1861, to the La-Grange Military College and took a three months' course in military tactics. After this he returned to Florence and organized a company of recruits from Lauderdale County, and kept them in camp in Florence several weeks, drilling them many hours each day. At the request of Lieutenant Patton, A. D. Coffee was made captain of this company, and it was put into the 16th Alabama Regiment, under General Zollicoffer's command. This command fought in the battle of Fishing Creek, in Tennessee, and from there went to Shiloh. On Sunday morning, April 6, at eleven o'clock, while leading his company in a charge upon a battery, he said to his men, "Follow me, boys," when his brain was pierced by a Minie ball, which killed him instantly. His body and that of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston were the only two of the slain allowed to be brought from Corinth, as orders had been given that the cars must be used for removing the wounded only. He was buried at the Sweet Water home of the family, near Florence.

Robert, the third son, at eighteen years of age was sent to the University of Alabama to prepare for service. He was among the one hundred cadets taken from there, and given as escort to Gen. Gideon Pillow and later as escort to Gen. Dan Adams. He was killed in Selma, Ala., on April 6, 1865, the same day three years after his noble brother was killed at Shiloh. The bodies of the two brothers were afterwards placed side by side in the cemetery at Huntsville near those of their illustrious father and devoted mother.

Governor Patton was the first elected Governor by the people after the war. When all was in ruin and the State impoverished, by his ability and unswerving energy he again set the wheels of progress in motion. He secured financial credit for the State, and "Patton money" was above par in the affairs of the State. He served as chief executive of the State three years, when a military Governor was appointed by the President, forcing upon us Republican rule.

THE BURNING OF COLUMBIA.

BY HORATIO C. KING, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

On one face of the monument in Charleston erected to the memory of the great South Carolina Senator, John C. Calhoun, is a statement in substance that the money raised by the

ladies of that State for its erection was preserved by the treasurer (I do not recall her name), who hid it in Columbia at the time Sherman burned that city.

Sherman did not burn Columbia. The conflagration was caused by the Confederate cavalry under Wade Hampton setting fire to the depots and the bales of cotton in the streets. There was a high wind blowing, the bales burst, and the burning cotton was carried all over the city. Logan's troops were among the first, if not the first, to arrive, and set to work to save what they could of the city.

This whole matter was adjudicated by a mixed commission on American and British claims in the cases of Wood & Hyworth vs. the United States and of Cowlam Gravely vs. the United States and twenty-one other cases—all for cotton claimed to have been owned by British subjects and alleged to have been burned by United States troops.

The commission was composed of Count Conti, of Italy, the Hon. Russell Gurney, M.P., of London, and the Hon. James S. Fraser, of Indiana. Over three hundred pages of testimony were taken, including that of Gen. Wade Hampton and other Confederate officers and of Generals Sherman, Logan, Howard, Woods, and other Federal officers. All the commissioners agreed, and the simple issue was: "Did the United States troops burn Columbia?" And yet in spite of this adverse judicial decision by two foreign umpires of great distinction, concurred in by an American umpire of note, a majority of the Southern people still persist in believing that our troops burned the city. The error should be corrected.

SOUTH CAROLINA—HER GREAT MEN.

BY MRS. WILLIAM HUME, SPRING HILL, TENN.

South Carolina was first called Albemarle Point. The early settlers were thoroughly imbued with the Carolina spirit. From the very beginning they took decided ground for constitutional rights of the highest order, the lords proprietors being leaders of the Carolinas and adherents of the Stuarts.

In 1671 the first Parliament of South Carolina was held in Charleston. This meeting, together with evidence of historical works of value and repute, showed a number of scholarly and scientific persons. There was Nicholas Trott, chief justice under the proprietors, one of the most scholarly men of his time; there was also Thomas Dale, one of the early botanists in America, who was LL.D. from a great English university. The oldest college in the South was established in Charleston in 1785. As far back as 1680 St. Phillips Church was built and had many eminent ministers, whose influence for good, education, morality was far-reaching.

The charter of South Carolina was given as a Church of England province. The greatest religious freedom was allowed. The first settlement of the Huguenots was in 1670, and their influence has been handed down the ages. After the revocation of the "Edict of Nantes," great numbers of Huguenots flocked to South Carolina, and settled in Charleston, Orange quarter, and on the Santee. At each place they established a Church. The Huguenot Church situated on Queen and Church Streets is the only Church in America which retains the liturgy, form of government, and confession of faith of the Huguenot fathers.

Coming down the ages, we find one of South Carolina's sons taking the front place in America as a statesman, John C. Calhoun.

Robert T. Hayne, the statesman (grandfather of the poet, Paul Hamilton Hayne), and William Gilmore Simms, the poet, were South Carolinians.

The eminent lawyer, Gen. Mordecai Gist, was Continental Governor.

Gen. Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, our own chivalrous Wade Hampton, and James L. Pettigrew were gallant soldiers.

In 1775 Charleston, S. C., was the first city of America. The inheritance of royal commingling of Huguenot and English blood produced a people highly educated, finished in every way, courteous and refined—born of gentle breeding for generation after generation.

EPITAPH—TO UPSON COUNTY GEORGIANS.

TO THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT UNVEILED IN MAY,
1908, AT THOMASTON, GA.

BY W. G. HORSLEY, GREENVILLE, TENN.

Ye spotless monumental stones,
Lift high your peerless head
As time sweeps on. In earnest tones
Proclaim your gallant dead,
Whose bones are scattered far and wide
On distant hill and plain
And deep beneath the ocean tide.
Speak of the brave in battle slain;
Raise their banner, float it high,
Voicing deeds that will not die;
Tell all strangers to your clime
These men died for their loved homes;
Tell all people in all time
Historic truths in Life's great tomes;
Tell in strains of deathless song
Sturdy heroes did no wrong;
They gave up all at Duty's call
And died like valiant men.



[Comrade Horsley is a Georgian from Upson County. He carried the first company from that county into the Confederate service. He has lived in Texas for many years and has passed four score and more.]

TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. D. C.

The thirteenth annual Convention of the Tennessee Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, held in Jackson, Tenn., May 12-14, inclusive, was in every respect unusually pleasant and harmonious. The State President, Mrs. M. B. Pilcher, though in the shadow of a great sorrow, presided.

The good people of Jackson vied with each other in showing attention to the visiting delegates. Three receptions, elegant in every feature, were tendered the Daughters. The first was given by the Musidora McCorry Chapter, of Jackson, at the home of Mrs. Charles Harris; the second, given by the Jackson D. A. R., was held at the home of Mrs. B. P. Cantrell; and the third was tendered by the local Order of Elks at their handsome clubhouse. At all three there were handsomely gowned and enthusiastic women. The daily business sessions were held at the attractive Marlow Theater, and at every session the Confederate Choir rendered war songs, while little Park Baleb, a gallant scion of Confederate ancestry, charmed the audience with his sweet voice and graceful acting.

The historical meeting was held Thursday night. Though Bishop Gailor was prevented by sickness from delivering the historical address, the place was pleasingly filled by Mrs. Eleanor Molloy Gillespie. A paper on "Forrest at Brice's Cross Roads" was read by Mrs. Octavia Zollicoffer Bond, and the rest of the evening was given over to song, poetry, readings, and the beautiful Southern Cross Drill by Confederate veterans in their uniforms of gray and Daughters, their locks just beginning to show the frost of mature age.

Friday, the last day of the session, was a busy one. The President General, Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, was present, and by her judicious rulings ably assisted the State President in the settlement of complicated matters.

The two nominees for State President were Mrs. H. E. Holland, of Jackson, and Mrs. Lulie Zollicoffer Sanson, of Knoxville, Tenn. Mrs. Sanson was elected. By an established rule she is to serve for the next two years. She was escorted to the stage by the defeated candidate, Mrs. Holland, amid much enthusiasm and applause.

Though the business was managed as expeditiously as possible, "the shades of night were falling fast" when the delegates wended their weary way homeward to get ready for the Elks' reception.

The Convention was a success in every way, partisan feeling was buried, and a love feast was the result.

MISSISSIPPI DIVISION, U. D. C.

BY MRS. E. J. ELLIS, SEC. J. M. STONE CHAPTER, WEST POINT.

The thirteenth annual Convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy of the Mississippi Division was held in West Point, Miss., May 4-6, 1900. This was pronounced the most successful and delightful meeting in the history of the Division, and many words of praise were received by the John M. Stone Chapter, West Point, for the splendid manner in which she played the rôle of "toastess." The meetings were presided over by Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, President Mississippi Division, U. D. C. She is the talented daughter of Senator A. J. McLaurin, of Mississippi, and her administration as President of the Mississippi Division, U. D. C., for two years has been both brilliant and successful.

Historical Evening was replete with interest. A program had been arranged with great care, and the numbers, musical and literary, delighted the audience. A paper on "The Ku Klux Klan," by Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, Historian of the John

M. Stone Chapter, was received with great enthusiasm. The Mississippi Division, U. D. C., voted to print this paper in booklet form to be sold and the proceeds to go to erect a monument at Beauvoir, Miss., the home of Jefferson Davis, in memory of Confederate veterans.

Mrs S. E. F. Rose is the granddaughter of Mr. Thomas Martin, of Pulaski, Tenn., the birthplace of the splendid organization, the Ku Klux Klan. Born in Giles County, where the "Knights of the Invisible Empire," shrouded in mystery, were first organized, Mrs. Rose has had exceptional opportunity to learn of the Klan, its purpose and part in the reconstruction era, and her paper is a valuable contribution to history and contains absolutely correct information in regard to the Ku Klux Klan.

There were but two changes in the roster of officers, the President and Historian having served two years, the constitutional limit. Mrs. Lucy Green Yerger, of Greenville, Miss., was elected President, and Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, of West Point, Miss., Historian of the Mississippi Division, U. D. C.

The thirteenth annual Convention of the Mississippi Division, U. D. C., is now a thing of the past, but its memory will remain a bright spot through the days to come.

FOOLING THE ENEMY—A NARROW ESCAPE.

BY HENRY GARY, M.D., BERLIN, PA.

I was a member of the 4th Mississippi Cavalry and have wished some one would write of it and of what occurred while we were at Spring Hill, Tenn. After General Van Dorn was killed by Dr. Peters, we were placed under General Jackson. Our company was detailed for picket duty. Captain Hagan sent me to where Captain Smith with his company was on picket to deliver the order to withdraw his men and return to camp.

I had just reached Captain Smith when there was an attack on the picket post on our right, and a brigade of cavalry from Nashville charged down the road at full speed, cutting us off entirely from our command. There were only about twenty of us, and to cut our way out was impossible. They were upon us so quickly that they did not realize we were Confederates. So we turned our horses and dashed along side by side with their columns. We gradually forged ahead about fifty yards in advance; and when we reached the woods through which we must go, I suggested to Captain Smith that he have his company fire in the face of their column. This we did, and they, thinking there was an ambush ahead, deployed to the right, which left us the entire woods to our left. We utilized our advantage and escaped to our command.

PETER F. COLLIER.

The sudden death of Peter Collier, the owner and founder of Collier's Weekly, shocked the literary world. Mr. Collier had dined with friends at the Riding Club in New York, and later attended the annual horse show. On leaving the club at midnight he was stricken with apoplexy and fell dead.

Few men have had more influence over current literature than Peter Collier. His Weekly stood for what he thought was right, with little regard to outside opinion. He catered to the best intellects, and did much to educate and elevate through his columns. He was ever abreast of events, and spent most liberally to give the news first-hand and of the most reliable quality both editorially and pictorially. Few magazines had the extensive circulation of Collier's Weekly and still fewer the literary sway it possessed.

LEE'S BIRTHDAY IN MINNEAPOLIS.

Mrs. F. L. Burnett, of Minneapolis, Minn., Recording Secretary of the U. D. C. Chapter there, reports a successful event. She reports that the papers there were anxious for the proceedings. She sends several clippings, one of which states: "The Southern cross of honor is to be conferred upon a Minnesota man, Theodore Marquise, of Faribault. Never before has this decoration, which means as much (perhaps more) to the Confederate veterans as the G. A. R. button does to the old Union soldiers, been presented in the State to any man. The cross is conferred by the Daughters of the Confederacy, and the Robert E. Lee Chapter of Minneapolis, which was organized just about a year ago, has planned to honor Mr. Marquise with the much-coveted emblem of his service for the South. * * * Mr. Marquise is an old man and feeble, but the hope of receiving the decoration has given him a new interest in life. He said: 'I will die happy if I once have the Southern cross of honor for my own.' He served with Company I of the 28th Mississippi, and was taken prisoner at the close of the siege of Vicksburg and not paroled until the end of the war. The cross which he hopes to possess is of bronze, similar to the Victoria Cross which rewards the English soldier for deeds of great valor, only in the center it has the Confederate stars and bars. It can be worn by no one but the veteran on whom it is conferred, and he dons it only on special occasions, holding it too sacred for everyday wear. Papers concerning Mr. Marquise's war record and his claims to the cross have been received by the local Chapter and sent to Mississippi, where, according to the rules of the Daughters, they must be authenticated by some member of his company and then sent to the national recorder of crosses, who will forward the emblem of military service that will mean so much to its recipient, who is counting the days until the iron cross is pinned to his breast."

Another account of the occasion says: "In commemoration of the birthday anniversary of Robert E. Lee, the Robert E. Lee Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, gave an afternoon programme at the residence of Mrs. Eugene C. Garwood, 3317 Calhoun Boulevard. The colors of the Daughters of the Confederacy, red and white, showed in large bouquets of roses against the American and the Confederate flags which were held by big bows of white and red ribbons. The memory of the Southern hero was honored in a number of papers which dealt with his life and his character. The Historian, Mrs. George W. Redmon, spoke on 'The Life of Robert Lee'; Mrs. J. H. Van Ness, the President, read a paper, 'Lee in Defeat'; Mrs. Richard Paul's paper was on 'Lee, the Southerner'; and Mrs. W. A. Christian recited one of Father Ryan's poems, 'The Sword of Lee.' * * * The programme was given in the presence of twenty-five Chapter members."

Still another paper reports: "The rooms were hung with the American and Confederate flags, and red and white, the Confederate colors, were displayed through the rooms. In the dining room were bowls of red and white carnations, and in the hall and dining room red and white roses were used, while immense red and white bows were caught on the chandeliers and draperies. * * * Miss Florence E. Greaves sang. Miss Greaves is to be a bride of the month, and she was presented by the Chapter with a volume of Father Ryan's poems, a collection of Southern poems, as a wedding gift. A group of other Southern women attended the tea. Presiding at the tea table were Mesdames W. A. Christian, G. H. Reeves, and Harry Bibb."

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER OF THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE
MONTH ENDING MAY 31, 1909.

Receipts.

Balance on hand, \$9,329.07.

Mrs. Lillie F. Worthington, Director for Mississippi, \$78.50. Contributed by Mississippi Division, U. D. C., \$50; Jeff Davis Chapter, No. 216, U. D. C., Yazoo, Miss., \$5; Goyer Company, Greenville, Miss., \$10; Shields & Boddie, Greenville, Miss., \$2.50; Nelms & Blum Company, Greenville, Miss., \$5; Hood & Sharkey Company, Greenville, Miss., \$2; J. A. Mann, Greenville, Miss., \$2; Mr. and Mrs. G. and Mr. H. (each \$1), \$3.

Mrs. M. Wheeler, Treasurer Texas Division, \$43.50. Contributed by Mrs. Mollie MacGill Rosenberg, Galveston, Tex., \$25; Mrs. W. B. Baugh, San Antonio, Tex., \$1; Mrs. Cates, Terrell, Tex., \$2.50; Mrs. Fannie Halbert, Corsicana, Tex., \$5; Navarro Chapter, No. 108, U. D. C., Corsicana, Tex., \$5; Julia Jackson Chapter, No. 141, U. D. C., Fort Worth, Tex., \$5.

Alabama Charter Chapter, No. 36, Camden, Ala., \$2.50.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Director for Virginia, \$60. Contributed by Portsmouth Chapter, No. 30, U. D. C., Portsmouth, Va., \$50; Mr. E. D. Taylor, Richmond, Va., \$10.

R. E. Rhodes Chapter, No. 64, U. D. C., Tuscaloosa, Ala., \$71.

Marshall Boys' Chapter, No. 1118, U. D. C., Guntersville, Ala., \$3.

Lamar Fontaine Chapter, No. 33, U. D. C., Alvin, Tex., \$10.

Walter Barker Chapter, No. 242, U. D. C., Macon, Miss., \$20.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, \$25. Contributed by Drayton Rutherford Chapter, No. 152, U. D. C., Newberry, S. C., \$20; Greenville Chapter, No. 51, U. D. C., Greenville, S. C., \$5.

George W. Keerl, Culpeper, Va., \$1.

Mrs. Florence Johnston, Director for California, \$5. Contributed by Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, No. 79, San Francisco, Cal.

The Willie Y. Harris Chapter, No. 1110, U. D. C., Karnes City, Tex., \$9.25.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Director for Virginia, \$17. Contributed by Stonewall Jackson Chapter, No. 176, U. D. C., Berryville, Va., \$15; Scottsville Chapter, No. 1167, U. D. C., Scottsville, Va., \$2.

R. E. Rhodes Chapter, No. 64, U. D. C., Tuscaloosa, Ala., \$10.07.

Dick Dowling Chapter, No. 404, U. D. C., Beaumont, Tex., \$10.

Mrs. C. L. McGary, Beaumont, Tex., \$4.

Mrs. Hal W. Greer, Beaumont, Tex., \$1.

Mrs. Clementine Boles, Director for Arkansas, \$5. Contributed by Lonoke Chapter, No. 408 (T. C. Hindman), Lonoke, Ark.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, \$25. Contributed by Chester Chapter, No. 232, U. D. C., Chester, S. C., \$15; John D. Kennedy Chapter, No. 308, Camden, S. C., \$10.

Bedford Forrest Chapter, No. 448, U. D. C., Hernando, Miss., \$10.75.

Ennis Chapter, No. 37, U. D. C., Ennis, Tex., \$10.

Gen. Josiah Gorgas Chapter, No. 1134, U. D. C., Montevallo, Ala., \$10.

Hon. J. M. Dickinson, Secretary of War, Washington, D. C., \$5.

Total receipts, \$9,765.74.

Respectfully submitted.

WALLACE STREATER, *Treas.*

RECONSTRUCTION HAS NOT TARNISHED.

BY MISS REBECCA G. CARTER, MIDDLESBURG, VA.

I am so disgusted with seeing in the papers how pleased we U. D. C. are at the restoring of President Jefferson Davis's name to Cabin John Bridge that I want the world to know there is one old U. D. C. who heartily disapproves of it. I don't see how Southern women ever stooped to ask such a thing. I consider it superlatively humiliating to Southern pride. The disgrace was theirs, not President Davis's. This consigns the whole transaction to oblivion and puts it out of history to all coming generations. None will stop to ask why his name is there. He was far more famous and honored in the breach than by the restoration.

If I were an official of the U. D. C. (but I am not), I should bitterly oppose raising memorials in Washington to our cause. It looks like forcing the enemy to share in our glory. There is but one spot in all Washington that I should be willing to adorn as a memorial, and that is the Pension Bureau, for it truly is a monument to the glory and prowess of our men and one which no human being can now steal from us or even take by force of arms. We paid for it with lives more precious than all the Yankee gold between heaven and earth; so that I should love to emblazon the outer walls with an epitaph telling the world how General Lee held the Yankee nation at bay for four years with 600,000 men all told against 2,850,000.

THE SOUTHERN CLUB OF CHICAGO.

A number of Southern men residing in Chicago and vicinity have established a "club home" for Southerners and men of Southern affiliations in that city, a place where Southerners, whether residing there or temporarily in the city, may meet socially and enjoy club life in an atmosphere of informality and fellowship.

Sectional restrictions are placed on eligibility to membership. Men of Southern birth, or who have even one parent or grandparent of Southern birth, or who have lived five years in the South, or who are in the opinion of the Membership Committee of Southern affiliations, are eligible to membership. Commissioned officers on the active list of the army, navy, and revenue cutter service and the public health and marine hospital service are eligible for nonresident membership if otherwise eligible.

The club is not in any sense political. Men of every political faith are cordially welcomed.

The Southern Club, Philadelphia, is conducted on this line, and is having an honorable and successful career.

The Southern Club of Chicago was chartered according to the laws of Illinois on November 18, 1908. It already has a membership of about two hundred, among whom are many of the most prominent Southerners in Chicago. Clubrooms are in the Press Club building, 110-118 Dearborn Street, and will be opened June 1. The membership fee at present is \$20; annual dues, \$25, payable quarterly in advance. The nonresident membership fee is \$10; annual dues the same.

It is expected that this latest addition to the club life of Chicago will become a favorite meeting place not only for Southerners resident in Chicago, but also for the large and increasing number of Southern men who visit Chicago for pleasure and business.

On April 10 the Southern Club entertained Judge J. M. Dickinson, of Tennessee, Secretary of War, at a reception given in the Gold Room at the Auditorium Annex, to which many of the prominent men of the country were invited.

William P. Dawson is Secretary.



DEATHS REPORTED FROM KENTUCKY.

There has been no report from the necrology committee this year, various obstacles preventing action; so this list is for the year and is a long one. The Secretary of the Interior reports 50,676 deaths of Union soldiers during the year, of whom 34,333 were soldiers and sailors of the Confederate war. Based on this it is estimated that 8,583 Confederate soldiers died last year, and yet it is figured that veterans will not be extinct until 1950. There will be three hundred and forty-seven alive in 1930 and twenty-three in 1940; the last survivor will die in 1950.

Of the thirty-four generals from Kentucky in the Confederate army, all are dead save three—namely, Lieut. Gen. S. B. Buckner, of Rio. Ky., Brig. Gen. B. W. Duke, of Louisville, and Brig. Gen. George B. Cosby, of Sacramento, Cal.

Those who died were: General, Albert Sidney Johnston, killed in battle; Lieutenant Generals, John B. Hood and Richard Taylor; Major Generals, John C. Breckinridge, George B. Crittenden, Edward Johnson, Thomas J. Churchill, Charles W. Field, and Gustav W. Smith; Brigadier Generals, William N. K. Beal, A. Buford, J. B. Clarke, R. M. Gano, R. L. Gibson, S. J. Gleason, J. M. Hawes, Ben Hardin Helm, George B. Hodge, Claiborn F. Jackson, Joseph H. Lewis, Hyland B. Lyon, Humphrey Marshall, Sam Bell Maxey, John H. Morgan, William Preston, Joseph O. Shelby, Lloyd Tilghman, and J. S. Williams.

Among other Kentuckians who have died are the following: A. J. Gross, 9th Ky. Inf., June 17, 1908, Cloverport, Ky. H. M. Bullitt, Morgan's Com., June 17, 1908, Louisville. A. K. Gregory, Morgan's Com., June 19, 1908, Louisville. H. M. Smith, 4th Ky. Inf., July 7, 1908, Louisville. Emanuel Adler, 4th Ala., September 26, 1908, Louisville. Maj. W. H. Thomas, Gen. Kirby Smith's Staff, October 5, 1908, Louisville.

John Aubry, 2d Ky. Inf., October 9, 1908, Louisville. Lieut. Norborne G. Gray, 9th Ky. Inf., Orphan Brigade, Louisville, October 18, 1908.

Thomas McMichael, Morgan's Com., Dec. 1, 1908, Louisville. Capt. Ed F. Speer, 2d Ky. Inf., Orphan Brigade, January 4, 1909, Paris, Ky.

Gen. Fayette Hewitt, Adj. Gen. Orphan Brigade, January 26, 1909, Frankfort, Ky.

Phil B. Bate, Morgan's Com., January 27, 1909, Louisville.

Richard Hays, 2d Ky. Inf., Orphan Brigade, February 12, 1909, Louisville.

Sam F. Johnson, Morgan's Com., March 23, 1909, Louisville.

Capt. Frank Hagan, Marmaduke's Com., March 28, 1909, Louisville.

In connection with this report it may be of interest to note the deaths for the year at the Confederate Home. Colonel George thus reports them:

W. L. Calmes, 1st Ky. Cav., Co. A, Jan. 27, 1908.
Daniel Hodges, 3d Ky. Cav., Co. C, Jan. 30, 1908.
J. W. William, 46th W. Va. Reg. Inf., Co. F, Jan. 31, 1908.
Willis Cassity, 5th Ky., Co. E, Feb. 12, 1908.

C. W. Perkins, 3d Ky. Inf., Co. I, April 10, 1908.
J. W. Burnett, 9th Ky. Inf., Co. G, April 13, 1908.
Maj. J. H. Bowman, 3d Ky. Inf., Co. B, May 14, 1908.
Thomas Howell, 8th Ky. Cav., Co. A, May 19, 1908.
Henry F. Coldiron, 5th Ky. Inf., Co. I, May 6, 1908.
George W. Miller, 4th Ky. Cav., Co. A, June 19, 1908.
George M. Rudd, 10th Ky. Cav., Co. D, June 2, 1908.
James Lyon, 4th Ky. Cav., Co. G, July 18, 1908.
S. O. Peyton, 9th Ky. Inf., Co. C, August 18, 1908.
B. C. Rhodes, 6th Ky. Cav., Co. A, September 18, 1908.
John P. Aubrey, 2d Ky. Inf., Co. I, October 8, 1908.
O. T. Kennady, 3d Ky. Inf., Co. C, October 9, 1908.
W. H. Miles, 9th Ky. Cav., Co. G, October 26, 1908.
John H. Triplett, 1st Ky. Inf., Co. G, October 27, 1908.
Mike Heady, 8th Ky. Cav., Co. C, November 4, 1908.
Y. B. Jones, 38th Va. Reg., Co. H, November 5, 1908.
James A. Hindman, 6th Ky. Inf., Co. C, November 26, 1908.
A. J. Crafton, 4th Ky. Cav., Co. A, December 4, 1908.
James H. Hoggins, 5th Ky. Cav., Co. D, January 1, 1909.
Henry A. Pearce, 5th Ky., Co. F, January 5, 1909.
Richard Hayes, 2d Ky. Inf., Co. C, February 20, 1909.
Peter B. Adams, John H. Morgan's Old Squadron, Co. A, February 23, 1909.
Natt C. Offutt, 5th Ky. Cav., Co. E, March 3, 1909.
George Prunty, 9th Ky. Inf., Co. B, March 7, 1909.
J. O. Cosby, 2d Mo. Cav., Co. C, March 10, 1909.
J. G. Martin, March 15, 1909.
P. F. Crook, 1st Ky. Bat., Co. A, March 21, 1909.
John Henry Spillman, 4th Ky. Cav., April 4, 1909.

There were also many other deaths of Confederate soldiers throughout Kentucky and the South: Lieut. Gens. Stephen D. Lee and A. P. Stewart, Maj. Gen. Eppa Hunton, and Brig. Gens. John R. Lane and Ellison Capers.

Of the notable Confederate literati were James R. Randall, writer of "Maryland, My Maryland;" Joel Chandler Harris, author of "Uncle Remus;" Dr. J. William Jones, Chaplain General and Historian; Col. J. H. Estill, Savannah News.

It might be allowable in concluding this list to mention some of the noble Confederate women who have departed to the paradise of God since our last roll call. Among them were Mrs. Eliza Bragg, widow of Gen. Braxton Bragg, September 29, 1908; Mrs. Ruth Early Nash, sister of Gen. Jubal A. Early, October 12, 1908; Miss Emily Virginia Mason, sister of John Mason, February 17, 1909; Mrs. Mary E. Robinson, widow of Dr. Stuart Robinson, April 9, 1909.

No other army ever had such guardian angels who inspired the soldiers and who have made immortal their memories. In Kentucky alone they have built monuments in forty-one localities, and will have one in every county. May God, who is love, bless them in their labor of love—bless them now in every way and for evermore!

Committee: Bennett H. Young, A. E. Richards, Thomas D. Osborne.

DEATHS IN HATTIESBURG CAMP, U. C. V.

Three more members of the Camp at Hattiesburg, Miss., have recently "passed over the river."

John G. Rainer was born in Sumter County, Ala., November 11, 1846; and died near Hattiesburg April 25, 1909. He served in Company C, 9th Alabama Regiment of Cavalry. He married Miss Davis, of Choctaw County, Ala. Three sons survive him.

W. L. Cook was born at Cooksville, Miss., in 1843; and died suddenly in Hattiesburg, Miss., April 25, 1909. He

served under Gen. Sterling Price during the war, having been a member of Shelby's Scouts. His wife was Miss Fannie Nettles, of Choctaw County, Ala., who, with eight children, survives him.

W. A. Myers was born in Wythe, Va., December 22, 1843; and died in Hattiesburg, Miss., April 28, 1909. He served in Company I, 6th North Carolina Regiment, and was in many of the memorable battles fought by the Army of Northern Virginia. He was twice married. His last wife, to whom he was married in 1880, was Miss C. L. Douthat, of Wythe County, Va., and, with ten children, survives him.

MAJ. C. J. CAMPBELL.

[In a paper for the Montgomery Advertiser Col. W. W. Screws writes of Maj. C. J. Campbell, who died in that city early in April.]

In the death of Major Campbell Montgomery loses one of its most loyal and most lovable citizens. He had been in comparatively good health until stricken about four weeks ago with illness which proved fatal.

Major Campbell was born at Galena, Ill., September 27, 1836, the son of John and Catherine Campbell. They were members of the Roman Catholic Church, and he was always of the same faith, and in his last illness received the last offices of the Church.

When the troubles which led to the war in 1861 arose, Major Campbell was a warm sympathizer with the Southern cause. He had moved to Memphis, Tenn., in 1860, and was engaged in business there. Among the first to enter the Confederate service, he joined the 4th Tennessee Regiment as a private, and was promoted, becoming major on the staff of General Cheatham, who was ever his true and devoted friend. He saw much service.

After peace was concluded, Major Campbell arranged to join with a number of other Confederates under General Gordon, the great English general in Egypt; but a visit to a friend in Cairo, Ill., changed the whole current of his life. There he met Miss Mattie R. Remington, to whom he was



MAJ. C. J. CAMPBELL.

married in Pomeroy, Ohio, January 7, 1867, and she was his devoted wife of forty-two years. He selected Montgomery as his place of residence, when offered a high position with the New York Equitable Life Association, going there soon after his marriage. * * * No one in Montgomery has been more universally esteemed during all the years of his residence here.

When the First National Bank was organized with the late Dr. W. O. Baldwin as president, he was elected cashier, and ably filled the difficult position for a number of years. During Mr. Cleveland's first term Major Campbell was appointed a bank examiner, his duties taking him over a large territory. He gave up this place after a number of years' service and entered the cotton business here, in which he continued as long as he was actively in business. He was faithful to every trust committed to his care; kind, just, and generous. He was proud of his record as a Confederate soldier, and all veterans who knew him will have a tender place in their hearts for his memory. He was devoted to his family, although the fortunes of war divided them in sentiment. He often said that he never entered an engagement without tender thoughts of a dear brother who was an officer in the Federal army. The three children of Major Campbell died when quite young, and his wife alone survives him.

Major Campbell was a member of the Memphis Bivouac, U. C. V. He was also connected with the Knights of Honor and Knights of Pythias.

CAPT. J. W. TODD.

Capt. James W. Todd died at Jefferson, N. C., January 28, 1909, aged seventy-five. His death from a lingering illness had long been expected, and his five children were with him when the end came.

Captain Todd was a fine old Southern gentleman, and had held many positions of public and private trust. He was a leader in all that was good, and was greatly beloved. Of Irish descent, he was heart and soul with the South. He entered the Confederate army in the beginning of the war, and served with the famous 9th Regiment, 1st North Carolina Cavalry, till the surrender. He was in all the battles fought by this regiment, and won high commendations for his gallantry.

At the close of the war he resumed the practice of law, and held many positions of honor. Later he was elected in turn to the House of Representatives and the State Senate, serving in both with most distinguished ability.

Captain Todd was a courteous, sunny-hearted Christian, living his religion in daily life, generous to the poor and thoughtful and considerate always of the rights of others.

TERRY.—Another loss in the membership of J. H. Lewis Camp at Glasgow, Ky., is reported in the death of P. E. Terry, which occurred at his home, near Hiseville, on the 7th of May, in his seventieth year. He leaves a wife, two sons, and a daughter. Comrade Terry served as a member of Company K, 3d Kentucky Cavalry, under John H. Morgan, through the four years. He was laid to rest by his old comrades in the Hiseville Cemetery.

ISAAC HART.—His sad death occurred late in February by the taking of an overdose of some opiate. He is reported to have served with Morgan's Cavalry. After the war he was for a time a successful cotton planter in Georgia, but was later unsuccessful and had been in ill health.

J. L. BUFKIN.

J. L. Bufkin was born November 8, 1841, in Jasper County, Miss.; and died at his home, in Buckatunna, Miss., March 27, 1909, after much suffering from his old wounds. He was wounded severely in the left leg at Jonesboro, Ga., in August, 1864, and as he grew older this wound gave him much trouble, until it was necessary to amputate the leg. It was hoped that this operation would prove successful; but the trouble manifested itself again after a few months, and nothing could be done for his relief, until death mercifully intervened.

Comrade Bufkin served during the war as a member of Company H, 27th Mississippi Regiment, under General Walthall, and those who stood in ranks with him know of his courage and faithfulness. He was wounded seven times in battle; and though a sufferer for nearly all the years since the war, he uttered no regret or repining. The concluding words of an inquiry he made for comrades through the VETERAN recently expressed his continued loyalty: "Though I am now nearly sixty-seven years old and have suffered for these forty-four years with wounds and am now maimed for life, I have never regretted having been a Confederate soldier, because I still believe that we were in the right."

In 1841 Comrade Bufkin was married to Miss Nancy C. Heidelberg, of one of the most prominent families of Jasper County, and of their nine children eight are surviving—four sons and four daughters. He was a consistent Christian, living true to his obligations.

The inquiry made by Comrade Bufkin was for three comrades who shared a thrilling experience with him near Atlanta in 1864. In command of videttes, Lieutenant Bufkin took position with three comrades by a chestnut stump in an old field, with no other trees or cover near. A hole about large enough to accommodate the four venturesome men had been dug by the stump, and in it they got. When day broke, the sight of groups of the enemy walking carelessly about in plain view presented an opportunity for fighting, which the little band eagerly accepted, not counting the odds. Their fire was promptly returned by the enemy, who used a rifled cannon to dislodge their assailants. In a few moments the chestnut stump was literally torn out of the ground, and the four daring men were forced to retire, which they did by crawling flat on the ground amidst a hail of Yankee bullets. Lieutenant Bufkin was the last to leave the position.

And now he who through four terrible years followed unflinchingly the flag of the stars and bars and for more than forty years was true to the banner of King Immanuel, his term of service ended, has been called home by the Great Commander.

CAPT. CAR FORREST.

The death of Capt. Car Forrest at Waxahachie, Tex., on May 5 has removed one of Ellis County's most highly respected pioneer citizens. He was born in Marshall County, Tenn., in 1826, and removed to Texas in 1855, settling in Ellis County, near where is now the town of Forreston. The first court ever held in Ellis County was under a pecan tree on his farm, Judge John H. Reagan presiding. In 1861 he assisted in organizing Company C, of the 19th Texas Cavalry, enlisting as a private, but was soon advanced to the command. His company saw service in Louisiana, Arkansas, and Missouri. He was with Marmaduke in his raid through Missouri, where for six weeks the saddles were never taken from the horses, and he was also in the Red River raid after General Banks. Returning to Texas, the regiment was disbanded and all returned home.

After the war Captain Forrest turned his attention to agriculture and invested largely in real estate. His wife was Miss Virginia Sims, whose father was also a Texas pioneer. A son and a daughter of their five children survive him.

Captain Forrest had a most attractive personality, and in his death the State has lost a noble citizen. He was a cousin of Gen. N. B. Forrest.

JOHN A. NELSON.

In the death of John A. Nelson, which occurred at his home, near Siloam Springs, Ark., February 10, 1909, another Confederate comrade has passed from earth. He was born in Spartanburg County, S. C., April 29, 1829. When the war broke out, he joined General Wheeler's cavalry, and was afterwards transferred to Burk's Battalion and made first lieutenant. He was twice captured, and served in all fifteen months on Johnson's Island, reaching home many months after the surrender, bankrupt in property, but rich in patriotism, ambition, and energy. Proud of his services to his country, he remained a loyal Confederate to the end. He was twice married, and is survived by his wife and five children. For over sixty years he had been a devout Church member.

ALLEN B. CROSBY.

Allen B. Crosby was a native of York County, S. C., having been born at Blairsville in 1844. He died at Russellville, Ark., in January, 1909. He received his military training in the King's Mountain Military School at Yorkville, under that illustrious educator, Col. Asbury Coward, and was a cadet of that institution at the breaking out of the war, when he



ALLEN B. CROSBY.

became a volunteer of Company B, 6th South Carolina Infantry. As he was only fifteen and a half years old when entering the service, he was discharged on account of his youth. He returned home and remained a few months, then volunteered again, entering Hampton's Cavalry of M. C. Butler's Brigade, and served to the close of the war. Upon his

second enlistment his father sent a negro servant with him, and faithful was Uncle Dan to his young master, staying with him to the close. Many a nice meal he prepared for "Marse Allen," bidding him sit down and eat and "ax no questions."

Comrade Crosby engaged in different occupations after the war, finally settling down on his farm near the old home, leading a peaceful and prosperous life. He was married in 1873 to Miss Mary B. McCullough, of Georgia, daughter of the late Judge William McCullough, the well-known jurist of Rome, Ga., who survives him with seven daughters, only two of whom are unmarried. He was faithful to all trusts imposed in him, and was honored and respected by all who knew him.

JOSEPH HORTON.

This son of the Confederacy was born at the family home, near Nashville, just before the outbreak of the War between the States. His youth was passed within sight of the great battlefield, and his earliest recollections were of hearing tales of the great conflict of which he never tired, and thus almost from infancy he was fired with enthusiasm for the Confederate cause, and his love of country and of the beautiful Southland grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength.

Always of a studious nature, Joseph Horton made a study of the strenuous events which marked the first period of his life, and no other knew perhaps the history of the Confederacy better than he. His education was received at the University of Nashville, a sacred, historic spot, where his father and grandfather had preceded him, all bearing the same name. He graduated at the Cumberland University Law School, Lebanon, Tenn., before attaining his majority, and at the time of his decease, June 4, 1909, in Washington, D. C., he was engaged in the practice of his profession.

His earthly life was cut short, ending in the midday of his career. "His sun went down while it was yet day," for the future was to him full of daylight and promise. Succeeding a period of unusual good health, he was suddenly stricken down; and after an illness of sixteen days, attended by the loving ministrations of a devoted wife and sympathetic friends, he passed peacefully away, where in the years of eternity his uncompleted tasks may be finished, his labors rewarded, and

the fulfillment of his desires accomplished. He was brought back to his beloved Tennessee, where in beautiful Mount Olivet, under a towering shaft marked with the names of loved ones gone before, he was assigned to a last resting place. Touchingly beautiful were the services at the home. A pathetic figure was that of his old nurse, Aunt Liza, now a rare relic of antebellum days, who, faithful to the end, had walked far and long to take a last look upon him who still was to her "as a little child" and whose tender years had been intrusted to her motherly and watchful care.

To comfort those left to mourn this loss I would say that so quiet and peaceful was the transition that, as he hoped, when the call came there was no "sadness of farewell," and almost his last words, spoken steadily and bravely, were: "I hope to see my Pilot face to face when I have crossed the bar."

The foregoing tribute is from one who dearly loved him. By his profound knowledge the VETERAN had fondly expected some articles from his gifted pen. Many of the United Daughters of the Confederacy who attended the Convention in San Francisco will recall his interested presence in their meetings and outings accompanied by his wife, a daughter of Col. George W. Polk and a niece of the bishop-general who gave his life for the Confederacy.

OLIVER HAZZARD PERRY CATRON.

In February of this year the VETERAN presented a sketch with picture of the four Catron brothers of Missouri, all of whom had served in the Confederate army. The picture was taken at the reunion of the brothers at the home of O. H. P. Catron at West Plains, Mo., after a separation of forty years. It is sad that the group is so soon broken by the death of O. H. P. Catron, for years an ardent friend and patron of the VETERAN. Always interested in matters pertaining to the Confederate cause and in its survivors, he was one of the first to assist in establishing the Confederate Home of Missouri, and for years was a member of the Board of Trustees. At the time of his death he was Brigadier General commanding the Eastern Brigade, Missouri Division, U. C. V., and was also Commander of Jo O. Shelby Camp, at West Plains. He was a man of strong mind, determined will, and untiring energy; he was public-spirited and charitable in dispensing that with which his efforts had been blessed.

Comrade Catron was born near Lexington, Mo., December 27, 1842, his parents having been among the first settlers of that section. He was educated in the schools of the county and Shelby College. In 1861 he enlisted in the Missouri State Guards, and in August of the following year, when nineteen years of age, he joined the Confederate army as a member of Company C, Gordon's Regiment, Shelby's Brigade, and served with that command to the close. He participated in many battles—Carthage, Dug Springs, Wilson's Creek, Lexington, Newtonia, Prairie Grove, Springfield, Hartville, Cape Girardeau, Brownsville, Little Rock, Bayou Meter, Booneville, Marshall, Westport, and many battles of the Price raid into Missouri. He was lieutenant of his company when the war closed. He was paroled at Shreveport, La., June 15, 1865.

Returning to his home, at Waverly, Mo., Comrade Catron took up the duties of civil life untiringly. He was married in 1867 to Miss Mattie E. Good, and in 1881 with his wife and son he removed to West Plains, which had since been his home and where he was one of its leading citizens, always interested in the advancement of his town and people. He is survived by his son, Lee Catron, his wife having died in 1901.



JOSEPH HORTON.

CAPT. BENJAMIN CUNNINGHAM YANCEY.

Benjamin C. Yancey, born in Greenville, S. C., July 30, 1836, was the son of Hon. William L. Yancey, one of the most brilliant orators of the South and a historical character in the great struggle between the North and the South. This son was reared in Montgomery, Ala., and graduated from the University of Alabama in 1856 with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and later received his law degree from Cumberland University, at Lebanon, Tenn., and in the same year was admitted to the bar in Montgomery. He served throughout the war as captain of artillery. At the close he removed to Brazil, where he resided fourteen years. In 1873 he was married to Miss Lucy Cairnes Hall, who survives him with five sons, all fine business men of unimpeachable integrity, and one daughter, Mrs. Lucy Yancey Fuller, of Baltimore.

Returning to the United States, Captain Yancey settled in Florida, where he became a part of the best citizenship of the State. After a painful and lingering illness, he fell asleep in Jesus on the 17th of March, and was buried in Glendale Cemetery among the orange groves he had planted.

HANSELL.—Capt. J. B. Hansell was born in Moulton, Ala., October 5, 1839; and died May 19, 1909, at Jakin, Ga. His aged wife survives him with two sons and four daughters. He was a faithful soldier of Company B, 9th Mississippi Cavalry, Ferguson's Brigade, with which he served until detailed as sergeant major of the regiment.

MOORE.—Stephen J. Moore died at his home, in Crowley, La., on April 23, 1909, aged eighty years. He was a native of North Carolina, and early enlisted for the Confederate cause, being assigned to the 31st Mississippi Regiment, with which he served throughout, participating in many battles. He is survived by his wife and two children. Comrade Moore was a lifelong Church member and a Mason of fifty years, and was buried with Masonic ceremonies.

WILLIAM W. LLOYD.

William W. Lloyd was born in Grainger County, Tenn., December 20, 1835; and died near Sipe Springs, Tex., May 28, 1909, in his seventy-fourth year.

Comrade Lloyd was one of the first men to enter the Confederate service from his native county and the first man of his company to reenlist for the war. He was mustered into service at Mossy Creek (now Jefferson City), Tenn., with the "Peck Light Dragoons" May 26, 1861. This company became Company E of the 3d (Branner's) Battalion Tennessee Cavalry, and later Company I, 2d Regiment Tennessee Cavalry, Col. H. M. Ashby. Comrade Lloyd was elected and served as its first corporal from its organization until the surrender under Gen. J. E. Johnston, April 28, 1865, and was well known in the regiment as "The Corporal," on account of his long service in that position. He was frequently offered promotion; but his ambition was to be "the ranking corporal of the Confederate army," and it is probable that he was. No man in his company rendered more continuous or faithful service than Corporal Lloyd, and he escaped with only one wound, as now remembered by the writer.

Returning to his home after his surrender in North Carolina, he remained there but a short time, when he emigrated to Texas, settling near Sipe Springs, where he engaged in farming as his life work. On February 26, 1876, he was happily married to Miss Emily Nugent, and of this union there were born six sons, five of whom, with their mother, survive. Years ago Corporal Lloyd publicly professed his faith

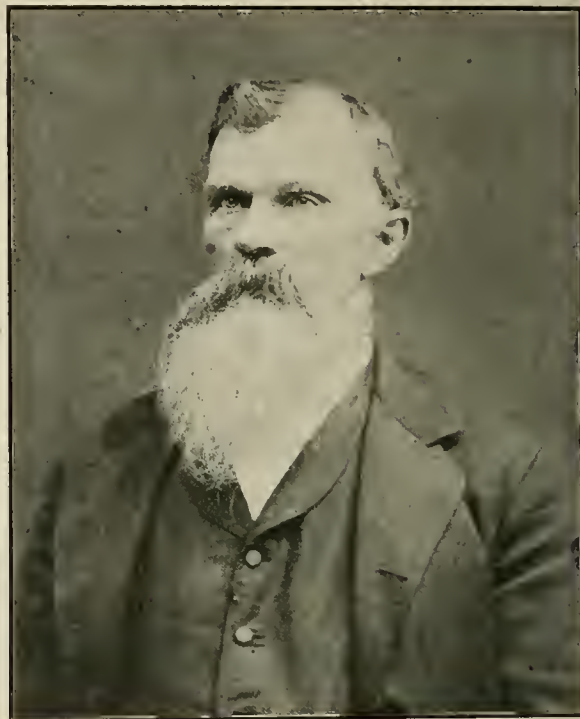
in Christ Jesus and united with the Presbyterian Church, in which he served many years as a ruling elder.

No truer heart ever beat in the breast of man than that of Corporal Lloyd. An obedient son, a faithful soldier, a good citizen, a loyal husband, a wise father, and a humble Christian make up the life record of Corporal Lloyd. "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

[Sketch by James P. Coffin, Batesville, Ark.]

LIEUT. PRYOR GARDNER VEAZEY.

At a meeting of Alex Stephens Camp at Barnett, Ga., Hon. S. N. Chapman paid tribute to the memory of Comrade P. G. Veazey, who died on November 3, 1908. He was among



LIEUT. P. G. VEAZEY.

the first to take up arms for the South, and faithfully served as a member of the 15th Georgia Regiment. Those who were with him can testify that he never shirked a duty or flinched in battle. In the Seven Days' Fight around Richmond, Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, Gettysburg, and many other battles, including bloody Chickamauga, he was found in the front line, ever firm and steadfast. Duty was his watchword in civil life as well as when a Confederate soldier, and in all positions he set an example of faithfulness. As a loving and devoted husband and father, a kind friend and benevolent man he is remembered by those who knew him and profited by his kindness. He was born April 6, 1832.

CHRISTOPHER C. SANDERS.

Christopher Columbus Sanders died at his home, in Gainesville, Ga., August 3, 1908. His father's people were English, his grandfather being Moses Sanders; his maternal grandfather was Thomas Smythe, a native of Dublin, Ireland, and a man distinguished for his great learning.

He was only a boy when Georgia seceded, but he at once enlisted in the Confederate service; and having received a fine military training at the Georgia Military Academy, he was

made colonel of the 24th Regiment of Georgia Volunteers, and served with distinguished bravery in the many battles his regiment took part in.

[From a sketch by A. W. Van Horn, of Gainesville, Ga.]

HENRY G. TINSLEY.

Henry G. Tinsley, of Lauderdale, Miss., died on February 11, 1909, in his seventy-third year. He was reared in Kemper County, Miss., and in 1860 was married to Miss Mary Ellen Crouther, who, with four daughters, survives him. He served in Company A, 35th Mississippi Infantry, during the four years of war. Returning home, he took up the battle of civil life again. By strict integrity and close attention to his work he succeeded, and was of those who stood in the front rank. He was a Christian gentleman, well known at home and throughout the surrounding country. Of him it can truly be said: "He was one of nature's noblemen."



HENRY G. TINSLEY.

GRAVE OF JOHN C. OWENS.

Near the battlefield of Gettysburg there is a little mound of earth in the center of a triangle of greensward shaded by waving trees and watered by a rippling stream. The rumbling sounds of Bream's Mill and the rustling leaves from the tall trees above are the only sounds that disturb the deathlike quiet of this sacred spot. A plain board at the head of the sleeping grave tells the passer-by: "Here rests Col. John C. Owens, of the 9th Virginia Infantry, who died on July 4, 1863, of wounds received in the charge of Pickett's Division."

The plain, quiet, unassuming gentleman, the sturdy, firm, unostentatious soldier now sleeps almost upon the very field where Virginia sealed her devotion to liberty forever, and comes forth white and pure and glorious. Rest there, beloved Colonel, in thy glorious grave. Your little regiment would gladly bear you back to the bosom of your dear old Virginia, whose honor you died to maintain. To Colonel Owens's children he left a heritage for the protection of all who love our Southern land; to his comrades a noble example, and to his friends a memory hallowed by purity and patriotism.

COLONEL ROBERT DILLARD STONE.

BY ROBERT P. MAYO, PARIS, TEX.

Col. Robert Dillard Stone's first enlistment was in Company H, of Col. Robert Taylor's Regiment of Texas Partisan Rangers, with the rank of second lieutenant. In the reorganization under the conscript law he was elected to the office of major. For his valor and merit he was promoted to the colonelcy during the Red River campaign against General Banks. In February, 1864, he was made brevet brigadier general on account of extraordinary gallantry and superior military skill. His command was in the foremost of the charge at Mansfield, La., April 8, and Pleasant Hill, La., the next day. During his brief career as the commanding officer of Polignac's old brigade he won much honor.

Colonel Stone had a premonition that death was coming to him. On the march to battle he hummed a line of the song,

"He sleeps his last sleep; he has fought his last battle,"

and, turning to his aid, he said: "I feel that this will apply to me before the day is ended."

Colonel Stone was in command of General Polignac's brigade, as stated, the day of the last fight with General Banks's army, and as he sat on his horse making his report to the general commanding, John A. Wharton, a Minie ball from a Federal gunboat some distance away struck him in the head, killing him instantly. His friends found him and carried him from the field. A nice coffin was made, and he was buried in the yard of the little church on the banks of Yellowstone Bayou, about three miles from the battlefield. Colonel Stone was a lawyer, and came from Missouri just before the war.



FRANCIS E. LANIER.

Francis Eugene Lanier, the son of Capt. and Mrs. W. H. Lanier, of Savannah, Ga., met his untimely death on June 12, 1907, just as he had reached his twenty-second year. In this brief span of life he had filled many places of honor and responsibility with credit to himself and satisfaction to his associates. He was an enthusiastic member of Francis S. Bartow Camp, U. S. C. V., of which he was Adjutant, as also for the State Division, and Assistant Inspector General for the Southern States and Chairman of the Monumental Committee. His love for the South was deep and pure, his pride in her achievements great, while the veterans of her great war were objects of his deep affection. His grandfather, father, and three uncles served the South as Confederate soldiers.

ANNUAL MEETING OF FORREST'S ESCORT.—Gen. N. B. Forrest's Escort Company will hold the annual meeting of its members in Shelbyville, Tenn., September 7, 1909. It is understood that there are surviving about thirty members, half of whom were at the Memphis Reunion. W. F. Buchanan, of Shelbyville, is President for this year.

CAMP CHASE MEMORIAL EXERCISES.

FROM ADDRESS OF AL G. FIELD, COLUMBUS, OHIO.

On a monument erected to the memory of those who gave up their lives for the cause of the South, located in a Southern city, is this inscription: "This monument perpetuates the memory of those who, true to the instincts of their birth, faithful to the teachings of their fathers, constant in their love for the State, died in the performance of their duty; who have glorified a fallen cause by the simple manhood of their lives, the patient endurance of suffering, and the heroism of death; and who in the dark hours of imprisonment and the hopelessness of the hospital, in the short, sharp agony of the field, found support and consolation in the belief that at home they would not be forgotten."

Was ever epitaph more appropriate or more pathetic? The significance of the last sentence, "Found support and consolation in the belief that at home they would not be forgotten," appeals to all humanity. To those who were familiar with the home life of the people of the South in the days before the war the words convey a pathos so tender and sweet they seem sacred.

The writers of current literature pertaining to the early days of the South constantly refer to the aristocracy, attributing to them all the vices and few of the virtues of this life. They had vices, and we find that even the Puritans, who are generally referred to as perfect, had them. As Lincoln once said: "Those who have no vices have few virtues." Their vices were as peculiar to the times as ours are to-day.

The latter-day historian who obtained his knowledge of the South through political publications assures us that the war between the men of the North and South was inevitable. We will grant this is true and rejoice that contentions that would have perplexed this country to the end were all decided by that war. We may rejoice that we are one people, North and South, reunited as one great family under one flag.

Again we are assured by these latter-day historians that the lessons and benefits which have come to us through that war are so great that they outweigh all that was endured of sorrow and suffering and financial loss. All this may be true, yet I regret that in all the benefits and blessings that have come to us we have lost the most beautiful and enchanting page in the history of this fascinating country—the home life of the people of the South before the war.

To have lived that life, that simple home life, is to more fully appreciate the tender sentiment contained in the last sentence of the inscription quoted: "Found support and consolation in the belief that at home they would not be forgotten."

You can search history in vain to find a country and its people the counterpart of the Old South. The domestic, the home life, the social life of the people of the South was one of singular beauty. Arcadian in its simplicity, ideal in its hospitality, the bonds of love between men and families embraced the most charming features of ancient feudalism. Nothing but dishonor sundered them.

We will admit that there was an aristocracy in the South created by the social and trade conditions of the times. It was a natural inheritance descending from ancestor to son.

I offer no defense of feudalistic subjection of the many to the few. I do not believe in caste excepting as to respectability. I hold the respectable man or woman above all others. I do not now and never believed slavery right. I deny the right of any human being to hold another in bondage. Yet on this one theme the latter-day historians generally base their

most cruel criticisms of the aristocracy of the South on the suffering of the slave and the cruelty of the slaveholder.

Senator Bob Taylor, of Tennessee, has proposed a monument symbolical of slavery days carved from a single block of Southern marble, in the center a courtly old-time Southern planter high-born and gentle with a kindly face, on the right the old plantation negro "uncle" and slave, and on the left the shiny-faced black "mammy," the helper of every living thing in the big house of the white folks and in the cabin of the "pickaninny."

I hope the monument will take form. I should crave the privilege of inscribing it. Under the central figure, the old master, I would carve the word "honor;" under the slave, the old faithful Uncle Remus, I would carve the word "homage;" under the black-faced, broad-bosomed mammy, whose breasts often succored the children of the whites, I would carve the word "humanity."

There is nothing in the history of the South before the war more interesting than the ties of affection and respect that bound the slave to his master and master to slave. Neither prosperity nor ruin, decay nor disaster has changed this feeling. Find them where you will, they will bear witness to this statement. Hunger and want never disquieted the slaves' constant good nature. Good humor and laughter distinguished their lives. The politeness and civility of the Uncle Remus of slavery days was only outdone by his master. In those days the mind of the negro was not disturbed by Brownsville affairs nor his fears excited by the tariff on razors.

The aristocracy of the South (we must call it by that name to designate it, but do not class it with that which we associate in our minds as aristocracy to-day) gave to this country men whose memories every American reveres. Washington was of this aristocracy. His sword and army gave us freedom. Chief Justice Marshall, of Virginia, who reinforced the victories of war with the laws of peace, was of that aristocracy.

For more than fifty formative years of the life of this republic the men of the so-called aristocracy of the South furnished the dominating influence in the halls of Congress. The extension of the geographical limitations of this country from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the acquisition of Texas and Louisiana, was brought about by those of the aristocracy of the Old South.

Fifteen Presidents, covering the period from the establishment of this government until the beginning of the Civil War, were born of this aristocracy. The first note of warning sounded to Great Britain was by the aristocracy of the South. The first Congress before the formation of this republic was presided over and guided by one of the aristocracy of the South, and that declaration that freed us from Great Britain's tyranny was conceived by the mind of one of the South's immortal sons and of her aristocracy.

That so-called aristocracy was the ancestry of a race of men that has made the bravery of the American the pride of the world. If there was an aristocracy of wealth and blood in the Old South, it was theirs by right of inheritance and environment. That it was open to criticism, all will admit; that it had its virtues is a truth none can deny. There was another aristocracy in the South in those days, an aristocracy of honor born of truth, strong and noble. Extending beyond the people of wealth, regulating public matters, it became the unwritten law of the land. Honor was the supreme test of every man. It was the pride of every man, and was held as sacred as life itself. It was based upon truth.

It was bred in the bone and instilled in the mind that upon the word of him who passed it was the seal of faith; and no matter what the sacrifice, no matter what the self-denial, he must make his word good even unto death. With the men of the Old South truth and respectability came first, wealth afterwards.

There were no vast fortunes in the South of those days accumulated by processes tolerated now. There were no law-defying corporations. The wealth of the people was in the land, and this descended from father to son, as did the customs and habits of their domestic lives.

Piety and patriotism were the dominant traits in the make-up of the people. Their churchgoing and reverence spread an atmosphere of religion over all. Even the dusky slave felt its influence. Every Church had its black worshippers—in the same church, mind you, black and white worshipping together.

This strain of religion must have come from their Huguenot or Scotch-Irish ancestors. It has left its influence on the people of the South even unto this day. Nowhere, not even in puritanical New England or staid Canada, do the people show their reverence for God and his Word in a more marked manner. In no land is the Sabbath so strictly observed as in the South, and in no land is there more of religious tolerance. The Jew, the Protestant, and the Catholic vie with each other in their reverence and respect for all who worship God. But to me the chief charm of the people of the Old South was the beauty and simplicity of their home life, the genuine hospitality, their dominating love for their fellow-man. The open sesame to their hospitality and homes was respectability. There were but few divorcees. Marriage was sacred. There was but little personal litigation and no suits for alienation of affection. There were but few scandals in those days.

My recollection of the people who made the Southland a Utopian dream is as pleasurable as any I revive, and that I was permitted as a youth to touch the hem of their garments has ever been an inspiration to me. Would that I could but turn the hands of time back again to a particular Christmas in the Old South, yet only one of many! It was the last Christmas before the war. I have often tried to repeat the joys of that occasion, but somehow instead of increasing happiness something of sorrow creeps in and I am sad to be disturbed in the cherished recollections.

If there is one within the hearing of my voice who has not received inspiration and help from social intercourse, he has been divested of one of the chief charms of humanity. Christmas cheer comes but once a year in these prosaic days, but it was Christmas cheer all the year in the days of the Old South. Christmas began a week before the calendar date, and they forgot the date of its ending in so far as cheer was concerned.

The Christmas I refer to was in 1860, a few months before the beginning of the Civil War. We all went back to the old home—to grandfather's—to celebrate Christmas. That old stone house was the Mecca for all the relations of the family. Their presence brought in neighbors for a radius of miles. All who came were entertained. Well do I remember that all of us four youngsters slept in one bed, that one would not have the advantage of the other in catching the older members of the household with the salutation, "Christmas gift!" I said slept in one bed, but should have said lay awake in one bed, for none of us slept. At three o'clock in the morning we were all up, creeping stealthily along the wide hall, knocking on each door, shouting, "Christmas gift!" and were always welcomed from within. Father pretended to scold

that we awakened the household. Mother got up, although pretending to protest. The entire household was up, the big dining room was crowded, the big table full of presents. Every one was remembered, white and black alike. There was no more sleep that night. Soon the neighbors began pouring in, and cannon, old shotguns, and any combustible that could add noise announced the joyful day. I can see that courtly old Southern gentleman receiving the guests, ladling out the apple toddy to the visitors. I will never get the aroma of that toddy out of my sense of smell—that's as near as I got to it in those days. [And he has seldom been nearer since.—EDITOR VETERAN.]

I endeavored to make some of this toddy last Christmas, but those who had acquired a taste for the beverage in the old days shook their heads dubiously when they sampled it. All agreed that it was good, but the flavor that distinguished that made in the old days was lacking. I finally made up my mind that it was the government tax that destroyed the flavor. For be it admitted that the people of those days did not feel that they were in danger of damnation because they made a little homemade brandy and wine. I do not remember that we had Keeley cures or saloons, Anti-Saloon Leagues, or kindred organizations peculiar to this advanced age; but we got along without them all right.

I fear I should not have mentioned this apple toddy; it might tempt some who never sampled it. The big punch bowl, with its mellow juice of apple fermented, with spices and roasted Rambo apples floating on its surface, might tempt the most ardent of temperance advocates.

I have no desire to lay temptation before any person. I have sympathy and respect for the good people who are so strenuously laboring to alleviate and eliminate the evils of intemperance, although I have no faith in their methods or the practicability of the workings of their plans. It is not the recollection of that apple toddy that inclines my judgment, but observation and experience; therefore I would not make it harder for the advocates of temperance.

Boston has discovered a process by which you can distill brandy from sawdust. Now what chance will a prohibitory law have when people can make brandy mashes with the shingles off their houses? All the old toper will have to do is to saw the legs off the kitchen table to get *delirium tremens*. The farmer can take a ripsaw and go out to his rail fence and get a jag that will last while his barley is growing. The boys will make pony brandies out of baseball bats. Surely we had best have a dangerous product handled legally and not tempt the illegal sale of it with its subsequent consequences.

You, Colonel Johnson, will go back to your home city on the falls of the Ohio to meet an earnest band of men who will invade your city the coming week, members of the Imperial Council of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, an institution promoted for the betterment of mankind in general. You will meet a number of its membership there in Louisville, good friends of mine, workers in the Anti-Saloon League, among whom I will mention Hon. Alvah P. Clayton, Mayor of St. Joseph, Mo., Hon. George H. Green, of Texas, Judge Louis B. Windsor, of Michigan, and William Brown, of Pittsburg. He has escaped the dragnet or is out on parole. To those gentlemen please carry my regards and regrets that I cannot be with you and them.

I sincerely trust you will excuse the digression in my remarks. They come to my mind for the reason that the gentlemen mentioned should be with us here to-day, for the reason that they are men who look upon life as did those of the old

days in the South. They love those days when life was simpler, when men took life less seriously, when the holidays and social occasions, while permeated with piety, meant not pain but took the highest and noblest forms of pleasure.

It will be argued that in the days I speak of the new world was smaller; we had not attained the forms of education and cultivation we now enjoy; the nation was in its childhood. But I regret that we have passed that childhood. When we look back to the days before the war and compare the people and times, it seems to me that we have passed our childhood, passed our manhood, and grown prematurely old in our home life, in our social life, and our friendships; it seems to me that we have forgotten the child's smile and lost the happiness of long ago in so doing. * * *

There is no use talking about the blessings of life unless we look and act as if we really were blessed. It's no use in believing in a cloudless heaven if we live in the shadows of the world, picking up its lead and despising its gold. The home life, the love of home and family and friends, was the life of the people of the Old South. It's the kind of life that will bring happiness; and happiness is earth's heaven. It's the kind of life in which we learn larger faith and love for man; it's the kind of life in which we feel the thrill of the broad and upward way; it's the kind of life that cements friendships and propagates love. It is in the simple life that friendships are strongest and sweetest.

It should be a source of happiness to all who have contributed to these services to feel, to know they have honored those who died for a cause in which they implicitly believed.

SOUTHERN WOMAN'S MONUMENT.

BY J. E. DEUPREE, IVANHOE, TEX.

The writer saw the magic lantern exhibits of the design for our monument to the women of the Confederacy. There was great disappointment at the hasty manner in which this very important subject was disposed of. After the rejection of said model by the Convention, the whole matter was referred back to General Walker's committee, supplemented by a veteran from each Southern State, without naming any date for said committee to report. This indefinite postponement, however, affords ample time in which to mature our plans and guard against another mistake.

In the meantime we can give our views on this all-absorbing subject through the VETERAN, the official representative of all Confederate organizations. But for the patriotic kindness of Southern women the writer feels sure that he would not be alive to-day; hence his active interest in this matter. While I heartily indorse the editorial and the article of Dr. H. M. Hamill on this subject in the April VETERAN, it is far from my purpose to censure General Walker or other members of that committee, but thank them for their laudable labors.

In all ages women have been noted for their devotion and zeal in times of distress and danger; but to the women of the South clearly belongs the honor of excelling those of any other age or clime in this respect. How to adorn those monuments is the question. In order to solve this problem, it is only necessary to decide in what particular respect woman was most potent and useful during our Confederate war. They did much menial service, but not for this do they most deserve immortal honors at our hands. The good Book tells us that in the hallowed arms of woman was first found the Babe of Bethlehem, the Redeemer of the world; also that she was "last at the cross and first at the sepulcher of our Lord." Did not the cause of Christianity prosper and was it not most

conspicuously and constantly upheld and exalted by them? We know that every living Confederate will answer yes

"O woman! in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,

When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!"

And it was in her divine, angelic nature that the Southern woman appeared in her most conspicuous refulgence, and with the Bible she was far more potent and useful than in all other ways during the war. How many, many brave boys were given Bibles on leaving home, and how many were cheered in battle, on the march, in camp, in prison, and in the hospital by knowing that they were the objects of constant prayer by Christian mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts!

Mr. Editor, the most impressive picture I ever beheld was that of the "Burial of Latane," which long ago appeared in the VETERAN. In that picture a noble, lovely Christian woman, Bible in hand, filled the place of a preacher at the burial of the gallant soldier. I suggest that a plain picture of a Christian Southern woman with Bible in hand and her eyes lifted toward heaven would be a most suitable symbol for all our monuments to the women of the Confederacy. Surely no other symbol can more fully and more happily portray the divine qualities of Southern womanhood.

"I hold it a religious duty
To love and worship woman's beauty.
She has least the taint of earthly clod;
She is freshest from the hand of God.
With heavenly looks she makes us sure;
The heaven that made her must be pure."

On one of the sides or panels of our woman's monuments this whole picture of the burial of Latane should appear in bas-relief. As our good women were so often useful as spies and guides, it would be but proper for another side of our monuments to portray that brave Southern girl riding



LATEST PICTURE OF GEN. CLEMENT A. EVANS.

behind General Forrest to show him the way around that invading army, while another side might show a woman in the act of bathing the brow of a sick or wounded soldier. And last, but not least, on one side of our monuments there should be engraved the exact words in which President Davis dedicated his great war history to "The Women of the Confederacy." The writing of that history was the crowning act in the eventful life of our great and glorious chieftain, and the dedication of that book honors the women of our Southland in a manner more lasting and effective than we can ever hope to achieve by the erection of monuments, be they ever so numerous and grand.

PORTRAIT OF MRS. HICKMAN PRESENTED.

Lately the trustees of the Confederate Home Association were the recipients of an unusually fine portrait of Mrs. John P. Hickman, which is to be placed in one of the Kate Litton Hickman rooms of the Home. A prominent Nashville Chapter of the U. D. C. is named for this lady, who has been its President since its organization, and it is this Chapter that supplied the portrait. The gift will be much appreciated by the old soldiers, for they are all devoted to the original. Miss Grace Handly, of Nashville, made the presentation in eloquent words and with deep feeling. She said that they believed in giving the flowers of appreciation while the recipient



FROM PHOTO USED BY PAINTER OF PORTRAIT.

was living to enjoy their perfume, not in covering the cold dead with the frail blossoms. She felt that the fairest flower that could be given the old veterans was a picture of their beloved friend.

Miss Handly described the war days of old when the mother of Mrs. Hickman was driven from home by the Yankees and of the four months the family spent in an old box car. Mrs. Hickman at that time was a mere slip of a girl, yet she rode

on horseback to Tennessee with the flag of the 2d Tennessee Regiment concealed beneath her skirts. This flag is now in the Nashville State Capitol.

CHARACTERISTIC OF SAM DAVIS'S FATHER.

M. J. Clarke writes from Mobile, Ala.: "In reading of the capture and execution of Sam Davis in the *JUNE VETERAN* I call to mind an incident that occurred near Smyrna, Tenn., during Hood's campaign which satisfies me that I saw Davis's father at his home. With a member of my company I went out on a foraging expedition, and near Smyrna we rode up to a house. An elderly gentleman came out and greeted us and told of his son being hanged by the Yankees. He seemed to be very much grieved about it. Addressing me, he said: 'Young man, you see in that lot yonder a nice young bay horse with a rope around his neck? You may have him. Go and get him. But I will pretend that I don't want you to take him; for if the negroes around the house were to know that I gave him to you, they would tell the Yanks when they came, and it would go hard with me.' I thanked him, caught the horse, and took him to camp. I am satisfied that this was the father of Sam Davis. He had a nice home and grounds."

DICKINSON COLLEGE—HISTORICAL STATISTICS.

The *VETERAN* is in receipt of a very interesting letter from Prof. Leon C. Prince, the author of the "Bird's-Eye View of American History." After some much-appreciated words commendatory of the *VETERAN* and its work, Professor Prince gives some historical statistics that are very important and interesting pertaining to the standing of Southern men in the college of which he is professor of history and economics.

Dickinson College, Carlisle, Penn., in ante-bellum days drew a large part of its clientele from the Southern States, and of the class of 1858 eleven men entered the Confederate army to the five that joined the Federals. President James Buchanan was a Dickinson man of the class of 1809. Chief Justice of the Supreme Court Roger B. Tany, whose Dred Scott decision is world-famous, was of the class of 1795. South Carolina's secession ordinance was drawn up by her distinguished son, Supreme Judge John A. Inglis, who graduated from Dickinson College with the class of 1829. The Democratic leader in the United States Senate after the secession was Willard Saulsbury, of Delaware, a Dickinson man who gave honor to his Alma Mater. He was of the class of 1842. The United States attorney who presented the case against the so-called Lincoln conspirators was also of this college.

An interesting story in the "ole mammy" dialect has been received, and only lack of space prevents publication. Miss Ewing treats of the war days in Tennessee, giving vivid pictures of things as seen from the darky standpoint. She concludes with a glowing tribute to the faithful mammies and daddies so fast passing away.

Confederate Associations are bound to each other by the most sacred ties that ever united a patriotic people. They are united in the spirit of perfect patriotic allegiance to our own great country as the union of great States, and our aims and objects are worthy of our best and purest purposes to keep good faith with all the prime principles which distinguish our government; while we will be equally faithful to our own Confederate history, our memories, and our present obligations to the dead and the living actors in the Confederate struggle.

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The VETERAN has on hand remittances from the following which have not been credited through lack of proper address, etc., and asks that any other subscriber who can help in locating them will kindly respond, as the remitter has not so far responded to any communications on the subject:

W. G. Willis, Barton, —.
Mrs. Carrie B. Tate, Terrell, Tex.
T. T. Swann, Watertown, Tenn.
J. K. Baber, Craigville, W. Va.
Miss Edith Ross, —.
George M. Joslin, Morales, Tex.
A. M. Robinson, Llano, Tex.
W. H. Eubank, Houston, La.
B. O. Allen, Berryville, Va.
W. B. Denson, Alta Loma, Tex.
J. M. Case, —.
E. H. Miller, Los Angeles, Cal.
Addison B. Bywater, —.
A. C. Wheeler, Churchroad, Va.
William Curl, —.
S. E. Spurgin, —.
T. T. Butler, Jr., 825 Market St., —.
N. R. Registry, Natchez, Miss.
John Moley, Lynchburg, Va.
J. R. Overman, —.
Mrs. D. C. Puryear, Lebanon, Va.
Some gave address, but no name:
Maxton or Red Springs, N. C., \$2.
Hereford, Tex., \$3.
Dayton, Wash., \$1.
Newport, Ark., \$2.
Johnston, S. C., \$1.50.
Galveston, Tex., \$1.
Anniston, Ala., \$1.
El Paso, Tex., \$2.
Shelbyville, Tenn., \$1.
Paris, Tenn., \$1.
Kansas City, Mo., \$1.
Baltimore, Md., \$1 (two letters).
Memphis, Tenn., \$1.
Camden, Ala., \$1.
Pulaski, Va., \$1.

Besides these, there are several other remittances in currency without name or address. Those having remitted anything in currency for which no credit has been given should write us at once, giving present and previous addresses.

Mrs. Emma Magarvy, of Trenton, Tenn., R. R. No. 5, Box 72, seeks to ascertain her husband's war record in order that she may secure assistance in her need. J. W. Magarvy went out from Kentucky, probably with Morgan, and was in the Orphan Brigade, Breckinridge's Corps. She does not know the company. He was afterwards transferred from cavalry to infantry, and was with the Tennessee troops.



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Among the graves of Confederates buried at Clinton, Miss., is one which has lost a part of the headstone bearing the name; and as markers have recently been placed at the other graves there, it is desired to ascertain the name of this soldier, so his grave can be properly marked also. On the footstone are the letters "W. J. R. H.," while on a piece of the headstone is, "In memory of our Brother," and on another piece, "Co. E, 42d Regiment, Tenn. Vols." Some member of the family may see this and will confer a favor by writing to Mrs. Carrie Lewis, of Clinton, Miss., giving the name of the soldier referred to.

Caspar Ernst Ploch, now of Minneapolis, Minn., was a private of Captain Hart's company, Hampton's Legion South Carolina Volunteers, enlisting in 1861 and being honorably discharged because of permanent disability in November, 1862, from the South Carolina hospital at Petersburg, Va., under Dr. Walker, of Richmond. He is now seeking to prove his record that he may secure the cross of honor. He was born in Germany, and his name is given as E. Ploch on his discharge, but he now uses his full name. Any surviving comrades will confer a favor by writing of him to Mrs. Richard Paul, Vice President R. E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., at 2012 Irving Avenue S., Minneapolis, Minn.

Any veteran who served in the 13th Tennessee Infantry during 1863 or 1864 will confer a favor by sending his address to J. P. Cannon, McKenzie, Tenn.

H. C. Proctor, of DeKalb, Tex., would like to hear from any of the heirs of Granville Porter, who served in Company K, 11th Texas Cavalry, from Bowie County, Tex. It is thought that he located in some other part of Texas after the war. He was a contractor.

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ery, Jackson (Miss.), or Dallas.

John P. Gill, of Winchester, Tenn., writes of having in his possession a commission found in a camp on his father's place after the army fell back from Nashville. The commission is made out in the name of Leonidas P. Hagan, of the County of Davidson, second lieutenant in Captain Anderson's company (C), 10th Regiment, Colonel Heinman commanding, as appears from the power of attorney made out to his father, William H. Hagan, Esq., also of Davidson County, dated October 9, 1861, and witnessed by Isaac Litton. The commission is dated September 13, 1861, and signed by Isham G. Harris as Governor and J. E. Ray as Secretary of State. Mr. Gill would be glad to return the paper to the owner or some member of his family. Write him in care of T. H. Erwin.

John P. Bennett, 37 Legare Street, Charleston, S. C., asks if there is a surviving soldier in the Valley of Virginia or elsewhere who remembers "Little Jack Trimble," Gen. John D. Imboden's courier and scout. He would be grateful for any information of "Little Jack's" services. He had relatives near Staunton, in Augusta County, Va., it is thought, but he died in Hillsboro, Ohio, shortly after the close of the war, about 1868. He is said to have been a boy who attached many to him by his courage and personal attractiveness, to have been very daring, and very efficient.

D. W. Adrian, of Longview, Tex., R. R. No. 5, who belonged to Company G, 5th Mississippi Regiment, wishes to hear from some of his old comrades. It will be remembered that he commanded the company in the battle of Murfreesboro, the captain, John H. Morgan, having been shot through the head. He was also lieutenant in command at old Shiloh Church when the retreat was made to Corinth, Miss. After falling back to Dalton, Ga., a third of his company was sent to Ringgold Ferry, on the Oostanaula. He was wounded in the leg at this place.

John D. Gill, who served in Company G, 64th Georgia Regiment, is desirous of getting into communication with some member of this company, so as to make proof of his service in order that he may get a pension. He is seventy-eight years of age and very poor. Write him in care of J. J. Spears, 2016 Albany Street, Brunswick, Ga.

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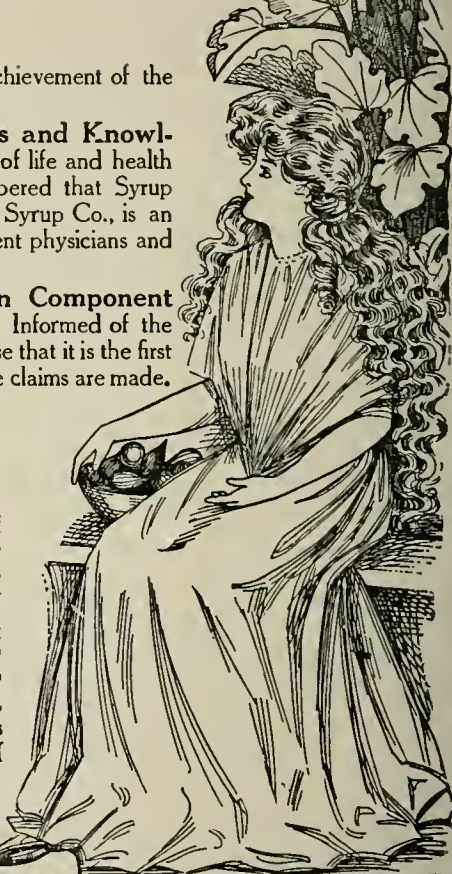
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Confederate Veteran.

Vol. XVII.

AUGUST, 1909.

No. 8.

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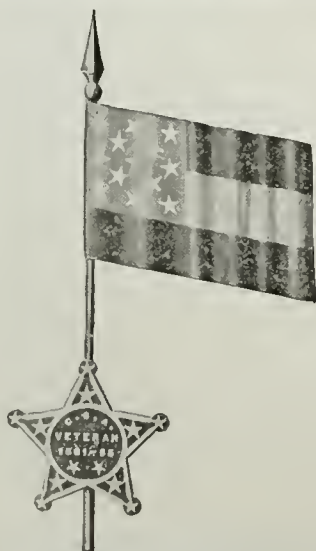
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IN the costume of my tribe, the Chickasaws, I rode in the mighty Confederate parade at Memphis. Remember me? Meet me in Mobile and join us Indian Confederates in war-whooping Oklahoma City for the next Reunion. In the meantime read "*The Lure of the Indian Country*," story of the passing of my country and of the romantic passing of my people themselves through intermarriage with the paleface. By mail 25c. Oleta Littleheart, Sulphur, Okla.

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Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.
The date to a subscription is always given to the month before it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail set will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The civil war was too long ago to be called the late war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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VOL. XVII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST, 1909.

No. 8

S. A. CUNNINGHAM
PROPRIETOR.

MR. DAVIS, SOLDIER, STATESMAN, MARTYR.

BY H. G. BARCLAY, MOBILE, ALA.

O hearts of men, how can I make you feel the thrill
Of energies that held the world aghast?
How can a poet's pen transfer from vale and hill
The magic scenes that framed our heroes' past?
A hero bred in peril, nurtured in distrust,
Whose every breath since manhood crowned his youth
Was one deep-drawn inspiration of ancient dust,
Of sacred love of freedom, love of truth;
Whose every prayer at mother's knee or altar shrine
Was whispered with the reverent love of home,
Who read in sun, in moon, in stars a deathless sign
Of glory, bright and fadeless, sure to come—
Of glory, bright and fadeless for his people's land,
Inherited and bought with patriot's blood,
O hearts of men, how can I make you understand
The deep heart dreams but few have understood?
Alas! 'twere hopeless now; but in the far-off years,
When prejudice and hate have died, and Right,
Once more arisen from her bed of fruitless tears,
Shall stand uncovered in the clear, cold light
Of history, that ruthless foe of vain pretense,
Then shall our valiant Captain's stainless name
Receive, though late, that rich and gracious evidence
That brings at last the real hero fame.

FLORAL TRIBUTES TO MARGARET DAVIS HAYES.—Private letters from Colorado Springs state that floral tributes to the daughter of the South's great chieftain were sent from all over the United States, from the North as well as the sorrowing South. These were sent by express or ordered by telegraph from loving friends until all the house was a mass of bloom. The stocks of florists in Colorado Springs and Denver were exhausted. Four large automobile wagons were required to carry the designs to the cemetery, where deft and loving hands so arranged the fragile blossoms that the vault was entirely hidden and the mound around it as well, so that the casket seemed to rest in bowers of perfumed bloom. These offerings were sent from individuals, State officials, civic bodies, and the various organizations of U. D. C., U. C. V., and U. S. C. V. from every Southern State.

CONCERNING SOUTHERN WOMAN'S MONUMENT.

Gen. C. Irvine Walker, of Charleston, S. C., chairman of the committee on the Confederate woman's monument, sends the VETERAN responses of sculptors and others in reply to his request for suggestions on the subject. He makes personal comment on some of them. In regard to that submitted by Miss Belle Kinney, of Nashville, he says:

"The ideas embodied in her sketch seem to be most appropriate, poetic, and artistic. Miss Kinney is a bright and talented daughter of Tennessee, whose intimate association with the Southern people eminently qualifies her to grasp their genius and to picture those attributes of the Confederate woman as we would like to perpetuate her glorious memories.



MISS BELLE KINNEY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

[See VETERAN for September, 1904, page 454.]

"The group of bronzes for the State monuments to the women of the Confederacy designed by Miss Belle Kinney, of Nashville, Tenn., is particularly artistic and appropriate. She has embodied in this magnificent conception the idea of woman's loyalty to the Confederacy and how unconsciously she is being rewarded for what she did. Our good women have persistently claimed that they wanted no monuments, that they had only done their duty. The thought of the artist to make the crowning of the Confederate woman 'unconscious' to her most happily accords with the high position thus taken by our noble women.

"The group depicts Fame, the impartial judge, seated, supporting with her left arm a dying Confederate soldier, claiming him as her own, while kneeling at her right side is the Confederate woman. The woman of the Confederacy, self-forgetful and completely absorbed in her purposes, reaches out to rest the emblem of her loving appreciation on the dying soldier, who has given life and all that life holds dear for her and her beloved cause; she thus honors the brave and gives him the tribute of her devoted heart. Meanwhile she is unconsciously being crowned by Fame for this and all her devotion, suffering, sacrifice, and heroism.

"It is a beautiful idea and most happily symbolized. The artist is most happy in her depiction of the Confederate woman. It is a figure of great beauty, while innocence, love, and beauty beam from her face, contrasting most vividly with the lofty impersonal countenance of the Goddess of Fame. The positions of all the figures are easy and graceful, and together combine to make a most harmonious group. The outlines and form of the group are most entirely artistic. The whole represents a most appropriate and poetic idea, most artistically and graciously modeled in truthfully perpetuating the glory of the women of the Confederacy.

"The monument is ten feet wide, six feet deep at the base, and nine feet high to the top of the woman's head, making the figure measure eight feet."

The eminent sculptor, F. W. Ruckstuhl, author of "Gloria Victis" in Baltimore and other fine Southern monuments, describes his design briefly as follows:

"It shows a Southern woman of about forty-five with a face full of the beauty and aristocracy and the refinement and strength of the perfect type of the Southern woman, a synthesis of the woman of the South, seated in a splendid Greek chair in a simple dress of the period of 1860-65, with her hair worn in the beautiful style of those days. Her feet will rest on a low Greek footstool, her left arm will rest carelessly on the arm of the chair, her right hand will hold a Louis XIV. fan, symbolizing the elegance of the period to which she had belonged, and rest listlessly on a book lying on her lap and which she has been reading; around her shoulders will be a light fichu. She will be looking straight ahead of her in a mood at once listless and pensive with a tinge of sadness as she reflects over the events of the past and as if saying with the poet:

"How fondly memory wanders

Where the feet no more may tread

Into vistas dim and haunted

By the past's unquiet dread,

With familiar phantoms trysting,

Sad to stay, yet loath to part

From spots o'errun by broken

Trailing tendrils of the heart!"

"Back of her will be a splendid winged figure of Fame hold-

ing in her left hand a palm branch and a trumpet, and with her right hand holding over the head of the seated woman a wreath of laurel. By her wings widespread and thrown forward and by her drapery full of motion it will be easily seen that she has just come down from the skies to honor the noble woman seated before her.

"By the left side of this figure of Fame will be a boy Cupid eagerly striding forward with an armful of roses which he will offer to the seated woman; by the right side will be a girl Cupid, more timidly walking along and bearing in her left arm a lot of flowers and in her right hand an open scroll with the State seal upon it and showing the name of the Governor who signed the bill passed by the Legislature ordering the erection of this monument. Everything about the seated woman, oblivious of what is going on behind her, is calm and quiet, while behind her all is movement and commotion, the whole symbolizing the genius of the South, accompanied by her children, Love and Sympathy, come to honor the Southern woman. This group will be about ten feet high."

The suggestions by Comrade J. E. Dupree as published in the July VETERAN are given out for their special merit.

UNITED SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

THE ORGANIZATION TO TAKE ON NEW LIFE.

The Memphis Reunion marks an epoch in the history of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans. In the Convention were loyal Sons determined to put the Confederation on a higher plane of activity and power.

The constitution was revised and amended, and already there is evidence of the wisdom of the changes which are made. The Sons have awakened to a fuller realization of their duty as outlined in the commission from Gen. Stephen D. Lee to the Sons. He said: "To you, Sons of Confederate Veterans, we will commit the vindication of the cause for which we fought. To your strength will be given the defense of the Confederate soldier's good name, the guardianship of his history, the emulation of his virtues, the perpetuation of those principles which he loved and which you love also, and those ideals which made him glorious and which you also cherish."

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL CREATED.

Section 13, Article V., of the constitution provides for the election of an Executive Council to be composed of the Commander in Chief as *ex officio* chairman and four other members—viz., one from each department and one at large—and said Executive Council is charged with the performance of the duties prescribed in the constitution and shall have other necessary power in the administration and regulation of the affairs of the Confederation not specially delegated to or made a part of the duties of some other official or committee.

The Executive Council is composed of the following comrades—viz.: Clarence J. Owens, *Ex Officio* Chairman, Abbeville, Ala.; Fontaine W. Mahood, Secretary, Washington, D. C.; W. W. Old, Jr., Norfolk, Va.; E. N. Scudder, Vicksburg, Miss.; Thomas E. Powe, St. Louis, Mo.

PERMANENT HEADQUARTERS.

Section 115, Article XIX., of the constitution as amended is as follows: "The general headquarters of the Confederation shall be located in some city in the South, to be selected by the Executive Council."

The Executive Council directed the Commander in Chief to give publicity to the fact that the Confederation desires permanent headquarters in some city of the South and to

detail the character of the accommodations desired and ask for invitations.

The Council will be called to meet October 11 at some point to be designated by the Commander in Chief. Pending the selection of permanent headquarters and the election of a permanent Adjutant General, the Council selected Memphis, Tenn., as temporary general headquarters and Nathan Bedford Forrest as temporary Adj. Gen. and Chief of Staff.

ARREARS CANCELED.

The Convention canceled all arrears, and this gives the defunct Camps throughout the Confederation an opportunity to qualify again with the organization. A strenuous campaign has been inaugurated for the reorganization of dead Camps and the organization of new Camps. Under the direction of the Commander in Chief from his headquarters (the temporary general headquarters) a vigorous effort is being made to infuse new life into the Confederation. Members of the Executive Council, Department Commanders, Division Commanders, the Historian General, and prominent comrades are making active effort to have the organization reach the high ideals for which it was brought into existence.

DR. CLARENCE JULIAN OWENS.

Dr. Clarence Julian Owens, of Abbeville, Ala., was elected Commander in Chief of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans at the Reunion held in Memphis June 8-10, 1909.

Dr. Owens has experienced rapid promotion through all the grades of rank in the Confederation. He has served in the following offices: Adjutant of Camp Olin M. Dantzler, Orangeburg, S. C.; Adjutant of Camp John H. Caldwell, Anniston, Ala.; Division Inspector, Alabama Division; Brigade Commander, Fifth Alabama Brigade; Division Commander, Ala-

bama Division; Department Commander, Army of Tennessee Department.

Commander in Chief Owens has been active in the work of the Confederation. He has served on important committees, and has been a worker in the Conventions for nearly a decade. He secured the funds for the erection of a monument to the gallant Pelham at Anniston, Ala., and he has written the life of this brave officer. Dr. Owens has delivered scores of addresses on patriotic themes. He was chosen as orator of the day for the celebration in Montgomery, Ala., of the centenary of the birth of Gen. Robert E. Lee. He has conducted an aggressive effort to remove the extract from Ingersoll's speech from the walls of Arlington, where it was placed by military order of Gen. M. C. Meigs in 1876.

The subject of this sketch was born in Augusta, Ga., July 4, 1877. He is a Master of Arts graduate of the George Washington University, Washington, D. C. He is President of the Southeast Alabama Agricultural College, located at Abbeville, Ala., and President of the Department of Industrial Arts of the Alabama Educational Association. He is a Past Chancellor Commander Knights of Pythias, Past Noble Grand I. O. O. F., a member of Zamora Temple, A. A. O. N. M. Shrine, and President of the Henry County Interdenominational Sunday School Convention.

The temporary headquarters of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans have been established at Memphis, with Nathan Bedford Forrest as Adjutant General and Chief of Staff. The Executive Council of the Confederation will meet in October and establish permanent headquarters and elect a permanent Adjutant General, who will devote his entire time to the work of the organization.

DESIRES TO HEAR FROM SONS OF VETERANS.

The VETERAN is asked why it is that so little is ever heard from the Sons of Veterans. Its columns are filled with acts of the other organizations; the Daughters of the Confederacy are never weary with well-doing, and even the little Children of the Confederacy report much progress, and only the Sons are silent. Are they idle?

The veterans are fast going away. Will Southern ranks be empty? Let the son fill the sire's place, and prove the merit of "the stone which the builders rejected." These Sons of Veterans must have a place. It will be to honor the fathers or reproach their memory.

In reply to the foregoing the VETERAN voices a hopeful outlook for the Sons in the near future despite the discouragements of so many years of disappointment. The Sons are devoted to the principles of their fathers. Those who are honored with positions of importance should realize their responsibility.



COMMANDER IN CHIEF, DR. CLARENCE J. OWENS.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION IN GEORGIA.—A movement is being agitated in the Georgia Legislature which provides compulsory education in the State. Every child of school age must attend for sixty days during the school year, which is to be about three months. Where children live in sparsely settled districts the omnibus system is to be adopted. A vehicle is to be provided which will gather up the children in the morning, returning them at night. The failure of any parent to send the child to school is finable—five dollars for the first offense, ten for all subsequent ones. Realizing fully that child advancement in education is the fundamental resource for each one, this rigid school law may do much good.

FRANKLIN BATTLEFIELD AS NATIONAL PARK.

The fitness of such action as making the battlefield of Franklin a national park has often been urged by the VETERAN. No place has more historic interest with more suitable conditions. It was as severely a contested battle as ever was fought, and greater carnage, time and area considered, is not known. This battlefield should be fittingly memorialized. Tennessee should determine to memorialize it. The general government should make it a national park. Letters on the subject are here given:

T. C. Harbaugh, of Casstown, Ohio, earnestly advocates the movement, and has written an appeal for the National Tribune. He states that the matter should be taken up with Senators and Congressmen, as unity of effort means success.

Capt. John M. Hickey, now of Washington, believes the government would be glad to take the matter in hand if the veterans of both sides would manifest the interest they really feel and earnestly push it to conclusion. He thinks a joint monument to the soldiers of both sides should be placed near the Carter house or the old cotton gin. Captain Hickey was in command of a company of the 2d and 6th Missouri Infantry, C. S. A., near the Carter house in the memorable charge, and was terribly wounded.

M. M. Heaver, of Sherwood, Ohio, who belonged to Company I, 100th Ohio Regiment, says that it was the hottest fight he was ever in, and that he hopes it will be erected.

H. B. Talbert, Postmaster of Hillister, Tex., states that he was in the Union army, and also was in the 100th Ohio Regiment; that they were on the left of the Columbia Pike; and when the Confederates filed in behind them, they had to strike a two-forty gait to get away, as the place was hotter than that mentioned in the Revised Bible. He thinks two monuments should be erected, one to the blue and another to the gray, and that he would give his mite to both alike. He believes all his comrades will do likewise.

John E. Butler writes from Franklin, Pa., referring to the National Tribune article by T. C. Harbaugh: "As a humble participant I certainly think that all who took part in that battle, fought more than forty-four years ago, should urge their Representatives in Congress to act on this commendable object. I see that your part of the Confederate line was immediately in front of the Carter house. Ours was on the extreme left of the Federal line. Some distance to our rear in a small brick dwelling lived Mrs. Nichols and her little daughters. Should either of these be still living, they will doubtless recall the efforts of the little Yankee drummer boy to lessen the danger to their household that day."

Mrs. A. J. Hamill, the venerable mother of distinguished men, who had six brothers and two sons in the Confederate army, manifests much anxiety for a joint monument to both armies. She wants to contribute ten dollars to it. She favors the memorial arch across the Columbia Pike near the Carter house equal in tribute to the valor of both sides. Mrs. Hamill is ninety years old. May she live to see such arch created!

STORY OF MR. LINCOLN AT TARGET PRACTICE.

Mr. Charles N. Race, formerly of Owasso, Mich., now of Atlanta, Ga., who was a private in the Berdan Sharpshooters, tells a story in the Georgian of Mr. Lincoln at a target practice, which is here given in substance:

"While the Berdan Sharpshooters were encamped at Alexandria President Lincoln would go over with Secretary Stanton every few days to watch us at drill and target practice. It was in 1861, not long before we were ordered to the front. President Lincoln was very fond of watching the target prac-

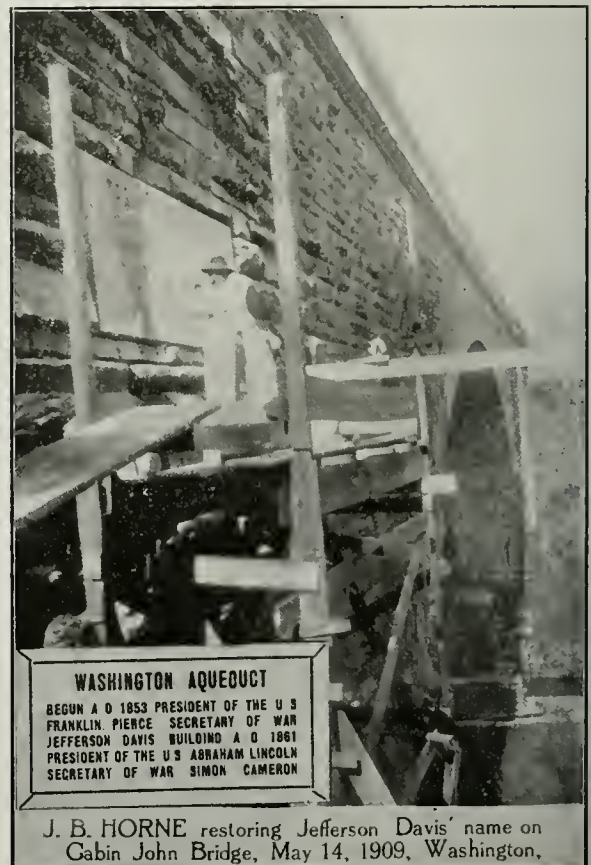
tice, and rarely paid us a visit without firing a few rounds himself. He was an excellent shot, too.

"Our favorite target at that time was the life-size figure of a Zouave, his uniform painted in gaudy colors, the distance ranging from two hundred to six hundred yards. On one occasion our range instructor had prepared a target. It was painted to represent a man in civilian's attire and labeled in big, plain letters 'Jeff Davis.' This target was to be run up when the President's time came to fire.

"Mr. Lincoln stepped up, selected his rifle, and indicated his readiness to fire. Then with the rifle half raised he looked full at the target for the first time.

"'We want to see you take a crack at that, Mr. President,' said the instructor.

"Mr. Lincoln lowered his rifle and turned from the target to the instructor. He didn't say a word. He simply looked at him with an expression full of surprise, of disappointment, and of sorrow. Then he laid the rifle down gently and went a little way off from the group, walking up and down by himself with folded arms and bowed head for several minutes. After a time he came back and fired several shots at the regular target—that unlucky new one had vanished—but he was unusually silent and soon went away."



RESTORING "JEFFERSON DAVIS" TO CABIN JOHN BRIDGE.

J. B. Horne writes from Washington, D. C.: "Dr. Samuel E. Lewis, of this city, gave me a copy of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and I enjoyed reading it. Dr. Lewis prescribed for me and has given me strict orders to remain in the house. I have been sick since I finished the work of restoring the name of Jefferson Davis on Cabin John Bridge. It was the

most trying work I ever did, and only my sentiment, love of justice, and high regard for Jefferson Davis kept me up till my task was finished. But it is done, and well done, even if I am suffering now. The Doctor thinks it is only temporary. I have the satisfaction of doing something that I have been wanting to do for years. I send you a souvenir—a picture of the bridge inscription. It is not much, but it means a great deal to me. I wish you and your good periodical all the prosperity that this selfish world allows."

THE FOURTH KENTUCKY CAVALRY.

Some one has sent pictures of the 4th Kentucky Cavalry made in the war period, and such pictures are so rare that they have been engraved. It is desired that some member of that regiment write a brief sketch. Together with those photos an individual picture was sent, and is printed herewith in the hope of procuring data about him. He may have been an officer in that regiment. The picture recalls that of Brig. Gen. J. L. Hogg. See page 379 of VETERAN for August, 1897.



WHO KNEW HIM? PICTURE WITH MEMBERS 4TH KY. CAV.

A FEDERAL HEARD GLADLY OF SAM DAVIS.

BY L. W. FORGRAVES, ST. JOSEPH, MO

I was a musician at the headquarters of Gen. G. M. Dodge at Pulaski, Tenn., and helped to play the dead march at the murder of Sam Davis.

With four years of service in the Union army (I was in the 4th Division, 15th Army Corps) I never witnessed such bravery as was portrayed by him at the time of his killing. This boy Davis was offered a reprieve by a chief of scouts named Chickasaw at headquarters if he would tell where his captain was. As I could hear, he told them he would die a thousand deaths first. The judge-advocate at this trial was a second lieutenant of Company K, 7th Iowa Infantry, who was never in a fight or battle during the war. He is dead now. Peace to his ashes!

I can never obliterate the expression of Davis's face, as he was a boy about my own age. He wore at that time a round-about or pea jacket and a black slouch hat. I have wondered who his folks were very often, and was glad to know that he was not forgotten. Davis is in heaven, I trust.

PATRIOTIC LETTER FROM THE "OTHER SIDE."

Charles J. Merritt (First Connecticut Cavalry), of Medina, N. Y., writes to Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone:

"Dear Madam: It is with hesitation that I write to you, because I do not wish to seem officious regarding the organization over which you preside. Since first reading your article in the March VETERAN on the 'Prize Essay' an impulse of my heart has led me to write a few words.

"Though a subscriber to the VETERAN, I am one of the 'other side.' You will be able to understand my feeling, as stated above, and I trust you will accept what I write in the spirit that prompts it. I have read your article three times, and have been much impressed with its conservatism, its kindly consideration, and the praiseworthy spirit in which you gave expression to your views. Different opinions must of necessity result from varying environment and view-point. The time for recrimination is past; the future of our people and nation calls for the best effort we can give to make its unification perfect.

"We veterans on both sides are nearing rapidly the great white throne of God; and when we shall stand at last in its clear light, we shall know the right of all things. I have an earnest desire that every Daughter may find it possible in her heart to take unto herself the spirit which your words express so well, and especially the terse summary contained in the closing paragraph thereof, and be led thereby. Pardon me, please, if I remark that all of us may well do so 'with malice toward none, with charity for all.'"

[Mr. Merritt's letter was sent to Houston instead of Galveston, Tex., and the foregoing is a copy sent recently.—Ed.]

FEDERAL SOLDIERS AT MEMORIAL SERVICE IN ATLANTA.—The United States troops located at McPherson Barracks, Atlanta, participated in the memorial exercises to Confederate dead. The Atlanta Camp, No. 159, passed resolutions of gratitude in which it was stated: "We highly appreciate the courtesy paid to the Ladies' Memorial Association, the Daughters of the Confederacy, and the United Confederate Veterans on our last Memorial Day, April 26, 1909, by Col. John T. Van Orsdale and his command from Fort McPherson. We were glad to see the uniforms of the United States army and the stars and stripes of our reunited country in the procession with us to do honor to our comrades who gave their lives for the cause of the South. We rejoice in every new evidence that days of fraternal strife are ended never to return, and we unite with all our brethren of every section of the Union in the prayer that henceforth peace and love may unite all our States as they move harmoniously in their orbits around the central sun of liberty." John W. Woodruff, of the Atlanta Camp, writes: "This is the first time in the history of the Confederate Veterans that we have been honored by an escort of a regiment of United States regulars at our Memorial Day exercises."

GEORGIA'S MONUMENT TO THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

F. W. Ruckstuhl, who is a great favorite as a sculptor in the South, especially in South Carolina, is at work on a statue to the women of the Confederacy for Georgia. It is to embody ideal Southern womanhood. The figure represents a woman as seated, her work done, with her children beside her, and back of her is hovering the form of an angel who holds poised above her head the laurel wreath of fame.

It would be fortunate if all the Southern States could cooperate in regard to a woman's monument.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

NEED FOR PROMPT, UNITED ACTION.

The most imperative and the most pressing demand upon Confederates at this time is the repayment of the amount advanced upon the birthplace of Jefferson Davis. A generous-hearted comrade, realizing that owners of property very necessary to the area to be procured would not renew their options, advanced the money, and perfect titles are recorded to all the lands necessary. He furnished the money at five per cent interest. Now let us show our appreciation of that patriotic, generous deed by a generous response. The Daughters of the Confederacy have so far exceeded the veterans except in individual cases, and we can depend upon them as a body. Appeal is made to small Chapters wherever located, to Veteran Camps, to the United Sons of Confederate veterans, and to the Confederate Memorial Association.

By a prompt, united effort of all these organizations and the kind of response that patriotic men and women could easily make the result would be of high credit to the Southern people—to all who revere the character and the noble life of Jefferson Davis—a life that is creditable to mankind. In his boyhood, in the tragic trials of his manhood, and to a grand old age he was faithful in all things.

Report all subscriptions to the VETERAN, and remit either to the VETERAN or to Capt. John H. Leathers, Treasurer, Louisville, Ky.

ADDITIONAL CONTRIBUTIONS TO CAPT. J. H. LEATHERS.

John W. Green, Louisville, Ky.....	\$ 5 00
C. M. Wiley, Macon, Ga.....	1 00
G. P. Harrison, Opelika, Ala.....	1 00
Rev. W. E. Boggs, Atlanta, Ga.....	5 00
Gen. J. F. Shipp, Chattanooga, Tenn.....	5 00
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John Hugh McDowell, Union City, Tenn.....	1 00
P. McRoberts, Louisville, Ky.....	1 00
W. J. Thomas, Louisville, Ky.....	2 00
Miss Kate Mason Rowland, Tappahannock, Va.....	1 00

CONTRIBUTED BY CHAPTERS.

Reginald H. Thompson, La Grange, Ky.....	2 00
Tom Barrett, Ghent, Ky.....	10 00
Jefferson Davis, San Francisco, Cal.....	10 00
Texas Chapter (name not known).....	9 00
Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Kansas City, Mo.....	25 00

CONTRIBUTED BY CAMPS.

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Tom Hindman, Newport, Ark.....	5 00
Abe Buford, Versailles, Ky.....	10 00
Dick Dowling, Houston, Tex.....	10 00
Sam Davis, Rockdale, Tex.....	9 00

ADDITIONAL COLLECTIONS BY DR. C. C. BROWN.

Dr. C. C. Brown (miscellaneous).....	\$ 9 00
J. B. Gathright, Louisville, Ky.....	10 00
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Caleb Doyle, Shelbyville, Ky.....	1 00
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Emmett Slattery, Louisville, Ky.....	1 00
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Dick D. Smith, New Castle, Ky.....	1 00
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W. O. Coleman, New Castle, Ky.....	1 00
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I. W. McGinnis, New Castle, Ky.....	5 00
W. J. Turner, Campbellsburg, Ky.....	1 00
Henry Lee, Campbellsburg, Ky.....	1 00
J. W. Teague, Smithfield, Ky.....	1 00
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W. B. Crabb, Eminence, Ky.....	2 00
Hancock Taylor, Louisville, Ky.....	5 00
J. W. Bird, Louisville, Ky.....	1 00

ADDITIONAL CONTRIBUTIONS THROUGH THE VETERAN.

Miss Virginia T. Terrell, Beaver Dam, Va.....	\$ 1 00
Mrs. E. L. Pierce, Jonesboro, Ark.....	1 00
Mrs. Mary H. McCarroll, Hopkinsville, Ky.....	1 00
G. W. Howard, College Park, Ga.....	1 00
Egbert Jones Camp, U. C. V., Huntsville, Ala.....	10 00
Sterling Price Chapter, U. D. C., Nevada, Mo.....	6 00
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Joseph McVoy, Cantonment, Fla.....	2 00
E. T. Lee, Odessa, Mo.....	1 00
Gen. W. H. Jewell, Orlando, Fla.....	1 00
A. M. Wilson, McKinney, Tex.....	100 00

In the list of contributors to the Jefferson Davis Home Association as published in the VETERAN for July should have appeared the Egbert J. Jones Camp, U. C. V., of Huntsville, Ala., from which was received \$10. The name of George W. Howard, of College Park, Ga., should also have appeared in that list, as well as in the additional list of subscribers to the Sam Davis monument, he having given one dollar to each.

Attention is called to the many articles in this issue of the VETERAN. Some persons in speaking and writing of it say "paper." If they will read this one issue with care, they will find more interesting, concisely written articles than can be found in any other magazine published. This bold assertion is made without doubt as to its accuracy. There is more carefully prepared reading than can be found anywhere for the money. Indeed, while not so bulky as some of the high-priced magazines, it deserves first place among them.

LETTER FROM PRESIDENT GENERAL U. D. C.

BY MRS. CORNELIA BRANCH STONE, BLUE RIDGE SPRINGS, VA.

To keep in touch with you and to remind you that the sixteenth year of our united effort is nearing its close and that the days between will rapidly pass and that there is still much to be done before our annual report must be made is reason for this appeal.

The General Convention U. D. C., as you know, will be held in Houston, Tex., October 19, 1909, and the local Chapters, Camps, and citizens are full of plans for your entertainment and pleasurable anticipation of your coming. The population of Texas is largely made up of immigration from each of the United States, but largely the Southern States, and all of the countries of Europe, and many of you will have this opportunity of meeting relatives and friends, thus renewing old ties while forming new friendships, all of which goes to make up the sum of human happiness.

Since attending the Conventions of three State Divisions your President met with our dear veterans at their annual Reunion in Memphis, Tenn., and enjoyed the blessedness of greeting the large number in attendance. In bearing your message to them of loving loyalty and service to the glorious cause which they represent and the principles and character for which they stand in our national history, and above all the assurance of your devotion to our dear old guard and watchfulness of their needs, hearty response was given, showing their trust and confidence in our pledges. This involves much of individual responsibility and continued effort; but my faith in your readiness to meet all requirements is so full that there is no room for fear.

Of Division Presidents I would ask zealous and close attention to the work of the General Association on the memorials at Arlington National Cemetery and on the battlefield of Shiloh; urge the Chapters of your respective Divisions to assist the State Directors of these Monument Associations in the collection of funds. A ready response is asked to the plans of the Committee on Education as outlined by the Chairman, Miss Poppenheim, and also an earnest co-operation with the Historian General, Mrs. Robinson, and the Committee on History in this important department of our labor with a faithful compliance to all requirements of dues to State, Chapter, and General Association U. D. C., without which a creditable and full representation cannot be had in our next General Convention.

It is expected that favorable railroad and hotel rates will be secured, of which as soon as possible information in detail will be sent to you by the Recording Secretary General, and it is earnestly hoped that the attendance will be large at this annual meeting, where new inspiration and enthusiasm may be found for future advancement and progress.

Divisions and Chapters are requested to take active measures to organize auxiliary Chapters of children during these vacation months, when the young people are free to give thought to such work, enlist the boys and girls in line, that the perpetuation of the Daughters of the Confederacy and Sons of Confederate Veterans may be assured and the memorial, historical, and educational work, now so well in hand, be continued for all time. This is urged in no spirit of antagonism, but in the interest of a higher patriotism and nobler citizenship in which selfish ends and graft can find no place; for men and women cannot recall the heroic deeds of the past which involve so much of self-sacrifice and adherence to the purest principles without an inspiration and stirring impulse to love of country and devotion to its service.

From day to day your President is with you hand in hand in this supreme effort for the uplifting of our citizenship and the preservation of our great treasury of precious memories in which we know no shame.

DEATH OF VICE CHANCELLOR B. L. WIGGINS.

The death at Sewanee of Chancellor Wiggins gave universal sorrow throughout the South. The Sewanee school has drawn its clientele not alone from the South, but from many Northern States as well; and wherever these boys have gone, they have carried a loving homage of Chancellor Wiggins in their hearts, and the sad news of his death brought sorrow to many households widely divided by miles of space.

Chancellor Wiggins was intensely individual, his acts and thoughts being tinged by his personality. He was keen in his conceptions and quick yet accurate in his judgments not only of men but of events. Tenacious of purpose and opinions when his active brain was convinced that he was right, he was quick to acknowledge error when his heart showed the fault. He ever exhibited the highest ideals of noble living and thinking. He set his standards among the stars, and was never weary of helping his students climb up to them. He was patient with those who fell, yet in falling tried to rise, and was never chary of his praise of those climbers whose progress knew no fall. He was a character builder, teaching all his "architects of fate" to build for eternity, helping them always to choose carefully their building material so that God himself "could call the completed structure beautiful, entire, and clean." Though dead, Chancellor Wiggins lives in his students, and his influence in ever-widening circles will go on and on till the vanishing ripples are lost in the vast and unknown future.

The funeral rites over the dead Chancellor were marked by the simplicity and beauty that characterized the man. There was nothing added nor nothing omitted that a full knowledge of the loved leader could have suggested. Bishop Gailor, of Tennessee, assisted by Bishop Weed, of Florida, and Bishop Wilson, of Georgia, read the grandly impressive ritual for the dead used by the Episcopal Church, and from the solemn "I am the resurrection and the life, whoso believeth in me, though he be dead, yet shall he live" to the end of the service was a hushed silence in the crowded audience.

The body lay in state for a day, with the cadets in full uniform serving as a bodyguard. Through the wish of the family there were neither Masonic nor military honors, but the cadets were allowed to attend in a body as a token of respect to their beloved Chancellor.

Deeply impressive was the long procession that wound through the sun- and shadow-dlecked paths from the chapel to the cemetery. In the long line that followed the dead Chancellor to his last resting place were Church dignitaries, college professors with their insignia of rank, cadets in full uniform, and friends who had been such for years. Among the distinguished company were Bishop Gailor, of Tennessee, Bishops Weed and Gray, of Florida, Bishop Wilson, of Georgia, Bishop Bratton, of Mississippi, Bishop Guerry, of South Carolina, Bishop Reese, of Georgia, and Bishop Beckwith, of Alabama, and many prominent clergy of different States.

The bier on which were laid the remains of Chancellor Wiggins was covered with masses of flowers, and later the grave was hidden in the quantities of blossoms which had come from Maine to Texas—from Churches, societies, and individuals.

Dr. Wiggins was a son-in-law of Bishop Quintard, deceased, who was a beloved Confederate chaplain.

MEMORIAL DAY ADDRESS AT OWENSBORO, KY.

BY DR. MONTGOMERY GANO BUCKNER, PASTOR FIRST
CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen: This is an extraordinary occasion, one worthy of a far better service than I can hope to render. Memorial days are for the recall and proper perpetuation of such incidents as a noble mind would cherish. Charity weaves a web of forgetfulness over ignoble acts and lives of shame. We are here to-day because we have a chapter in our history worthy to be commemorated—a chapter replete with deeds of valor wrought in the supreme hour of strife for conscience' sake. Such events and lives have ever held securest place in human sentiment and have called most commandingly for memorial observances. To forget them exposes a shameless degeneracy in the passing generation and robs the unborn of his most priceless legacy. What but a nation's history can make a nation great? Naught can so inspire a youth as the life story of his country's heroic men. The ministry of a national song cannot be overestimated:

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!"

Pardon a grandson of Virginia for adding these lines:

"Land where the cavalier,
Undaunted by a fear,
On every far frontier
His altar raised!"

Such songs are worthy to be crooned above every cradle, and so sung will bear their fruit in a generation of unconquerable patriots. The Fourths of July, with their old-fashioned observance—singing national airs, reading the Declaration of Independence, recounting the causes which led to the revolt of the colonies, and the stirring and graphic story of those heroic battles which made our country free—have been the hulwark of American liberty. This policy of memorialization was outlined by the all-knowing God when he ordained for Israel her great feast days and caused to be written an imperishable record of the most thrilling events and daring deeds of all her history. Take from the Israelitish people their Passovers and Pentecosts, silence their songs of Zion, burn their scroll of Holy Scriptures, and you rob the world of one of her most ancient and most useful peoples.

Daughters of the Confederacy, Sons of Confederate Veterans, and you who come to join in these acts of loving remembrance, I tell you that we do well to honor and unyieldingly memorialize those noble sires of ours who wore the gray and fought beneath the ensign which bore the stars and bars. As an American citizen I love this Union; my heart pulses and thrills at every added distinction which comes to that already glorious emblem of the stars and stripes. I love it more because it floats over an undivided and, I believe, indissoluble federation of States. I would not take one jot or tittle from the praise accorded to those strong, brave men who wore the blue. They have played a splendid part in the past of this the greatest republic of all history. They are worthy to be memorialized on special days, in granite shafts, and to have their figures carved in marble. They fought for a principle which time has perhaps proved to be wise and expedient. Give their leaders the honor, if you please, accorded to the far-seeing statesman; but do not try to honor

them by defaming fact, perverting history, and degrading our fathers and mothers by calling the cause of the Confederacy "a rebellion."

If secession was a stroke at the government, then the Constitution needs revision and colonial history is at variance with fact. If that revered and fundamental document were even subject to double construction, no one has a right to insult the memory of our noble fathers by calling them Rebels; nor should one question the real virtues of the Northern soldier by building his pedestal on the unstable and disastrous support of a gross injustice. No! No! These were not Rebels! If ever man fought for sacred vested right, if ever heart revolted against encroachment upon these guaranteed rights of the governed—in short, if life was ever forfeited at the stern call of a liberty-loving conscience—then these so revolted, fought, and gloriously died.

Daughters of the Confederacy, it falls to you, a beautiful ministry and an unalterable duty, to breathe into the heart of your child a challenge to this dreadful wrong. It becomes your high privilege to take your boy—in mind if not in fact—to Lexington, Va., and standing within that modest chapel, your eyes and his fixed upon the august recumbent marble figure of that unblemished gentleman, that spotless Christian man, that greatest military chieftain of his time, there and then tell your boy that Robert E. Lee was no Rebel and that he led no Rebel band when victory after victory marked his genius and rewarded their deeds of splendid valor. Tell him of that dark night when the honor of our country was at stake, when General Scott, far from his base of supplies, was struggling to gain entrance to the City of Mexico. Tell him how a captain suggested the move which won the victory and threaded the darkness over a trackless mountain way through the enemies' lines that the order might be conveyed. Tell him that this intrepid patriot, this daring and gifted soldier was the Confederacy's stainless hero, Capt. Robert E. Lee.

Point then to the grim walls of old Virginia Military Institute. Tell your boy of the gaunt major who gave ten years of his life with such devotion to stern duty in teaching young men and such fidelity in following the highest ideals of life that his name became proverbial for honor and inflexible integrity. Tell your child that when that battle of the City of Mexico was at its crisis a lieutenant of artillery, deserted by all his men who were not slain, shells shrieking about him, was calmly loading and aiming and firing, and that he perhaps more than any one man in the fighting line contributed to the honor of our arms that day. Tell him that Lieut. T. J. Jackson, promoted to major for gallantry on the field, had not in him the material for a Rebel, and that stone walls of patriotism are built of such hearts as his.

Just here let me quote to you the words of an English army officer, certainly an impartial observer. He writes: "When in the process of time the history of secession comes to be viewed with the same freedom from prejudice as the history of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, it will be clear that the fourth great revolution of the English-speaking race differs in no essential characteristic from those which preceded it. It was not simply because five members were illegally impeached in 1642, the seven bishops illegally tried in 1688, men shot at Lexington in 1775, or slavery threatened in 1861 that the people rose. These were the occasions, not the causes, of revolt. In each case a great principle was at stake: in 1642 the liberty of the subject; in 1688 the integrity of the Protestant faith; in 1775 taxation only with the consent of the taxed; in 1861 the sovereignty of the individual States."

We may all deplore the hasty—perhaps impetuous—act of South Carolina in seceding; we should all deplore the unbridled utterances of a small party of the abolitionists of the North, because these two unhappy occurrences, coming as they did at the nation's crisis, made amicable adjustment impossible and enforced sober-minded patriots both North and South to take their stand for or against secession. Many and grave were the differences existing between the agricultural section lying on the one side and the industrial section lying on the other side of Mason and Dixon's line. Widely were their commercial interests divergent, and their social ideas were positively antagonistic; yet the careful and patriotic student of history is led to believe that, had there been no extravagant zeal on the one hand and no extreme sensitiveness and impetuous haste on the other, our unfortunate civil strife might have been averted and all the ends of justice and morality conserved by peaceable adjustment. After Fort Sumter had been fired upon and President Lincoln had called for 75,000 militia, the honor of the flag called true men to rally from the North, and the certain encroachment upon the sovereign rights of their several States stirred the genuine old liberty-loving spirit of the Southerner, and the bloodiest conflict of all the ages was inevitable.

The great leaders of the Confederacy loved the Union, and it was with a desperate inward struggle that they yielded the gorgeous vision of their country's mighty future and determined to fight for a principle which they loved better than life—a principle which was whispered through all the traditions of their English-speaking ancestors and poured into their being from their nursing mother's breast. Well might these Southerners love the Union, for in her Hall of Fame most honored places were held by names of men whose blood was the Southland's offering to that Union's splendid place among the nations.

Here are some words to indicate the feeling of the Confederate as he saw the war cloud blackening above his head. They are the words of Stonewall Jackson, and worthy to be memorized by every child of a Southern soldier. Hear them: "If the general government should persist in the measures now threatened, there must be war. It is painful enough to discover with what unconcern they speak of war and threaten it. They do not know its horrors. I have seen enough of it to make me look upon it as the sum of all evils." This intrepid leader of men and stalwart patriot through education and training had been led to look upon Virginia as never having surrendered her right to the final word in any great question which confronted her. Coercion from without her borders he viewed as foreign invasion. Whether it came from North or South, or East or West, it mattered not; he was willing to give, and he did give, his life in an effort to maintain her independence. It is a notable fact that he ever spoke of the war of secession as the second war of independence. Closing his speech to the old 1st Brigade when he was about to be transferred to the command of the Shenandoah Valley District, he said: "You are the First Brigade in the affections of your general, and I hope by your future deeds and bearing you will be handed down to posterity as the first brigade of this our second war of independence. Farewell!"

They tell us that the pictures which adorn our walls and impress themselves upon the susceptible mind of a child are very important factors in molding character. A splendid painting of the sea is said to have sent seven sons of a mother out upon the highways of the deep. She wondered how her boys could have been so enamoured of the distant

ocean. Then she contemplated the picture which had hung before their gaze through all those forming years and said in sadness: "I know now it is that picture which has robbed me of my boys."

There is a picture which I am glad hangs in clear light on the walls of my memory. As a little child I stand again with a group of children looking upon the quiet, strong face of a bearded man. In hushed whisper one of the older of the group is saying: "That is a picture of Gen. Stonewall Jackson. He was a brave man, and he was a good man, and he was killed in the war." We knew what war. Our uncle's crippled arm told the story of battle. I never went into what we called "the room over the parlor" that I did not look long at that picture and remember that "he was a brave man and a good man, and that he was killed in the war." I know more of his life now, and in the light of that added information I know that the words of my childish instructor were accurately and literally true. He was brave and he was good. Brave! As long as the record of the battle of Bull Run lives his bravery shall be known.

That was a dreadful moment when General Bee, dusty and worried, his horse covered with foam, came galloping up and said: "They are beating us back, General." "Then we will give them the bayonet," was the quiet reply. The firm thin lips set, the order was given, and the 1st Brigade slowly climbed to the eastern edge of Henry Hill and took position, there to remain under the devastating fire of the enemy, with their cool, imperturbable commander moving slowly back and forth before them, the most exposed to danger of them all. He was saying as he rode, "Steady, men! Steady, men!" until the very center of the onrushing army of the enemy was in full view; then the quiet voice was heard again: "Wait, boys, until they are within fifty yards of you, then fire and charge bayonets, yelling with all your might as you charge." No wonder General Bee pointed to him and said to his own confused men: "Fall in behind the Virginians and organize. Don't you see Jackson standing like a stone wall?" The pictures of these noble heroes and the story of their lives of faith and fortitude and valiant deeds will bless our children.

But our wreaths are not alone for the great leaders of the war of secession. All over this fair Southland and near us here to-day are marble shafts and slabs and blocks of stone to mark the sleeping chambers of men who dared to die for what they held as right. Theirs was the spirit which has never cowered before a despot's frown or brooked a tyrant's rule. All that America holds dearest to-day was purchased at the cost of just such lives as theirs, and our best security for the future is in the possibility that every citizen may guard with just such self-forgetting zeal the inalienable right of local self-government. If there be a rock looming in the path of our ship of State, that rock is imperialism. If there be a storm to drive us upon that rock, it is the storm of untempered passion raised by the unthinking agitator who strives to make the laboring man look upon the employer as his natural and necessary enemy. If these pestiferous fellows are as successful as that small party of rabid abolitionists in causing men of impetuous haste to attack the flag, we shall no doubt find another step toward imperialism inevitable. The principle of individual rights might once more become involved and made to play with telling effect against the so-called honor of the flag. However it all may be, God grant that there may never come a time in this great American republic when an emperor may ascend the throne and a freeborn citizen give place to a servile subject without a stubborn,

unyielding revolt on the part of some section or some party somewhere and somehow! The spirit of 1775 which revived in 1861 is worthy to live; it does live and must continue.

If these veterans were great in war, they are greater still in peace. No civil strife could come to our State while those grave old men who wore the blue and the gray have places in the councils of Cabinet and Congress. Their lesson was learned at vast expense, but it will save us so long as they shall live. Their bravery was amply attested in the recent sixties; but I believe an evidence more eloquent of genuine manhood is manifesting itself to-day. About a year ago up in Northern Ohio I was asked to speak to a men's Church club one night. Somehow the subject and the occasion challenged my Southern blood. I took advantage of the opportunity to place my humble wreath upon the Confederate soldier's brow. And, however awkwardly it was done, I can assure you it was done with all the glad fervor of a sincere purpose. After the meeting was over, an old man clad in a faded blue coat addressed me. His face bore marks of life's stern struggle; but his steady, honest eyes revealed the sterling manhood of his being. This is what he said: "Young man, you did right to-night, and you will ever do well to honor the memory of those noble men who went before you in our Southland. I fought for the Union, and I rejoice that it remains as it does; but I tell you there never was a nobler, braver band of men nor truer, purer women than those we fought to overcome. They believed they fought for the right, and they would have belied their real character had they submitted without that dreadful struggle." As I looked into his calm face I knew that this veteran was never a coward in battle; but I tell you, whatever his honors then, he was never so honorable as in this attitude, maintained in the hour of peace, toward his erstwhile foe. * * *

There is a great Commander there whose legions are formed of those who have loved the truth and hated a lie. He knows his own by name and they know his voice. God grant that the noble men of the gray and the noble men of the blue and all their sons and daughters may one day rally under his banner, for he was and is and ever shall be the mightiest of all the mighty captains over angels or over men.

SOUTH CAROLINA'S STATUE OF CALHOUN FOR WASHINGTON.—Mr. F. W. Ruckstuhl will shortly complete the statue of John C. Calhoun. It will be unveiled in the Hall of Fame early in December, as soon as Congress meets. It will be not only a work of art, but a good portrait of the distinguished statesman. John Ross Key, the Washington artist, who in his youth saw Mr. Calhoun and remembers him well, declared that the photographs had "the very look and expression of the man." Miss Eliza Calhoun, who lives in the Louise Home and is the niece of Calhoun, said: "It is the best likeness I have ever seen of Uncle John." A replica will be ordered by South Carolina for the Statehouse there. Mr. Ruckstuhl has become a citizen of South Carolina and has constituted himself a sculptor almost exclusively of the South. He has just received the order from South Carolina for the monument to the women of the Confederacy to be erected by the people of the State and will make it while in Europe. From the photographs of the model it will be beautiful, embodying, as it does, the idea of a Southern matron seated in repose—her work accomplished. Beside her are her children, one on each side, and behind her is the winged figure of the genius of the South, who, all unconsciously to her, is about to place on her head the laurel wreath of fame.

THE EYES OF GENERAL BRECKINRIDGE.

BY H. G. DAMON, CORSICANA, TEX.

I never saw Gen. John C. Breckinridge but once, the occasion being his farewell speech to the remnant of Duke's Brigade near the village of Woodstock, Ga., where we disbanded about May 7, 1865. We, with Vaughn's and Dibrell's Brigades, had escorted President Davis and his Cabinet from Charlotte, N. C., to Washington, Ga. On the banks of the Savannah River we were halted. Each private was paid \$28 in silver and then we took up our march to Washington, from which place we proceeded to Woodstock.

Up to that time we thought we were on our way to the Trans-Mississippi Department, where we expected to continue the fight; but Breckinridge's speech dissipated that idea. He told us the war was over, and there was nothing to do but go home and accept the situation. He was followed by General Duke. Both spoke with great emotion, and the eloquence and pathos of it brought tears to the eyes of nearly every man there. I believe General Breckinridge was the finest-looking man I ever saw. What struck me most forcibly were his eyes, clear, penetrating, magnetic, and commanding, the sort that would search the recesses of your soul.

Within three hours we separated, the Kentucky boys taking the back track, and I, with Henry Worrell, another Florida boy, going South to my home, in Tallahassee.

Sometime afterwards in conversation with Sampson Butler, who had seen service with the Florida troops, I spoke of these incidents, and in mentioning General Breckinridge told how the General's eyes had impressed me. Sampson said: "Soon after the surrender some other Confederates and I were stopping with old Captain Tucker, who lived in the country about four miles from Madisonville. The Captain was the soul of hospitality, and took care of every Confederate who came. General Breckinridge arrived about that time and stayed with us several days. All the boys knew who he was; and if any Yankees had tried to take him, there would have been some trouble. One day we went into town. A company of Federal troops was stationed there, and one of their number, a little lieutenant, no sooner saw Breckinridge than he recognized him as a man of distinction. This man followed us all over town. No matter where we went, that little Yankee was on our footsteps. Finally he confronted us, and then Breckinridge showed what stuff he was made of. He turned, drew himself up to his full height, and without saying a word gave him a look. The effect was magical. The man turned and went away, and we did not see him again."

REGARDING MEMORIAL TO CONFEDERATE WOMEN.—Mrs. Harriet P. Lynch, of the Cheraw (S. C.) Chapter, U. D. C., sends the *VETERAN* a brilliant article on the subject of the form that the memorial to Southern women should take. She says that the women who bravely suffered in the sixties would never have selected a monument of stone or bronze to be raised in their honor; that they would have chosen instead a living monument. Mrs. Lynch eloquently advocates the building of a college or colleges for the education of Southern children.

ST. LOUIS WANTS THE G. A. R. ENCAMPMENT.—St. Louis twenty-two years ago held one of the largest G. A. R. Encampments ever held, and efforts are now being made to secure the 1910 meeting in that city. Governor Hadley and Mayor Kriesman join in their invitations, which are ably seconded by the Confederate Camps of Missouri.

FROM THE RAPIDAN TO PETERSBURG.

WILCOX'S ALABAMA BRIGADE IN THAT MEMORABLE CAMPAIGN.
BY HON. GEORGE CLARK, WACO, TEX.

The last year of the Confederacy opened with an air of gloom which gave little prospect of ultimate success. The Mississippi River had been opened from its source to its mouth, thus cleaving the Confederacy in twain, the enemy was concentrating heavy masses at Chattanooga preparatory to an advance through Georgia, and Grant as commander in chief of all invading forces was concentrating heavy masses on the Rapidan to begin his movement of "on to Richmond." The Confederate States already gave indications of exhaustion both as to men and material, and every thinking soldier in Lee's army foresaw readily the serious work ahead of them and the desperate undertaking they were soon to enter upon. But there was no lack of enthusiasm on the part of the army, and every man acted as if the result rested upon him.

Early in May the active operations began, and the United States forces crossed the Rapidan and the Rappahannock. Promptly Ewell's Corps and Heth's and Wilcox's Divisions of Hill's Corps were hurried down the turnpike and the old plank road that led to Fredericksburg to attack them, while Longstreet's Corps was ordered from Gordonsville to the scene of action.

Anderson's Division was left behind at or near Orange C. H. The Alabama Brigade (now called Wilcox's Old Brigade) was a part of that division, and Brigadier General Perrin then commanded the brigade, composed of the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, and 14th Alabama Regiments. In the afternoon of May 5 the division took up its line of march down the old plank road toward the scene of action, and marched until late at night, when it was bivouacked in some timber on the side of the road. At daylight or just before the command was roused and formed and took up its line of march for the scene of action; but in a short while came up with Longstreet's Corps, which had come from Gordonsville and filed into the plank road in front of us. The firing in our immediate front indicated that active operations had already begun, and soon the roar of musketry told us that some of Longstreet's Corps were already heavily engaged. This proved to be that part of the action in which General Lee attempted to lead the Texas brigade.

Marching rapidly, the Alabama Brigade soon reached the immediate vicinity of the conflict, which was raging furiously, and filed off to the left and took position on the left of the Texas Brigade, but not actually joining that brigade. Here the line was formed and further orders awaited. The enemy had precipitated heavy masses upon Heth's and Wilcox's Divisions, both of which were practically exhausted by the battle of the afternoon previous, and was driving them rapidly back toward our line. The musketry was dense in our immediate front and hundreds of the wounded were passing back through our lines. Just at this juncture General Lee rode up on Traveler and halted only a few feet from my company. His face was flushed and he bore evident marks of strong excitement, though he seemed to be perfectly self-possessed. Longstreet soon rode up to him, and the General began to give directions as to movements on the right.

Just at this juncture two soldiers came from the front on their way to the rear, and one of them was evidently wounded. The General stopped in his conversation with Longstreet and said to the wounded soldier, "My friend, I hope you are not badly hurt," to which the soldier replied: "No, General; my arm is broken; but I hope to be ready for duty soon."

The General then replied: "Go back about a mile on the plank road and you will find two tents and an ambulance on the right-hand side. That is the quarters of Dr. Guild, my medical director. Tell him I sent you to him for treatment." Then the General turned to the other soldier and said somewhat sternly, "Go back to the front," waving his hand in that direction. The soldier replied, "General, my cartridges have given out," to which the General replied: "Never mind that. A brave soldier never leaves the field as long as he has his bayonet; go back, go back." The soldier turned and the boys commenced on him at once with jeers and promiscuous profanity, yelling and hooting at him and saying among other things: "O, yes, d—n you, old Bob caught you." The General, waving his hand, said: "Hush, boys; let him alone; maybe we will make a man of him yet."

Soon the order was given to advance our line; and after moving forward two or three hundred yards through the dense undergrowth, our line rested and awaited the attack. The enemy came upon us in heavy masses, and the firing was intense; but no cannon were used on either side. After continuous infantry fire for some time, a charge was ordered and the enemy broke, and our pursuit began through the bushes and timber. In this engagement Col. Hilary A. Herbert, who gallantly commanded the 8th Alabama, was severely wounded and incapacitated for further field service during the war.

All day long the battle went on without cessation, and our lines continued to advance through the brush. Frequently one could not see twenty yards ahead, and more than once our brigade was fired into from the rear and was forced to about face and meet the enemy. Late in the afternoon and after we had advanced perhaps a mile the lines were formed for an assault on the intrenchments of the enemy, and the brigade lay awaiting almost breathlessly the order to assault. Every moment the skirmish shots from the enemy's side indicated their close proximity, but the dense undergrowth prevented our seeing anything. Suddenly and quietly the order came to retire quietly, which was done, and it was understood afterwards that our retirement was caused by the wounding of General Longstreet and the necessity of reorganizing the movement. We retired to a point near our original position of the early morning, where we spent the night.

On the next morning about ten o'clock the enemy advanced upon us, but were easily and quickly repulsed, as the movement was evidently made to discover our position. Here we remained all the day of May 7, and after dark were moved about a mile to the right. On the next morning early (May 8) a detachment was sent forward to ascertain the whereabouts of the enemy; and failing to discover their lines, the march was resumed toward Spottsylvania C. H., where we arrived on May 9, and at first took position on the right. Late in the afternoon the brigade was ordered to the extreme left, as the enemy's movements indicated an attack on our left flank; and the next day a portion of the army under Major General Early moved up the little river—a prong of the Mattaponi, I believe—crossed over, and attacked the force of the enemy in our immediate front, in which attack our brigade and others joined and swept the enemy's lines back to their original position. All day long on May 11 we occupied this line on the extreme left, skirmishing heavily, but making no active movement until the 12th, when occurred

THE BATTLE OF SPOTTSYLVANIA C. H.

This in some respects was one of the most desperate engagements of the war. At about the break of day the heavy firing across the river on our right indicated a determined at-

tack of some sort, and in a few moments an order came directing us to move rapidly to the scene of action. With hurried march the little stream was forded, and the brigade soon reached the scene. The appearances were appalling. The field was covered with fugitives, some of the artillery was rushing headlong to the rear, and it looked as if some dreadful catastrophe had happened or was about to happen to the army. General Lee was riding around endeavoring to restore order, but was met everywhere with the cry, "Lee to the rear!" and it was soon ascertained that Gen. Edward Johnson's division line had been assaulted and broken and practically captured and destroyed. The brigade and others were formed into line promptly, and at once moved forward to the attack. Advancing with a rush, the enemy were soon encountered and the rattle of musketry began. The lines of the enemy were broken, and the chase continued to Johnson's works; but in the rush through the woods our line became so mixed that we entered the works without regard to organization, but every man for himself. To add to the confusion, the rain poured down in torrents, and continued its downpour without cessation during the entire day.

Upon reaching Johnson's works we found ourselves in a serious condition. Those works had been constructed without much regard to the essentials of military engineering or the proper protection of those standing behind them, and that portion occupied by us was subject to a direct cross-fire from right and left. True, there were traverses and cross-sections; but they afforded little or no protection, and we soon ascertained that we were in the middle of a bad fix. The fire of the enemy never ceased during the entire day, and I could not undertake to say how many assaults were made upon us by the enemy. The cannons' roar was continuous, and many of the brave boys with us were killed—shot in the back of their heads. Our ammunition gave out several times, and some of our boys sent back for fresh supplies were killed in the attempt to reach us. No man faltered, but kept steadily at his post, with full determination to hold the line at all hazard.

Probably this was the most depressing day of the war to the small command thus huddled up in small pens, with the enemy furiously assaulting us at frequent intervals during the entire day and with no hope of relief for us; but there was a fixed determination not to yield our position or surrender to the enemy, no matter what else might take place. So the contest went on until the darkness of night brought a cessation to a drenched and famished crowd, absolutely worn out with complete exhaustion. With the shades of night men dropped asleep in the water which filled the pits a foot deep, and with difficulty only a sufficient number could be kept awake for watch purposes. The night was extremely dark, and the watch was kept up from hour to hour, and no orders came until about one o'clock the next morning, when the men were directed to creep out quietly in small squads of two or three and take position beyond the new line, which had been prepared about a quarter of a mile in the rear, which consumed the most of the night, and on reaching the rear the poor fellows fell to the ground and forgot everything in blissful sleep.

The next morning the brigade was retired to a point a mile in the rear and were notified that a rest of three days was granted us unless some contingency occurred not then anticipated. Here we rested, as the name of the State implies. The brigadier general (Perrin) had been killed in the assault early in the morning, and we mourned many of our brave comrades who gave their lives to the cause on this bloody field.

In the course of a week or so Grant slid by his left flank

down to Hanover Junction, and Lee did the same by his right flank, and here the forces came into collision again. And then the same movements occurred down at Totopotomoy Creek and Cold Harbor, and at the latter point bloody collisions occurred. Then Grant crossed the James, and the race began for Petersburg, where the forces again came into active collision, and the siege began which culminated nearly a year later in the downfall of the Confederacy.

The limited space afforded me does not admit of detail as to these movements, although much occurred of decided interest in each movement; but I cannot pass silently the sad loss of John C. C. Sanders, our young and gallant brigadier, who gave his life to the cause on August 21, 1864. Suffice it to say that the army entered the lines at Petersburg undismayed and ready for action; but no one who had given thoughtful attention to the situation felt any doubt that the end was approaching, but with cheerful hearts the ranks stood firmly for nearly a year amid want and starvation and went forward to numerous battles incident to the investment with defiant hearts and steady and unfaltering steps.

Starvation did the work during the winter following, leading to desertion, and the end came at Appomattox, when a mere handful laid down their arms. But the tears shed on that occasion gave evidence that the army of Lee was still unconquered in spirit, and yielded only in its fragments to the inevitable. That they have made good citizens ever since manifests their devotion to duty and to their conscience and merits the splendid eulogium pronounced upon them by Charles A. Dana, the Assistant Secretary of War under Mr. Lincoln, as "Lee's Magnificent Infantry." Most of them have already "crossed over the river;" but their deeds are still with us, and their comrades still left behind calmly await the sound of "taps" which will call them from labor to refreshment.



HON. GEORGE CLARK, WACO, TEX.

MILITARY VIEW OF BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

BY MAJ. IRVING A. BUCK, FRONT ROYAL, VA.

On my return from the Memphis Reunion I indulged the opportunity long cherished to visit the field of Franklin, Tenn., in which battle my old chief, Gen. Patrick Cleburne, was killed. This wish was all the greater from the fact that, in consequence of a wound, I was not with him, the only great battle from Murfreesboro to Franklin in which I was absent from his side. My visit was especially favored by meeting there Col. H. G. Evans, of the 48th Tennessee Regiment, and the editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, who participated in the fight, and but for which I could have obtained but a slight idea of the line of defense, as, with the exception of marks of missiles still visible on the Carter mansion and outbuildings, all evidences of the fierce struggle have been obliterated. Where the ditch ran in front of the intrenchments is now the raised bed of a street; but by a pear tree still standing the exact spot is marked where Mr. Cunningham was posted in the trench near General Strahl firing guns as handed by the General, being loaded by the men who were fast being killed by an enfilade from across the pike in the celebrated ginhouse. From the point looking some fifty yards to a little east of south a pretty accurate idea could be formed as to where Generals Cleburne and Granbury fell and to the east where General John Adams and his horse were killed. The animal sprang upon and so near across the works that its rider fell mortally wounded over them.

It is singular that, while this was for the forces engaged one of the most desperate and sanguinary conflicts of the war, around which clusters such intense interest and historic value, there is not a stone or post to mark the spots where the five general officers gave up their lives, and it will soon be too late for authentic identification. The U. D. C. Chapter at Franklin is active in these matters, and yet it appears strange that such an important work in preserving records of Confederate valor and heroism should have been delayed so long.

I am puzzled to know why as skillful a general as Schofield should have elected to make a stand south of the town with a stream at his back, an element of danger in case of disaster, instead of retiring to the high ground north of the river, and thus converting the latter into a strong defense and an equally serious impediment to the assailants. Disaster to him nearly occurred, as his line was penetrated by the Confederates. Some of his troops were routed, and would have become demoralized fugitives, easily captured or destroyed when they reached the river in their rear with very inferior crossing facilities. The concealed force of Opdyke's brigade of brave and sturdy veterans, however, arose from the slight slope of land and seemingly appeared from out of the earth and poured a fire into the exultant Confederates, whose losses in carrying the works were unprecedented. Much as may redound to Confederate valor at Franklin, those Union veterans were of the bravest in any battle of the war.

Except for the naked level plain in its front, I could not see that the position possessed any natural advantages to the Federals comparable to those on the north side, and I believe Schofield's tactics were faulty. I can conceive of but two reasons why he made such a plan of defense: First, that had he made the battle north of the river the destruction of the town and great loss of life to the inhabitants would have been inevitable; but in such a crisis as he found himself such humanitarian considerations would have had little if any weight with Napoleon, Wellington, or other great commanders; so this theory is discarded. The next thought is that the Federal

wagon train, fourteen miles long in single line or seven miles in double, actually moved too slowly to get across the river in time, as Hood's pursuit from Spring Hill was most vigorous. The Federal troops were so located as to simply delay the Confederates and gain time. It was a great risk, of course, but certain hazards are inseparable from all battles. Yet this theory was not entirely satisfactory.

While pondering over these matters after my visit it is a coincidence that the true solution was found in Rev. Dr. H. M. Field's admirable book, "Bright Skies and Dark Shadows," which indicates clearly that General Schofield had not expected or planned for a battle at Franklin, as he was under orders from General Thomas to continue his march from Spring Hill to Nashville, which he would have done had he found sufficient crossing of the Harpeth River. Disappointed at not being able to do this with celerity, he was forced to meet the sudden rush of Confederates. His soldierly instinct taught him that a front attack upon his fortified position by advance over unobstructed and level ground for nearly two miles was not to be expected, and that a flank movement by crossing the river, which was fordable on the east, was the only proper course for Hood, so as by a wide circuit he might take the Federal army in the rear and cut off its retreat to Nashville, especially as he had successfully executed such a movement two days before at Columbia.

Accordingly Schofield in anticipation of this ordered one division of the 4th Corps, to be followed by others if necessary, to cross the river to the bluff on the north side. As a precautionary measure and for any emergency that might arise, he left General Cox with the 23d Corps to hold the strong line of fortifications which had been hastily constructed and to resist any attack which might be made upon them, or in case of the flank movement to retire and join the forces upon the north bank; this, however, without any idea that an assault would be made from the front upon the heavily intrenched line. The fact that General Schofield did not expect this is evidence that Hood should not have made it. In the game of war, as in whist, never do that which your adversary wishes.

Hood's front movement was made against the advice and protest of at least two of his generals, Cheatham and Forrest, the latter offering to undertake the flanking and promising to drive the enemy from his works on the north bank; and to do this he only asked a reasonable infantry support to his cavalry. But stung into madness when he fully realized the golden opportunity he had lost the afternoon before at Spring Hill, Hood determined, despite the wise counsel of his commanders, to make the desperate attempt to retrieve his error by hurling his troops against the formidable intrenchments plainly in view. Rarely in the annals of war can there be found a more forlorn attempt or a greater military blunder. It was Talleyrand who said of an error "that it was worse than a crime, for it was a blunder." Had General Schofield the power to have directed a movement to destroy his assailants, he could not have done so more effectively than did General Hood. What followed is history, and it is needless to dwell upon the horrible details of the shambles of Franklin.

In writing of it as regarding Cleburne's Division General Hardee's words might well apply to that army—viz.: "It was there that Cleburne and his division found their graves."

REUNION OF 7TH GEORGIA AT STONE MOUNTAIN.—The 7th Georgia Regiment of "Tige" Anderson's brigade will hold their annual Reunion at Stone Mountain. This regiment captured the first battery taken in the war, and still have it.

FORTRESS MONROE—ITS REMARKABLE HISTORY.

Many people think of Fortress Monroe only in connection with the imprisonment of Mr. Davis; but the place is intensely interesting not only from a military but a historical standpoint. It guards the western approaches of the Chesapeake and all the broad waters leading to the James River. It is the outside defense not only of the nation's capital, but also of Baltimore, Richmond, and Norfolk.

In Fortress Monroe—or Fort Monroe, for the military authorities have lately decided upon the latter—is gathered the latest improvements in gunnery, every scientific invention to make the art of war more sure and certain; but while curiously lingering around the big guns the interest centers in the trophies of the past, the priceless relics of the Revolution, the guns captured by Washington from the British General Cornwallis at Yorktown.

Fort Monroe was built more than a century ago; but time has sapped none of its strength, and it looks as if it had been lifted bodily from some mediæval European principality. It is one mile around the ramparts, and the five hundred artillerymen have room for parade and drill in its court. Big trees of live oak grow in native luxuriance. In old times every porthole bristled with armanent; now they are used only to give light and air to the casemates: while the big guns are stationed up the beach behind high stone protections, over which they peep while being fired, being lowered at once after the missile has winged its way. The casemates are used as barracks for soldiers and petty officers. Those on one side, which are connected by archways, form the officers' club. The walls of this are very interesting, for they are filled with pictures of historic value and with various trophies from many battlefields—the bows, spears, and arrows of the Sioux, the Kiowas, and the Apaches, the Moro bolo, the ancient Chinese field pieces taken at Tien-tsin, and the Spanish Mauser from Santiago.

There are about eighty officers at Fortress Monroe, only about a fifth of these appearing on the list, the rest being the postgraduate artillery class sent there by the United States for instruction.

The big guns are sighted by scientific calculations, very different from the old days, when a gun was loaded by a charge being rammed in by the gunner and shot by what was practically guesswork. The actual firing is not often done, for, aside from the cost of ammunition, the life of the gun is only about five score shots. The old guns are sold for scrap iron and for only about as much as it would cost to haul them away. They have many gun drills and other drills that are unique. In order to perfect the men in locating and disabling sunken mines in a harbor, sunken traps or mines are laid by the soldiers of the fort, and a party is then sent out to locate them and tear them up by the process of grappling with hooks. If the huge search light at the fort succeeds in "picking up" the mining party, the discovered men are declared losers, as a gun shot would naturally follow the discovery of the party if the drill was real war and not mimic. If they escape the search light and tear up the hidden mines, they are the victors. The drill has all the attraction of a game of skill and is very popular at the fort.

There is some talk of building another fort near Fortress Monroe, as it is thought that the water guard is inadequate for such important towns and waterways. It has lately been demonstrated that ships possibly may steal through the harbor on a dark night, as even the great search light does not cover the entire water.

RESULT OF A FALSE ALARM.

A Virginia soldier told a funny story of the well-known characters of "Uncle John" Penbaker and his wife, "Aunt Bettie." They owned an old ducky who thought "Marse John and Miss Bettie" were always right. Both husband and wife were stanch Rebels and hated the Yankees intensely.

The Penbakers had done so much for the Confederacy and against the Federals that more than one direful threat reached them as emanating from the Yankee camp. Imprisonment was the mildest punishment promised them, and hanging by their thumbs was threatened.

The crossing of the Sperryville Pike over the Shenandoah River was watched by both Confederates and Federals, and frequent foraging parties were seen. Sometime in 1862 Captain Rose with a small posse while on scout duty near this place captured a Yankee whom he thought was a spy.

All the Confederates were dressed in blue (trophies of the raid of a few days before), and as they were riding down the pike "Aunt Bettie" caught sight of them. Only that morning she had heard of some awful things the "Yanks" had said they were going to do to her husband and her; so home she hurried at sight of the oncoming party, crying as she reached the house: "John, John, run quick; the Yankees are coming!"

Her husband was sitting cleaning his gun. Lock, stock, and barrel were separated and lying on the floor. Without his faithful rifle he was helpless. Certainly "discretion was the better part of valor." The rest of the story is in Aunt Bettie's own words: "Thar sot John a-cleaning of his gun, and I knowed in reason them Yanks were bound to git him. So I just yelled to him, 'Run, John, run,' and he said: 'They'll git you too, Bet.' So he tuck me by the hand, and out of that back door we rushed as if the devil was after us. Through the cornfield we went scooting. Old Jim saw us, though we didn't see him. When he saw us running, he thought sure the Yanks were right thar, and he took after us. We heard him, of course; but we thought it was the Yanks after us, and we run the harder. Both John and I were getting old enough to be turned out to grass, and here we were running like two-year-old colts. The faster we got over the ground, it 'peared like to us, the faster the Yankees followed after us. After a while we came to a fork of the river. I always was part fish; so my old man and I struck out together. When we reached the bank, however, both of us were pretty exhausted, and we hid in the bushes to rest. Soon we heard the flop of somebody jumping in the river; but as there was but one pusson, I was not so scared, and I peeped round the bush, and thar was old Jim swimming toward us, hand over hand. Of course we were mad; but we had to laugh anyway, and we thought we had better stay where we were until the next morning, because Jim said all them Yankees was coming to the house when he left. Next day we went back, and there on the door was a paper from Captain Rose saying he had brought his prisoner to our house to get something to eat; and as we were not at home, they helped themselves to butter-milk from the spring house and to all the corn bread they could find. Of course all our soldier boys and our neighbors laughed at us, and we laughed too, for it was awfully funny at the time."

A HUNDRED-DOLLAR GIFT.—Mrs. Gilbert De Wolf has presented one hundred dollars to the U. D. C. Chapter in Ellaville, Ga., as the nucleus of a proposed Confederate monument. This Chapter has placed headstones at all graves of Confederate soldiers in that place.

ANNUAL TRIBUTE TO PRESIDENT DAVIS.

DELIVERED BY REV. JAMES R. WINCHESTER, D.D., AT THE
MEMPHIS REUNION.

This gathering of Confederate veterans is the greatest event in the history of the Queen City of the Mississippi, because it is the high-water mark in the reunions of our soldiers who wore the gray. The success of this occasion is largely due to the Ladies' Memorial Association and the United Daughters of the Confederacy. The one we may call Mary, the other Martha. These women have been instrumental in placing memorials here and there in our Southland, and we feel assured that their hands shall never lose their cunning until all the sacred sentiments pertaining to the Confederacy shall be enshrined in artistic stone, authentic literature, or philanthropic institutions, for these principles in the Southern heart must find material expression among the blooming flowers and singing birds.

This occasion suggests two mountain views with their symbolic lessons: first, the beautiful island of Madeira; secondly, the massive rock of Gibraltar. From a distance it is difficult to distinguish one rock from another on the tropical island of Madeira, so blended is the island mass. But having approached the shores, every object and every point stands out distinctly, the terraced mountain sides covered with vegetation, fruits, and flowers. The separate peaks and crags have their own individuality, all culminating in a central snowcap, the emblem of purity, refreshment, and beauty. Such is the Confederacy. To appreciate this grandeur, we must come into close contact with this Southern sentiment. Every soldier in the ranks constitutes a part of that wonderful picture, and every Southern woman gives some enchantment and fragrance to the view. But in this memorial service our attention is fixed upon the great mountain whose uplifted head is resplendent with chivalry, patriotism, and courage as exemplified in our cherished heroes. As the snowcap is composed of many flakes, so our Southern heroism is made up of many names. We shall not pause to mention them, knowing that in so doing we should omit some of the most illustrious, like Sam Davis and "Little Giffen," of Tennessee, whose characters are so lofty that they too rise and are blended in this snowcap with Davis and Lee and Jackson.

Our attention to-day is fixed upon the President of the Southern Confederacy, the commander in chief of the Southern armies, the mountain peak of the transfigured splendor, standing as a sentinel keeping watch over the fragrant flowers of Southern womanhood and the beautiful fruits of Southern heroism—not only resplendent as the snowy cap of Madeira, but massive like the mountain of Gibraltar. And as that rock like a crouching lion protects the entrance of the Mediterranean, so does our great chieftain's character as expressed in "The Memorial" volumes of his life by Mrs. Davis and in "The Rise and Fall of the Southern Confederacy," by his own pen, protect the entrance to the sacred pages of our Southern history.

I see in him first the representative Southern gentleman, next the high type of Christian manhood, and thirdly the greatest of American statesmen.

Born in Kentucky, with Georgia heritage, Mr. Davis grew up full of sunshine. At sixteen years of age we look upon Mr. Davis as a graduate from his Kentucky college; at twenty the graduate from West Point, every inch a soldier and every thought a high ideal. His West Point associates were among those who were to become great in the history of our country, not only in the Mexican war, but also in that be-

tween the States. He became the hero of three wars—the Indian, the Mexican, and the War between the States—and carried to his grave the scars of the Mexican campaign. We see him with his Mississippi regiment at Monterey. The Indiana soldiers have retreated. Colonel Davis in the front of his column says: "Mississippians, stand firm." And they did stand firm under his leadership at Monterey, as the whole South has stood since, with implicit confidence in his judgment. No one exhibited greater bravery in the great councils of our nation than the Congressman, Senator, and Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, the peer of any man in either House or in the Cabinet of Mr. Pierce. He labored perseveringly, patiently, and faithfully for the preservation of the Union as based upon the constitutional principles of State rights, and, like the great Robert E. Lee, felt constrained to cast in his lot with his State after Mississippi passed the ordinance of secession.

Called to be President, he unhesitatingly accepted the responsibility as a true patriot and remained unwavering throughout life to his trust. We find him in the city of Richmond the Christian worshiper regularly at his church, with his family and friends issuing his orders for days of prayer, and recognizing God's hand in all events. As a Christian man it was my privilege to see something of his faith. Shortly before his death I spent an evening in his company, and his implicit trust in the Bible as the inspired word of God has been a sheet anchor to my own faith. His character resembles that of William E. Gladstone, England's greatest statesman, who has been described as having the judgment of a Nestor, the genius of a Socrates, and the art of a Virgil. There was no detail when in highest office that escaped his attention. It was recorded that he went to the scene of battle at White Oak Marsh and there found Lee near the enemy's front studying the conditions. He asked: "General, what are you doing here? You are in too dangerous a position for the commander of the army." "I am trying," replied General Lee, "to find out something about the movements and plans of those people. But you must excuse me, Mr. President, for asking what you are doing here and for suggesting that this is no place for the commander in chief of all our armies." "O, I am on the same mission that you are," replied the President. The gallant A. B. Hill came forward and, over-hearing their conversation, said: "This is no place for either of you, and as commander of this part of the field I order you both to the rear."

In this we get a picture of Southern heroism, willingness to jeopardize life in the high places of the field, and a readiness to obey the officer in command. Lee and Davis went through those dark days of war hand in hand and came out with heart beating to heart, the cross-bearers of the Southland. To the day of his death Mr. Davis, deprived of his franchise as an American citizen, not granted the privilege accorded the Southern slaves, surrounded by his devoted family and loving friends, astonished all who came in contact with him by the strength of his character, the versatility of his mind, and the loftiness of his soul, always calling the people of the South "my people."

His prison life at Fortress Monroe for nearly two years drew from his bitterest enemies highest commendation, as expressed in Dr. Craven's book. After all the discussions of the question, "Was Jefferson Davis a traitor?" the conclusion reached is that Lee was a traitor and George Washington was a traitor, and so was every patriot who has stood out in defense of his country and fireside. It is sufficient to give the

answer of Mr. Charles Adams, of Massachusetts, in his eulogy of General Lee two years ago at Lexington, Va.—that if he had been in General Lee's place he trusted he would have had the courage to act as General Lee acted. We can imagine no man acting more conscientiously and consistently than Jefferson Davis, the Christian patriot, whose statesmanship will live in his monumental book, "The Rise and Fall of the Southern Confederacy." There is a touch of divinity in his character. In that prison life, where he was dumb and opened not his mouth, false witnesses did rise up and testify against him. They laid to his charge things that he knew not. These charges were twofold: first, that he was implicated with Captain Wirz in the ill treatment of Federal prisoners at Andersonville. One of the foulest spots on Federal history was the execution of the gallant and noble Wirz, whose execution was nothing less than licensed assassination. He was offered his liberty upon condition that he would implicate Mr. Davis, and his reply, worthy to be inscribed on a plate of gold, was: "Mr. Davis had nothing to do with me and with what was done at Andersonville. I will not, even to save my life, give false testimony against an innocent man." Such a sentiment as herein expressed is sufficient evidence that this officer at Andersonville did for his prisoners all that was in his power. They shared the scanty rations of the Confederate soldier—a treatment very different from that of the Immortal Six Hundred at Charleston, who were starved in the midst of plenty.

Mr. Davis's enemies tried hard to implicate him in the assassination of Lincoln and impeach him for treason. He demanded time and again a trial in order that he might lay before the high courts of the world a statement vindicating the South. It was never granted him, and we can attribute this to but one fact, and that was his accusers knew that his logical statesmanship, like the rock of Gibraltar, would be immovable. It was a great loss to the cause of the South that this trial was denied, for then multitudes would have read what comparatively few ever take the time to consider—his logical reasonings as embodied in the book referred to above, "The Rise and Fall of the Southern Confederacy."

In his domestic life Mr. Davis stands as an example for all people. A gentleman from Massachusetts, a special friend of Mr. Lincoln, told me that he knew James Jones, the body servant of Mr. Davis, in Washington, and it was difficult for him to understand the devotion of that slave to his master—long after the war was over an affection that impelled him if possible to attend the funeral service of Mr. Davis and to honor the memory of the old master whom he loved. This was also embodied in the resolutions of the servants of the Davis family, and this relationship of faithful servant to kind master in the South suggests the appropriateness of a monument the opposite of that in Boston, where Mr. Lincoln is striking the shackles from the hands of a slave, on whose face is the expression of despair. We want in our Southland the figure of Mr. Davis sitting at his desk with pen in hand looking up kindly at his servant, whose face is wreathed in smiles, awaiting directions for the day—this servant whose one thought while free from care is the protection of the widow and orphan of the Southern home; a slave whose emancipation would have taken place in the natural course of events in the South in accordance with the judgment of Christian gentlemen, and we would have to-day a class of servants unequaled in the world, knowing their position and respectful to their masters. The old slave monument as here indicated, which our Southern artist, Mr. Ezekiel, of Rome,

can easily design and execute, may when erected send out a musical note when touched by the morning sun to cheer the laborer through his daily toil.

In conclusion, from whatever standpoint we view the life of Mr. Davis, there is a beautiful sentiment worthy of poetic expression that flashes out.

"Like the snows on the mountain, all stainless and pure,
His name and his fame shall ever endure;
Like the rock of the ocean swept by the tide,
His courage and faith shall ever abide."

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE DAVIS FAMILY.

BY MRS. E. G. BOYD, MORGANTOWN, W. VA.

The details of Jefferson Davis's life are given in Mrs. Davis's memoir and in other books, but there are some points of interest to me which may be of interest to the Morgantown Daughters. [This paper was read before that Chapter.—Ed.]

Jefferson Davis was the youngest of the ten children of Samuel and Jane Davis. Old-fashioned names, which in our day are again becoming favorites, were selected for several at least of this family. The father's name was Samuel; of the sons there were Isaac, Joseph, and Benjamin; and there was Polly, whose name, I suppose, was Mary. Jefferson Davis was probably named for Thomas Jefferson, as Mr. Jefferson was President of the United States from 1801 to 1809. Mr. Davis was born in Kentucky, but during his infancy his father removed to Bayou Teche, in Louisiana, and finally to Woodville, Miss.

It is a matter of interest to me that some years after the Davis family left Bayou Teche my father, Jesse D. Wright, owned a sugar plantation there. But in spite of the fertile soil and beautiful orange groves, the malaria probably caused the removal of both families.

Mr. Davis afterwards wrote of his home in Mississippi: "The population of the county, in the western portion of it, was generally composed of Kentuckians, Virginians, Tennesseans, and the like; while the eastern part of it was chiefly settled by South Carolinians and Georgians, who were generally said to be unable to live without 'lightwood,' which is fat pine. The schools were kept in log cabins, and it was many years before we had a 'county academy.' My first tuition was in the usual log cabin schoolhouse."

Among the South Carolina colonists at Woodville, Miss., was my grandfather, Paul Grimbail, with his family and relatives and friends, who had made the hard overland journey from South Carolina to Mississippi about 1807. These South Carolina colonists were Baptists; and as Mr. Samuel Davis was a Baptist, the two families met each other at church.

It was probably in one of the log schoolhouses spoken of in the "Memoir" that Jefferson Davis had a schoolmate, a little blue-eyed girl three years older than himself. This little girl, Sarah Robert Grimbail, then about nine years old, became some thirty years later my own mother. During the Civil War she told us about the day school near Woodville that she and her brother and sisters attended and about the little Jeff Davis, who was now President of the Confederate States. I remember that she said he was a good boy. The teacher, she told us, was Benjamin Davis, Jeff's brother.

After spending a few years at Woodville, my Grandfather Grimbail with a portion of the South Carolina colony passed over the Mississippi River and settled in Middle Louisiana. One of our neighbors there was Mrs. Helen Davis Keary, the niece of Jefferson Davis. Her husband went into the Civil War as captain of a company in the 9th Louisiana and was

sent to the Army of Northern Virginia. They had no children, and this beautiful and accomplished woman followed her husband wherever the fortunes of war sent him. Much of her stay in Virginia was spent at President Davis's home, and I have heard her speak of Mrs. Davis as "Varina," for I think they were near the same age. She is still living at her Louisiana home, a widow with one adopted daughter, who will find it hard to repay the love and tenderness lavished upon her childhood and youth. This girl is the orphan daughter of a gallant young Confederate officer, George Waters Stafford, who was my nephew.

At Baton Rouge, La., I have often walked through the grounds of the barracks where Gen. Zachary Taylor once lived. Over the same grounds Jefferson Davis and his lady love doubtless often walked together. She was Sarah Knox Taylor, who survived their marriage but a short time.

When the corner stone of the Confederate monument was laid at Montgomery, Ala., on April 29, 1886, Mr. Davis passed through Auburn, Ala., where I was then living. At the railroad station the train halted for a few minutes and Mr. Davis made a short address to the great crowd that surrounded the building. I was standing near the car and saw the noble figure and heard the impassioned address.

Mr. Davis died at New Orleans, La., at the home of Mr. J. U. Payne. Mr. Payne was a wealthy commission merchant who had transacted business for Mr. Davis, and who had also transacted my mother's cotton business for many years. Afterwards, when the body of Mr. Davis was removed from the vault at New Orleans to Richmond, Va., I was at the station at Auburn, Ala., once more, and I saw the glass funeral car, which permitted a last view of the remains of our honored and beloved friend.

Mr. Davis has been more misrepresented than any one I have ever known. He was pictured as a fiend who plotted and abetted the murder of the good and wise Abraham Lincoln. The world knows now that this is false; but it was believed in 1865, and he and his family suffered in body, mind, and soul on account of it. The pictures in the illustrated papers of that period showing the perfidy of the South and the blackness of "the arch-Rebel Jeff Davis" were enough to arouse the horror of any good and God-fearing people, and we cannot be surprised that dear Mr. Davis, dear Robert E. Lee, and all of us were cordially detested by many of the innocent readers of this sectional literature. I can remember when I myself looked at the cartoons in Harper's Weekly representing the Southerner as a plotting scoundrel, a dagger in his bosom, a pistol and a dark lantern in his hands, a soft wool hat pulled down over his murderous features, and I wondered if such a character could be a nation's conception of their own blood and kindred.

Mr. Davis was not only good and honorable; he was a devoted Christian. In 1862, in the midst of the stress of war which tried men's souls, he was baptized by Dr. Charles Minnegerode, rector of St. Paul's Church at Richmond. During the anxious years after the war he was often wounded by unjust criticisms at home and abroad; but unjust criticisms must be expected by all persons bearing heavy responsibilities. Even George Washington was abused by enemies both British and American.

We may be glad that the Lord gave Mr. Davis a long life, and that, instead of dying under the weight of his and our sorrows and griefs, he lived to the age of eighty, and that peace and love crowned his days. At "evening time it was light" for him.

YOUTHFUL ROMANCE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BY L. H. L.

The life of President Davis ran the gamut of all emotions; he was swept on by Fate till he mounted the highest pinnacle of fame and was tossed back till for years save among his own people there were few so poor as to do him reverence, and now in death once again he has taken his place among the great immortals. In his early youth the golden glow of romance lit his life into divine radiance. He was only twenty-five when he fell in love with Susan Knox Taylor, the daughter of General Taylor, called by his many friends "old Zack" and "Rough and Ready." General Taylor was hot-tempered, and bitterly resented his daughter's engagement to the young lieutenant, though he had no further reason for his opposition than his being a soldier, and he was opposed to a military life for his child.

For nearly two years the young people kept faithful to each other, though meeting but seldom. Then as the altar fires of love still burned as brightly as ever Miss Taylor went to her father and told him if he could advance no better reason for his opposition than the one he had already given she had decided to cast in her lot with young Davis, and they would be married at the ancestral home of the Taylors.

With the full knowledge that she was giving up home and father forever, Miss Taylor bade him good-by, and on the steamer made her way to Louisville, where her young lover was to join her. Here she was met by her father's eldest sister, Mrs. Gibson Taylor, who took her to the beautiful old Taylor home on the Brownsboro road near Louisville, Ky.

Lieutenant Davis arrived in Louisville a few days before the wedding, and on June 17, 1835, visited the courthouse with Hancock Taylor, a brother of Zachary, and obtained a license to marry "Susan Knox Taylor, of lawful age, as testified to by Hancock Taylor."

The wedding was set for the afternoon of the 18th, and as the happy bridegroom was riding in his buggy through the shady roads he was hailed by Patrick Pope, the County Court Clerk, who had issued the license, who said: "Lieutenant, will you let me see that license? I want to look at it again." When he took the license in his hands, he deliberately tore it into bits and threw them in the road. Dumfounded, the bridegroom, whose wedding was not three hours off, stared at the man and demanded an explanation of what seemed the act of a madman. The clerk said he had been informed that Miss Taylor was under age and that her father was intensely antagonistic to the marriage.

There was no time for arguments. So Lieutenant Davis drove quickly to the house of the bride's relatives and told his story. Hancock Taylor was very indignant, and called his sister, Mrs. Gibson Taylor, to the conference. She said she had lately received a letter from her brother Zachary, in which he stated that he still opposed the marriage for the old reasons, but that his daughter was of age; and if she persisted in her intention, the wedding had best take place in the family home. This was enough for Hancock Taylor, who with his nephew-elect drove rapidly to the courthouse. Here he swore to the bride's age, twenty-two, and demanded of Clerk Pope a reissuance of the license. With this they returned, the horse covered with foam from the swift drive, and within a few moments of their return the bride and groom stood side by side in a room made beautiful with the fullness of June blooms, listening to the grand words of the Episcopal marriage service given by Rev. Mr. Ashe, at that time the only Episcopal clergyman in Louisville.

Mrs. Robinson, who was one of the Taylor children present at the wedding, says: "My Cousin Knox Taylor was very beautiful, slight, and not very tall, with brown wavy hair and clear gray eyes, very lovely and lovable and a young woman of decided spirit. She was dressed in a dark traveling dress with a small hat to match. Lieutenant Davis was dressed in the conventions of the time in a long-tail cutaway coat, brocaded waistcoat, breeches tight-fitting and held under the instep with a strap, and high stovepipe hat. He was of slender build, had polished manners, and was of a quiet, intellectual countenance."

Lewis Taylor and Sallie Taylor (afterwards Mrs. Jewett), first cousins of the bride, were groomsman and maid of honor. None of Lieutenant Davis's people could be present, and the guests were entirely of the bride's relatives. Mrs. Robinson says she distinctly remembers how she shared the other children's disgust because Mr. Davis was the only person present who did not cry.

The bride and groom left at once on the steamboat for Natchez, Miss. July and August were spent in honeymooning at the different plantations of his people in Mississippi and Louisiana. In September at Locust Grove, the plantation of his sister, Mrs. Luther Smith, near Bayou Sara, both were stricken with malarial fever. From the first her case was hopeless; and though desperately ill himself, Lieutenant Davis nursed her day and night. On September 5 as the afternoon shadows were gathering softly she began to sing in her beautiful voice "Fairy Bells," her favorite song. He soothed her to quiet with fond words and caresses, and nestling in the arms of her young lover like a tired child she fell asleep, a sleep that knew no waking.

(It is a singular coincidence that so many years after, years filled with triumphs and defeats, joys and sorrows, he should have contracted again this fever in this same place and be carried to New Orleans to fall asleep in turn. "Life's fitful fever over, he rests well.")

When Zachary Taylor heard of the death of his young daughter, like the prophet of old, he refused to be comforted; but he did not forgive the bridegroom who had taken her away from him. Fourteen years passed on, and in the war with Mexico the young lieutenant won many laurels, and his name became a synonym for valor and patriotism; but the grim general made no sign. It was only when in the battle of Buena Vista and Colonel Davis by his brilliant generalship practically saved the day to the Americans that he relented and sent for his son-in-law, and across the chasm of years peace was declared between them.

The old house, the scene of the golden romance of Jeff Davis's youth, has passed into other hands. The Taylor family has drifted away, and no one cared for the house with its poetic ghosts of memory. One story has been removed from the house, and the other part is rapidly falling to decay. The room in which that day in joyous June was held the fairy-like marriage is now used for a bedroom by a farmer boy whose toil-deepened slumbers are never disturbed by dreams of that long-ago romance. The pigs and chickens feed at the doorstep once crossed by the fair bride, the daughter of one future President, the wife of another. Only the locust trees are faithful. Year by year they offer their burden of blossoms as snowy and sweet as when the wedding bells rang their joy peals. They alone whisper together of the marriage that they saw—the joy-crowned woman who so soon would fall asleep to dream no more.

[For part of this data credit is given the Louisville Herald.]



FEDERAL SURGEON ESTEEMED PRESIDENT DAVIS.—During the war Dr. W. M. Wright was surgeon of the 79th Pennsylvania Volunteers, under Col. M. Hambricht. Later, while President Davis was confined at Fortress Monroe, Dr. Wright extracted a tooth for him, which Dr. Wright preserved, together with the gold dollar that Mr. Davis gave him. With the dollar was this note: "For Dr. Wright with Mr. Davis's compliments and thanks." The tooth and dollar are in the possession of Dr. Wright's daughter, Miss Gretta L. Wright, 1900 Bolton Street, Baltimore, Md.

PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENT DAVIS.

[The U. D. C. of Manassas, Va., have presented to the school board of that place a portrait of President Jefferson Davis, upon which occasion the following poem by Dr. H. M. Clarkson was read:]

Draw near, Confederate friends; come, contemplate

This valued gift, this wondrous work of art,
True type of one we hold both good and great.

Draw near; behold his perfect counterpart.

So looked he when with lofty brow he led
His forlorn hope up Buena Vista's height,
Charging o'er Santa Anna's mangled dead,
A very Mars incarnate in the fight.

'Twas thus men saw him in the Senate stand,
With head high-poised, when on that fateful day,
While clouds of war were lowering o'er the land
And North and South were waiting for the fray.

With every colleague's gaze upon him turned,
Unruffled as a statue, stood he there
Invoking friend and foe in words that burned
Till every eye was holding back a tear.

So seemed he when as Richmond's honored guest
In Spottswood's lighted halls we saw him pause,
While Southern men and matrons round him pressed
To greet the chosen chieftain of their cause.

Thus looked he, too, that day when Beauregard
Had piled Bull Run with rash McDowell's dead,
Then showed him Jackson's men still pressing hard
The boastful foe till every soul had fled.

As trusted pilot at the helm of State,
As tried commander on contested field,
No defter hand e'er steered 'gainst sterner fate,
No braver soul did fate e'er force to yield.

Too high a mark for envy's vulgar shaft,
Too lofty target for malignant spleen,
Let foul or favoring wind around him waft;
His face was Godward and his faith serene.

Methinks I see the Muse of history turn
Unwillingly to pen a shameful page—
A page she would not that the world should learn
As faithful annals of a Christian age.

Methinks I see a man whose honored name
In every home was once a household word,
The story of whose deeds, whose shining fame
The nations of the world with wonder heard.

I see this high-souled man in silent mood
Pacing the limits of a felon's cell
Like one who, sorrowing in his solitude,
Has bid his hopes and all the world farewell.

And now I see his prison guards draw near;
With iron chains they bind his feeble frame,
While from his parted, pallid lips I hear
His murmur: "O, the shame, the shame, the shame!"

Comrades, can ye who fought so well, so long,
Who dared do all that men could do or dare,
Can ye recall that rude, dishonoring wrong,
And yet withhold the tribute of a tear?

Would that such memories might cease to live,
That time might blot them out forever! Yet,
Thou God of nations, teach us to forgive;
Thou knowest, Lord, we never can forget.

O, precious gift from woman's helpful hand,
Thou priceless proof of woman's wealth of heart,
May'st thou forever through the cycles stand
A constant token of the wondrous part

By woman borne through all those tragic years,
Which watched a young and struggling nation rise—
A people pouring out its blood and tears
And woman's heart a ceaseless sacrifice!

Thou model of a statesman, world-renowned,
As wise in war as in affairs of State,
Beloved by all, with every honor crowned,
Great in victory, in defeat as great.

Like thine own sentries on their silent posts,
Do thou, their chief, perpetual vigil keep;
Guard thou the land where thy Confederate hosts
All waiting for their resurrection sleep.

Dr. Clarkson, the author of the foregoing, was born in Charleston, S. C. He received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in the South Carolina College, attended lectures in the Medical College of South Carolina, and graduated at the University of Pennsylvania as M.D. in 1859. In a published sketch of Dr. Clarkson by Dr. Lyon C. Tyler, President of William and Mary College, he relates:

"In 1859 Dr. Clarkson began the practice of medicine in Richland County, S. C., about a year before the State seceded from the Union. Dr. H. M. Clarkson joined the volunteer military forces of South Carolina on Christmas day of 1860. On March 24, 1862, he was made assistant surgeon and a year later full surgeon. Most of the time he was attached to the 13th Alabama Regiment

"Dr. Clarkson had the honor of firing one of the first three shots of the war. While serving as a corporal of heavy artillery in Fort Moultrie January 9, 1861, he, under orders, fired a ball in advance of the Star of the West as it was sailing to reinforce Fort Sumter. At Seven Pines Dr. Clarkson had a horse shot under him, though he was serving as a medical officer at the time. He had put some stragglers into line of battle. He then went with them and helped to take the enemy's works.

"After the war Dr. Clarkson taught a private school. In 1870 he settled near Haymarket, Prince William County, Va., to practice medicine. However, a literary life was far more congenial to him, and he wrote much for the press, and in recent years he has devoted himself to the superintendency of schools for Prince William County, Va.

"In 1871 Dr. Clarkson published 'Evelyn,' a romance of the war, in verse, in 1898 'Songs of Love and War,' and in 1902 'Katie and Carl.' Of his various volumes of poetry, the New Orleans Picayune said: 'They ring true and sweet, and are of simple things that go to the heart and stick in the memory like the melody of an old song and are of notable beauty.' The Raleigh News and Observer said: 'They are the production of a man of real poetic instinct, who went about his affairs and wrote when the Muse moved him to write. His poems combine a delicate fancy with a genuine human quality that should make them popular alike with the cultured and the less discriminative.' Dr. Clarkson's 'Evelyn' is replete with poetic beauties and patriotic fire, graphic in description, full of the glory of victory and of the pathos of defeat."

SUGGESTED MEMORIAL TO MR. DAVIS AT FAIRVIEW.

Locate base of memorial monument on county line dividing Todd and Christian Counties, in the town of Fairview, near to the north boundary line of Memorial Park, to be surmounted by Mr. Davis's statue holding a scroll in his right hand in the act of presenting title to his birthplace to Bethel Baptist Church: "A thank offering to God."

SENTIMENT NORTH ABOUT THE MEMORIAL.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch, after explaining that the birthplace of Jefferson Davis had been purchased for memorial purposes, commended as follows: "It will not mean that the Southern people are any the less loyal or that there is a lingering thought of disunion. It will mean simply that in the Southern memory there is a spot of living green for those who risked their all to make those beliefs a reality. Such a sentiment of personal gratitude is not at all inconsistent with loyalty to-day. It is human nature, and we who practice it to-day with regard to our dead ought to look without disapproval on the corresponding practice by survivors of the lost cause, now our fellow-Americans, as truly as they ever were or ever could be."

[The quotation of the kind of cause the Southern people espoused is not meant offensively. Our own people are largely to blame. No Southerner should ever use the term, "lost cause."—ED. VETERAN.]

CONCERNING THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON, VA.—D. D. Brooks, of Thomasville, Ga., answers the query of Miss Isabella Caldwell Jones in the June VETERAN by saying that she can find a full description of this battle (Gen. J. C. Breckinridge, Confederate; General Crook, Federal) on page 527 of "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate States," by Jefferson Davis.

REUNION OF HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE.

MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED AT AUSTIN, TEX.

The annual Reunion of Hood's Texas Brigade, A. N. V., was held at Jefferson, Tex., June 25 and 26. About seventy-five of the old comrades were present, all of whom greatly enjoyed the meeting. For many years these Reunions have been held on the 27th of June each year in commemoration of the battle of Gaines Mill, June 27, 1862. The original organization of the brigade was composed of the 1st, 4th, and 5th Texas, 18th Georgia, and Hampton's South Carolina Legion; but after the battle of Sharpsburg, September, 1862, the 18th Georgia and Hampton's Legion were transferred to other brigades composed of troops from their own States, and in their stead the 3d Arkansas was transferred to the Texas Brigade. They were the only troops from Texas and Arkansas that were in the Virginia Army, and were always known as the Texas Brigade.

The Texas Brigade participated in every battle fought by the Army of Northern Virginia except Chancellorsville, and made up for that by the part it took in the battle of Chickamauga and in the siege of Knoxville.

The brigade during the war lost 598 killed and 3,734 wounded, amounting to more than eighty per cent of their total enrollment.

At the recent Reunion at Jefferson the contract was made for the erection of a handsome monument in the capitol grounds at Austin as a memorial to the dead of the Texas Brigade. It will be a \$25,000 monument, sixteen feet at the base with a marble shaft forty-four feet high, which will be surmounted by a bronze private soldier of heroic size.

The next meeting of the Brigade Association will be held in Austin May 6, 1910, which will be the anniversary of the battle of the Wilderness, where General Lee wanted to lead the Texas Brigade in a charge, but they refused to move a step until he retired to the rear. Then they advanced, took, and held the position which had given General Lee so much concern at that time. The statue will be unveiled May 7, the anniversary of the battle of Eltham's Landing, which was the first battle in which the brigade was engaged.

Interesting features of the Reunion were the election of Mrs. Cartwright, of Cass County, Tex., and Mrs. E. P. Smith, of Austin, Tex., honorary members of the Brigade. At the beginning of the war Mrs. Cartwright presented the flag to Company A of the 1st Texas Regiment, while Mrs. Smith performed a like service for Company H of the 1st Texas. Mrs. Cartwright and Mrs. Smith were both young ladies in those days. Miss Deris Young, daughter of Dr. S. O. Young, of Galveston, was elected baby of the Brigade.

Judge J. B. Polley, who lost a foot in front of Petersburg, October, 1864, and who is probably one of the oldest living native Texans, was presented with a handsome walking cane cut from the old family burying ground in Brazoria County and appropriately carved. The gift was from Mrs. Bryan, the daughter of Comrade F. B. Chilton, to whom is due much honor for the success of the monument committee, as he has been its chairman since the organization, two years ago, and he has labored unceasingly. But for his zealous work the monument would not likely be erected for several years yet.

The officers of the Brigade Association are: President, Capt. William R. Hamby, 4th Texas Regiment; Vice Presidents, Capt. W. T. Hill, 5th Texas Regiment, Col. R. J. Harding, 1st Texas Regiment, and Col. A. C. Jones, 3d Arkansas Regiment; Secretary and Treasurer, Capt. E. K. Gorce, 5th Texas Regiment.

MONUMENT AT CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA

As the great torch in the hand of the Goddess of Liberty illumines the waters of New York Harbor, so Confederate monuments, those lighthouses of patriotism, like huge torches, throw the light of history on all the events of the war; and, unlike Liberty's torch, the light they give remains forever to guide the footsteps of the seeker after truth.

Another torch has been lighted with the handsome monument lately erected in Charlottesville, Va. Although the idea of this memorial was promulgated over ten years ago, the real work of raising the fund has taken less than two years, and is the result of the united efforts of the Daughters of the Confederacy, the Camps of the Veterans, and Sons of Veterans, with Captain Micajah Woods as chairman.

The Kyle Granite Company, of Washington, D. C., did most effective work upon the monument. The beautiful pedestal, with its graceful surmounting figure, is very artistic, and the dies and inscriptions attest alike the good taste and the patriotism of the committees in charge.

A parade of all the patriotic, civic, military, and secret orders of Charlottesville preceded the unveiling. At this several bands gave martial music, and over two thousand school children in white with scarlet sashes marched to the strains. The streets through which the procession passed were thronged with people whose shouts showed that the fire of patriotism still glowed warmly in their hearts.

The charming daughter of Capt. Micajah Woods, Miss Sallie Stewart, drew the cords attached to the shrouded figure, and as the beautiful statue stood revealed the Monticello Guards, drawn up in double file, fired a salute, and the two Napoleons answered with a salvo of thirteen rounds. This



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT CHARLOTTESVILLE.

was followed by brilliantly patriotic speeches from Capt. Carlton McCarthy, Senator Daniels, and others. These addresses were replete with many soul-stirring periods and were listened to with close attention that broke into frequent bursts of applause.

After the unveiling, the visiting U. D. C., Veterans, Sons of Veterans, and distinguished people were entertained at a delightful banquet, for which two thousand covers were laid.

"FIGHTING CONFEDERATE PARSONS."

Many ministers of the gospel attained high military honors in the Confederate army. Lieut. Gen. Leonidas Polk, who was killed at Lost Mountain, near Marietta, Ga., was a bishop in the Episcopal Church. Gen. Clement A. Evans, Commander in Chief U. C. V., is a Methodist minister, and Bishops Stevens and Capers, both of South Carolina, were prominent Confederate officers. Bishop Stevens is said to have had charge of the battery that fired the first gun of the war. While neither Robert E. Lee nor Stonewall Jackson was an ordained minister, both conducted services in their churches when necessary, and the religious influence they wielded in their armies was almost as great as their military prestige.

Scarcely a regiment was without its "fighting parson," who stood side by side with the men in battle and led them in religious services with equal ardor. On many priestly garbs now is found the tiny cross of bronze side by side with the cross that marks the soldier of the Church.

Rev. D. C. Kelley, who was an able Methodist minister, was conspicuous as the chaplain for Gen. Bedford Forrest and his cavalry corps, and was very conspicuous in many battles as commander of a cavalry regiment.

The foregoing facts are too well known for record except as pointing to what the VETERAN would like on this line—viz., to have data in regard to gallant Confederates who were chaplains during the war or who were worthy soldiers in the war and have become eminent in the ministry since.

Will comrades give data on this line? Such a record would surprise many who have not considered this subject.

TENNESSEE GIVES TO WOMAN'S MONUMENT.

In advocacy of a bill to appropriate six thousand dollars toward a Southern woman's monument Senator John I. Cox in the Tennessee State Legislature said:

"We are told that the Daughters of the Confederacy are not asking for this appropriation, but prefer that the money be applied to the payment of pensions to disabled, indigent, and deserving ex-Confederate soldiers. This is but another manifestation of the unselfish, undying devotion of these noble women to the fortunes of the fairest land for which brave men ever fought. That is the strongest reason that could be offered why this appropriation should be made. The world can never know the sacrifices made and the privations endured by these devoted women.

"I saw a father go to the conflict of the sixties and lay down his life for the cause of the South. While he was fighting for the land he loved I saw the little wife and mother at home go to the field and plow, sow, and reap to produce food for her children. I saw her cultivate the sorghum cane to produce her sugar. I saw her gather and dry the brier leaves to make coffee and tea. I saw her boil the ashes of the hickory log to make soda. I saw her sow the flax seed; I saw her pull the flax, break it, scutch it, spin it into thread and weave it into cloth. I saw her shear the sheep, saw her wash and pick the wool, card it into rolls, spin it into thread, and weave it into cloth. I saw her peel the bark from the forest trees

with which to dye the fabrics manufactured of this raw material with her own hands. I saw her take the tow linen, the flax linen, the linsey, and the jeans and sew them into garments to cover the forms of her helpless children left to her sole care and protection. I saw her take the wheat that she had induced the earth to yield, carry it to the mill, take the flour, make it into bread and pies, and carry them to the camp to help feed the half-starved Confederate soldiers.

"What this little woman did is a sample of what tens of thousands of the women of the South did, and of such are the Daughters of the Confederacy. When that cruel war had ended, these fair daughters joined the brave sons of the South in its rehabilitation. They helped to preserve the civilization of the South. They helped to produce its wealth. We have not shown our appreciation of the noble deeds of these devoted women by erecting a monument to their memory, and the time has come when we should do so.

"A land without heroes, a land without monuments, without memories is a land without a hope and without a future.

"We have erected monuments and markers on the battlefields of the South to commemorate the deeds of our brave sons. We have just erected on Capitol Hill a monument dedicated to the memory of Sam Davis, one of the grandest characters in the military annals of the world.

"After all this, after forty-four long years have transpired since the close of that bloody conflict, shall we be told by the representatives of the great State of Tennessee, with its hundreds of millions of taxable wealth, that we are not able to give the pittance of six thousand dollars to erect a monument to the memory of these noble women? Ah, sir, I would favor this appropriation if it were many times greater than it is. I would favor the appropriation of a sum sufficient to lay deep and broad a foundation upon which to erect a mighty shaft of purest, whitest marble, lifting its head toward Southern skies, forever commemorating the deeds of the grandest women this world has yet produced."

The "miscellaneous appropriation bill" in the Acts of 1900 reads as follows:

"SECTION 9. Be it further enacted that whenever the United Confederate Veterans and the United Sons of Confederate soldiers shall provide a suitable bronze figure or figures to cost \$5,000 to commemorate the devotion of the women of the Confederate States \$6,000, or so much thereof as may be necessary, be and the same is hereby appropriated to provide a suitable pedestal, foundation, etc., upon which to place said bronze figure or figures and for the erection of the same.

"SECTION 10. Be it further enacted that the Governor, the Comptroller, the Secretary of State, and the Adjutant General of the Tennessee Division, United Confederate Veterans, be and they are hereby appointed a commission and shall have charge of all matters necessary to the location and erection of said pedestal and of placing memorial in position, the same to be placed on the Capitol Hill in the city of Nashville."

The amount was appropriated on the conditions specified.

A very attractive musical program accompanied the presentation, and Judge Letcher made a very fine speech. His address abounded not only in choice gems of thought, but contained many things that were of the greatest interest to the veterans and all who were so fortunate as to hear him. He vehemently repudiated the idea that the nonsuccess of the South in the great struggle had led to her ultimate advancement. He gave a fine outline history of the war and its causes, and his peroration was fine and was much applauded.

UNIVERSAL MEMORIAL DAY.

It seems strange that there has never been a universal Memorial Day in the South, each State observing the one that seems the best and most fitting. In a country where universal brotherhood is the tie that binds such divergence is singularly inappropriate. Throughout the entire United States the 30th of May is set apart by the Federals in which to honor their dead. The mother in Maine knows that the daughter in Florida on this day will unite with her to keep sacred the memories of her soldier dead, and that knowledge strengthens the tie between the mother and daughter.

Are the Southern people less close in sentiment? Would it not add to the solemn beauty of the service to know that from New York to Texas all Southern hearts were uniting in these observances? Could we not feel more pride in our own beautifully decorated cemeteries if we knew past all doubting that every Confederate grave in the length and breadth of the land also bore its honor chaplet of flowers? Would not our heart requiem mass sound the sweeter for its echo in every State? What is more appropriate than to select the birthday of our President, the 3d of June, as Memorial Day? These dead, in whose name the day is kept, died under his banner. They were the children of his love and care. It is eminently fitting that his natal day be chosen to make the graves of dead heroes blossom in crimson and white and be crowned with the laurel wreath of memory.

Let the Daughters take up this idea in their next general assembly, for to the women of the South naturally falls the honor of decorating Southern heroes. Then let the Veterans in council discuss the matter, so that some wise agreement can be reached through which a universal Memorial Day may be appointed. We surely want the little children to grow up with the feeling that one certain day in the year will be set apart for the brotherhood of the Confederacy to renew their own fealty through the honoring of their dead heroes.

JOHN BROWN'S CAREER IN KANSAS.

Charles Finch in the Lawrence Gazette makes this comment on John Brown in the Philadelphia Star:

"Some misguided people are trying to purchase the old John Brown battlefield at Ossawatimie as a memorial to Brown. Before becoming so patriotic these enthusiasts should inquire of the settlers who were in Kansas when John Brown was here what ice he cut and what kind it was. Brown would have been chased out of Kansas by the free-soil people in order to rid themselves of the worst disturber and the most dangerous man in the territory if they could have taken time from their troubles with the border ruffians to do it. * * *

"Brown was a coward, and seldom went where there was any danger until he became crazed with his fanaticism and undertook the insane act that led to his death. In Kansas he was a nuisance to the men who were fighting to make Kansas free. It is now admitted that he killed harmless and innocent men merely because they did not agree with him. This charge made by Governor Robinson with the proof behind it has never been, we believe, controverted. He was a blood-thirsty, insane old man, and the mantle of charity should be used instead of a monument for him. He never did anything to entitle him to a monument, and his presence in Kansas was the worst thing that could have happened. It caused directly and indirectly the deaths of many brave men and the loss of a great deal of property."

GEN. JOHN MORGAN BRIGHT.

It is a rare occasion for any publication to have so venerable a contributor as the Hon. John M. Bright, now in his ninety-third year. He writes vividly of the sixties and reconstruction.

John Morgan Bright was born January 20, 1817, in Fayetteville, Tenn., which town has ever been his home. His father went when a lad of ten from Virginia to Kentucky, and in a few years came to Tennessee. His mother was a daughter of Capt. John Morgan, of Revolutionary fame. This son was educated at the old Bingham School, Hillsboro, N. C., and at the Nashville University. He chose the law for his profession, and became eminent at the bar in early life.

In 1844 as a Democrat he made a canvass for James K. Polk in his race for the presidency. His first political speech was at Shelbyville, and he so charmed his friends that in that early day they urged that as soon as eligible he run for Congress, but he declined. He served in the Tennessee Legislature through the session of 1847-48. He was urged to make the race for Governor in 1849, 1851, and 1853, but he persistently declined. In his speeches for some time preceding the war he foretold the horrors that were later realized.

General Bright's career during the war and through reconstruction is ably told in his narrative on the following pages. In 1870 he was elected to Congress by ten thousand majority. His congressional career was brilliant. His first speech in Congress was on the terrific Kuklux bill, in which he "mellowed the bitterness" that many entertained for the South.



HON. JOHN M. BRIGHT.

General Bright wrote in his ninety-third year: "The VETERAN has been brought up to a high standard by indefatigable industry and marked ability. It is a most valuable repository of Confederate history. It is replete with interesting and instructive information, and it ought to be a welcome visitor in every Southern home."

THE STATES IN THE CONFEDERATE WAR.

INSIDE INFORMATION ABOUT THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE.

BY HON. JOHN M. BRIGHT, FAYETTEVILLE, TENN.

For the want of proper records, the general historian has overlooked many facts connected with the Confederate service, and these facts will soon be lost under the hardening crust of time unless brought to light by the historian.

The power of the Confederate government was drawn from the elements of strength of the States. As a general rule, when the State developed a distinct element of military strength, it was absorbed in the Confederate service; hence we find there were but few militia headed by State officers who gained renown on the field.

While this is so, some of the States by active agencies furnished valuable assistance to the Confederate cause. I filled the office of Inspector General of Tennessee on Governor Harris's staff for four years and two months of the Civil War, with the rank of brigadier general, from about March, 1861.

After the fall of Fort Donelson and the retreat of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, causing the evacuation of Nashville, it became evident that all the military strength of the State would be required to cooperate with the Confederate army to resist the invaders. Governor Harris, brave and patriotic, resolved to raise an army of Tennessee troops, head them, and take the field.

During the retreat of Albert Sidney Johnston I was ordered by the Governor to enroll the State troops of West Tennessee and collect them in camp near Grand Junction and have them organized and drilled and at the same time to cooperate with the Confederate troops in defending large military stores that had been collected at that place. Before the battle of Shiloh the most of the Confederate troops at the Junction were withdrawn for service at the front. This order of the Governor was promptly executed; but as a matter of courtesy I called on General Beauregard at Jackson and informed him of my contemplated operations, in response to which he expressed his unqualified approbation.

After the battle of Shiloh I was directed by Governor Harris to permit Confederate recruiting officers to visit the State camp and enlist the State troops to supply the losses of Tennessee troops in that battle, and I was directed to turn over to the Confederate service any troops in our camp who did not volunteer. The cause of this order was that the Confederate army was about to evacuate Tennessee and the State troops could not be marched out of the State. These military services, though of a subordinate character, were valuable to the Confederate cause by taking the place of those on guard duty and sending them to the front and by throwing open the State camp to furnish recruits to fill the depleted ranks of Tennessee troops in the battle of Shiloh. The State worked up to its limited opportunity.

After the breaking up of the camp at Grand Junction, I proceeded to Chattanooga, established a camp, collected the State troops of East Tennessee, and cooperated with the Confederate troops in Chattanooga.

Before entering upon my work at Chattanooga I went to Knoxville and called on General Kirby Smith, informing him of my instructions, when he requested me to suspend my operations, as he was engaged in enlisting volunteers for the war, and he thought my enlistment for the State service would counteract his operations. I reported the interview to Governor Harris, and he readily consented to wait.

The defense at Chattanooga being inadequate, the Governor

resorted to the expedient of raising troops in Middle Tennessee. By arrangement with the Confederate authorities a sufficient force was to be employed in Middle Tennessee to keep back the Federal forces while I should enter and enlist the State troops. General Adams, who with his cavalry was then encamped in Sweeden's Cove, in Marion County, was chosen for the duty.

I promptly started for the camp of General Adams. Several gentlemen (citizens) who wished to visit their homes accompanied me. Among them were Hon. Andrew Ewing, Rev. Dr. A. J. Bird, and Mr. Sharp, of Winchester. When within a mile or two of the camp, we met a number of Adams's troops fleeing in the wildest disorder and crying and motioning with their hands: "Go back, go back; they are coming." We could not halt them long enough to tell what was up. I galloped back a mile or two and waited until some retreating soldiers came up, and they informed me that General Adams's camp had been surprised by a large force which they estimated at seven thousand or eight thousand.

I believed the movement was against Chattanooga. It was then late, and I with a small squad rode nearly all night over the mountain, through drenching rain part of the time, to reach Chattanooga. We reached there before daybreak and hallooed across the river to let our forces know of the approach of the enemy. After much delay we were set across the river. I went to General Ledbetter's headquarters, where I found Governor Harris, General Whitthorne, and Col. E. W. Cole (President of the N. & C. Railroad). I reported what I knew, and upon leaving I jocularly remarked that I had been made to "skedaddle" and I hoped we would give them a warm reception. Colonel Cole followed me out and asked me what I thought about surrendering Chattanooga. I expressed surprise and replied: "Never." He then said that all the military stores were on the train ready for movement. I asked what the Governor and Whitthorne thought of it. He said that they were opposed to it. The state of affairs was telegraphed to Gen. Kirby Smith at Knoxville and he replied: "Hold the place. I will be there to-night with reinforcements."

About noon the Federal General Negley with an army of six thousand or seven thousand men appeared on the north bank of the Tennessee River opposite Chattanooga and soon commenced bombarding the city. A battle was waged across the river until night. Governor Harris and staff proposed to arm the citizens, who were willing to engage in defense of the city, from an inferior State armory at that place, and many of the citizens joined in the battle.

Gen. Kirby Smith arrived about night with reinforcements. The Federals opened fire early next morning. Governor Harris, General Whitthorne, and I acted as aids to Gen. Kirby Smith. About noon the Federals ceased the fight and retreated to Shelbyville. Thus ended my first experiment to march into Middle Tennessee to enlist State troops. I verily believe that but for my night ride through the mountains and timely warning of the approach of the enemy and the protest of Governor Harris and his staff against the evacuation of Chattanooga the city would have been surrendered.

The weakness of the defense of Chattanooga made it necessary that the post should be strengthened. Governor Harris secured the services of General Forrest to lead an expedition, and a command was organized for the purpose. The design of this movement was for General Forrest to occupy and hold any available territory in Middle Tennessee, while I should enlist the needed troops and encamp near Chattanooga.

In obedience to Order Number 4 I organized all the facilities, transportation, commissary stores, arms, etc., for the campaign and moved across the mountain to meet General Forrest, who was to go in advance to Rock Martin, about six or eight miles from McMinnville. I had been delayed some hours by the breaking down of a wagon loaded with arms coming down the mountain. When I reached his camp, General Forrest was in his saddle ready to march on Murfreesboro. I expressed surprise about his contemplated movement, and stated that from the activity of the Federal forces I would be in a perilous condition, and I was fearful I would not be successful in enrolling volunteers. He thought there was no danger and said he wanted to leave with me for the time being his wagon trains and army stores. I told him that he would have to leave some force to protect them. He replied that he would leave a company.

Colonel Lawton with a Georgia regiment, under command of General Forrest at the time, was lacking in arms, and General Forrest ordered me to turn over to them about sixty muskets, which I did. When I took charge of the camp, consisting of seventy-five or eighty Confederate wagons and about ten Tennessee wagons, I found only about fifteen men instead of a company, which he said he would leave. I detained all straggling troops that came up afterwards, armed them and the teamsters, and prepared to make the best defense possible in the event of an attack.

I had the country around well scouted and captured four Federal soldiers clothed in citizens' garb. I inquired why they had put on citizens' dress. They said they had heard of a contemplated move into Middle Tennessee by the Confederates and they had been sent out as scouts to ascertain the facts, and they had put on citizens' clothes to keep from being bushwacked. I turned them over to General Forrest.

I put out notice of my presence at Rock Martin Camp as secretly as I could and that my object was to enroll Tennessee troops for State service. Quite a number came to me, and I commissioned them to raise companies, furnishing them subsistence for troops in State service. I had heard of Forrest's great victory at Murfreesboro and his capture of about eleven hundred prisoners and that he expected to return to McMinnville. I had been informed that there was a considerable force of Federal infantry and cavalry at Tullahoma and the railroad in full operation between Tullahoma and McMinnville. I saw that they might strike General Forrest in the flank, and in the disordered condition of his troops might deprive him of the fruits of his victory. I therefore ordered Captain Brewster, of the Tennessee troops, to take a squad of men the following night and destroy the railroad bridge at Manchester, and he executed the order. I was ordered by General Forrest through Colonel Wharton, of Texas, to move the train up to McMinnville, which I did, and met General Forrest in the vicinity of McMinnville with his prisoners, and they were all impounded in Judge Marchbanks's yard.

I found great confusion in General Forrest's command. Troops were scattered, and I was informed that quite a number loaded with plunder were on their way to Chattanooga. I spent the night in the room with General Forrest in company with Hon. Andrew Ewing, of Nashville. I mentioned to Forrest the capture of four prisoners in citizens' dress. I asked what I should do with them, and he replied: "Try them as spies." I said I was not willing to do that, and remarked that Colonel Ewing and I were in citizens' dress and we were not spies, and our motive was to avoid recognition by bush-

whackers, and according to my theory it was the office that made the spy and not the dress. He just remarked that they were my prisoners and to do what I pleased with them. They were paroled next morning with other prisoners.

I told him, apprehending danger from the force at Tullahoma striking him in the flank about McMinnville, I had sent a squad of Tennessee troops and had the bridge destroyed the night before. He said he thought there was no danger; but I differed with him. Early the next morning I asked him about the parole of his prisoners, and he replied that he had spoken to some clerks in McMinnville to come out that morning and parole them. I remarked that I thought haste was expedient; that I had an adjutant, Col. Robert McKee, who was a fine scribe, and who, with myself, would change the caption on the muster rolls of Tennessee into parole lists. He agreed to it, and in a little while the parole lists were ready, and one was handed to each officer highest in command of the prisoners to take the names of the members of his command. In a very short time the prisoners had all signed the parole lists, and they were immediately supplied with rations and sent back.

The prisoners had not left more than an hour perhaps before Colonel Shedd, of Coffee County, rode up to General Forrest's headquarters and informed him that a large force of Federal cavalry had passed his house early in the morning on their way to McMinnville, and that a considerable force of Federal infantry was to come by railroad to unite with them at McMinnville. General Forrest's men were scattered and in confusion, and some of them loaded with captured spoils on their way to Chattanooga. General Forrest mounted his horse and dashed through his troops giving his rallying command, and soon brought order out of confusion. He marched his command some three or four miles out and formed them into line of battle and waited the most of the day for the coming of the enemy. The Federal cavalry came up within five miles of McMinnville and waited nearly all day for the Federal infantry, but they got no farther than the demolished bridge. The wreck of the bridge probably saved the fruits of Forrest's victory. I requested General Forrest not to insert my name in connection with the wreck of the bridge in his report, as I did not wish it known that I was in that section at this juncture.

I then left General Forrest and proceeded, with some disadvantages, to the enlistment of Tennessee troops. I commissioned some twelve or fifteen captains and sent them out in the work. The following are some if not all of the names of those receiving commissions: O. F. Brewster, William E. Lynn, W. W. Lillard, B. J. Tarver, G. B. Campbell, Col. Baxter Smith, and John R. Davis. There may have been others whose names I cannot now recall. I then went to Chattanooga and reported the condition of affairs to the Governor. Learning of General Bragg's march into Kentucky, I was instructed by Governor Harris to turn over the State troops to the Confederate service, which I did, with the consent of the troops, in September, 1862.

I made two trips to Middle Tennessee in the recruiting service. The second trip was intended to mobilize the recruits and get them east of the Cumberland Mountain, that they might join General Bragg's army on its march into Kentucky.

I accompanied the army of General Bragg across the Cumberland Mountain and separated from it about Carthage, passing through Lebanon on my way to my home, not having

seen my family at Fayetteville since the 1st of March, 1862. After the retreat of General Bragg from Kentucky upon Murfreesboro, I was ordered by Governor Harris about the 10th of October, 1863, to proceed to the following counties, Rutherford, Williamson, Maury, Marshall, Giles, Lincoln, Franklin, Coffee, and Bedford, and have the laws for Tennessee for the enrollment and mustering into service of conscripts enforced. The order was executed with all dispatch and the conscripts sent to the front. My visit to Williamson County was attended with much peril, as the Federal troops at this time had a picket station at the nearest depot on the railroad toward Nashville.

In the fall of 1863 there was an abundant crop of grain in Lincoln County, and it furnished ample subsistence to recruit the horses of several regiments of Confederate cavalry, and Fayetteville and vicinity were crowded with the sick and wounded soldiers after the battle of Murfreesboro.

After the retreat of General Bragg from Tennessee, I left the State and remained in Northern Alabama for some months, and then I took my young son John and Charley Fulton to the Bingham School, in North Carolina. When I returned from North Carolina, General Bragg was concentrating his troops for the battle of Chickamauga.

After the Confederate army fell back upon Dalton and General Joseph E. Johnston was placed in command, I accompanied his army during his masterly retreat upon Atlanta, and then I accompanied General Hood on his retreat in Georgia and on his advance into Tennessee and on his retreat from Tennessee in the cold winter of 1864-65.

On General Johnston's retreat from Dalton General Sherman pressed him with great vigor in the front and in the flank, and kept Johnston with his inferior command constantly on the move, and many of his soldiers suffered from the heat and dust and fatigue. To disencumber his army of prostrate soldiers, General Johnston sent them to distant hospitals in his rear. As an emergency remedy a number of Tennesseans formed the Tennessee Relief Association, of which I was President, the object of which was to take care of the sick, wounded, and exhausted soldiers by placing them in hospitals in the vicinity of the army and providing for them suitable medicine and food and couches for needed rest. The committee sent out agents to solicit contributions of groceries and provisions. Dr. C. D. Elliott, of Nashville, was one of the agents. The recuperation of the prostrate soldier under this reinvigorating treatment was simply magical. In a few days many of them were ready to return to their commands. I heard that General Johnston said the Relief Association was worth much to his army.

While Johnston's army was encamped near Kennesaw Mountain, in the vicinity of Marietta, several events of historical interest occurred. There was constant skirmishing on the line and cannonade-firing between the enemy's batteries and ours planted on old Kennesaw. The night scenes of flying and bursting shells were picturesque and sublime.

What was known as the "Dead Angle," a breastwork constructed by the Confederates, was some five or six miles west of Marietta, and in the assaults of the Federals the thunder of artillery and roar of musketry, offensive and defensive, was indescribably terrific. The results of the assault were awaited with intense anxiety.

The Tennessee Relief Association was stationed at Marietta and had secured a large warehouse as a hospital for the wounded and sick soldiers. The wounded Federal prisoners

who fell into our hands were placed on one side of the hospital and the Confederates on the other side, both receiving equal attention. The surgeons had an operating room separate from the room of the Relief Association. On one occasion I was at the surgeon's operating room and, looking out of the back door, saw at least a cart load of dismembered hands and feet and arms and legs. Such were the gruesome tributes to the cause of freedom.

The most lamentable fatality of this vicinity was the death of Gen. Leonidas Polk, the bishop-general. He and his son-in-law, Maj. William D. Gale, were reconnoitering on Lost Mountain when he was pierced through the chest by a cannon ball. He was brought into Marietta, where I saw his noble form still in his military dress. I was profoundly moved at the sight. He and his father, Col. William Polk, of North Carolina, were my father's and my friends.

When a youth I had accompanied Col. William Polk by private conveyance from Tennessee to North Carolina to be placed at the Bingham School, in Hillsboro. I spent one season of Christmas holidays with Col. William Polk in Raleigh. It was the home of genuine hospitality, refinement, and elegance. He possessed a large landed estate in Middle Tennessee of baronial magnificence.

I had also enjoyed the hospitality of his son in Maury County. Though of great wealth and the highest social standing, there was nothing in the Polk family of arrogated superiority. They were all kind, generous, hospitable, brave, and patriotic. The bishop-general shared the privations and hardships of his soldiers and gave his life to the cause of his beloved South. President Davis (Volume II., page 254, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate States") bears this high testimony to his memory: "Our army, our country, and mankind at large sustained an irreparable loss on June 13, 1864, in the death of that noble Christian and soldier, Lieutenant General Polk. * * * Since the calamitous fall of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston at Shiloh and of Gen. T. J. Jackson at Chancellorsville the country sustained no heavier blow than in the death of General Polk."

After the battle of Peach Tree Creek and that of the 22d of July, the services of the Relief Association were inestimable. On the latter day I took my wounded son, W. C. Bright, and other wounded Tennessee soldiers to Griffin, Ga.

I will note here an important fact in the history of General Johnston's retreat. When his army was located between the Chattahoochee and Atlanta, General Johnston with three of his staff passed near my relief camp at full speed on horseback going up the river. Some two or three hours after he returned with only one staff officer. About sundown General Cheatham rode up to my tent and asked me if I could give him a cup of coffee and something to eat, and said that he expected to be up all night and would not have a chance to get anything to eat elsewhere.

While at lunch I told him of Johnston's flying trip and then asked him what was up. He replied: "Johnston keeps his own counsel; but I have heard that Sherman has divided his army and one part has crossed the Chattahoochee at Sandtown and the other part is crossing at Roswell's Factory, some thirty miles apart, and General Johnston is moving two corps of his army to attack Sherman's force at Roswell at daylight while they are disorganized, and that General Stewart's Corps will resist the advance of Sherman's force at Sandtown." Soon after General Cheatham left Gen. George Maney rode up to my tent and confirmed the statement of General Cheatham.

ham. I asked General Cheatham before he left if I could be of any service to him as an aid. He replied that I could and to report to him next morning on the right of the line.

That night General Johnston was removed and General Hood placed in command. Fatal blunder! Victory snatched from the grasp of the great commander, Joseph E. Johnston! I rode out to the Confederate army about noon and went to the division of Tennessee troops and found many of them sitting about on stumps and logs, dispirited and dejected. They said they had unbounded confidence in Johnston and that they distrusted the ability of Hood to take his place. The sequel verified their belief. Instead of fighting on Johnston's plan of battle the next day, he let slip the greatest opportunity of the war.

A distinguished individual suggested the epitaph of the Confederacy: "Died of Braxton Bragg." It is a significant fact that General Bragg visited the camp of General Johnston only a short time before his removal.

While at Griffin nursing my wounded son the battle of Jonesboro was fought and Gen. Patton Anderson was brought to Griffin badly wounded in the mouth. I called to see him, and amongst other things he wrote on a paper that the Confederate army had lost its "esprit."

In the same battle General Govan was captured and taken to General Sherman's headquarters. After Govan's exchange, General Cheatham told me that Govan informed him that Sherman conversed with him quite freely and told him that if General Johnston had attacked him the day after he crossed the Chattahoochee at Roswell Factory he might have ruined him, and if he had attacked him the second day after crossing his force would have been in peril, but he might have extricated himself.

General Sherman did not know that at the time the uplifted arm of Johnston was about to hurl the bolt it fell from his palsied arm by an order from Richmond. President Davis evidently did not know of the crossing of three corps of Sherman's army at Roswell's Factory and the impending blow of General Johnston, or he would not have issued the fatal order for the removal of Johnston, at that time, anyhow.

President Davis knew the danger of changing commanders in the presence of the enemy, and he was the last member of his Cabinet to consent to the removal of General Johnston, and then he yielded only to the great pressure of delegations, letters, and petitions from Georgia. A fight for Atlanta, the "Gate City," was the imperious demand.

Prophetic of the speedy downfall of the Confederacy! On the night of the 17th of July, 1864, General Johnston was removed. I learned from an unofficial source that he informed General Hood of the projected battle. General Hood assumed command on the 18th of July, the very day that General Johnston was to have turned all his thunders loose upon Sherman's army; but he did not take advantage of the situation.

It is most remarkable that President Davis in his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate States" fails to mention the crossing of three corps of Sherman's army at Roswell's Factory and that General Johnston was ready to strike and ruin Sherman's army in its disorder.

General Hood assumed command of the Confederate army (48,750 strong) on July 18. He remained inactive until the 20th, when he attacked the advancing lines of Generals Thomas and Slocum at Peachtree Creek. I understand his attack was with one part of his army, perhaps a division.

With the Tennessee Relief Association I was at the field hospital caring for the Confederate wounded soldiers, who, with the dead, were unofficially estimated at about five hundred. General Hood by his attack had "developed" the Federal army, under the command of Generals Slocum, Thomas, and McPherson, encompassing the doomed city, McPherson's Corps passing on to Decatur, eight miles from Atlanta on the Augusta Railroad, to cut off supplies from the city. General Hood resisted the advance of the Federal lines by the desperate but unavailing battle of the 22d of July.

After Sherman had captured Atlanta he moved on Jonesboro, and there he was met by the Confederates under General Hardee, and another unsuccessful battle was fought with demoralized troops. Sherman had not only captured Atlanta, but he had well-nigh inclosed our forces in his dragon coils.

These successive disasters produced consternation in the Confederacy. General Hood fell back to Lovejoy and Sherman fell back to Atlanta. Seeing the demoralization and disintegration of his army from various causes, General Hood made known the lamentable condition of his army to the President, which brought him to the scene.

General Hood had moved his army to Palmetto, some twenty-five miles west of Atlanta, and about the same distance as is Lovejoy, where he was recruiting and resting his army. The President inspected the men. Many of them gathered around headquarters at night, where Howell Cobb, Governor Harris, and other distinguished speakers addressed them with words of encouragement. I was called for, but declined to speak. An amusing feature of applauding the speakers was the growl of a New Orleans company of "Tigers," who imitated to perfection the veritable animals.

The army here rested and was renovated. The soldiers indulged in the more hopeful policy of fighting Sherman in the rear than in the front—to tear up the railroads, burn the railroad bridges, capture garrisons and supplies, and to force Sherman to fight under disadvantageous circumstances, and thus open a way through East Tennessee to Lee's army. These certainly were great if not unreasonable expectations.

But I cannot leave Atlanta without notice of the calamity of which it was the victim. On the 2d of September Mayor Calhoun surrendered the city to General Sherman on condition that "noncombatants and private property should be protected." On the 5th of September Sherman issued his order that within five days from that date all the citizens of Atlanta should be removed from the city. In burning words the Mayor protested against this order, stating that "the woe, the horror, and the suffering are not to be described by words." Sherman's reply was: "I give full credit to your sentiments of the evils which will be occasioned by it, and yet will not revoke my order because my orders are not made to meet the humanities of the case."

This infamous order ejected from the city the whole non-combatant population, and whatever valuables they may have taken along were subject to the robbery of Sherman's rapacious soldiers. This perfidy of Sherman was on a line with that of the ancient general who secured the surrender of a garrison by promising that no blood should be shed, but he buried them alive. Sherman has been characterized and anathematized as a Duke of Alva for his atrocious cruelties in the lower countries. The corrosion of time can never remove the stain of dishonor from his memory.

But to return to Palmetto. President Davis and others high in command were opposed to the expedition against

Nashville, and it seemed that General Hood was not satisfied to fight the tail end of Sherman's army by destroying his facilities for supplies. He wished to strike a great blow for victory and glory in the capture of Nashville. But time was too short and military equipment and transportation means were not adequate for a prompt and rapid movement.

The progress of Hood's army was greatly impeded by unavoidable delays. On the 31st of October he crossed the Tennessee River at Florence, and was there delayed perhaps two weeks before taking up the line of march. On the evening of the 27th of November our army held position in front of Columbia. The night following the enemy evacuated the city, crossing Duck River, and occupied a strong position a few miles north of the city.

Our army, as stated by President Davis, lost one of the golden opportunities of the war by failing to cut off the retreat of the enemy at Spring Hill. For this default of our army I forbear any criticism.

On November 30 our army attacked the enemy in his strong fortifications at Franklin, which resulted in one of the bloodiest battles of the war, our army sustaining a loss of about forty-five hundred, including the gallant and efficient officers, Major General Cleburne and Brig. Gens. John Adams, O. F. Strahl, Gist, Carter, and Granberry. At this battle there were deeds of courage displayed unsurpassed in any of the great battles of the war.

Our army took position before Nashville on the 2d of December. The enemy had anticipated the approach of our army with breastworks and formidable forts and the concentration of Thomas and Slocum's Corps and fifteen thousand men from Mississippi. It would have required prodigies of valor to have achieved success against the fearful odds, and the Confederates gave way before the impossible task. In the freezing blasts of winter our ill-clad soldiers were marched, crossing the Tennessee River at Bainbridge from the 23d to the 26th of December to Tupelo, Miss., where General Hood, at his own request, was relieved of command. His army then consisted of 18,500 infantry and 2,306 cavalry, a loss of 10,000 men in his expedition against Nashville.

I have no censure for General Hood. He was a brave and gallant officer, and his failure was the fate of forbidding circumstances. Governor Harris accompanied General Hood in his expedition, and said: "I regret to say that if all had performed their parts as well as General Hood the results would have been different." President Davis added that his removal "was in no wise a want of confidence on my part."

General Forrest with his cavalry gallantly covered the retreat of our army from Nashville. After the pontoon bridge had been thrown across the Tennessee River and before the crossing of despairing veterans, a Federal steamboat came puffing up within three or four hundred yards of the bridge, when a cannon shot from the high bank made it wheel as on a pivot and fly like a frightened bird down the river.

After the battles around Atlanta and at Jonesboro, Sherman pursued his "march to the sea," while Hood marched upon Nashville. I accompanied Hood's army and resumed control of the Tennessee Relief Association on the march, giving all possible relief to the needy. Two weeks' delay at Tusculum and about two weeks at Florence were fraught with forebodings of disaster. The army took up the line of march from Florence about the 28th of November with the snow beating in the faces of the soldiers.

On October 28, 1864, I was assigned to duty by Governor

Harris with the Tennessee troops of the Army of Tennessee to perfect the records of the Tennessee troops according to Act of Confederate Congress of February 10, 1863. I was with Hood's army at the date of this order as he was on his march upon Nashville. I had to seek a more favorable condition to enter upon the duties imposed by this order. On investigation I found that the Tennessee troops were not only on the line but were scattered by details in the mechanical, hospital, and general service, and that it would be as easy to write up the annals of the Army of the West as to perfect the muster rolls of the Tennessee troops. I suggested it to Governor Harris and he fully concurred in it, and I entered upon the duty accordingly. I laid my plans and designs before some of the commanding officers of our army in reach and the work was cordially indorsed, and they promised to furnish all proper facilities for the accomplishment of the proposed object. I entered at once upon the duty. I visited Selma, Montgomery, Tuskegee, Macon, Talladega, and other points. I collected a large quantity of valuable information and had it packed in a large pair of saddlebags, so as to make it portable on horseback.

One subject to be in my annals was "God in the Army." I sought the aid of several able divines who accompanied the army as chaplains. Amongst them was Dr. John B. McFerrin, who was a great power in the Methodist Church. He gave me his enthusiastic cooperation and manifested the fervent zeal and energy of an apostle. His name will ever shine as a luminary in the annals of his Church. He collected much valuable information which would have greatly enriched the contemplated annals of the Army of Tennessee, the substance of which information was published in several numbers of the Christian Advocate after the war.

In the spring of 1865 I was in the vicinity of Talladega, Ala. Sherman had performed his march to the sea, leaving the track of his march as desolate as if swept by a forest fire. I stood as a man with falling walls all around him. I was stopping at the quiet, retired home of Enos Truss, on the Coosa, on an adjoining farm to Dr. William Bonner. The alarm was given that the Federal General Wilson was crossing the Coosa with a large force at Truss's Ferry, a few miles distant. I waited until they were nearly in sight, and then made a bonfire of my papers and documents that they might not fall into the hands of the enemy. Col. James B. Lamb and A. J. Carlos were present and we mounted horses and put off at a rapid gait up to Lonnegan's Bend, on the Coosa. They followed us, but the dense undergrowth baffled them.

We were now within the lines of the enemy, and events proclaimed the doom of the Confederacy. After a few days a company of us projected a homeward trip. Miss Clem and Miss Lou Marshall, refugee daughters of Rev. Dr. M. M. Marshall, went in the carriage of Dr. William Bonner, and J. B. Lamb, Dr. M. D. Hampton, John McKinney, James Stone, and I formed the rest of the company on horseback. As well as I remember, we reached the Tennessee River at Gunter's Landing, where I was paroled by a Federal officer. We reached Fayetteville after night. The tavern was garrisoned by Federal troops, Captain Cason in command. We were not interrupted the night of our arrival, but early next morning I was arrested and taken before Captain Cason. He treated me with great rudeness, and became personal in political abuse and denounced me as being a noted Rebel. I declined to discuss the issues of the war and claimed the protection of my parole, which he in honor was bound to respect.

He insisted that the parole was not in the way of punishment. Just here an officer who had been asleep in the room roused up and asked Cason if I was his prisoner. He replied that I was and that I was a noted Rebel. The other officer said: "You have no right to treat a prisoner of war as you are doing." Cason said: "Do you take it up?" "I do, so far as his right as a prisoner of war is concerned." Cason advanced toward him and I stepped between them and said that I hoped they would have no contention on my account. Cason then said: "I will send him to General Milroy at Tullahoma." The other officer then asked me who I was, and I briefly told him and showed him my parole. He replied that he was Captain Mohler, of the staff of General Milroy. In the meantime a number of persons had collected at the windows of the room, some of them Union men and my personal friends. Some of them privately conferred with Captain Mohler and indorsed me as a gentleman of honor. There was a suspicion of a conspiracy to start me to General Milroy and assassinate me on the way. Captain Mohler promptly sat down and wrote an order signed in the name of General Milroy, with his own name as adjutant, requiring me to report at the provost marshal's quarters in Fayetteville from day to day until further ordered, and handed it to Cason and asked him if he would obey it. "Yes, but I will prefer charges against you at headquarters." Mohler replied: "Yes, and I will prefer charges of conspiracy against you to assassinate a prisoner of war." They both sent messengers the next day with statements, and prosecutions were ignored on both sides.

I was feeling some sense of relief, when Mr. J. B. Lamb sent me word during service at the Presbyterian church that Major Billings, the savage and bloodthirsty provost marshal of Tullahoma, was in town and was threatening vengeance against me, and that I had better leave the church immediately and go to Nashville and make some accommodation for my peace and safety at home. He further said that Miss Ella Bonner was about to start in her private carriage for Shelbyville and that I could intercept the carriage and go with her. I did so. On reaching Shelbyville I was arrested by Colonel Stauber and taken before the provost marshal; but through the influence of friends I was released and permitted to proceed to Nashville.

On reaching Nashville I made my way to the provost marshal's office, and after much delay I got an audience with him, and with the assistance of Hon. Lewis Tillman I got the provost to lay a statement of my case before General Thomas as the commander of the military district. The result of my application was an order to "go home and stay there."

On my return from Nashville I fell in with Dr. C. A. Crunk, row of Fayetteville, and on reaching Wartrace about dark found every place of accommodation filled to overflowing and no train to Shelbyville. We determined to walk the railroad track to Shelbyville, which place we reached about midnight. We went to Dr. Barksdale's residence, and were cordially received and hospitably entertained.

In the morning I went upon the public square of the town, and while negotiating with Wash Akin for passage on his truck wagon which he was running between Fayetteville and Shelbyville I saw three soldiers advancing toward me with guns half drawn. They took position, one in front and one on each side of me, Stauber standing some ten or fifteen steps off on the corner of the pavement. One of the three asked: "Is there a man here by the name of Bright?" "That is my name," I replied. "Where is Governor Harris?" "I do not

know." "Did you not know that it had been said that Governor Harris nor any of his staff should live in Tennessee? And I have said so myself." I quietly replied: "I have a parole in my pocket and am ordered to Fayetteville. I can be found there." I then stepped into Mr. B. L. Russell's store, told him of the design to assassinate me, and asked him to tell Wash Akin that I had gone on and would fall in with him on the way, and stepped out of the back door and took the pike for Fayetteville. Evidently the soldiers were so disconcerted by my reply that they did not fire. Dr. Crunk and others were witnesses.

I was apprehensive that Stauber would send a detachment of troops after me. When about four miles from Shelbyville I looked back and saw a squad of Federal cavalry coming and within a hundred yards of me, too near for me to attempt escape. I stepped to the edge of the pike, walking on, and they passed me, every one looking at me, but saying nothing.

I went on and stopped at W. W. Gill's, about seven miles from Shelbyville, where I met the venerable Gen. William Moore, to whom I related the menacing proceedings in Shelbyville and stated to him that I thought Stauber had sent the cavalry, which had just passed, to take my life on my way home, and I told him that if I was missing he might presume what my fate was.

At this point, however, Wash Akin came up with his wagon, and I accompanied him to Fayetteville without being molested.

The cavalry turned out to be Captain Galbreath and his company going to relieve the garrison at Fayetteville. It was a gratifying solution of apprehended danger. It was well known that before the outbreak of the war I had been very active in upholding the constitutional rights of the Southern States in the stand they had taken, and I had made several public speeches bitterly denouncing the designs of the North.

Governor Harris had been very aggressive in his resistance of Lincoln's call for troops, and his defiant stand had made him odious to certain Federal officers and Northern sympathizers in the State. My close association with him only added to the prejudice against me which my speeches and work had engendered, causing the determination to "dispose" of both the Governor and myself by assassination if necessary.

My home and farm presented a scene of desolation. Every horn and hoof was gone except an old blind horse which had been turned out on the common and which my wife had taken up. I had a large family of children to support and educate, and I had been disbarred from practicing law. I entered the circuit court room. Judge W. P. Hickerson was on the bench. Many of the court records had been destroyed by ruthless soldiers; but I had been on one side or the other and knew nearly every case. I was well acquainted with Judge Hickerson (who, I think, was an appointee of Governor Brownlow). To him the business was inextricable confusion, and I was legally dumb. After the adjournment of court Judge Hickerson told me that it was impracticable to run the court without my assistance and that if I would appear at the bar he would make no objection. Next morning I was in court without objection. I was soon prosperous.

If my recollection is not at fault, my friend when in need, Captain Mohler, was appointed Attorney-General by Governor Brownlow. There was some criticism of his official conduct, but no criminal conduct was charged. He removed from the State, and I lost sight of him for several years. When I was a member of Congress, a gentleman entered the hall and took

a vacant seat beside me. He said: "Probably you do not know me." I replied: "I will never forget the face of Captain Mohler." After a few personal remarks, he told me that he was practicing law in one of the Western Territories and that he was an applicant for appointment to a territorial judgeship, and if consistent with my sense of propriety he would like to have my recommendation to President Grant. I replied that I, being a Southern Democrat, would have no weight with the President. He said: "Yes, you would. He knows of you, and will implicitly believe anything you say." I told him to call the next morning and I would see what I could do. After he left I stepped over to the other side of the hall and saw the delegate from his Territory, and he told me that he knew Captain Mohler and that he was an able lawyer of irreproachable moral character and would make as good and acceptable judge as any lawyer in the Territory. On the next morning I handed Captain Mohler an unsealed recommendation. He thanked me and left. Next day he called to see me and told me that he had his commission, and said: "It was through your recommendation that I got it." Judge Mohler afterwards sent me several printed opinions of his which evinced high judicial ability.

I recognized in Hon. Lewis Tillman "a friend in need" and a humane, generous, and magnanimous gentleman.

The Hon. Lewis Tillman while a member of Congress from Tennessee had my disabilities removed by act of Congress. I wish to record my grateful acknowledgments for his generosity and kindness to me and to bear testimony to his humane and magnanimous treatment of those who differed with him on the subject of the Civil War. He was the father of Hon. James D. Tillman, now a citizen of Lincoln County, who was one of the youngest and bravest colonels in the Confederate army, and who is highly esteemed and respected and has been distinguished with legislative and diplomatic honors. I was glad of expressing my gratitude for his unsolicited favors by appointing one of his sons (Edward, I believe) as a cadet to the Naval Academy at Annapolis while I was a member of Congress.

I met Captain Cason some years ago on a railroad train and he voluntarily addressed me: "General Bright, I once did you wrong and I wish to ask your pardon." I replied: "As a Christian man I have forgiven you long ago."

Some few years after the Civil War I was walking on the Public Square in Nashville and saw that good and great old man, Dr. John B. McFerrin, rapidly approaching me. Greeting me, he said: "I want about fifteen minutes' conversation with you." I remarked that I was hurrying to catch a train, when he replied: "I have been up North and have been making conciliatory and friendly speeches to the people, and my brethren at home have been pinching me." Said I: "Take this little lesson: Two good Christian people, husband and wife, had a falling out and were in a pouting mood for several days, when the wife went to the husband and, taking him by the lapel of the coat, said: 'Husband, I have done wrong, so have you. I forgive you, and I want you to forgive me. You know you are going to forgive me, and I want you to do it right now.'"

I was four years and two months in service as inspector general in the State with the Confederate army. I generally shared with the soldiers the privations of the camp and the hardships and fatigues of the march.

The foregoing, of course, is only an outline of events connected with my office of inspector general, blended with reminiscences that I continue to cherish.

GALLANT COL. WILLIAM E. BURNETT.

BY N. T. M'CONAUGHY, PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Col. William Burnett, chief of artillery, Department of the Gulf, was inspecting the fortifications near Spanish Fort, La., and ordering such changes made as seemed wise in view of a Federal advance. Every few moments a Minie ball would whiz uncomfortably near our ears, but we could not see the marksman. At last some one spied the man sitting in a tree about forty feet up and some five hundred from us.

Colonel Burnett decided to give him a shot, so he borrowed some guns from a Texas regiment near. These he crossed, then, taking a third gun, he knelt down and took deliberate aim; but the shot deflected and went wide of the mark. The Yankee all the time kept up a constant fire, which it was hard to escape. Just as Colonel Burnett was about to touch off the trigger for another shot a Texas soldier farther down the line fired and knocked the Yankee out of the tree.

Two hours from this time a shot from near this tree struck Colonel Burnett near the left eye, and before we could get him to the transport, which was only a little distance off, he expired. At the time he was struck by the ball he was making a reconnoissance with Gen. Randall L. Gibson.

Colonel Burnett was from Texas, a graduate of West Point, and a most gallant officer. He was chief of artillery, Department of the Gulf, on the staff of Maj. Gen. Dabney H. Maury, commanding that department. He was a man of quiet, unobtrusive manners, and was endowed with courage and great military genius. He was very popular in the service both among officers and men, greatly honored and respected.

RECONCILIATION PROPHESED.

In an address at a memorial meeting in Tuskegee, Ala., Gen. Fred S. Ferguson quoted from a speech he made in Montgomery thirty-six years ago: "I trust you will not deem me vain or boastful when I furnish you with one instance of the abiding faith which was the solace and support of all in that darkest day of our history. On the 26th of April, 1873, at Montgomery, while the reconstruction laws were in full force and aliens and enemies held sway in the State, it was my privilege to address a great audience on that Memorial Day, when I attempted to picture the future and said: 'I may be wrong in judgment or too sanguine in hope; but I believe there are children here to-day who will live to see a reconciliation between the lately warring sections so complete and generous that the descendants of Confederate soldiers will share the same governmental benefits that are extended to those of the soldiers of the Union; that all unfriendly legislation will be blotted from the statute books; that the terms "Yankee," "Rebel," "Traitor" will be used in anger no more; that the swords of Southern officers now held as trophies in Washington will be returned to their owners to be used as heirlooms in their families; that the ensign of the Union somewhere upon its ample folds will proudly bear the starry cross of the South; and that the uniform of the army and navy of a reunited country will be a harmonious blending of the blue and gray. I know this is far in advance of the hope of the South or the present temper of the North.'"

In confirmation of that prophecy he referred to President Roosevelt's order that the name of Jefferson Davis be restored as Secretary of War on Cabin John Bridge, and then paid tribute to the late Secretary of War, Luke E. Wright, and Judge J. M. Dickinson, his successor.

[Reconciliation must be on lines equally honorable in every way.—EDITOR VETERAN.]

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF GENERAL GRANT.

BY GEN. MARCUS J. WRIGHT.

I first met General Grant soon after the battle of Belmont, November 7, 1861. General Grant's headquarters were at Cairo, and I was stationed with my regiment, the 154th Senior Tennessee, of which I was lieutenant colonel, at Columbus, Ky. I was also at that time military Governor of Columbus. Col. J. C. Tappan (afterwards brigadier general) commanded the 13th Arkansas Regiment, and was stationed at Belmont at the time of the battle. Colonel Tappan was sent by Maj. Gen. Leonidas Polk, commanding the Confederate forces in and near Columbus, under flag of truce to General Grant. I was also sent at the same time with some prisoners for exchange.

Colonel Tappan's cook, a negro man, had been captured by General Grant's forces in the battle. Among the prisoners captured was General Grant's hostler, a white man, whom General Polk directed Colonel Tappan to deliver to General Grant without exchange, but suggested to Colonel Tappan that General Grant might return his cook. General Grant said he was not authorized to exchange a negro for a white man; but if the cook desired to return to Colonel Tappan, he would have permission to do so. He did not return.

The business of the flag of truce having been finished, General Grant invited the officers who accompanied it into the cabin of his boat. I was introduced to him and the officers present, and then we were offered refreshments. After a few minutes spent in pleasant conversation, the Confederate truce boat returned to Columbus.

Subsequently I was sent by General Polk as bearer of a flag of truce to General Grant regarding some Federal prisoners and officers of an Iowa regiment who were severely wounded and whom the Confederate surgeons thought would be endangered by being moved. One of these officers had requested that his own surgeon be sent down to attend him, and General Polk gave his consent and so wrote General Grant, and the surgeon accompanied me back to Columbus. General Grant, after the business was dispatched, invited me into the cabin and made many inquiries about officers in our army whom he had known, and especially mentioning my division commander, Gen. B. F. Cheatham, with whom he had served in the Mexican War and for whom he expressed a high regard. General Cheatham had accompanied a flag of truce to General Grant a few days previous, and they talked over their recollections of service in Mexico. Altogether the meeting of these two men, fighting against each other, was more like the meeting of neighbors who had been long separated than that of foes. In the battle of Belmont I (as lieutenant colonel) commanded my regiment, and my colonel, afterwards Brig. Gen. Preston Smith, commanded the brigade.

My regiment reached Belmont after the main engagement had been fought, and we were ordered in pursuit of the Federals, who were moving toward their transports and gunboats a few miles above. As we approached a cornfield in front of which the boats had anchored I noticed two men, who were evidently Federal officers, making their way to the landing. The front file of my command drew their guns upon them; but General Cheatham, who was by my side, ordered the men not to fire lest it should draw the fire of the gunboats in our advancing column, and the Federals make their escape safely to the transports. In after years General Grant told me that the two men were himself and his quartermaster, Colonel Hatch, and that the latter reached the boat before he did. He

says he saw our column of troops and expected every moment to be fired on, and that when he reached the landing he found a plank run out from one of the boats and rode his horse on it from a high bank which was so precipitous that it seemed dangerous to descend. His horse, however, took in the situation and glided down the plank and walked safely over to the boat.

It may be well here for me to correct a popular error which obtained wide circulation and was repeated in Horace Greeley's history of the war and also in the book by Hon. S. S. Cox entitled "Three Decades." My brother, Col. John V. Wright, commanded the 13th Tennessee Regiment, and was engaged in the battle of Belmont during its fiercest moments. Col. Philip B. Fouke, who commanded an Illinois regiment in General Grant's forces, was also engaged in the battle. My brother had served with him in Congress, and they were both of the same political party (Democrats) and fast friends. As I led my regiment down the line between two cornfields fronting the landing place of General Grant's army, within about one hundred yards of the landing of the boats I saw an officer waving his sword and urging his men aboard. The front file of my command drew their guns to fire; but I at once ordered them to shoulder, as I knew their firing would draw a fire on my command. Colonel Fouke saw the movement and heard the command, and he inquired of the Confederate prisoners the name of the officer commanding that column. They told him Colonel Wright. He knew that his old familiar friend and associate in Congress was on the field, for he had confronted him that day, and supposed it to be Col. John V. Wright, and that he had recognized him and spared his life. I dislike to spoil so pretty and credible a story as this, but am glad to know that Colonel Fouke lived on and died with this belief. However, it is my opinion that had Col. John V. Wright led that command and recognized his old friend, Colonel Fouke, he would have ordered his men not to fire, and on the grounds which Colonel Fouke placed it.

On General Grant's return from his famous trip around the world and just as he returned from Mexico I happened to be in Memphis, Tenn., the day he visited there. Memphis had been my home for many years, and I was glad to see preparations made to give General Grant a grand reception. I called upon him at the Peabody Hotel soon after his arrival. He met me very cordially and invited me to join him next morning in his car from Memphis to Little Rock.

I was *en route* on business for the War Department to the Indian Territory. His reception in Memphis was a fine ovation. I joined him in the Pullman car the next morning at nine o'clock, and found no other occupants than the General and Mrs. Grant and Mr. Byron, a newspaper correspondent of Chicago, and his wife, and General Grant's Japanese servant. At every station on the route to Little Rock there were crowds of people, and at the principal towns there were speeches of welcome. I introduced the General at these places, and he made brief and appreciative responses to the speeches. At many places ladies crowded around the car with flowers asking for Mrs. Grant. I also introduced her on such occasions. Her seat in the car was banked with beautiful flowers. Mrs. Grant met the ladies with great cordiality and expressed her thanks in the kindest words. On this trip I had much uninterrupted conversation with General Grant, and I made notes after leaving him of the many points of his conversation from which I give this brief statement.

There is an impression that General Grant was a reticent

and silent man. He was neither. He was a very patient and attentive listener, fond of hearing what others had to say, and took in thoroughly every idea advanced. He talked to his friends with great freedom, and was a fine conversationalist. He never seemed to endeavor to conceal anything regarding a subject on which he was conversing. He talked to me as if talking to a member of his own military family. We occupied the same seat in the car, he sitting next the window. The seat in front was turned down toward us, and on this he had several boxes of Mexican cigars representing different brands and qualities. Mrs. Grant sat immediately behind us engaged in some sort of needlework, and occasionally joined in the conversation.

General Grant expressed the deepest interest in the future of Mexico, and predicted that it would become a prosperous nation and be an excellent example to other Latin-American countries. He thought the war waged by the United States against Mexico in 1846-47 unjust. I did not attempt to express my views on this subject, although I held exactly the opposite opinion—that if there ever was a just cause for war between nations the United States had this cause in its war with Mexico. General Grant in his memoirs repeats this opinion. He predicted the building of railroads connecting the two countries and the development of the mineral and agricultural resources of Mexico and of cordial relations which would develop.

I questioned him about his travels in the East. He was impressed with the great resources and possibilities of the Chinese Empire, but feared their adhesion to old customs would impede their progress. As to Japan, he was very optimistic. He thought they were rapidly imbibing Western ideas and were greatly in advance of other Eastern or Mongolian nations. He stated that they were inquisitive and seemed to be on the lookout for new and advanced ideas. He particularly dwelt upon their politeness and attention to old people.

Here Mrs. Grant gave an incident of a Japanese prince whom she saw step out of his way to allow an aged beggar woman to pass over a muddy crossing. General Grant dwelt with much feeling on the devotion of the Japanese to their parents, to whom he said on almost all occasions they showed the greatest affection and respect. He predicted the change of government which afterwards occurred in Japan, but which he did not live to see.

He impressed me very much by his close observation of the country through which we were passing, and made many inquiries about the soil, climate, products, etc.

In Arkansas in speaking of the future status of the negro he said it was a very serious question and one which gave him much concern. He stated that his reason for urging the acquisition of San Domingo while he was President was that it would have afforded a proper place for such of the negroes as might wish to emigrate and enable them to show whether or not they had capacity for self-government. He had doubted the policy of giving the lately emancipated negro the right to vote at once. He thought it was a problem, yet he said after the government had emancipated the negro and enfranchised him he thought it an act of bad faith not to give him proper support and defense. On this he somewhat criticised the action of some leading Republicans. Upon his mention of San Domingo I could not refrain from telling him that I heard that a friend of his had once gone to him to tell him that Charles Sumner denied the authenticity of the Bible and that he replied: "That is not surprising; Sumner did not write the Bible." He simply smiled and said: "Mr. Sumner was a man

of great intellect and much culture, but he was oppressed with a great deal of vanity." He said that he hoped and believed that the good sense of the Southern people would lead them to do justice to the negro, whom he said must for many generations be dominated by the white race.

General Grant said, as he afterwards wrote in his memoirs, that there was no offer of General Lee at Appomattox to surrender his sword, nor had he any intention to demand it. I told him that the Southern people had always regarded him with the greatest admiration and gratitude for the terms which he gave General Lee, and especially in allowing the men to retain their horses. He replied that this appeared to him not only an act of kindness to the men, but one of solemn duty. I mentioned this conversation to Governor Fletcher, of Missouri, a lifelong friend of General Grant, and he told me that General Grant had once said to him that when he looked upon those men, tired, worn out, hungry, and nearly devoid of clothing, and remembered as he did their courage and devotion to the cause for which they fought and thought of their return to their desolated homes, he felt that he would not only allow them to retain their horses in order to enable them to make the crops, but that if he had had the power he would have dismounted the cavalry of his own army and let them take the horses in order to aid them.

He expressed great interest in the work of the publication of the records of the war and asked a number of questions as to the manner of the work and the progress being made, and said that the publication on the plan proposed would correct many errors and enable the future historian to give a true account of the war.

While he was a ready conversationalist, he showed at first some hesitancy about conversing in regard to the war. However, he answered pleasantly my numerous inquiries with apparent frankness. He expressed very high admiration for Gen. N. B. Forrest, and spoke of him as a "natural-born soldier." He dwelt upon Forrest as a commander of cavalry capturing gunboats on the Tennessee River as a joke.

I mentioned that it had been claimed that he, and not General Sherman, was the projector of "Sherman's March to the Sea" or march from Atlanta to Savannah. He very promptly replied that this was a mistake; that the whole credit of the origin and success of the movement was due solely to Sherman. He said the authorities at Washington were doubtful of its success, but that he was not, having full confidence in Sherman. He asked about his friend Josiah DeLoach, of Memphis, and he repeated to me what he afterwards wrote in his memoirs that DeLoach had saved him from capture by Brig. Gen. W. H. Jackson's cavalry. When President, he appointed DeLoach Postmaster at Memphis, and retained him in office against the protests of many leading Republicans. Replying to a query in regard to General Belknap, he stated that he accepted General Belknap's resignation as Secretary of War when he knew that it would subject him to much criticism from the public generally and many of his best friends. He said that Belknap was a good man and a fine soldier, but fell under influences which he was not able to resist and was not blamable himself. Mrs. Grant, who had heard the conversation, assented.

I frequently met General Grant at the house of his friend, General Beall, on Lafayette Square, in Washington. He often sent me his card with a request to call, and I always responded, although generally he was surrounded by others.

In November, 1884, General Grant wrote me that he was engaged by the Century Magazine to write some articles. He

referred to my connection with the War Records Office, and said I might aid him in furnishing data and information in general from Confederate sources. I offered my services, and from this resulted considerable correspondence between us. Afterwards I received a letter from him dated November, 1884 (Sixty-Sixth Street, New York), in which he stated: "I wrote during the summer four articles for the Century Magazine on as many battles or campaigns of the war. This gave me the idea of writing up not only all the battles in which I took part, but also a brief biographical sketch of my life up to the Rebellion. It will be some weeks yet before I reach the beginning of the late war. When I do, and particularly after getting beyond what is published in the 'Rebellion Records,' I will no doubt have to call upon you in regard to the Vicksburg campaign, Chattanooga, and the Wilderness if it is not too late for me to use it. The publication of the Shiloh article is probably too near at hand to make any material changes in it. All that I have written for the magazine will no doubt be changed (for the better, I hope) when it goes into the book. The articles were taken up separately and treat of events occurring in the middle of a series, and naturally will be presented differently from what they would be if taken up at the beginning and presented in the order of their occurrence."

In reply I sent him a copy of a letter from Gen. John C. Pemberton to Col. John P. Nicholson, of Philadelphia, which General Pemberton authorized Colonel Nicholson to make public if he chose. Colonel Nicholson authorized me to send a copy to General Grant. The letter is as follows:

"PHILADELPHIA, July 12, 1875.

"Col. John P. Nicholson—Dear Sir: I give you with great pleasure my version of the interview between General Grant and myself on the afternoon of July 3, 1863, in front of the Confederate lines at Vicksburg. If you will refer to the first volume of Badeau's 'Life of Gen. U. S. Grant,' you will find a marked discrepancy between the author's account of it and mine. I do not fear, however, to trust to the honest memory of any officer there present to confirm the statement I shall make. Passing over the preceding events, I come at once to the circumstances that brought about the personal interview referred to, feeling assured that it was useless to hope longer for any assistance from General Johnston either to raise the siege of Vicksburg or to rescue the garrison. I summoned division and brigade commanders with one or two others to meet in my quarters on the night of the 2d of July. All the correspondence that had taken place during the siege between General Johnston and myself was laid before these officers. After much consideration, it was advised that I address a note to General Grant proposing the appointment of commissioners to arrange terms of capitulation. The following, having been read to the council and approved, was sent to General Grant under a flag of truce by Maj. Gen. John S. Bowen on the 3d:

"Major General Grant, Commanding United States Forces Near Vicksburg—General: I have the honor to propose to you an armistice of — hours with a view to arrange terms of capitulation of Vicksburg. To this end, if agreeable to you, I will appoint three commissioners to meet a like number to be named by yourself to meet at such place and hour to-day as you may find convenient. I make this proposition to save further effusion of blood, which must otherwise be shed to a frightful extent, feeling myself fully able to maintain my position for a yet indefinite period. This communication will be handed to you under a flag of truce by Maj. Gen. John S. Bowen.

"I am, General, very respectfully your obedient servant,
JOHN C. PEMBERTON, *Lieutenant General Commanding.*
"In due time the following reply was handed to me:

"HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF TENN., NEAR
VICKSBURG, July 3, 1863.

"Lieut. Gen. John C. Pemberton—General: Your note of this date is just received proposing an armistice for several hours for the purpose of arranging terms of capitulation through commissioners to be appointed, etc. The useless effusion of blood you propose stopping by this course can be ended at any time you may choose by an unconditional surrender of the city and garrison. Men who have so much endurance and courage as shown in Vicksburg will always challenge the respect of an adversary, and, I can assure you, will be treated with all the respect due to prisoners of war. I do not favor the proposition of appointing commissioners to arrange terms of capitulation because I have no other than indicated above.

"I am, General, very respectfully your obedient servant,
U. S. GRANT, *Major General.*"

"I at once expressed to General Bowen my determination not to surrender unconditionally. He then stated that General Grant would like to have an interview with me if I were so disposed and would meet me at a designated spot between the lines at 3 p.m. that day. I was not aware that the suggestion had originated with General Bowen, but acceded to the proposed meeting at the joint request of my four division commanders. On reaching the place appointed, accompanied by Major General Bowen and Colonel Montgomery, then temporarily serving on my staff, I found General Grant with a number of his generals and other officers already arrived and dismounted. To the General himself, with whom my acquaintance dated as far back as the Mexican War, as well as to several of the group who surrounded him, I was formally introduced by General Bowen. After a few remarks and inquiries on either side, a pause ensued which was prolonged on my part in expectation that General Grant would introduce the subject, the discussion of which I supposed to be the object of our meeting. Finding that he did not do so, I said to him: 'I understand you expressed a wish to have a personal interview with me.' He replied that he had not. I was surprised, and turning to General Bowen remarked: 'Then there is a misunderstanding. I certainly understood differently.' The matter was, however, satisfactorily explained to me in a few words, the mistake no doubt having been entirely my own. Again addressing General Grant, I said: 'In your letter this morning you state that you have no other terms than an unconditional surrender.' He answered promptly: 'I have no other.' To this I said: 'Then, sir, it is unnecessary that you and I should hold any further conversation; we will go to fighting at once.' I added: 'I can assure you, sir, you will bury more of your men before you enter Vicksburg.'

"General Grant did not, as Badeau represents, reply, 'Very well,' nor did he turn off. He did not change his position, nor did he utter a word. The movement to withdraw the forces any moment was made on my part, and was accompanied by the remark that if he (General Grant) supposed I was suffering for provisions he was mistaken; that I had enough to last me an indefinite period, and that Fort Hudson was better supplied than Vicksburg. General Bowen made no suggestion whatever in regard to a consultation between any parties during the interview, as he is represented to have done by Badeau; but the General did at this time propose that he and I should step aside, and on assenting he added that if I had no objections he would take with him Generals

McPherson and A. J. Smith. I replied, 'Certainly,' and that General Bowen and Colonel Montgomery would accompany me. General Grant then suggested that these gentlemen withdraw and see whether on consultation they could arrive at some satisfactory arrangement. It will be readily understood that I offered no objection to this course, as it was, in fact, a withdrawal of General Grant from the position he had so substantially assumed to me in his unconditional surrender, and it really submitted, as I had desired it should, the discussion of the question of terms to a commission, although that commission was not necessarily an impromptu one.

"Pending the interchange of views of the officers named, General Grant and I remained apart from them, conversing only upon topics that had no relation to the important subject which had brought us together. The terms which this commission agreed to propose were in the main those that were afterwards offered by General Grant and eventually accepted by me. During this discussion I stated to him that, as he declined to appoint commissioners when invited to do so by me, it was now his part to propose the terms. He agreed to this and said I should hear from him by 10 P.M. When about to depart, I notified General Grant that I held myself in no manner pledged to any agreement, but should consult my division and brigade commanders. He replied that I must understand him in like manner and that he too should consult his corps commanders. With this our interview ended.

"Mr. Badeau's statement is a misrepresentation of the facts as they occurred, and, whether intentional or otherwise, conveys a false impression to his readers. If he was present at the interview, he knows; if he was absent, he could readily have ascertained that after General Grant's verbal declaration he had no terms to offer other than unconditional surrender. All suggestions and all overtures looking to terms arose directly from General Grant himself, and neither directly nor indirectly from me or my subordinates. There was no display of indifference as to the result of the interview by General Grant, nor did he feel indifferent on the night of the 3d of July when a dispatch was intercepted by my signal officer from Admiral Porter to General Grant. The former inquired as to the chances of surrender on the 4th. General Grant replied through the same medium, mentioning in a general way the terms offered, stating that the arrangement was against his feelings, but that his officers advised it on the ground that it would free his river transportation for other important uses, etc. No doubt both of these gentlemen remember the circumstances.

"I am, Colonel, very respectfully yours,

JOHN C. PEMBERTON."

General Grant on receiving a copy of the letter of General Pemberton wrote to me as follows:

"3 EAST 60TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY, NOV. 30, 1864

"Gen. Marcus J. Wright—Dear General: Herewith I send you General Pemberton's account of the surrender of Vicksburg. As the written matter is a copy and supposing you have what it has been copied from, I do not return it, though I will if you inform me that you want it also.

"A gentleman from Philadelphia sent me the same matter. I return herewith, last summer. I probably left the paper at Long Branch, but do not know certainly.

"All there is of importance in the matter of the surrender of Vicksburg is contained in the correspondence between General Pemberton and myself. The fact is, General Pemberton, being a Northern man commanding a Southern army, was not at the same liberty to surrender that army as a man

of Southern birth would be. In adversity or defeat he became an object of suspicion and felt it. Bowen was a Southern man all over, and knew the garrison of Vicksburg had to surrender or be captured, and knew it was but to stop further effusion of blood to surrender. He did all he could to bring about that result. Pemberton is mistaken in several points. It was Bowen that proposed that he and A. J. Smith should talk over the matter of the surrender and submit their views. Neither Pemberton nor I objected, but were not willing to commit ourselves to accepting such terms as they might propose.

"In a short time these officers returned. Bowen acted as spokesman, and what he said was substantially this: 'The Confederate army was to be permitted to march out with the honors of war, conveying with them their arms, colors, and field batteries. The national troops were then to march in and occupy the city and retain the siege guns and small arms not in the hands of the men, all public property remaining.'

"Of course I rejected the terms at once. I did agree, however, before we separated to write Pemberton what terms I would give. The correspondence is public and speaks for itself. I held no council of war. Hostilities having ceased, officers and men soon became acquainted with the reason why. Curiosity led officers of rank, most all of the general officers, to visit my headquarters with the hope of getting some news. I talked with them very freely about the meeting between General Pemberton and myself, our correspondence, etc., but in no sense was it a council of war.

"I was glad to give the garrison of Vicksburg the terms I did. There was a cartel in existence at that time which required either party to exchange or parole all prisoners either at Vicksburg or at points on the James River within ten days after capture or as soon thereafter as practicable. This would have used all the transportation we had for a month.

"The men had behaved so well that I did not care to humiliate them. I believed that consideration for their feelings would make them less dangerous foes during the continuance of hostilities and better citizens after the war was over. I am much obliged to you, General, for your courtesy in sending me these papers.

"Very truly yours,

U. S. GRANT."

Correspondence between General Grant and myself was kept up at intervals until the serious turn in his health occurred. I could mention many courtesies and acts of kindness he did me voluntarily and without suggestion from any source, but I forbear. Mr. Jefferson Davis was asked when General Grant lay stricken with impending death at Mount McGregor to write a criticism on his military career. He replied as follows: "General Grant is dying. Though he invaded our country with a ruthless yet it was an open hand. He abetted neither arson nor pillage. He has shown no malignity to Confederates; therefore, instead of seeking to disturb his dying hours, I would contribute peace to his mind and comfort to his body."

The order issued by General Grant at the surrender at Appomattox was evidence of his kindness and humane feeling. It was a joint order by both commanders:

"Special Order No. —: All men and officers of the Confederate service paroled at Appomattox C. H. who to reach their homes are compelled to pass through the lines of the Union armies will be allowed to do so and to pass free on all government transports and military railroads."

It was signed by the adjutant general of each commander.

WHAT CAUSED THE WAR?

BY REV. JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

Historians have been busy assigning causes for the terrible war of 1861-65, which desolated the southern section of the United States and destroyed an institution which had become a part of its domestic life. The war is attributed to ignorance of each other in the two sections of the Union, to sectional prejudice, to conflict of economic interests, to different interpretations of the Constitution, to ambitious rivalries for supremacy in the government.

No doubt each of these factors contributed to bring about the final outbreak of hostilities and to the bitterness of the struggle. But in reality it was a war of conscience against conscience—a conflict of moral ideals. Each side believed it was contending for righteousness against iniquity. The North thought it was fighting against an order of society unjust and oppressive; the South believed it was fighting for a social order in the main kindly and beneficent. The North fought for a theory of human rights; the South for a condition, the best conservator of actual rights of two races widely different yet forced to live together.

It is frequently said that if the Northern people had known the actual condition of the slaves in the South and the kind feeling which in general subsisted between master and slave, then all bitterness of feeling would have disappeared and the radical demands of the abolitionists would have been so modified that the questions could have been settled without war.

But the chief obstacle to settlement was that these abolitionists, with their active propaganda, would not accept any fact that would controvert their theory of human rights. Intensely prejudiced and partisan writers with very limited opportunities to know all the facts went through the South to observe conditions. They reported the exceptional cases of cruelty and oppression, and their statements were accepted as gospel, which no amount of evidence could invalidate as to the terrible condition of the slaves and the tyranny of the masters. Thus the conscience of the Northern people was aroused against a system for which they felt the nation was responsible. At the same time the conscience of the Southern people resented what they felt was an injustice to them and a false judgment of their institutions.

When conscience is involved in any great question, compromises are only temporary. At length it has to be settled by force, the appeal to arms, that *ultima ratio regum*. Although the result of the appeal is not necessarily just and righteous, war never settles the right or wrong of anything. It often only establishes some giant wrong. One of the mightiest agencies of oppression and injustice in this world has been a perverted conscience. Our Saviour warned his disciples that their persecutors would think they did God service. And the horrors of the Inquisition were inflicted by consciences ecclesiastics. No doubt many of those who accomplished the emancipation of the slaves in the South at such fearful cost of blood and treasure, of life and suffering have the approval of their own consciences, and congratulate themselves on their success as agents of God's righteousness. Yet we of the South, who were the victims of that conscience, believe that it was blinded, perverted, and unjust. And our consciences do not reproach us for having resisted to the utmost of our power.

It was essentially the Puritan conscience which forced on the war. And inasmuch as the Southern conscience was as firm in its conviction as to the duty of resistance, the war was

inevitable. My observation of the Puritan and my reading of his history leads me to think that when he has made up his mind as to what is right no amount of fact is allowed to interfere with his course. Every one must admire his stern devotion to principle as he sees it, his firmness of purpose, his self-sacrificing zeal, his energy, his independence of thought, and his brave assertion of that independence at any cost.

But on the other hand I have noted an intolerance of opposition, an assumption of infallibility in judgment, a self-confidence which would denounce the Almighty if he differed from the Puritan idea, a willingness to deny or to pervert and misrepresent facts, to sustain a theory which have led to persecution and oppression in order to establish a certain theory or course of conduct. So in the early days of New England Baptists and Quakers were banished because their consciences could not conform to those of the Puritan.

In the course of nearly half a century as a minister of the gospel I have had various illustrations of this peculiarity of the Puritan conscience which will not accept any fact that would contradict its moral ideals. And let it be said that the Puritan has been so masterful in the realm of higher thinking that he has molded and controlled the ideals of the whole northern section of our country. He has claimed liberty to his own opinions, also liberty to force them on others.

Starting my ministerial life with the highest admiration for the Puritan, I fear I shall close it with a feeling of utter revolt against his character as an enemy of true liberty of conscience. This feeling applies only to the English Puritan, from Cromwell down, until I sometimes wonder whether to class the great Lord Protector as hypocrite or saint.

But my purpose in this paper is to give some illustrations of that stubborn prejudice in the North which misrepresented and misjudged the South and which refused to listen to any facts that might correct or modify opinions that rested on theory and not fact.

The theory was that all slavery was wrong, a violation of inalienable rights; that it must necessarily oppress and maltreat the slave, and also it must brutalize the master and make him cruel; therefore Southern slavery must be a system of cruel oppression, and that any facts to the contrary were only exceptional. So the system was denounced as "the sum of all villainies," and conscience was invoked and cultivated to destroy it. The abolitionist gloried in the war of emancipation as a righteous war. The true Southerners looked upon it as an unrighteous attack upon a social order which was forced on them largely by the Puritan and whose overthrow would bring dire consequences.

The first illustration I shall give was related to me by the late Col. John McGavock, of Franklin, Tenn. He was a typical gentleman of the old school, brave, gentle, upright, scorning a lie or any hypocrisy with utmost contempt. In his boyhood days he spent a good deal of his time in Washington with his relative, Hon. Felix Grundy, Senator from Tennessee. He heard frequently the discussions in the Senate between the great leaders, Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Benton, and their peers. It was my privilege to enjoy the friendship of Colonel McGavock for a number of years before his death, and his reminiscences of those days were exceedingly interesting. As he sat in his great arm-chair, which had belonged to General Jackson, and talked of those old days of strenuous debate, I felt that his memories ought to be recorded as a valuable contribution to the history of the time.

Among other things, he told me that several years before

the war a prominent United States Senator visited Tennessee and was the guest of Gen. W. H. Harding at Belle Meade, the celebrated stock farm near Nashville. He spent several days observing closely the life of the place, and all were pleased with his agreeable manners and his brilliant conversation, revealing the treasures of a wide culture. He asked General Harding if there would be objection to his talking with the negroes on the place, as he wished to know the facts of our Southern life. He was told to make himself perfectly at home and to speak to any of them freely on any subject he chose. Of course it was understood that he wished to hear the slave's version of his condition. The guest was a gentleman, and had no such thought as stirring disaffection among the slaves. He went into the quarters and saw them at their meals and on to the farm and saw them at work. He talked with men and women. He was impressed with the intelligence and answers of one especially, who became afterwards the noted "Uncle Bob," in charge of the thoroughbreds. He suspected that Bob knew who he was and that he had been posted as to his answers, so he said after a long talk: "Do you know who I am?" Bob answered promptly: "Yes, sir; you are Marse Pony Cheatham" — a man whom Bob had seen at Belle Meade and who bore some resemblance to him.

When his visit ended, Mr. S. was very cordial in his thanks to General Harding for the opportunity of seeing for himself the life of a large Southern plantation. Colonel McGavock, who had it from General Harding, said that the guest remarked in substance: "Well, sir, the institution is entirely different from what I had supposed. Sir, this is really the old patriarchal system of the family, like that of Abraham."

Yet this man went home and, disregarding his own observations, was induced to listen to the statements of partisans, and was driven by the exigencies of party to become the most bitter in his denunciations of the South and its institutions. His theory of the wrong of slavery must be maintained.

Another illustration of this peculiarity of the New England mind was given to me by one of my teachers in college.

In the years 1854 to 1856 I was a student at Jackson College, in Columbia, Tenn., which was burned by the Federal forces in 1863. I was fifteen years old when I entered. The students were assigned rooms in the college building—four to a room—for study by day; and as the rooms were all occupied, the professor of Latin and Greek took me to room with him. He was an old bachelor, and treated me as a son. He was a native of Maine, a graduate of Bowdoin College, the *Alma Mater* of Longfellow, Hawthorne, and Franklin Pierce. He was a man of broad and liberal culture, who bought and read many books. One day in the late fall, when we had begun to have fire in our room, he came in with a new book and sat down to read. After a while he got up and thrust the book into the grate. Of course I was surprised, and asked why he did it. He said: "That book is Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's 'Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands.' I thought I had a book of travels, which I know Mrs. Stowe could write well. Instead, it is only an abolition document." I afterwards learned his experience of abolitionism, which was in substance that after his graduation he determined to be a teacher. So he looked for a place which would yield him a living. There was a better prospect in the South than in his own home. Although he was against slavery and was prejudiced against the South, yet for the sake of the salary he swallowed his prejudices and came to Pulaski, in Giles County, Tenn., where he secured a select school of boys, twelve or fifteen sons of

the neighboring planters. He thought he could stand it for a few years until he could make enough money to return to God's country, and there spend the rest of his life as a teacher amid congenial surroundings. After a little while, as he became acquainted, he was invited nearly every week to go home with one or other of the boys to stay from Friday evening until Sunday morning, when the family came to the town to church. At the end of six months he wrote home to his people in Maine, telling them that they were mistaken as to slavery; that it was not the cruel system they imagined it was. They answered that he had not had a chance to see the dark side. At the end of a year he wrote again, urging them to revise their judgment. They replied that the slave holders, knowing that he was from the North, had concealed the cruel features of their treatment of the slaves, and that he did not know the real conditions.

He then concluded to write no more on the subject, but to take utmost pains to inform himself on the general treatment of negroes by white masters. At the end of three years he expected to return to Maine, and then in personal talk with his family and friends he would convince them of their error. But he was sadly disappointed. He went back to spend three months before returning to Tennessee, where he had made up his mind to spend the rest of his life. He had been at home only a short time when the subject of slavery was brought up. He told them simply what he had seen, not concealing the occasional cruelties nor apologizing for the real evils of the system. He told of the contentment of the slaves, their freedom from care, the provision for food and clothing, the attention in sickness, the kind feelings of master and slave for each other. He only asked that they recognize facts and the difficulties in the way of carrying out their theories.

His friends were impatient with his story, and finally intimated in plain terms that he was in the pay for the slaveholders, hired to make false statements; that they knew that conditions were different from his representations.

At the end of three weeks he had enough of Maine, and he packed his trunk and came back to Tennessee. I understood that he never went back to his old home until after the war, when he married and took his bride to see his people.

He did what he could for the Confederacy, serving in hospitals and in such positions as his strength would permit. His last years were spent in the ministry of the gospel.

Another incident involving two ministers of the gospel will show how thoroughly this prejudice existed in the Churches of the North. It was related to me several years ago by the late Mrs. Mary Thompson, the mother of Hon. John Thompson, Commissioner of Agriculture of Tennessee, and of Mr. Joseph H. Thompson, a prominent banker of Nashville. She was one of the loveliest and saintliest characters I ever knew, and also most charitable in her judgment of everybody.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church met in the First Presbyterian Church in Nashville, Tenn., in May, 1855. Dr. Edgar, the pastor, and his committee of entertainment received two letters, one from a minister in New England, the other from a minister in the West. These men were brothers, who had not met for twenty years, being in such widely separated fields. Each was appointed a commissioner to the Assembly. They asked that if possible they be assigned to the same home during the Assembly's meeting.

Mrs. Thompson's husband, Mr. John Thompson, was very much interested in these letters, and asked that the brothers be sent to his home. He lived on a large plantation a few

miles from the city. He promised to put a comfortable buggy and a gentle horse at their disposal, so that they could go and come at their pleasure.

On the afternoon before the meeting of the Assembly Mrs. Thompson went to meet her guests and brought them to her home. It was a pleasant May day, and they were delighted with the freshness and beauty of the country. While they were sitting in the parlor for a few minutes before going to their room the house maid came in to make some inquiry or announcement, and she and her mistress had some little talk aside. As she left the room the ministers looked after her with evident surprise. At length one of them said to Mrs. Thompson: "She didn't seem to be afraid of you." Her reply was: "Afraid? Why should she be afraid of me?" He said: "Why, we had understood that the black people do not dare to speak to the whites without permission, and they usually get down on their knees." Of course Mrs. Thompson ridiculed his foolish and false ideas.

The work on the plantation interested them very much. It was the season of planting, and everybody was up early and everything was moving from morning until night. The ministers were busy too, seeing as much as they could in the intervals of the Assembly's sessions.

When the Assembly adjourned, Mr. Thompson invited them to remain with him as long as they could, that they might see more of Southern life and the condition of the slaves. They gladly accepted his invitation, and spent several days in going over his place and in visiting the neighboring plantations. They were shown the storerooms with bales and bolts of cloth to make up into clothing for the negroes, with boxes of boots and shoes and hats and caps; the work rooms, where Mrs. Thompson directed the sewing women; the smoke-houses, with the great supply of cured meats; the mills for grinding the corn; the nursery for the babies while the mothers were at work; the cabins in which the negroes lived, each with its garden spot; the barns and stables and tool houses—in a word, all the necessary equipment of a large plantation, with its many slaves forming a village in itself, clustered about the "big house" of the "white folks."

They visited Colonel Overton's and General Harding's plantations and several of the farms of the neighborhood. They seemed much surprised at the general air of content and happiness which prevailed among the negroes, to whom they spoke freely, asking many questions.

Mr. Thompson told them that several of these gentlemen owned plantations in Arkansas and Mississippi, where they raised cotton and where the life was much the same as here, under the direction of a trusted overseer and his family. He told them that what they had seen was a fair sample of the treatment of the slaves generally by their owners; that, while there were no doubt cruel masters, they were the exception, and public opinion as well as self-interest restrained them from excess of harshness.

The brothers were very thankful for the attentions which they had received, and said to Mr. Thompson: "We have had our eyes opened. Now how can we repay your kindness and show our appreciation?" He replied in substance: "Gentlemen, I foresee great trouble for our country in the near future to come from the agitation of this question of slavery. Your people are denouncing us with great bitterness as the oppressors of a helpless race. They do not know the actual condition and treatment of the slaves nor the difficulties that beset their demands. This is with us not a question of a

theory of human rights, but of actual facts with which we have to deal, and we are trying to give the negroes all the rights which they are fit to exercise. Surely if your people but knew the truth, they would cease their agitation of a question which they are incompetent to deal with. The Southern people cannot be expected to submit patiently to abuse which they feel to be unjust. Now I ask of you gentlemen that when you go home, one to the East, the other to the West, you tell your people just what you have seen of the treatment of the slaves. Use your position and influence to get facts before them. I do not wish you to apologize for us nor to cover any unfavorable facts which you have noted. You have seen a fair example of the way the large proportion of the negroes are treated. You also can judge of the difficulty in the way of freeing such a mass of an utterly different and inferior race from the restraints of slavery and having them live among us. And you might at least help to stop this agitation."

Mrs. Thompson heard the whole conversation of which I have given the substance. She said that as her husband ceased speaking both ministers threw up their hands and said: "Mr. Thompson, if we were to tell our people exactly what we have seen just as we have seen it, we could not keep our pulpits a month. We would be set down by public opinion as liars, bribed by the slaveholders. Our people are so set in their views of slavery that they would not believe a word we spoke and would refuse to hear us preach."

Mr. Thompson loved the Union with his whole heart. His father was one of the pioneer settlers of Tennessee. He bade his guests "good-by" with a heavy heart, feeling that if they judged their own people aright there was no escape from a bloody conflict of the sections.

Several years ago I spent some weeks in Edinburgh and Belfast, and met some of the most intelligent and fair-minded Scotchmen and Irishmen. Of course they asked me about the life of the South, and seemed astonished that Christian people could defend the institution of slavery. I became convinced that for years the abolitionists of the North had systematically carried on a propaganda of misrepresentation and falsehood for the purpose of prejudicing the minds of the European peoples against us, and to a large extent they had succeeded. I was enabled to correct some of these false impressions. But while some were willing to hear our side, others refused to believe me. These two classes of foreigners were represented directly after the war by two different delegations that visited this country.

The circumstances were given to me by the Rev. Dr. Thomas V. Moore, for many years pastor in Richmond, Va., and afterwards pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Nashville, where he died, and by the Rev. Dr. E. T. Baird, Presbyterian Secretary of Publication. Two or three years after the close of the war a delegation from the Free Church of Scotland, consisting of the Rev. Drs. Patrick Fairbairn and Edgar, visited this country to bear greetings to the Presbyterian General Assembly North. Dr. Fairbairn was a distinguished professor and author, and had edited in Scotland a volume which Dr. Moore had issued in this country.

On landing in New York, some days before the meeting of the Assembly, they were cordially welcomed, and in their speeches they were effusive in congratulating the pious North for its glorious work in breaking the fetters of four millions of bondmen. They were equally effusive in condemning the South for her effort to rivet those same fetters more firmly.

As there was time to spare, they visited Richmond, as Dr. Fairbairn wished to visit his friend, Dr. Moore. They wished to see something of how the negroes lived in slavery. Drs. Moore, Moses Hoge, and Baird took pains to show them some of the old homes around Richmond and visited several of the old plantations down the James River. They pointed out the negro quarters, with their cabins and gardens, and also the various buildings in which provision was made for their comfort. They told of the life and work not only on the large plantations but on the smaller farms and in the villages and cities and in the homes of the masters. They told of the religious instruction of the slaves, of the buying and selling of them, and of their family life. The whole story was told honestly, not concealing the harsher features.

When the delegation was received by the General Assembly, the effort was made to have them repeat their speeches made on their arrival. But they evaded the subject of slavery and emancipation, and their references to the war were slight and guarded. Dr. Fairbairn intimated that he had found that they did not know enough to talk wisely on the subject.

After his return to Scotland, Dr. Fairbairn wrote several letters to Dr. Moore, expressing deep sympathy with the Southern people and Churches in the very difficult problems forced upon them by emancipation. Especially did he deplore the giving the ballot to the negro. Dr. Moore gave me two or three of these letters, but in moving my library about I have lost them.

Now for the other class of foreign critics. The next year another delegation came from Scotland on a similar mission. It consisted of Dr. James McCosh, afterwards the distinguished and able President of Princeton University, and Dr. William Arnot, a minister and author of great talent and learning. They also went to Richmond, anxious to see for themselves the conditions. They received the same courteous treatment from the same gentlemen, who took them on a steamer running to Norfolk, that they might see something of the old Virginia mansions. But Dr. Baird told me that the response to these courtesies, especially by Dr. Arnot, was so rude as to be positively insulting. Whenever any statement was made indicating that the negroes were well treated and happy, Dr. Arnot would dispute it in the most offensive manner: "No, sir! I know better than that; you can't deceive me. I have investigated this matter, and know that there was not a redeeming feature in the system." This in substance was his reply to anything that did not conform to his opinions, until at last Dr. Hoge, most courteous of men, lost his patience and said to them: "As you seem to have no confidence in us as Christian gentlemen, we shall leave you to yourselves." So the Richmond gentlemen withdrew into the boat and had no more to do with the visitors. Dr. Baird said that he could not explain such boorishness in men of such unquestioned ability and high position except on the ground of inveterate prejudice with boundless self-conceit. I suppose all who know anything of Dr. McCosh know how profound was his confidence in his own opinions. I was told that when the visitors returned to Richmond they were entertained by a prominent negro family. If it were so, I can't see how any Southern man could attend Princeton under his presidency.

These incidents show how difficult it was to get the facts before the Northern and the British people. In Great Britain the anti-slavery sentiment expressed itself in self-righteous glorification of English freedom in contrast with the slavery-

darkened United States. It was their boast that as soon as the foot of a slave touched English soil one breath of English air made him a free man. They sneered at our flag as having stars for the white man, but stripes for the negro. These complacent censors seemed utterly oblivious to the terrible conditions of large sections of their laboring population held in bondage to an oppressive service far more exacting than a Southern slave ever knew. They seemed also to forget that negro slavery was imposed on this country by the British government, which was ably seconded by the traders of New England trading rum to Africa for slaves to be sold in America.

We are told that our Civil War was the result of ignorance of each other in the two sections of our country. But there was no chance to relieve the ignorance when prejudice so intense and inveterate was cultivated in the North by pulpit and press—a prejudice which was founded on conscientious devotion to a theory and which refused to believe anything contrary to the theory. The abolitionist thought he was doing "God's service" by his crusade against an institution which he regarded as the "sum of all villainies." And so he demanded "an anti-slavery constitution, an anti-slavery Bible, and an anti-slavery God." It was not the first time that conscience has trampled on justice in the name of religion.

The war was bound to come. The abolitionist won the victory. To-day he boasts of the achievement as a glorious triumph of righteousness. No Southern man would restore the institution of slavery. But the end is not yet. We are confronted by the most difficult problem that ever a nation had to solve. Can the relations, social, political, economic, of two races as widely differing as Caucasian and negro living under the same government be so adjusted as to give justice and proper development to both races? Thus far we have had only an experiment. It remains to be seen whether emancipation has been a blessing to our country, and especially to the negro, or has introduced evils that in the end will be more terrible than slavery.

ARLINGTON VETERAN ASSOCIATION.

W. J. Horsley: "In 1904 Comrade William Ray and I instituted an independent organization of veterans from the Georgia counties of Calhoun, Clay, Randolph, Early, Baker, and Miller, known as the Arlington Veteran Association, with a membership of a hundred and eighty. We meet annually, usually the Thursday after July 4, at some selected place in one or the other counties. These meetings are delightful, for it is a reunion of brothers who enjoy their talks together and the battles they fight over in memory."

A LOST SWORD.—M. C. Roward, of Springfield, La., desires to locate the sword of his uncle, William George Richardson, who was sergeant major of the 16th Louisiana Volunteers. He was wounded in the battle of Shiloh and carried from the field by Lieutenant Stagg. Major Richardson died the next day and his sword was lost.

TWO SOLDIER SKELETONS FOUND.—While grading a street in Atlanta near West View Cemetery in 1892 two skeletons were unearthed, the brass buttons found with them showing that one was a Confederate and the other a Federal. They are supposed to have been killed in the battle of July 22, 1864. Interment was made in West View.

MEMORIAL SERVICE AT MT. HOPE CEMETERY.

The annual memorial services of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York were held this year on Sunday, May 30, at its plot in Mount Hope Cemetery. About two hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen attended. The Camp and its friends, the New York Chapter, U. D. C. Dixie Club, and comrades of the U. S. Grant Post, Alexander Hamilton Post, Lafayette Post, and Sumner Post, G. A. R., went to the cemetery in a special train in the afternoon. On arrival at the Mount Hope Station the Veterans and associate members of the Camp and the G. A. R. Veterans formed in column under command of Maj. Edward Owen, and with flags flying and with the music of a drum and bugle marched to the monument. It was an imposing sight to see those old veterans "brace up" at the sound of the bugle and drum and hear the word of command once more.

The exercises consisted of the hymn, "God Bless Our Native Land." Then a prayer was offered by our Chaplain, Rev. George S. Baker. Miss Margaret Dunlap sang a solo, "The Holy City." Rev. John Wesley Hill delivered the oration, followed by the benediction.

Graves were decorated with flowers by the Daughters of the Confederacy, and then the solemn but beautiful taps was sounded. Wreaths were presented and placed upon the graves by the G. A. R. Veterans. There are now some eighteen veterans buried in the Camp plot resting under the shadow of a grand monument sixty-two feet high.

OUTING TO WEST POINT BY THE NEW YORK CAMP, U. C. V.

On Saturday, June 5 last, the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York had its annual outing to West Point, under the charge of Maj. Edward Owen, Commander of the Camp. Although the day was rainy, between four hundred and five hundred ladies and gentlemen were aboard the iron steamboat Sirius, chartered for the occasion, when it left Pier 1 N. R. at 12:30. Arriving at West Point about five o'clock, it met with a cordial welcome. At six o'clock a special dress parade was ordered by Col. Hugh L. Scott, Superintendent of West Point, for our benefit. It was a grand sight and most highly appreciated by all present.

Leaving West Point at seven o'clock, we reached the upper landing in the city at 10:30 P.M., all having enjoyed the occasion greatly. On the way up and the return those who desired enjoyed the dancing to splendid music furnished by the Twelfth Regiment Band. The younger element kept that part going all the time.

Some veterans of the U. S. Grant Post, Alexander Hamilton Post, Lafayette Post, and Sumner Post were our guests on this occasion, and they enjoyed every moment.

Among those present were: Mrs. James H. Parker (President New York Chapter, U. D. C.), Mrs. J. D. Beale (ex-Vice President U. D. C.), Mrs. W. W. Dunklin (ex-President Dixie Club), Col. and Mrs. C. C. Wilson and the Misses Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. John Temple Graves, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Rivers, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Ellis, Percy Pickrell, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Graybill, R. W. Gwathmey, E. Selvage, Col. J. B. Wilkinson, Mrs. Florence A. Lopez.

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

REPORT OF TREASURER FOR MONTH ENDING JUNE 30, 1909.

Receipts.

Receipts reported, \$9,765.74.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocoek, Director for Virginia, \$6. Contributed by Rawley Martin Chapter, No. 68, U. D. C., Chatham, Va., \$5; a friend, \$1.

Mrs. J. B. Gantt, Director for Missouri, \$217. Contributed by Winnie Davis Chapter, No. 626, U. D. C., Jefferson City, Mo., \$100; Stonewall Jackson Chapter, No. 639, U. D. C., Kansas City, Mo., \$25; Moberly Chapter, No. 1125, U. D. C., Moberly, Mo., \$5; M. L. Dalton Home Chapter, No. 1106, U. D. C., Wentzville, Mo., \$2.50; Confederate Home Chapter, No. 203, U. D. C., Higginsville, Mo., \$10; R. E. Lee Chapter, No. 525, U. D. C., Marshallville, Mo., \$25; Sterling Price Chapter, No. 213, U. D. C., Lexington, Mo., \$50.

Beauregard Chapter, No. 1102, Washington, D. C., \$50.

Mrs. Lillie F. Worthington, Director for Mississippi, \$206.

Mrs. Clementine Boles, Director for Arkansas, \$70.05. Contributed by Memorial Chapter, No. 48, U. D. C., Little Rock, Ark., \$69.05; Mrs. H. F. Sloan, Imboden, Ark., \$1.

Mrs. Marie Burrows Sayre, Director for Washington, \$23.50. Contributed by Mildred Lee Chapter, No. 967, U. D. C., Spokane, Wash., \$5; Dixie Chapter, No. 1103, U. D. C., Tacoma, Wash., \$1; R. E. Lee Chapter, No. 885, U. D. C., Seattle, Wash., \$10; miscellaneous contributions, \$7.50.

Benavides Chapter, No. 452, U. D. C., Laredo, Tex., \$10.

Charles J. Gawler, Washington, D. C., \$1.

Mrs. Kate A. Murray, Alexandria, Va., \$1.

Sidney I. Besselièvre, Washington, D. C., \$1.

Dr. L. W. Eugster, Washington, D. C., \$1.

Mr. and Mrs. Keblinger and baby, Washington, D. C., \$1.50.

Mr. S. and Mr. W., Washington, D. C. (each 50 cents), \$1.

Unknown, Washington, D. C., \$1.

John T. Morgan Chapter, No. 356, Talladega, Ala., \$10.70.

Shenandoah Chapter, No. 32, U. D. C., Woodstock, Va., \$6.

Mrs. Frank G. Odenheimer, Director for Maryland, \$200. Contributed by Baltimore Chapter, No. 8, U. D. C., Baltimore, Md., parent body, \$185; branch at Annapolis, Md., \$15.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocoek, Director for Virginia, \$6. Contributed by Mrs. Joseph Bryan, Richmond, Va., \$5; Mr. Conrad, Winchester, Va., \$1.

Wythe Grays Chapter, No. 136, Wytheville, Va., \$57.57.

Mrs. M. J. Wells, Washington, D. C., \$1.

Mrs. R. S. J. Peebles, Richmond, Va., \$3.

Mrs. Lillie F. Worthington, Director for Mississippi, \$25. Contributed by Private Taylor Rucker Chapter, No. 913, U. D. C., Greenville, Miss., \$20; personal contribution, \$5.

Mrs. John W. Tench, Director for Florida, \$5. Contributed by New Smyrna Chapter, No. 825, New Smyrna, Fla.

Mrs. Martha Cabaniss, Evansville, Ind., \$21.25.

WALLACE STREATER, Treasurer.

[This worthy cause should not lag.—ED. VETERAN.]

"THE OLD SOLDIERS' STORY"—A MARCH SONG.

This song of the South, written by Mrs. Carlos Dinkins, of Macon, Ga., herself the daughter of a veteran, is dedicated to the "Boys in Gray and their sons and daughters." It is published with the desire of giving aid to Southern needs.

The song will never become a classic, nor is it written in the rag-time measure that will set every street gamin to whistling or singing it. It is a song of the heart, and appeals entirely to the tenderest emotions. The words are very pretty, and are wedded to an air in every way suitable to them. It has a haunting melody that lingers in the heart, and the short strain of "Dixie" in the chorus is attractive.

Mrs. Dinkins is anxious that the U. D. C. and Veterans everywhere should take up the sale of her song. The selling price, twenty-five cents, will be equally divided, the sellers to use their portion for the Veterans' Home, monument-building, or any similar cause.

LOLA SANCHEZ'S RIDE.

WHAT A CUBAN GIRL DID FOR CONFEDERATES.

BY L. H. L.

The daring ride of Paul Revere is told in song and story; but very few have known of a ride much more daring and equally as thrilling of which a beautiful young Cuban girl was the heroine.

Long before the War between the States Mauritia Sanchez left the West Indies and settled on the east bank of the stately St. John's River, opposite Palatka, Fla. His ill health, which had caused his removal from Cuba, continued to grow worse till when the war broke out he was a feeble man, worn and aged. His family consisted of an invalid wife, a son in the Confederate service, and three attractive daughters, who were only prevented by their womanhood from also joining the army. In lieu of this they gave every aid and assistance possible to the cause of the Confederacy.

Information concerning the Yankees percolated through the lines and reached the Confederates, and after watching closely the Yankees decided that Mauritia Sanchez was its source, and the feeble old man was arrested as a spy and dragged off to prison in what was then called San Marco, and is now Fort Marion, St. Augustine.

This left the three girls, Panchita, Lola, and Eugenia, unprotected, for their invalid mother was their care, not their guard. Often in the night their place was surrounded by Yankee troops, both whites and blacks, and the house searched for concealed spies; for the information still reached the Confederates, and the Yankees did not suspect the truth—that the girls themselves were the informers.

The three Cuban girls were beautiful and had all the attraction and charm of tropic girlhood; so the Yankee officers were very fond of spending their evenings at the hacienda listening to their merry chatter and their liquid singing to the soft accompaniment of the guitar. The talk seemed light and airy enough, but from it the girls managed to glean the information that kept the Confederates posted.

One Saturday evening three Yankee officers came to the hacienda. The light, bantering conversation, the quips, and the laughter made the evening pass delightfully, and later the three girls withdrew to prepare the Cuban supper, to which they had bidden the officers remain as guests.

As Lola Sanchez slipped from pantry to dining room as softly as wind-blown orange petals on the grass she found that the officers on the porch had fallen into earnest conversation, and one word that she heard convinced her that trouble for her beloved cause was brewing; so she silently crept beneath the window and listened. Two plans were spoken of as to be carried out on the morrow. One was a gunboat raid up the river in the early dawn when the Confederate camp was still sleeping; the other, a foraging party to go southward from St. Augustine, pillaging and capturing all they could find.

The trembling girl crept away from the window. Something must be done, and at once, for it was already late and the expedition against her friends would start at dawn. Camp Davis, under Captain Dickinson (afterwards General Dickinson), was only a mile and a half away; but between them and her lay the dense Florida forest and the wide, slow current of the St. John's.

Such women as Lola Sanchez think rapidly. She bade her sister Panchita return to their guests and with song and laughter to keep them entertained. Eugenia must prepare the

supper, while she sped upon her mission of warning. Her pet horse was quickly saddled, and she plunged into the darkening forest. High overhead rode the moon, and where the branches of the trees spread wide apart threw golden lances of light that made the shadows of leaf and swaying moss quiver and dance upon the sand; but the bay-head was thick and water oak and pine grew close together, and here the darkness gathered black and shadowy. The scrub palmetto met in a tangle that held back her horse, and the yellow jasmine vines, with their incense-bearing burden of bloom, were everywhere, and to penetrate them was to tear hands and clothes and to force her horse forward with her spurs. Now and then a long vine would clasp her around her neck with snaky folds that made her shudder and almost shriek aloud.

There was the real danger of wild beasts fresh from their lairs, and the wind in the pine trees made eerie cries, sobbing like the wail of a lost soul, and the girl, like most tropic-nurtured women, was very superstitious. Blindly stumbling on and guided more by instinct than by sight, she reached the river and the ferry she was seeking. The ferryman was gone with his boat. His wife "could not row, but the lady could have the skiff if she could paddle herself over."

The girl was a practiced oarswoman and could paddle like an Indian maiden; so her swift strokes carried her fast upon the moonlit river. The St. John's was dimpling and sparkling as the wind stirred its waters; every wave, gold-tipped, had its individuality, and where the moonlight lay upon the water was a golden ladder that seemed to reach from river to heaven. But the fairy scene was lost upon Lola Sanchez, beauty lover though she was, for her every effort was given to driving the light skiff over the water.

The Confederate picket was just across the river, and as soon as she stepped from the shadows a sharp "Halt! who goes there?" stopped her progress. Her answer, "A friend," brought the mounted picket, who proved to be an old friend and neighbor. The soldier could not leave his post even to carry such news as this, and the relief guard had just gone! But he could pass her into the lines even without the password, and she could have his horse, rules or no rules on the subject of dismounting!

Miss Sanchez found Camp Davis, and Captain Dickinson gave close attention to her breathless story. And now she must ride for her own liberty, for to be suspected and caught meant imprisonment, possibly death! A short, swift ride to the waiting picket, a rapid pull across the moon-kissed waves of the St. John's, the welcoming whinny of her horse, then there were only the fear-haunted shadows of the woods and bay-head between her and safety!

To Lola Sanchez the time of her absence seemed years, yet the old clock had registered only an hour and a half in actual minutes when she softly entered the kitchen. Panchita's audience had not yet tired of her sparkling roudades and her languishing love songs, and Eugenia's chicken olla catalina, olla podrida, and Cuban coffee were just filling the air with appetizing odors!

The next morning in the gray mists of dawn the gunboat crept silently up the river, the transport full of soldiers following as silently; but where the river makes its bend the Confederate battery lay in wait! "Stormed at with shot and shell," taken by surprise, the transport was captured, the gunboat disabled, and the Yankees were all prisoners instead of taking the Confederates captive!

South of St. Augustine the forage party too was prepared

for. Here the ambushed Confederates awaited the enemy, and in the hot fight that followed many brave lives were lost on both sides. The Yankee General Chatfield was killed and Colonel Nobles was wounded and the larger part of his command made prisoners. They also lost their wagons and mules.

Panchita Sanchez determined to effect the release of her father from prison. She made her way to St. Augustine, and after untold labor and suffering, even an offer of herself as hostage, brought the old man home with her in triumph.

Lola Sanchez married a Confederate soldier of the St. Augustine Blues, Eugenia married Albert Rogers, of the same company, and Panchita wedded John R. Miot, of South Carolina.

Eugenia Sanchez still lives in St. Augustine, the same true, brave, patriotic woman as of old. She and her daughter are honored members of the Anna Dummet Chapter, U. D. C. The granddaughters of Lola Sanchez and Panchita Sanchez are members of the St. Augustine Chapter of the Children of the Confederacy, which is named in honor of Gen. W. W. Loring. At the State Convention of the U. D. C. lately held in that historic old city by the sea these two children of their noble ancestry were pages during the entire meeting.

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

BY L. H. L.

Memphis was well picketed, and it was hard to get in and ten times harder to get out again; and if you were trying to steal through the lines with contraband goods, the effort was well-nigh impossible.

Two ladies living in Mississippi decided to try all these things at once, though Mississippi was under especial taboo, and the authorities had made their orders very strict against the whole State. Mrs. White and Mrs. Turner were young and giddy and ready for any escapade, and they had extra incentives to the trip in the hope of getting some "store clothes" and a new hat, things that their youth had made them specially desirous of obtaining.

They took old Uncle Lem to drive their carriage, with its span of fine black horses, and made their way across the country, not going on the roads at all where it could be prevented, for there was always danger of meeting Confederate, Federal, or jayhawking soldiers, and these horses were prizes they wanted to retain.

About ten miles from Memphis a friend lived, and they made their way to her house on foot, the horses and carriage being concealed in the woods.

Next day they started into Memphis amid the shouts of laughter of the family, for the two pretty young women had turned into "country jakes" of the most pronounced variety. They wore faded, skimp calico skirts and "Garibaldi waists" and sunbonnets that flapped down over their faces, and each had a huge "dip stick" in her mouth!

Their friend lent them an old wagon and horse. They plastered both well with mud, and the horse they further adorned with cockleburs, and the wagon itself they filled with turnip greens.

They came to the picket station just outside of Memphis, and the sergeant told them they could pass in and asked them to take their greens to his mess, giving exact directions how to get there.

They faithfully delivered their turnip greens, and Mrs. White, acting the simple country woman, begged the soldiers to tell her how to get home again the next day, as she "didn't want

them picket gentlemen to say she shouldn't pass that." The soldier called the captain, who told the two country women to come to the camp when they were ready to leave Memphis and he would pass them through the lines.

A cousin was much surprised to find the two forlorn countryites turn into their madcap relatives. She provided them with dresses, and all three had a carnival of shopping, for the gayly decked stores of Memphis were very beautiful to the Mississippi ladies.

When they surveyed their purchases that night, they were appalled, and the question of how to get them out of the lines grew big before them. Mrs. White said she was going to take the natty new suit to her husband if nothing else went. So she dressed herself in the full uniform of Confederate gray, and over it went the faded calico dress of the country women.

Bustles were worn those days; so theirs were soon filled with small articles, and the "rats" and "mice" in their hair gave place to bits of gold lace, and even some gold buttons found lodging in their soft tresses.

But the rose-covered hats refused to be hidden, yet were entirely too pretty to leave. "I believe I'll just take mine and beg that captain to let me take it. I don't believe hats are contraband anyway," said Mrs. White, and her cousin agreed to make the same trial.

The captain laughed when the innocent-looking country lassies petitioned to take their finery beyond the lines. He examined the airy structures of straw and flowers and contrasted them in his mind with the girls that wanted to wear them, but said he would see what he could do. He was gone a long time, but came back with passes for them and their bonnets. He told them their turnip greens were very good and that they must bring some more. This they promised to do. They then returned to their cousin's house, where they took up the floor of the old wagon and hid bundles and packages between the planks.

Mrs. White driving, they made their way out of the city by all the byways and alleys, for they did not wish to come in contact with the pickets if they could help it, for these had a little way of searching for contraband goods even when a pass was carried. The only picket they could not dodge laughed at the country girls and their fine hats, and let them go on after reading their passes.

Next morning, with all their packages transferred to the carriage, they were just about to start off triumphantly home when a Yankee officer came from behind the bushes and without a word to them stepped into the carriage and gathered up the reins! The two ladies gasped, and the man turned and said: "Don't be alarmed, ladies; I am only going to take you for the finest ride you ever had in your life."

One glance at his face showed that he was drunk! Clinging to each other, the two ladies were carried on the wildest race across the country ever had since the days of John Gilpin or Tam O'Shanter. The carriage swayed and bumped over every root and hillock, and their many escapes from striking the trees were a marvel. The horses, maddened by the constant lashing of the whip, would have been past control of any one; but to the drink-crazed officer they were as impossible to handle as a whirlwind.

They dashed from the woods into the road and met a posse of Yankees, who sprang to one side to let them pass. These Yankees happened to be part of the officer's command; and when they saw him on the front seat swaying and shouting

as he beat the horses, they started in pursuit. The horses again rushed into the woods, and the carriage struck a tree with such force that the door, which had blown open, was torn from its hinges and the officer thrown violently from his seat. The ladies saw him fall all in a heap, then lie still; but they were helpless to go to his assistance, for the horses, still more frightened by the noise, plunged wildly along, dragging the carriage after them.

Mrs. White climbed over the front seat and picked up the lines, which had fortunately fallen in the carriage. She guided the horses as best she could, but it was impossible to stop them. For some distance farther they continued to run, though providentially they had entered a well-defined road. Then, thoroughly exhausted, they stopped, panting and trembling, at the foot of a long hill.

The frightened women held a council of war. They were afraid to go back and did not know the way to go forward, though the latter course seemed less dangerous and wisest. When the horses were rested, they drove on, and finally came to a house. They told their tale to the lady, who took them in till she could get a message back to the friend at whose house old Uncle Lem had been so summarily left. They stayed with the lady three days, when Uncle Lem overtook them on foot, and their journey home was without further disaster.

They learned afterwards that the officer was badly hurt, that his men found him and carried him to the hospital, where he finally got well; but they never did find out how he came to be hiding behind that bush from which he sprang out and into their carriage. Mrs. White and Mrs. Turner, old ladies now, are very fond of telling how they ran the blockade with all their goods and of the terrible ride through the woods behind the drink-crazed Yankee and the fright-crazed horses.

HOW THE BISHOP LOST HIS TROUSERS.

People in Florida are laughing over a good joke on one of the best-known and best-loved men in that State. Bishop G. is big in body, brain, and heart, and his absent-mindedness is only another lovable quality added to the many others he possesses. The Bishop is a devoted Confederate veteran, having served during the entire war, and no braver soldier ever faced the Yankees from the Southern lines. He was a prisoner for months, and his uncomplaining acceptance of privation and suffering helped his fellow-prisoners almost as much as his noble words of Christian cheer and courage.

Bishop W., Bishop G.'s confrère in Florida, is comparatively small in body, while intellectually he is a Goliath, and holds enviable sway in his diocese through the force of his vivid personality.

Lately Bishop G., traveling on official business, passed through Jacksonville and stopped overnight with Bishop W. His suit case held only his vestments and necessary toilet articles.

In the early morning Bishop G. awakened and began to make hasty preparations to catch a train in order to fill his appointment. But an obstruction to quick dressing arose from the absence of the good Bishop's trousers, those very necessary articles being conspicuous by their absence! And to add to the trouble all his money was in the pockets of the missing habiliments, and his trusted watch was last seen ticking away on his fob, which was also in his trousers pocket. The bewildered Bishop hunted everywhere for the lost garment. In desperation he called the assistance of the maid servant, and together they gave the room a thorough search, but no trousers were discoverable!

Evidently some rogue with a predilection for clerical garments had visited the room while the Bishop slumbered and slept and had escaped with his booty. Bishop W., being called to the conference, realized that his own trousers were useless, so phoned to a merchant tailor to come quickly and bring an assortment of garments near the Bishop's size. From these Bishop G. was enabled to get something usable. Bishop W. supplied the money needed, and the delayed start was made by the bewildered owner of the missing trousers.

Naturally what had become of the Bishop's garment was a question much discussed that day in the W. household; but their wonder changed to laughter when the next day's mail brought a letter from the absent-minded Bishop G., for it said that in a conversation with a drummer a few days before the Bishop had been told that a most excellent way to keep the trousers looking well pressed and creased was to lay the garment under the mattress when the owner went to bed. This the Bishop had done and forgotten all about it!

Those who laugh over this good story laugh with the Bishop, not at him, for he enjoys the joke on himself very much.

A YOUNG OFFICER'S MASQUERADE.

BY L. H. L.

Tom and Katie Post were twins, and so much alike that their nearest relatives could not tell them apart in their childhood. As they grew older Katie's long hair was a distinguishing mark; but a severe spell of fever reduced this to a curly crop like her brother's and accentuated the likeness.

Tom Post was one of the earliest volunteers in his town, going to the front with the 1st Georgia Regiment. He was a wild, daring boy, with the hot, quick emotions of the South. He was desperately in love with the daughter of a Union man, who would not even allow Tom to visit her. But love laughs at parents as well as at locksmiths, and the two saw each other often.

Later in the war, while his company was in camp, Tom heard that his sweetheart was visiting a Union family in the next county and was being much tormented by the Federal officers. He determined to see her, and his colonel granted him a furlough. Tom borrowed some toggery from a girl cousin, and went to the little town as Miss Post. Kate's reputation as a beauty was State-wide, and Tom received much courtesy. He was invited to a military ball, and here met his sweetheart, and the two girls (?) were constantly together. The Yankee officers were delighted with the beautiful young Rebel, who made herself so charming to them all. She danced and flirted with them, and the captivated colonel of the Federals invited her and her friend to a camp dinner. Afterwards the party visited the entire encampment, and Tom took many mental notes of the soldiers and their condition, much to the future advantage of his own army.

After the war the madcap young soldier married the girl, and their descendants now live in Florida. Tom's mother is very fond of telling the story of this masquerade.

CAPT. WILLIAM SMITH AND "JACK" IN THE PICTURE PAPERS. —Capt. William Smith is well known and beloved around Christianburg, Va., and almost equally well known is his old servant "Jack." The two have been close friends and comrades for fifty-eight years, though the line between master and man is well preserved. They have been pictured in the papers. Captain Smith is proud of his war record, and is never tired of telling thrilling stories of the sixties.

HONOR ROLL OF FIRST GEORGIA REGULARS.

BY W. H. ANDREWS, EDGEWOOD, GA.

After Georgia seceded from the Union, in 1861, Gov. J. E. Brown decided to raise two regiments of regulars. He first appointed the officers who opened recruiting stations throughout the State, and as fast as the recruits were secured they were sent to Augusta and Savannah, Ga., where they were thoroughly drilled and formed into twelve companies. Maj. William J. Hardee was appointed colonel, but never took command. He rose to the rank of lieutenant general in the Western Army and surrendered his corps at Greensboro, N. C., on the 26th of April, 1865.

Capt. W. H. T. Walker was appointed lieutenant colonel, and served with the regulars a short time at Augusta. He rose to the rank of major general, and was killed in the battle of Atlanta on the 22d of July, 1864.

Capt. Lafayette McLaws was appointed major, but never reported for duty, being elected colonel of the 10th Georgia Regiment. He rose to the rank of major general, and surrendered with his division at Greensboro, N. C., on the 26th of April, 1865.

As volunteer military companies were forming in every county in the State, it gave recruiting a black eye, and the officers were called in. The recruits at Augusta were ordered to the Oglethorpe Barracks, in Savannah, where they were formed into one regiment, the 1st Georgia Regulars, about eight hundred strong, under the command of Col. Charles J. Williams, of Columbus, Ga. During the last days of March the regiment went to Fort Pulaski, Ga., then to Tybee Island on the 1st of June and to Manassas, Va., in July, 1861. Sometime in September Colonel Williams returned to his home on sick leave and died.

Capt. William D. Smith was the senior captain in the regiment, and deserved a great deal of credit for its thorough organization and splendid discipline. He was promoted to major in April and elected colonel of a North Carolina regiment in June, and later on appointed a brigadier general, dying in the service.

Capt. William J. Magill was promoted to lieutenant colonel in July, 1861, and to colonel in September, being in active command of the regulars until the battle of Sharpsburg, Md., September 17, 1862, where he lost his left arm at the shoulder and was left in the hands of the enemy. In the fall of 1863 he resigned his commission in the regulars.

Capt. William Martin was promoted to lieutenant colonel in September, 1861, and left the service in January, 1863.

Capt. John D. Walker was promoted to major in July, 1861, and was killed at the second battle of Manassas on the 30th of August, 1862.

Capt. R. A. Wayne was promoted to major in the fall of 1863 and took command of the regiment. In 1864 he was promoted to colonel, and surrendered with his regiment at Greensboro, N. C., in 1865.

Capt. Miller Grieve served with the regulars during the war, and was promoted to lieutenant colonel in February, 1865.

Capt. John M. Patton was killed at the second battle of Manassas on the 3th of August, 1862.

Captain Cannon was killed while in command of the regulars in the battle of Olustee, Fla., on February 20, 1864.

Capt. Louis Kennan was desperately wounded in the battle of Waterloo, S. C., in July, 1864, and incapacitated for further service.

Capt. S. P. Hamilton served with the regulars until July,

1861. He was then placed in command of Company D, which was changed from infantry to light artillery.

Captain Wallace served with the regulars until July, 1861, and then resigned.

Capt. Frank T. Cullins served with the regulars until December, 1861, and then resigned.

Capt. Jacob Reed, commanding Company A, was stationed at Fort Jackson, near Savannah, and remained there when the regiment went to Virginia. They were afterwards changed from infantry to light artillery.

Capt. W. G. Gill was appointed colonel and chief of ordnance on the staff of Gen. Braxton Bragg.

Captain McConnell served in 1861 as commissary of the regulars, but resigned early in 1862.

Capt. Louis De L'Aigle served as quartermaster of the regulars until November, 1861; he was then appointed major in the quartermaster's department.

Dr. Cherry, of Augusta, was surgeon of the regulars, and held that position during the war.

Lieut. Whit Anderson was promoted to captain in 1861, and resigned in 1862.

Lieut. James D. Anthony was appointed in August, 1861, and was shot through the body in the battle of the Peach Orchard during the siege of Richmond, in 1862. In 1864 he was promoted to captain.

Lieut. James S. Armstrong was promoted from the ranks in 1861, and was killed by a Federal sharpshooter near Dam No. 1 during the siege of Yorktown, in April, 1862.

Lieut. Robert H. Atkinson was promoted to captain in 1864.

Lieutenants Berrian, Barrow, Burdell, McIntosh, and Wade resigned before the regiment left Georgia, in July, 1861.

Lieut. Thomas C. Beall was promoted from the ranks in 1861. During the summer of 1862 he went home on furlough, and while returning to his command either jumped or fell from the train and was killed.

Lieut. John Bass served until November, 1861, and resigned.

Lieut. Cecil Berrien served with the regulars in 1865.

Lieut. Joe Blanche served with the regulars until the 30th of August, 1862. He lost an arm in the second battle of Manassas and resigned.

Lieut. John Branch served a short time with the regulars at Savannah, Ga., in 1861. He resigned and went to Virginia as the adjutant of the 8th Georgia Regiment, and was killed in the first battle of Manassas.

Lieut. Seaborn Benning served with the regulars until September, 1862, when he was appointed captain on the staff of his father, Gen. Henry L. Benning.

Lieut. James Blunt was promoted from the ranks in 1861 and resigned in 1862.

Lieut. Ed Bowdre was promoted to captain in 1861.

Lieut. Horace P. Clark while adjutant of the regiment had his horse shot from under him in the battle of Waterloo, S. C., in July, 1864.

Lieutenant Dancy reported to the regulars for duty in the fall of 1863, and was killed in the battle of Olustee, Fla., on the 20th of February, 1864.

Lieut. Marshal De Graffenreid served with the regulars until September, 1862. He was then assigned to duty with the commissary department.

Lieut. Washington Desseau served for a time in 1864.

Lieut. James R. DuBose was appointed in August, 1861, and was promoted to captain in 1864.

Lieutenant Griffin served for a short time with the regulars in Virginia and Maryland in 1862.

Lieut. Tomlinson Fort was promoted to captain in July, 1861, and was wounded at Malvern Hill on the 1st of July, 1862, and in the second battle of Manassas on August 30, 1862.

Lieut. John P. Fort reported to the regiment for duty in the fall of 1863, and served until the surrender at Greensboro, N. C., in 1865.

Lieut. George P. Harrison served with the regulars until October, 1861. He was then elected colonel of the 32d Georgia Regiment, and was later on appointed a brigadier general.

Lieut. A. A. Franklin Hill was promoted to captain in July, 1861, and was wounded in the battle of Waterloo, S. C., in July, 1864. He was promoted to major in 1865.

Lieutenants Hearn, Maddox, Dave Smith, and Jack Wells were promoted from the ranks in 1862, and resigned after receiving their commissions.

Lieut. John Howard served with the regulars until December, 1861, and resigned.

Lieut. Pearce Horn served with the regulars until the fall of 1862.

Lieut. Ben Hudson served with the regulars until September, 1862.

Lieut. I. Floyd King served with the regulars until December, 1861. He was then appointed major in the artillery service.

Lieutenant Kirklin served with the regulars a short time at Savannah in 1861. I saw him in Virginia in 1862 with an empty sleeve and the wreath of a brigadier general on his collar.

Lieut. Gasaway B. Lamar served with the regulars until after the battle of Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862. He was then appointed captain on the staff of General McLaws.

Lieutenant Lane served with the regulars until June, 1861. He was then appointed captain of a battery of artillery.

Lieut. Robert J. Magill served throughout the war with the regulars.

Lieut. John Milledge served with the regulars until the fall of 1861. He was then appointed captain of a battery of artillery.

Lieutenant Montgomery was promoted to captain in July, 1861, and was shot in the head in the battle of Sharpsburg, on the 17th of September, 1862, being rendered unfit for further service.

Lieutenant Morell served a short time with the regulars at Savannah in 1864.

Lieut. F. M. Myers served throughout the war with the regulars, and was promoted to captain in 1864.

Lieut. W. W. Payne was promoted to captain in the fall of 1861, and served throughout the war as quartermaster of the regiment.

Lieut. Fred B. Palmer was promoted from sergeant major in 1861, and was wounded at South Mountain, Md., on September 14, 1862. He was captured by Sherman's forces at Cheraw, S. C., on March 3, 1865, and carried North to prison.

Lieutenant Porter had been with the regiment only a few days when he was killed in the second battle of Manassas, on the 30th of August, 1862.

Lieut. Anderson W. Reese served throughout the war with the regulars.

Lieut. A. C. Sorrel reported to the regulars for duty during the siege of Richmond, in June, 1862. After the battle of Olustee, Fla., on the 20th of February, 1864, he was appointed captain on the staff of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

Lieut. Robert Rutherford was promoted to captain in July, 1861, and resigned in August, 1862.

Lieut. Gus Rutherford was wounded in the second battle of Manassas, on the 30th of August, 1862.

Lieut. H. D. D. Twiggs was promoted to captain in July, 1861, and in August, 1862, he accepted a position on the staff of General Hoke. In April, 1865, he returned to the regiment at Smithfield, N. C., and was promoted to lieutenant colonel.

Lieut. Peter Williams served with the regulars during the war.

Lieutenant Willis served with the regulars at Savannah, Ga., in 1861. He was elected colonel of the 12th Georgia Regiment and later on appointed a brigadier general.

Lieut. David G. Wyley was promoted from color bearer, and served with the regulars until December, 1861. He was then elected captain in the gallant 42d Georgia Regiment in the Western Army.

Lieut. Charles S. Wyley was promoted to captain in 1862, and was desperately wounded in the battle of Second Manassas, on the 30th of August, 1862.

I have only given a short sketch of the officers who held a commission in the 1st Regiment of Georgia Regulars. I should like to give a more extended sketch of a number of them, but can't for the want of space. It was my privilege to see a number of them under fire, and I can truthfully say that I never heard of or saw but one of them show the white feather. Forty-four years have come and gone since they sheathed their bright swords for the last time, and old Father Time with his relentless scythe has been very busy garnering them in, as most of those gallant Georgians have passed over the river, while those who are left are awaiting the final summons to join those on the other shore. The once smooth cheek, bronzed by sun and weather, is furrowed with the wrinkles of time, the glossy locks are fast whitening with the snows of winter, the erect form is bending with the weight of years, and the firm military step has changed to a tottering gait as the boys of '61 march past in search of that much-needed rest to be found on fame's eternal camping ground, the bivouac of the dead. One by one they are going home, and soon the last one will have crossed over the river, and we may never see his like again; but his fame as a soldier will go ringing down the ages to generations yet unknown.

Of the above list of officers there are but thirteen now living.

Comrade Andrews, the author of the foregoing, enlisted in Company M, 1st Georgia Regulars, at Fort Gaines, Ga., in February, 1861, and served in the same company and regiment until April 26, 1865. He was promoted to corporal in May, 1862, sergeant in June, 1862, and orderly sergeant in July, 1863, which latter position he held until the surrender. He kept a diary during the war and can tell where his command was every day during the war. He has kept in touch with a number of his old regiment since the war, so that he is exceedingly well posted. In a personal note Mr. Andrews states: "I love war, its pomp and glories, like a duck does water. Yes, I would be willing to risk my old gray scalp to be in one more desperate charge. But the war is over and I am one of Uncle Sam's most law-abiding citizens."

An inquiry from Pea Ridge, Ark., asks for Zelfh Gamblin, John Cabe, and William Ledford, who belonged to Company F, 15th Arkansas Infantry, and surrendered with that regiment at Vicksburg July 4, 1863. They enlisted from Benton County, Ark. (Neither the name nor the address is given.)

TWICE RECEIVED THE SAME FLAG.

Judge Letcher, of Staunton, Va., presented in the name of Mrs. C. T. Arnall the historic old flag of the 5th Virginia to Camp Stonewall Jackson, of Staunton. It was a singular coincidence that the Camp Adjutant, Capt. James Bumgardner, Jr., who received the flag, was receiving it for the second time. The flag was originally presented to the regiment by Judge Letcher's father, John Letcher, the war Governor of Virginia, and was received by James Bumgardner, who was adjutant of the regiment.

MICHIGAN G. A. R. REUNION AT KALAMAZOO.

The "Grand Army" at Kalamazoo in June was one of the best-attended Reunions in the history of that organization. There were upward of three thousand five hundred veterans present, and the visitors ran this number up to five thousand.

The line of march was especially fine. It was headed by Gen. Fred Grant, who, in full uniform, was received with shouts of greeting. A notable feature of this parade was the living flag formed from five hundred school children, whose dresses of red, white, and blue made the flag, which as they marched in perfect time seemed to be waving in the breeze. The flags the Michigan regiments carried during the war were again unfolded, and the old veterans marched proudly under their shadow.

A famous trio of musicians, W. H. Bullard, J. J. Bullard, and A. W. Cummings, were present and attracted much attention, for the three had played together during the entire war, and the fife, snare and bass drums were the same then used.

A waving flag of electric lights was much admired as it spanned the street and with quivering colors seemed to feel each passing touch of air. Every corner held a phonograph playing patriotic music, and at the park moving pictures of battles were the attraction. The art students were on the streets in numbers with block and pencil seeking studies. One feature of the Reunion especially enjoyed by the veterans was the automobile rides which encompassed the beautiful city.

GENERAL GRANT AS TO GENERAL LEE'S SWORD.

The erroneous opinion continues to prevail in regard to the surrender of the "sword of Lee." Careless writers, or those whose euphonistic instinct exceeds their historical knowledge, are fond of referring to Gen. Fred Grant as the son of the man to whom Lee's sword was surrendered. The truth is, Lee never surrendered his sword at all! The cartel of surrender signed by both Lee and Grant plainly states that all Southern officers were allowed to retain their side arms, which of course included their swords; but there is nothing to the silly story about Lee's sword being offered to Grant.

In ancient warfare conquest gave almost unlimited rights. History is filled with stories of Greek or Roman armies returning in triumph with the long line of conquered following to slavery, and the great kings and generals were chained to chariot wheels of victors, etc. The greater the humiliation of the defeated,

the greater was the triumph of the conqueror and the more numerous the laurel crowns placed upon his brow.

In Lee's surrender there was no humiliation, no bowing of his proud head in submission to a dictatorial conqueror. Lee had about five thousand worn-out soldiers on that fatal 9th of April, 1865; he was surrounded by Grant's army aggregating many times his number. There was no choice but surrender, but it was surrender with honor. Grant met Lee as an equal, not a defeated subject. He honored his generalship, his steadfastness to duty, his love for his men, and the radiant purity of his character. So the terms of the surrender demanded every consideration possible for the Confederate army.

This autograph note of General Grant ought to satisfy every sane person and stop the silly, sentimental discussion of the subject. General Lee made record that he told General Grant in regard to the horses in his army that they belonged to the soldiers, when the latter said: "The boys will need their horses to make crops."

TRIBUTE TO MAJOR BREATHITT.

BY COL. G. N. SAUSSY.

On page 267 of the June VETERAN Col. P. P. Johnson gives a heroic account of Major Breathitt's rescue of one of his guns at Spottsylvania. While Colonel Johnson does not mention the place definitely, that was the location.

Stuart and his cavalry had been swung by General Lee to his right in anticipation of Grant's night march to seize the key point at Spottsylvania, and with bulldog tenacity Stuart was holding this all-important post. Warren's Corps was in the advance and was pressing the cavalry very hard. Stuart, while doing his best to hold the key and finding his forces overwhelmingly outmatched, had personally dashed up the road. Meeting Dick Anderson leading Longstreet's veterans, he urged them to hasten. Nor were they any too soon, for they just had time to form battle line when Breathitt was forced from his position.

The incident was related to me by a former Federal soldier, a member of a Massachusetts regiment. He told me the story in Jacksonville, Fla., in the early nineties. He had come South and was employed in the general freight office of a Florida railroad. He said it was the most heroic act he ever witnessed during the fierce War between the States. The gun had been bared by cannoneers when Major Breathitt dashed up and hitched the two horses to the prolonge and, throwing himself upon the near horse, gave him the go. This Federal soldier said they were almost near enough to put their hands upon the gun. They demanded his surrender, but Breathitt just put his thumb to his nose and wriggled his fingers in derision and dashed off with the gun. "It was the most surpassing act of cool nerve I ever witnessed," he repeated. His story so fully confirms the narrative related by Colonel Johnson that it should be in the VETERAN. We rarely find an incident of such heroism confirmed by both sides.

There was no demand made for Gen. Lee's sword and no terms of it offered
U. S. Grant

THIS AUTOGRAPH SHOULD SETTLE THE SURRENDER OF THE SWORD QUESTION.

EFFORT TO BAR CIVIL WAR CLAIMS.

Senator Burnham, of New Hampshire, recently introduced a bill which if passed will nullify the Bowman and Tucker acts and prevent the payment after 1911 of any war claims for property used or destroyed during the sixties. Senator Burnham's bill proposes to amend Section 4 of the Bowman act, entitled "An act to afford assistance and relief to Congress and the executive departments in the investigation of claims and demands against the government," so as to read: "The jurisdiction of the court of claims shall not extend to or include any claims against the United States growing out of the destruction of or damage to property by the army or navy during the Civil War or for the use and occupation of real estate by or for stores, subsistence, or supplies taken by or furnished to any part of the military or naval forces of the United States in the operations of said forces during the said war at the seat of war; nor shall the said court have jurisdiction of any claim against the United States which is now barred by virtue of the provisions of any law of the United States."

However, to this amendment there is a proviso that will permit the admission of claims under the present law up until the 15th of January, 1911. This proviso reads as follows: "That all claims for supplies or stores taken by or furnished to any part of the military or naval forces of the United States for their use during the Civil War heretofore referred or



STONEWALL JACKSON.

transmitted to the court of claims by virtue of and pursuant to the provisions of the Bowman act or which shall be so referred prior to the 15th day of January, 1911, may be prosecuted in and shall be heard, determined, and reported by the court of claims in all respects as fully and completely as if said Section 4 of the act had not been repealed or said section had not been amended by this act."

It may be well to fix a limit to this; so Southern Congressmen will get busy about great matters that have long needed persistent attention. But the time designated is entirely too short, and the money in the treasury that was exacted as a cotton tax and all other taxes levied on the South should be returned to the Southern States in equitable proration.

RAPHAEL SEMMES CAMP, NO. 11, U. C. V.

Adjutant Robert E. Daly, Sr., of the Mobile Camp named as above, reports officers elected for the current year as follows: A. G. Levy, Commander; John R. Malone, Joseph Cady, Sr., and E. T. Toomer, Lieutenant Commanders; Robert E. Daly, Sr., Adjutant; John M. Niolon, Treasurer; M. T. Judge, Sergeant Major; L. D. Gibson, Color Sergeant; John I. Clark and F. P. Andrew, Color Guards; W. H. Bancroft, Custodian; Dr. William T. Hamilton, Surgeon; H. A. Lockwood, Chaplain; Emile Erbecke, Drum Major; William H. Johnston, Officer of the Day.

This Camp will have much to do during the year ahead—in entertaining the U. C. V. Reunion, etc. The Adjutant writes: "The Camp meets regularly the third Thursday night of each month in the Armory of the Alabama National Guards, where we have a room nicely furnished and where our books, maps, papers, pictures, and relics are kept."

APPOINTED U. D. C. EDITOR OF CONSTITUTION.—Mrs. George C. Ball, who recently succeeded Mrs. B. D. Gray as U. D. C. editor of the Atlanta Constitution, is well known in the ranks of Southern journalism. In making her bow in her new sphere Mrs. Ball begs the active cooperation of all the Georgia Division. Mrs. Gray's resignation was caused by pressing domestic duties.

Col. W. B. Harper was living in New York City when the Civil War broke out. He came South and joined a company which was formed at Reelfoot Lake, Tenn. The name of the company is not known. He was under Jeff Thompson, General Buckner, and Forrest. In 1864 he resigned and ran a blockade on the steamer Blenheim from Wilmington to Nassau. At the close of the war he went to Alabama, where he remained until his death, in 1907. Address Grace Lyon Kevil, Princeton, Ky., who seeks information of him.

To assist her in filling out a U. D. C. application Miss Elizabeth Loftin, of Nashville, Tenn., would like information of the military record of Jesse, Benjamin, and Peavy Stewart and Samuel Loftin, who enlisted either in Scott or Newton County, Miss. Samuel Loftin died in service.

A BRIGHT SOUTHERN CHILD.—R. L. Thompson, of St. Louis, Mo., writes: "Our small daughter Mary attended a kindergarten school in St. Louis, and one of the songs taught her class was:

'O see me shoot my big gun,
And don't you see the Rebels run?'

Mary changed the words to 'don't you see the Yankees run?'. As she was singing in chorus, the change made discord, and her teacher asked why she did it. The little girl replied that her papa was a Confederate soldier and she was not going to sing about his running away. The matter was finally adjusted by the suppression of the kindergarten song."

GREATEST FREIGHT HAUL EVER RECORDED.—One freight engine on the Virginia Railroad, which road was built by the late H. H. Rogers, hauled a train of ninety cars, each containing fifty tons of coal, from Roanoke to Norfolk, a distance of two hundred and forty-three miles, which is said to be the heaviest train ever hauled by one engine for such a distance. It was of the Mikado type. Think of nine million pounds and the weight of ninety cars hauled by one locomotive!



[Lines by Mrs. Mary Pinckney Outz, Grand Worthy Matron of the Eastern Star, of South Carolina, a daughter of Archibald Adams, of Marshall, Tex.]

Listen, Daughters! hear the signal!
 'Tis the muffled, measured tread
 Taken to the sound of music—
 Music played for our soldier dead.
 Why this chord upon the breezes?
 Why this hush upon the air?
 Why around the somber casket
 Gather heads grown white with care?
 'Tis another of our heroes
 Who his last farewell has said,
 And that casket holds his body;
 But his martial soul has fled—
 Fled to meet his dear, loved generals
 Where the camp fires ever burn
 And where springs the living water
 That old age to youth will turn.
 Closely wrap the shroud around him,
 Form the mound with greatest care,
 And upon its sacred surface
 Scatter flowers of perfume rare.
 In the garden spot of memory
 Plant a pearl of richest hue,
 Tell with song and pen and story
 Deeds of valor great and true;
 For we love those locks of silver
 And the shrine round which they bow.
 Precious hearts and dearest treasures,
 Blessings on them then and now.

YEAR'S DEATH ROLL OF RAPHAEL SEMMES CAMP.

A. B. Jones, Co. D, 4th Ala.
 J. A. Tagert, Co. I, 24th Ala.
 Thaddeus Partridge, Sr., Co. K, 21st Ala.
 S. A. Byrd, Co. E, 36th Ala.
 A. G. Ward, Co. G, 5th Ala.
 Charles S. Kimball, Pelham Cadets.
 Jesse G. Harwell, Co. G, 4th Ala.
 Samuel J. Ryan, Co. G, 4th Ala.
 F. M. Bradley, Co. C, 40th Ala.
 Michael Hansen, Co. A, — La.
 George W. Spotswood, Co. A, 2d Fla. Vol.
 H. R. Crichton, Co. F, 47th N. C. Troops.
 James Byrnes, Co. I, 12th Ala.
 Paul A. Boulo, Co. E, 21st Ala.
 Patrick Leary, Co. I, 8th Ala.
 Simon Klosky, C. S. N.
 Rudolph Dykes, Co. A, 9th Miss. Cav.
 George Metzger, Co. A, 21st Ala.
 John S. Holmes, Co. B, 3d Ala.
 John R. Williams, Co. A, 12th Ala.

L. W. CHRISTIAN.

Lewis Woodville Christian was born in Tuscumbia, Ala., during August, 1847; and died in Weatherford, Tex., in December, 1909. His parents were Virginians of Irish ancestry. His great-great-grandfather was the first white settler in Augusta County, Va.

L. W. Christian entered the Confederate army at the age of sixteen, enlisting in Company C, 3d Alabama Cavalry, under Col. Jeff Forest, and served with him in every battle till the one at Prairie Mound, where Forrest was killed. Company C then became a part of Major Warren's battalion, and participated in many hard-fought battles. Later L. W. Christian was made chief courier of Gen. W. A. Johnson. He was severely wounded in the battle of Pulaski and sent home. On his return his company had been consolidated with Williams's Battalion, under command of Col. John Burthwell, where they remained till their surrender at Selma, Ala. Comrade Christian was a brilliant soldier and a true, noble gentleman.

W. J. LONGLEY.

W. J. Longley was born in Tennessee in 1836; and died in Dalton, Ga., in June, 1909. In the beginning of the war he enlisted in the 39th Georgia Infantry, and was a brave, true soldier to the cause. He was wounded in the battle of Missionary Ridge by a ball striking him in the forehead and plowing its way across his head. He was disabled by this wound from active service for months; but on his recovery he returned to the army, and served till the surrender. He was a member of Joseph E. Johnston Camp, U. C. V., and was highly respected by all who knew him.

RICHARDS.—Dulany M. Richards was born in Fairfax County, Va., in 1844; and died in Brunswick, Mo., in 1909. In 1863 he enlisted in the 43d Virginia Cavalry, Company A, under Col. John S. Mosby. Here he distinguished himself as a brave and dashing soldier, as became a true follower of his gallant leader. He was captured in 1864 and placed in the Old Capitol Prison, Washington, D. C., where he remained for months, being then transferred to Fort Warren, Boston, in which prison he remained till his parole at the end of the war. He was an upright man and an honored citizen of Brunswick. He leaves a wife and six children, and his mother also survives him.

WHITFIELD.—Dr. George Whitfield was born in Spring Hill, N. C., in 1831; and died in old Spring Hill, Ala., in 1909. He was educated at Chapel Hill, N. C., and graduated in medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. He volunteered as a private, but was promoted to brigade surgeon in Rodes's (afterwards Battle's) Brigade, where he served till the end of the war, ministering to the sick and wounded. He was wounded at Bunker Hill, Va. In his life as a country practitioner Dr. Whitfield won many friends. He leaves a wife and children.

HURD.—L. J. Hurd in the seventy-sixth year of his age died at his residence, on Hunter Street, Atlanta, in July, 1909. He was an honored citizen. He was as well a true soldier of the Confederacy, serving in Company E, 5th Alabama Infantry. He is survived by two sons and one brother.

PEACO.—At the funeral of G. W. Peaco, of Staunton, Va., the Confederate veteran of Stonewall Jackson Camp acted as pallbearers, and almost the entire body followed their old comrade to the grave.

CAPT. DAVID ELWELL MAXWELL.

The memory of her heroes is a State's richest legacy. David Elwell Maxwell was born in Tallahassee, Fla., February 25, 1843; and passed into his reward September 16, 1908. As a friend, he was loyal; as a citizen, his idea of patriotic duty was sublime; as a soldier, he was distinguished alike for his fearless daring and his acute intelligence; as a comrade, he was full of that tender solicitude that sought the comfort of his men, soothed the anguish of the sufferer, and comforted the last hours of the dying. As manager of great business trusts and administrator of vast interests, he won the respect alike of capitalists whose investments he managed and the most humble employees. Yet loyalty of friendship, patriotic citizenship, courageous soldiery, gentleness of spirit, great administrative capacity—all these fail to picture the man at his best and in his truest type. His real greatness was found in the sacred circle of his domestic relations. One of a twain whose lives were blended in the rosy young days of life's springtime and whose pledge at the altar was only a formal confirmation of ties that were registered in heaven, he was a devoted husband and an ideal father. There was a comradeship between parents and children beautiful to behold.

Enlisting in his eighteenth year in the 2d Florida Infantry, his career as a soldier began in May, 1861, in the Virginia Army. His splendid physique made him a conspicuous soldier.



CAPT. DAVID E. MAXWELL.

The history of the Virginia Army as an aggregation of battling activities was the personal record of this young hero. Williamsburg on the Peninsula, Seven Pines, a wound at Fraser's Farm, the capture of Harper's Ferry, the battles of Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Deep Run, Gettysburg, Falling Waters, Culpeper C. H. were all events in his personal history. In 1863 he was promoted for distinguished services, and with the rank of captain was assigned to the 1st Florida Cavalry, dismounted, serving in General Bragg's army. He served gallantly in the battles of Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Dalton, Resaca, Dallas, Kennesaw Mountain, Peachtree Creek, and that of Atlanta, July 22, 1864. In the last battle mentioned (Atlanta), while in a hand-to-hand fight for possession of the intrenchments held by McPherson's Corps, Captain Maxwell was desperately wounded and disabled for regular field service. A cripple at his home, in Tallahassee, when a body of the enemy landed at St. Mark's Light-house in March, 1865, he mounted his horse and went to the front and engaged in the battle of Natural Bridge, Fla.

Gen. William E. Bates used to tell a story of Captain Maxwell when ordered to perform a very perilous service. General Bates had instructed Captain Maston, of his staff, to convey an order to Captain Maxwell while the brigade was under fire to take fifty men and occupy a certain post of danger. Turning to the messenger, the boy captain said: "Give me this order in writing." Captain Maston responded: "And why?" The answer was: "That I may send it to my people at home, so they may know that I gave up my life and the lives of my men in obedience to the command of my general." Upon closer investigation General Bates withdrew the order.

The great honors paid the memory of Captain Maxwell attest the high standing of the man. The great system of the Seaboard Air Line Railroad showed its exalted official respect by ordering a brief cessation of work and the stoppage of all trains at the hour of his funeral, and the State Legislature spread upon its minutes resolutions attesting their appreciation of a man in whose death "the State of Florida lost a distinguished citizen, a devoted friend, and a true type of glorious manhood."

[From a tribute by B. W. Partridge, of Monticello, Fla.]

JOSEPH E. PETTIGREW.

Joseph Edward Pettigrew, third son of James A. and Elizabeth Blackwell Pettigrew, was born in Darlington District, S. C., September 7, 1841. In 1859 he entered the Furman University, and there remained a student until the call to arms in 1861, when he enlisted "for the war" in the "Pee Dee Rifles," 1st S. C. V. This company was soon changed into the Pee Dee Light Artillery, and became a part of Col. W. J. Pegram's famous battalion of artillery, in which he served through all the Virginia campaigns up to and including June 7, 1864. Then owing to greatly reduced numbers the company was sent to South Carolina, served under General Hardee's command, and was subsequently surrendered by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Greensboro, N. C.

As a soldier his ideals were high. Always cool and self-possessed, his splendid moral courage sustained him in all the trying crises of the many bloody battles in which he took part, and none more fully realized or strove more earnestly and faithfully to perform his full duty to his country. In the battle of Harper's Ferry the gun to which he belonged for some cause had not been placed in action. The detachment, however, served as a reserve to draw from in replacing those killed or disabled on the firing line. The writer, whose

initial letter came early in the alphabet, was the first recruit called for, when Pettigrew sprang to his feet, exclaiming: "You must not go; you are too sick to fight. I'm going in your place." The generous proffer was not of course accepted, but can never be forgotten, nor the nobility of soul which prompted it cease to be admired and gratefully appreciated.

In 1866 he was married to Miss Fannie Tillman, of North Carolina. She possessed a strong character, coupled with admirable amiability and feminine gentleness, and she was of much strength and comfort to her husband in the trying ordeals of that stormy period, during which reconstruction period he was a pillar of strength to his community. He represented Darlington County in the Legislature, and after the formation of Florence County represented that in both Houses of the General Assembly. He also served as Superintendent of Education.

As a citizen he was public-spirited, generous, self-sacrificing, and ever loyal to the interest of his people. An ardent believer in the brotherhood of man, his heart went out to the toiler, his active sympathy to the sick and the sorrowing, and his hand was ever ready to help the victim of adversity. As a friend he was loyal and true and ever ready to make any needed sacrifice for those he loved. His religious life began in his boyhood, and his faith shone unwavering like a beacon light until the end, undimmed by the temptations and demoralization of soldier life and unshaken by adversity and suffering. The highest ideals and aspirations seemed to govern his whole life, and he died, as he had lived, a Christian gentleman.

[From sketch by his comrade, Joseph W. Brunson.]

MARTIN O'GARA.

Born on the Emerald Isle May 29, 1829, Martin O'Gara died at his home, near Kenton, Tenn., on May 15, 1909, having nearly reached his fourscore of years. He joined the first company organized for the Confederacy in Weakley County, Tenn., the "Old Hickory Blues," afterwards Company G, 9th Tennessee Infantry, Maney's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, Army of Tennessee, and served faithfully with this company to the close of the war in North Carolina.

After the war he returned to Tennessee, where his first work was to throw down the fortifications left by the Federals along the line of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. At Rutherford, in Gibson County, he found his life companion, who survives him, with several children, to mourn a faithful husband and affectionate father.

R. J. Dew, of Trenton, Tenn., writes: "Brave, noble old soldier, his last roll call is answered. He was my comrade for four long years of bloody war and my personal friend to the end of his life. Peace to his ashes."

RITCHIE.—Dr. James B. Ritchie was born in Marion County, Tenn., in 1830; and died in McMinnville March 24, 1909. At the beginning of the war he enlisted and served four years in the medical and quartermaster's department of the 16th Tennessee. In McMinnville he was prominent in all business and Church relations, and he had many warm personal friends, who, with his wife and two children, will feel their loss deeply.

CARROL.—John M. Carrol was born in Staunton, Va., in 1839; and died in that city in 1909. He enlisted in Company L, 5th Virginia Infantry, and later was appointed sergeant major,

acting in that capacity till after the battle of Kernstown. He was conspicuous in the battle of Appomattox. Camp Stonewall Jackson, of which he was an honored member, took charge of the funeral. His wife survives him.

JOHN L. DISMUKES.

John L. Dismukes was born in Nashville, Tenn., in 1830; and died in Mayfield, Ky., in 1909. He received his literary education in the University of North Carolina, and graduated in medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. He moved at once to Mayfield and began his career as physician and



DR. J. L. DISMUKES.

surgeon, winning a wide reputation. He was a member of the Tri-State American Medical Association, and was their First Vice President, and he was President of the Southwestern Kentucky Medical Association. He was a brilliant writer in medical magazines, and kept in touch with all the advancement of his profession.

During the war Dr. Dismukes was surgeon in charge of various hospitals in the Confederate army, especially the field hospital of Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps. He was wounded at Chickamauga and again at Franklin, Tenn. He was one of the incorporators of the Tennessee River and Cumberland Gap Railroad.

In politics he was a Democrat. He was of aristocratic descent, being descended through the father's side from French nobility and through the mother's from Thomas Lynch, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He is survived by his four children.

Mayfield Camp, U. C. V., at a called meeting in honor of Dr. Dismukes passed glowing resolutions of respect.

MARGARET HOWELL DAVIS HAYES.

In the death of Margaret Howell Davis Hayes the last link of the family of Jefferson Davis is broken. One by one, like beads slipping from a chain, they have passed away, and in the cemetery of Richmond is gathered what was once a large family—father and mother, four sons and two daughters, and the tiny grandson who only came to bloom and fade.

Margaret Hayes was the oldest child of Jefferson Davis and his wife, Varina Howell, and, aside from the claim of the first child to an especial love, she was doubly dear to Mr.



MARGARET HOWELL DAVIS HAYES.

Davis as bearing his mother's name. The tie between the two was an unusually close one, arising from similarity of tastes and the trend of thought. "Polly," as was his pet name for her, was ever his companion, and when together neither seemed to need nor care for other companionship.

Margaret Davis was educated at a convent in Paris, where Margaret of Italy and Princess Margaret of Bavaria were her closest friends. To distinguish her in this trio of namesakes, she was called Pearl, the meaning of her name, and that jewel entered largely into her life pleasures. The friendship for the two Margarets never was lost nor laid aside. During the time of her absence in France Mr. Davis said there was an aching void in his heart that nothing could fill. He

was a man who took bright views of circumstances; but sometimes even to him the horizon darkened, and, like Saul with the harp of David, nothing could soothe nor comfort him like his daughter's singing. She had a voice never powerful, but of unusual sweetness and pleading pathos—a deep, velvety contralto, haunting in the tenderness of melody that won its way into all hearts, swaying the listener to nobler deeds and truer aspirations.

After graduation, Miss Davis returned to Memphis, where her father and mother were living at the time. Here she became at once a leading social favorite. She was very young, only eighteen; but even then she possessed the wonderful magnetic charm, the gracious personality that marked her maturer womanhood. In Memphis Miss Davis met Mr. J. Addison Hayes, the second son of J. Addison Hayes, of Nashville, and grandson of Oliver Bliss Hayes, one of the pioneers of the capital of Tennessee.

The first view Miss Davis had of Mr. Hayes was at Calvary Church, where as vestryman Mr. Hayes took up the offering. On her return from the service Margaret said to her mother that she had seen the man she felt sure she should marry. Her premonition was amply justified, for an ideal love affair followed the introduction, and the first of the January following the wedding took place in Calvary Church. The world was clad also in bridal white, and the joy bells that welcomed the newborn year rang in one of the happiest married lives possible to humanity; for with these two, lovers always, duality ceased to exist and unity of love and purpose took its place. Miss Davis went to the altar on the arm of her noble father, and Winnie, then a child of eleven, was maid of honor, while young Jeff Davis, then in his early twenties, was groomsman. A grand reception followed, where all of Memphis society came with good wishes for the fair bride and noble groom. At this reception the wedding cake served was brought from England, and had been buried in hermetically sealed tins for fifty years. The remnant of the cake was then sealed, and was opened again for the wedding of Varina, the oldest daughter born to the young couple.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayes lived for many years in Memphis, where Mr. Hayes was very prominent in banking circles. Here were born the tiny boy who bore the name of Jefferson Davis, but who lived only three months; Varina Howell, who is named for the maternal grandmother; Lucy White, who bears the name of her father's mother; and Jefferson Davis Hayes, who by the act of the Legislature of Louisiana became Jefferson Davis, receiving the name in baptism over the coffin containing the body of President Davis.

Mr. Hayes developing throat trouble, the doctors ordered him to Colorado, which climate proved so attractive that the family moved there, making their residence in Colorado Springs, where Mr. Hayes became the leading banker of the State. Their home on Cascade Avenue was one of the show places of the city, and was fitted with every luxury money could buy. Here was born the youngest boy, Billy, named for the passionately loved and never-forgotten brother who was killed by a fall over the balustrade on to the stone floor in the White House of Richmond during President Davis's term of office.

At this home was solemnized the marriage of Varina Howell Hayes, who wedded Dr. Gerald Bertram Webb, a descendant of an English ducal family. To this marriage have been born three children—Margaret Varina, for her grandmother, Mrs. Hayes, and great-grandmother, Mrs. Davis (this little lady, self-styled Marko, was the pet and constant

companion of Mrs. Hayes), Gerald Bertram, the only great-grandson of Mr. Davis, and Robina, named for her English grandmother. Dr. Webb is a specialist, and has more than a national reputation.

Mrs. Hayes impressed her vivid personality upon all who were so fortunate as to know her. She was brilliant in conversation, gracious in manners, and of so intense a magnetism that even without her great beauty she would have been observed in any assemblage. In person she was tall and built upon grand lines. Her face was almost pure Greek in outline, with large, dark velvet eyes that could flash and sparkle in conversation, soften to winning tenderness to a child, or brim over with tears at some tale of suffering, for she had the brain of a statesman united to the tender heart of a child. Her complexion was the creamy richness of a magnolia petal, and was framed in masses of dark hair that her fifty-four years never touched with silver.

Mrs. Hayes had never been strong since her mother died—nothing organic, nothing the wisest doctors could grapple; but within the last six months the want of vitality crystallized into a general implication of the functions. Like a flower fading, she gradually wasted away. Her room was a floral bower with love tokens from many friends sent day by day, and everything in the power of humanity to aid or comfort was at her bedside. Her sufferings were past words to express, but even her nurses never heard a groan nor murmur. Her husband and all her children were around her, and her little grandchildren made her room their play place. To them "Mamie," as they called her, was only another and more delightful child, one to be amused with blocks and to be interested in their pet puppy and kitties. They brought to her bed the wild flowers they gathered, the flowers that faded from their little hot hands as the human flower was fading from the fever heat of disease.

On Sunday, July 18, 1909, as the sinking sun was touching Pike's Peak into golden splendor, death came with healing touch and tender claspings, and she fell quietly into that sleep whose wakening was to be with her loved ones in Paradise.

TRIBUTE FROM THE C. S. M. A.

In a tribute to the memory of Mrs. J. A. Hayes Mrs. W. J. Behan, President of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, wrote from New Orleans, La.: "In the passing of this noble daughter of President Davis the last tie that united the women of the Confederacy with the parent branch of the Davis family has been severed. Mrs. Hayes was in every sense a true daughter of the South and a worthy descendant of a grand sire. Her life was replete with the splendid traditions of a brave people, and as sister, daughter, wife, and mother she fulfilled all the obligations of a true woman. She will be deeply mourned by her associates in the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, and her name will be held in loving and sacred remembrance for all time to come."

EXPRESSION FOR U. D. C.

In an official notice of Mrs. Hayes's death Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, President General U. D. C., states: "It is requested that Chapters of our Association recognize the great loss by holding memorial services in honor of our distinguished dead. With deep pain we realize that in her life the last link is broken that bound us to that dear household in the White House of the Confederacy. We can no more stand in her gracious presence; but we can recall with pride

that in her personality she nobly represented the exalted character and splendid qualities of heart and mind, the heritage of her illustrious lineage, for she lived and died a worthy daughter of our great chieftain, Jefferson Davis, and Varina Howell Davis. She has left to us a precious legacy in her children—two sons and two daughters. These we will cherish in our hearts and memories as representing all that is left to us of the descendants of that great man, scholar, statesman, and soldier, Jefferson Davis. Our loving, tender sympathy goes into the home now so desolate."

Official notice and a devoted tribute were sent by the Associated Press from the headquarters of the United Confederate Veterans the day following the beloved woman's death.

The United Sons of Confederate Veterans by their Commander in Chief, Dr. Clarence M. Owens, pay tribute to Mrs. Hayes in a worthy manner.

Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, Historian of the Mississippi Division, U. D. C., sends a carefully prepared and pathetic tribute to this last child of Jefferson Davis.

MAURICE FRANK.

Maurice Frank was born in Georgia, from which State he was one of the earliest volunteers for the Confederate army, enlisting at the age of eighteen in Company C, Georgia Regiment, Benning's Brigade. He was with the Army of Northern Virginia in all the hard campaigns. He was wounded in the battle of Gettysburg, but would not leave the field; for, though helpless to fight, he could load the guns for his comrades, which he did till dark relieved them.

After the war ended, he moved first to Alabama. He was married to Miss Ellen Dillon, and established a home in Salt Creek Valley, Kans. He devoted his energies to beautifying his home town and in aiding in the development of the State.



JAMES S. STANLEY.

[Sketch of Comrade Stanley, who was Mayor of Wilson, La., in June VETERAN, page 287.]

JAMES SCOTT DENHAM.

James Scott Denham was born in Monticello, Fla., in 1845; and died in that city in 1909. Between these two dates lies the history of a noble life, a true Christian character, and a generous and devoted friend.

At a meeting of the Patton Anderson Camp the memorial committee read resolutions of respect to their dead comrade and Capt. T. G. Bott made an address. He said: "Before moving the adoption of the resolutions just submitted I am constrained to express in a few words the high personal respect I have always entertained for him whom to-day we meet to honor. All around me are comrades who have known him from boyhood and who will indorse the strongest tribute that words of mine can pay. I recognized in him a man pure in heart and clear of mind whose opinions of moral ethics and of business were worthy of the most careful consideration. On Thursday, April 29, when it was learned that James Scott Denham had suddenly answered the last roll call, the entire city was clouded with sorrow, and the silent look of sympathy with which friend met friend was a tribute greater than words, each feeling that one of the noblest of friends had passed from him. He lived his religion, and his beautiful influence rests like a benediction upon those who knew and loved him."

Commander B. W. Partridge spoke eloquently of Comrade Denham, and he was followed by Comrades George N. Footman, W. H. Wright, John Dean, and W. A. Lindsey, who paid high tribute in their earnest words of praise.

REV. D. C. KELLEY.

Rev. D. C. Kelley, D.D., was born in Leesville, Wilson County, Tenn., in 1833; and died in Nashville in 1909. He was sent as a missionary to China by the M. E. Church, South, and for years did very noble work in propagating Christianity in that far-off land. On his return to America he organized a company of cavalry which was called Kelley's Troop and which served under Gen. N. B. Forrest, and was with that gallant commander during the war. D. C. Kelley so distin-

guished himself for coolness in action and bravery in face of danger that he was rapidly promoted, being made major of battalion. He was elected lieutenant colonel of Forrest's Regiment the day before the battle of Shiloh, and took the duty of colonel in the battle of Murfreesboro. He was on Forrest's staff as chaplain and aid. Afterwards he commanded a regiment, then a brigade till the end of the war, winning a brilliant reputation as "Forrest's fighting preacher."

At the end of the war he was made pastor of several of the largest Methodist Churches in Tennessee. Here his influence for good was widely felt, as in his upright life and true Christianity he was an example of what a noble man should be.

RICHARD T. OWEN.

Lieut. Richard T. Owen was born March 13, 1837; and died in Shelbyville, Ky., May 14, 1909, aged seventy-two years. For a long while he was Adjutant of John H. Waller Camp, No. 237, U. C. V. Here is an outline of "Dick's" soldier life:

He left Kentucky for the Confederate army in Virginia July 28, 1861, and enlisted as a private on the famous battlefield of Manassas in Company K, 12th Regiment, Mississippi Volunteer Infantry. On September 10, 1862, he was promoted to second lieutenant of his company. He fought at Kelly's Ford, Second Manassas, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, in the Wilderness from the 6th to the 12th of May, 1864, at Spottsylvania C. H., and Concord Church. In Mississippi he engaged in a number of skirmishes while serving in a battalion of scouts commanded by his brother, Capt. R. A. Owen. In the desperate battle of Sharpsburg he was wounded in the hip, foot, and shoulder, and at Spottsylvania in the leg. In August, 1864, "Dick" was retired from active service in infantry because of wounds and assigned to duty in a Confederate scout corps operating in Mississippi under Maj. Jeff D. Bradford.

He surrendered at Jackson May 13, 1865, to Gen. E. R. S. Canby. This was the last organized body east of the great river to surrender, and one that had been held in readiness to see President Davis safely across should he escape to its banks. He was, however, captured on May 10 in Georgia.

Lieutenant Owen was a handsome man and a fine soldier. He was bearing the colors and leading his company when so severely wounded. Few soldiers were so intelligent and enthusiastic; not many were so widely known and greatly admired. He was repeatedly elected to office in his home county, and served long as Clerk of the Circuit Court. His books as County Assessor are mentioned as models. The regiment in which he held so honorable a place was remarkable for its record, and it had perhaps no braver officer. His funeral was conducted by his old messmate, and hundreds followed the flag-covered casket to the flower-decked grave. God bless his brave brother and loving sister.

[Sketch by his friend, Rev. J. R. Deering, Lexington, Ky.]

SCURR.—W. B. Scurr, Sr., died on May 27, 1909, at his home, near Torrance, Miss., in his sixty-ninth year. He was a good citizen and a faithful soldier in Company G, 15th Mississippi Regiment. He had but few faults. He was genial and kind—a ray of sunshine and cheer to his surroundings.

[From W. A. Carr, postmaster at Coffeeville, Miss.]

There are several engravings for "Last Roll" where the names are omitted. Parties interested will oblige by writing description of pictures that have been sent and that have not appeared. It is very desirable that this be done.



COL. REV. DAVID CAMPBELL KELLEY.

DR. N. P. MARION.

Dr. N. P. Marion, born at Cokesbury, S. C., in 1820, was a great-nephew of Gen. Francis Marion, of Revolutionary fame. After finishing the country schools, he graduated from the Medical College of Charleston, S. C., in 1843, and then went to Florida and purchased a large body of land in Hamilton County lying along the Suwanee River, and with a number of slaves he commenced farming on a large scale. He remained on that old homestead until his death, in March, 1909.

When the War between the States began, all but the men and boys too old or too young for service were mustered into the army; but when the State of Florida was invaded as far as Olustee, Dr. Marion raised a company of old men and offered his service to General Finegan. But he, having raised a sufficient force to meet the enemy, advised the company to return home and protect the women and children and interests there left without protection. He also told Dr. Marion that his service at home was worth far more to the cause in securing supplies of provisions, clothing, and shoes for the soldiers than he could be as a soldier, besides he aided the women who were left behind without any one to direct and provide for them, making their crops and furnishing bread to the destitute. Dr. Marion had the respect and esteem of all—a true Southerner.

CAPT. WILLIAM A. HANDLEY.

Capt. William Handley, a native of Georgia, died in Roanoke, Ala., June 23, 1909. He had been in delicate health for several years, yet the immediate cause of his death was from a severe fall received several weeks before from which he never recovered. Though born in Georgia, his parents moved to Alabama while he was a small child, and he remained a citizen of Randolph County from that time. He was devoted to the State of his adoption, from whom he received many offices of trust and honor.

He served gallantly through the war, and at its close was elected to Congress, and served his district with honorable distinction. He served in both branches of the Legislature, and at the time of his death was President of the Board of Trustees of Roanoke Normal College.

He was a man of wide charity, and many poor young men and worthy girls owe their start in life to his generosity. Captain Handley is survived by a wife and two children, two brothers, and a large circle of relatives and friends.

COL. M. L. GORE.

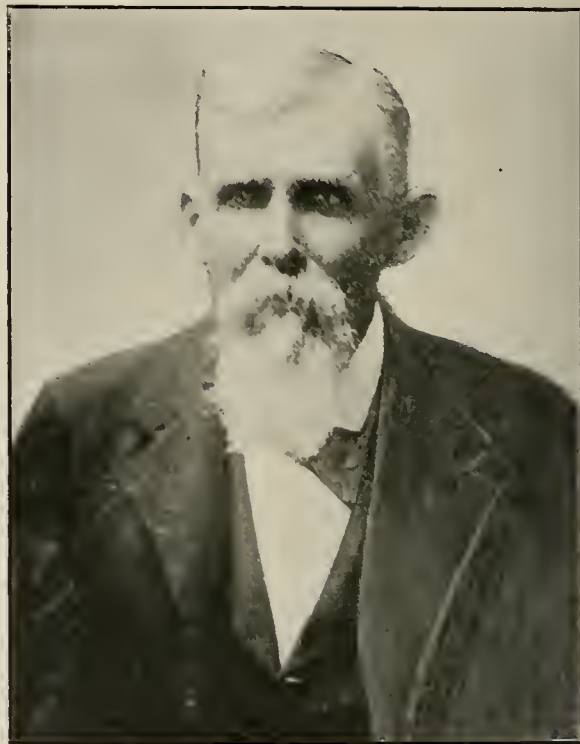
Mounce Lauderdale Gore was born July 16, 1840, in Jackson County, Tenn., on Roaring River, and was reared on a farm. He went to Gainesboro, five miles distant, in 1866 and engaged in the mercantile business for several years. He was elected Circuit Court Clerk in 1874, and served with credit for four years. In December, 1897, he moved back to his farm on Roaring River, where he remained until his death, on June 18, 1908. On March 22, 1868, he was married to Miss Mary Susan Cassetty, who survives him. She was ever as a ministering angel. To this union five children were born.

Comrade Gore gave his life to Him "who doeth all things well." He was made a Master Workman, being in Tannehill Lodge, No. 133, A. F. and A. M., and was later exalted to the august degree of Royal Arch Mason. He filled all the important offices in the Lodge, and was High Priest of Gainesboro Chapter, No. 86, R. A. M., of which he was a charter member. He was an ardent admirer of the principles of the

ancient order, and never faltered in his faith in the "lion of the tribe of Judah."

Colonel Gore enlisted as a private soldier on May 14, 1861, in his brother William's company, K (Col. A. S. Fulton), 8th Tennessee Infantry Regiment, going with his regiment to Virginia in July, 1861. Because of a long illness he was discharged in September, 1861, and returned home. As soon as he regained his health he reenlisted in the cavalry service, and was elected captain of Company G in Gen. George G. Dibrell's splendid Tennessee cavalry regiment, and he often commanded the regiment. Captain Gore was in command of Dibrell's Regiment at the time of the surrender in May, 1865. Recommendations had been sent to Richmond for his promotion to colonel, and he is on record as such, though he never received the commission.

A man of conspicuous courage, he never boasted of his individual achievements. He ever seemed to have at heart



COL. M. L. GORE.

more the comfort of others than of himself. His rule was strict obedience to orders. General Dibrell was heard to say that Colonel Gore always brought to him more satisfactory reports than any other officer he could send out. He was never wounded or captured; but in a cavalry fight near Franklin, Tenn., in the latter part of 1862 his horse was killed under him. Another horse was shot under him, though not killed, near the close of the war. Colonel Gore was in that "hundred days' fighting" from Dalton to Atlanta. Near the end of 1864 he was in the battle of Saltville, Va., when the Confederates saved the salt works from Burbridge's forces. He was in the battle of Bentonville, N. C., the last engagement between Johnston's and Sherman's armies. He commanded the remnant of his regiment as escort to President Davis from Abbeville, S. C., to Washington, Ga.

The funeral services were conducted by Elder Marion Har-

ris and the Masonic Order from the family residence, and the burial was in the family cemetery.

[The foregoing is from an elaborate sketch by a committee: Henry P. Loftis, N. B. Young, and J. A. Williams.]

CAPT. NICHOLAS WILSON.

Capt. Nicholas Wilson was born in St. Charles County, Mo., in 1833; and died at his home, in Pilot Point, Tex., on May 16, 1909. At the age of nineteen he went to Texas, teaching school in Tarrant County. When the war broke out, he organized a company of cavalry, and as captain of this company (B, DeMorse's Regiment of Cavalry) he served throughout the war.

After the war Captain Wilson lent his aid toward building up the community of Pilot Point. He built the first brick building there in 1873. He retired some years ago from active commercial business. Captain Wilson was twice married, and is survived by his wife and a daughter of the first marriage. He was a man whose strong convictions and candid expression united with sound judgment. He was a man of the strictest integrity, and was guided by a high sense of duty.



WILLIAM L. DALE.

[A sketch of Comrade Dale appears on page 202 of the JUNE VETERAN. He was an Elmira prisoner at the close of the war.]

CAPT. W. B. LYNCH.

Capt. William B. Lynch was born in Frederick County, Md., in 1827; and died in Leesburg, Va., in 1909. He moved to Leesburg in 1849 and became owner and editor of the Washingtonian, which he continued except during the years

of the war till 1903, when his paper consolidated with the Mirror, he remaining editor in chief of the two papers.

He served during the entire war as captain of Company C, 17th Virginia Infantry—the Loudoun Guards. While this company was in winter quarters he represented Loudoun County in the Legislature, returning when his company again took the field. He succeeded Col. E. V. White as Commander of Camp Clinton Hatcher, U. C. V. He was a brave soldier, a true Christian, a consistent gentleman in all that term signifies, and his charities were wide-reaching and continuous. He was twice married and leaves three children, and his second wife survives him.

TILMAN S. WEAVER.

Tilman S. Weaver, a private in Company K, 10th Virginia Infantry, died recently in Page County, Va. I knew him in the days when the test of true manhood was to bare the breast and face the danger of shot and shell, and I can bear witness to having seen him move steadily and unfalteringly forward until cut down by a shrapnel shell in the battle of Cedar Mountain, August 9, 1862, which took a leg from himself and also two others of the same company.

Tilman Weaver was born of humble parentage and did not possess much education. He followed a humble avocation and had no prospective inheritance, yet when his State called for defenders he was prompt to respond, inspired by as pure patriotism as ever stirred the bosom of a true citizen. Fidelity to principle and loyalty to his country were the cardinal virtues of his life and service. As a soldier he was brave without braggadocio; as a friend, true without cant or hypocrisy. In camp or on the march, in sunshine or rain, unless exempted from duty because of sickness, his place in the ranks was never vacant. Always obedient to every command, he was a typical Confederate soldier, and no man ever reflected greater honor on the cause for which he fought. He has left a proud heritage to his descendants which they should cherish and which will ever be an honor to them. I am glad as his commander to testify to his high sense of honor and his faithfulness to every duty. He never shirked or faltered in duty.

[Sketch by his commander, D. C. Grayson, Washington.]

JOHN GOODE.

John Goode was born in Bedford County, Va., in 1828, and was educated at the College of Virginia, taking the college degrees of M.A. and LL.D. He represented Bedford County in the General Assembly in 1857 and again in 1867. He was also a member of the Secession Convention in 1861. In the winter of 1861-62, while still in the army, he was elected to the Confederate Congress, and reelected in 1863. In 1874 he was elected to Congress from Norfolk and reelected in 1876. He was presidential elector in 1852, 1856, and 1884, and was State President of the Democratic Convention in 1872 and 1887. He was a member of the National Democratic Convention in 1868 and 1876. He was on the board of visitors of the colleges of William and Mary, University of Virginia, and Virginia Polytechnic. He was appointed solicitor general of the United States in 1885, and in 1892 was a member of the International Commission to adjust claims between the United States and Chili. He served one term as President of the State Bar Association. While a member of the Legislature he sometimes presided in committees of the whole, and once was appointed Speaker *pro tem*. He presided with great ability over the Constitutional Convention in 1901.

DEATHS IN CONFEDERATE HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION, MEMPHIS.

I. N. Rainey, Secretary of the Confederate Historical Association, Camp 28, Bivouac 18, reports the following list of members who died between January 1 and July 1, 1909:

O. B. Farris, January 1, captain of Co. K, 2d Tenn. Inf.
 James E. Clary, Jan. 7, private Co. H, 154th Sr., Tenn. Inf.
 C. G. Locke, Jan. 13, private Company H, 15th Ark. Inf.
 Barton Dickson, Jan. 15, captain Co. A, 16th Ala. Inf.
 D. C. Jones, March 11, lieutenant Co. A, 38th Tenn. Inf.
 H. T. Bragg, March 16, private Co. A, 7th Tenn. Cav.
 Rev. A. G. Burrow, March 19, chaplain 22d Tenn. Inf.
 A. K. Graham, April 12, private Co. A, 7th Tenn. Cav.
 D. G. Rittenhouse, April 14, private "West Rangers," McCulloch's Texas Reg.

M. L. Selden, May 9, Co. A, 7th Tenn. Cav.

R. J. Rawlings, May 15, private Co. B, Forrest's (old) Reg.

G. W. Miller, May 18, lieutenant Co. D, 1st Tenn. Art.

The old soldier is going fast. The above shows two deaths per month out of a membership of two hundred. We have had two deaths already in July. I will report them later.

MISS DEE CAHAL.

Miss Dee Cahal, a well-known teacher of Nashville, died on July 23, 1909. Miss Cahal's father was a Virginian. He emigrated to Tennessee in his young manhood, and after several years at the bar he became eminent as a chancellor. Her mother was Miss Ann Saunders.

Miss Cahal was born at Columbia, Tenn. After the death of her father and mother she lived with her sister, Mrs. Hoggatt, on Clover Bottom Farm, in the neighborhood of Old Hickory. She was educated at Nazareth, Ky., and Patapsco Institute, Maryland. She traveled much abroad, was a constant student, and possessed a remarkable mind. She was a woman of brilliant attainments. A brother, Lieut. Terry Cahal, served in the Confederate army, and was assigned to dangerous scouting duty on many occasions. The deceased is survived by an only sister, Mrs. William Osborn, of Atlanta.

Gen. S. G. French wrote of Lieutenant Cahal: "He was ever ready for a fight, and found recreation in the excitement of a bout with the enemy." (See *VETERAN* for 1896, page 359.)

Proof of Miss Cahal's devotion to principle is given wherein by a family disagreement she took a position whereby she was left practically penniless when in going with the other side she would have been abundantly supplied perhaps for life. This last note is simply to show how willingly she sacrificed for her convictions of right whatever the real merit was.

DR. J. B. COWAN.

Dr. J. B. Cowan, chief surgeon of Forrest's Cavalry throughout the war and one of the best-known men of the great Confederate organization, his appearance being of high distinction and his service in the medical association ever being active at Reunions, died in Tullahoma, Tenn., July 24, 1909. He had never missed a general Reunion until the last, at Memphis. He had been in ill health for several months; but on the day of his death he was on the street with his youngest son, and remarked a little while before the end that he felt unusually well. A little later, however, he went into a drug store for some medicine; but the prescriptionist being busy, he went to another drug store, and ere he could be waited upon he fell on his face dead.

Dr. Cowan was a graduate of the medical colleges of Philadelphia and New York, and had attained a high rank in his profession. When the war began, he took an important place

in the Confederate army. He was made chief surgeon of Chalmer's Regiment of Mississippi, and was later transferred to the command of N. B. Forrest, and under that notable chief served with distinction until the close of the war. He was on the staff of General Forrest nearly all the war, and he was the last survivor except Capt. John W. Morton, of Nashville, who was General Forrest's chief of artillery. Dr. Cowan took part in all the big battles of that famous command, winning great distinction for daring while attending to his duties as surgeon. More of Dr. Cowan and Forrest's staff later.

As "the bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring," Dr. Cowan was ever conspicuous by his courtly bearing and his courtesy, which marked him as one of nature's nobility.

He married Miss Lucy Robinson, and for fifty years lived with her in the holy ties of wedlock. He leaves his wife with seven children and many grandchildren, together with a large circle of friends, to mourn their loss.

The funeral of Dr. Cowan was largely attended, quite a number of army officers and personal friends going from a distance—the veterans and a large number of Odd Fellows attending and officiating. A large number of the townspeople were present also to show their sorrow and esteem for the most distinguished man of that section. The Cumberland Presbyterian Church could seat but little more than half of the attendants. Dr. Cowan was a loyal, devout member of that Church, while his father had been one of its eminent ministers for a half century or more. He was first cousin to General Forrest's wife, and was perhaps his most intimate friend for many years. Dr. Cowan was born in Lincoln County, and had resided in that section all of his life.



DR. JAMES B. COWAN.

Comrades, let us build a modest monument to Dr. Cowan. For instance, use a granite pedestal and on a bronze tablet give his name, etc., and say: "Chief Surgeon of Forrest's Cavalry." The *VETERAN* will contribute \$1 or \$10 to it. A dollar or so from his personal friends would build it. This suggestion is from the *VETERAN*. Help to honor his memory.

GEN. GEORGE B. COSBY.

Gen. George B. Cosby was born in Kentucky in 1830; and died in California in 1900. He was of a distinguished Kentucky family, the son of Fortunatus Cosby, Jr., and grandson of the celebrated judge of the same name. His brother was Rear Admiral Cosby, of the United States navy. He entered the military academy at West Point, and graduated from there. He at once became an officer of the regular army, and was serving as such when the Civil War began. He resigned promptly and enlisted in the Confederate army. Here he rose to the position of brigadier general, serving under Gens. Stephen D. Lee, Van Dorn, and Buckner. He took the cartel of surrender to the lines of General Grant, and was with Gen. John Morgan when that celebrated soldier was killed. His was 1st Cavalry Brigade, W. H. Jackson's division.

He was severely wounded during the war and never recovered from the effects of it, only keeping the unbearable pain in limits by the use of drugs. These losing their efficacy, the intrepid General prepared to face death in his own home as bravely as he had ever done upon the field, for he felt that even suicide was preferable to the utter helplessness that had accrued from a paralytic stroke. He was found past all aid from medicine or surgery, and the open valve of a gas pipe told its mute story.

The body was cremated after the simple funeral services and the ashes placed in an urn. Only the immediate family and closest friends went to the crematory.

MRS. ELIZABETH TAYLOR DANDRIDGE.

Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor Dandridge, the last daughter of President Zachary Taylor, died at Winchester, Va., July 25, 1900, in the eighty-sixth year of her age. Until a month ago she had enjoyed remarkably good health. She became unconscious suddenly, and died within a few minutes.

Mrs. Dandridge was born near Louisville April 20, 1824. She was married to Col. William Wallace Bliss, of her father's staff, in Texas during the Mexican War. When General Taylor became President, she took the place of her invalid mother as mistress of the White House. Her mother died during her father's term of office. Her husband, Colonel Bliss, died of yellow fever in New Orleans not long after the death of her father. Some years later she was married to Philip Pendleton Dandridge, a noted Virginia lawyer, of Winchester, who died in 1881.

Mrs. Dandridge was a sister of the first wife of Jefferson Davis and also of the wife of Surgeon General Wood, of the United States army. For many years she had lived quietly at her home with her niece, Miss Sarah Wood, who survives her. [It is notable that the death of the last child of Zachary Taylor and of Jefferson Davis should appear in the same issue of a periodical called the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.—EDITOR.]

Mrs. Dandridge appeared much younger than she really was. She retained much of her great beauty to the end.

MRS. KENNETH RAYNER.

In Texas on July 10, 1900, there passed away an eminent woman who was connected with the most illustrious families in the United States. Mrs. Rayner's distinguished father was an officer in the War for Independence. One of her several noted brothers was Gen. Leonidas Polk, the heroic bishop-general, who gave his life to the Confederacy. Her two grandfathers, Col. Thomas Polk, of Mecklenburg, and Col. Philemon Hawkins, of Warren, were distinguished patriots.

Mrs. Rayner was born in 1822, and received every social and educational advantage that large wealth and social promi-

nence could bestow. She became one of the great belles of the South. After her marriage with Mr. Rayner, she spent much of her time in Washington, and was there during the administration of her kinsman, James K. Polk. Upon his retirement from Congress Mr. Rayner returned to Raleigh. He was one of the commissioners who surrendered that city to Sherman in 1865. The latter years of Mrs. Rayner's life were spent with her son, H. P. Rayner, in El Paso, Tex.

WIFE OF COL. W. H. KNAUSS.

Deep sorrow has come into the home of Col. W. H. Knauss, of Columbus, Ohio, in the death of his wife after much severe affliction. It will be recalled that his daughter, Mrs. John T. Gamble, died several months ago. Mrs. Gamble attended the last Richmond Reunion with her husband, and both were greeted as cordially as if of Confederate families, and even more so, for they had given hearty sympathy to Colonel Knauss in his untiring labors to show worthy regard for the Confederate dead in Camp Chase and other cemeteries in the North. Indeed, he has done more than any man who served in the Union army to show worthy respect to the men of the Southern States who fought for their principles.

The VETERAN in behalf of a multitude in the South expresses sincerest sympathy for him in his sorrow. In a letter to the editor just before the end came Mr. Gamble said: "The Colonel will gather strength for the final blow and rally to years of future usefulness."

COL. J. C. HASKELL.

Col. John Cheves Haskell, who died recently in Columbia, S. C., was widely known as the one-arm quartermaster who never knew when he was whipped. He was one of the artillery officers of Longstreet's Corps, and fought his four batteries of eighteen guns in all the hard battles from the Rapidan to Antietam and the gory field of Gettysburg. It was here that this battery with Hood's Texas, Law's Alabama, and Benning's Georgia Brigades swept forward and captured three rifle guns from Smith's New York Battery. These guns were carried down the hill by hand.

Colonel Haskell lost his arm through an act of bravery. Once in battle he saw a regiment of infantry almost demoralized by the swift action of cannon. Colonel Haskell, mounted on his magnificent sorrel, stopped the tide of retreat, and, bidding the regiment follow him, dashed forward to victory—a victory which cost him his right arm. Hood being short of staff officers, Haskell offered his services, even with his arm hanging shattered, but was ordered to report to the hospital instead.

In the sketch of Col. Christopher C. Sanders in the July VETERAN, page 359, by A. W. VanHorn, of Gainesville, Ga., there was omitted by accident part of the report. Colonel Sanders after the surrender of Appomattox was eminently successful in business. In 1871 he was married to Miss Fannie Amelia Scarborough, who survives him. He was a very charitable man, and was always willing to assist the old veterans, the poor, or any who were in sorrow or trouble, and in his death many felt they had lost a true friend. He had traveled extensively, and the literature and civilization of Europe, Egypt, and the Holy Land were deeply impressed upon him. He was a very earnest Christian, and made the Bible and its tenets his daily study. His funeral was the largest ever held in Gainesville, Ga.

INDESTRUCTIBLE GRAVE MARKERS.

Capt. A. P. Stults, of Zanesville, Ohio, has invented and patented a marker for soldiers' graves. It is manufactured of thoroughly vitrified clay or porcelain, perfectly enameled and white. It is impervious to moisture, unaffected by the natural elements, including atmospheric changes, and is practically imperishable. The name of the soldier, the company and regiment or other command to which he belonged, the date of the war, and if desired the year of his birth and death will be inscribed upon the marker, burned in under the enamel, and will be as durable as the marker itself. These distinguishing markers for soldiers' graves are enduring records of their personal identity and army service. These markers will not be furnished for others than soldiers and their wives.

The inventor of this marker is a veteran of the Civil War. He is a patriot and a gentleman, and he realizes the great need of a means for permanently marking the resting places of soldiers and of preserving their identity by these records.

The marker will soon be upon the market, and the low price at which it will be sold (\$2) places it within easy reach of all. Those who desire additional information relative to it are requested to address Capt. A. P. Stults, Zanesville, Ohio, or the VETERAN, Nashville, and a circular letter with minute description and price will be sent. Captain Stults was a visitor at Memphis during the Reunion, and was well pleased with the cordial, soldierly reception and entertainment accorded him by the Confederates.

The Hazlett Post, G. A. R., of Zanesville, Ohio, of which Mr. Stults is a member, commends the grave marker above described and requests its member of Congress, Mr. Joyce, to vote for bill No. 10023. The passage of this bill, it is expected, will be urged by the National Encampment G. A. R. at its meeting in Salt Lake during August next.

Hon. R. B. Brown, of Zanesville, Ohio, who was Commander in Chief of the G. A. R., and conducted that high-toned correspondence with Gen. S. D. Lee in regard to the Wirz monument, wrote Captain Stults:

"I have made an especial study of a marker for the graves of soldiers and sailors as contemplated by the laws of Ohio.

"The price of bronze is prohibitive. Your pottery marker, with the development of which I have been familiar during the series of experiments conducted by you and others, is unquestionably indestructible. It cannot be injured by the elements. Any desired form can be made; and when vitrified in any desired color, the inscription under the glaze will remain indefinitely.

"Pottery, the oldest art in the world, has never been employed to better advantage nor in a more practical way than by you in the ideal grave marker.

"I commend this marker as especially worthy the careful consideration of all organizations which have to do with the marking of graves for the future. Once set and kept in place, it will continue for all time."

CAPTAIN STULTS WRITES OF THE GRAVE MARKER.

This marker is manufactured of clay, is white, thoroughly vitrified, and perfectly enameled. It is impervious to moisture, unaffected by the natural elements and atmospheric changes. The material used in this marker is equal, if not superior, to that in ancient pottery tablets. This material is equal to porcelain, and practically indestructible, except by accident or design.

These markers are not only distinguishing marks for soldiers' graves, but are enduring records of their service to

their country. They are designed to be placed on the top of the grave, but may be located at the head of the grave as other monuments and tombstones are and can be in addition to other monuments.

Upon the oval top are inscribed the name of the soldier, the company and regiment or other command in which he served, and the date of the war. The lettering, which can be of almost any color, is burned in under the enamel, and is as durable as the marker itself. In well-kept cemeteries the oval top only of the marker should stand above the surface of the sod, permitting a lawn mower to easily pass over it; but in situations where lawn mowers are not used the entire head may protrude above the ground and not be obscured by grass and weeds. The shape of these markers prevents them from settling too deep into the ground, being raised by frost, or being easily removed by miscreants.

As almost any person can place this marker in position, the cost of setting it is practically nothing, and the low price at which it is sold brings this distinguishing mark and enduring record of the services of every soldier within easy reach.

The importance of these distinguishing monuments and ever-enduring records of the services of the soldiers to their country may not be so apparent at present, but they will grow in appreciation in the hearts of the descendants of the soldiers as the years and ages go by.

May it not be a comforting thought to nearly every soldier to know that after his death a grateful government or loving friends will place one of these markers upon his grave?

LAW REQUIRING SOLDIER GRAVE MARKERS.

William H. Birge, of Franklin, Pa., writes the VETERAN:

"I sent a copy of a Pennsylvania law to Col. Bennett H. Young, of Louisville, Ky., which law requires the county commissioners to furnish grave markers for all deceased soldiers when a petition is presented in proper form asking for a certain number. In his reply Colonel Young states that he will call the attention of members of the Kentucky Legislature to it when they convene next January.

"The first law on this subject was enacted in 1903. It states, 'They may upon petition,' etc., and in 1905 this law was amended to read, 'They shall upon petition,' etc.

"Ohio has a similar law, and so has Michigan. I hope the Southern States can have such laws enacted, so the Confederate veteran can have these markers."

"MRS. WALLACE, CAT."

The Children of the Confederacy, Auxiliary of the E. B. Bates Chapter, U. D. C., of Houston, Tex., are trying to erect a monument to Terry's Texas Rangers. They have a considerable sum in bank, and to further their purpose are selling a book with the above title at seventy-five cents each.

"Mrs. Wallace, Cat" is a bright child's story of some attractive children and their pets. It is in the form of an autobiography, and the impressions of the cat, Mrs. Wallace, are very well told. The doll's wedding is especially good, and will be read with interest by every little girl.

The Director of the Children's Chapter, Mrs. Wharton Bates, has decided to open a competition among the young readers of the book, the following being the terms: Cash prizes ranging from \$2.50 to \$1 are offered for letters of not more than one hundred and fifty words telling about Mrs. Jefferson Davis. Contest open to all, the only condition being that the name "Mrs. Davis" must be cut from the book and pasted on the letter sent to Mrs. Wharton Bates, President O. M. Roberts Chapter, Houston, Tex.

PRESERVING AMIABILITY OF BLACK MAMMY.

Miss Louise A. Williams, of Augusta, Ga., a vigorous and ambitious worker in whatever she undertakes, was in Nashville recently and gave an entertainment which was well attended, in spite of the hot weather, by a highly representative class. The Nashville Banner said of it:

"An Evening in the Old South"—a glimpse into the dead past, when white-columned mansions stood beneath sheltering trees in the midst of broad acres, and big-hearted, whole-souled men rode over their plantations, and high-born dames, with the grace of kings, presided over the homes, and the soothing of a negro melody was lifted from the fields and floated over the hills that echoed back the strains in mystic



MISS LOUISE A. WILLIAMS.

glory in the midst of a civilization the like of which the world will never know again—such was the good fortune of those who attended the entertainment given last night at Watkins Hall by Miss Williams, of Augusta, Ga., impersonator, assisted by Miss Addie Lowe, soprano, and Mr. Guy McCullom, pianist, both of Nashville.

"As an interpreter of negro stories—those stories that have a pathos separate and apart from all other pathetic things of the earth—Miss Williams is entitled to rank among the most artistic of the many artists Nashville people have heard.

"And now and again while she read there floated out over the audience a bar of real old-time plantation melody—not the imitation kind that has become so plentiful and even popular, but the genuine sort, the sort that has never been written and never can be, the sort that can be learned only from hearing a credulous black mammy or a tale-telling uncle of the olden times, the sort that has about it a quaintness, a sense of something not belonging to this age or place—something that fills the unfamiliar listener with a sensation of pity."

Subsequent to that entertainment and at the suggestion of

the VETERAN Miss Williams visited the Confederate Soldiers' Home, eleven miles from the city, and, aided by the band from the Tennessee Industrial School through the courtesy of Mr. W. R. Cole, president of that great institution for Tennessee founded by his deceased father (Col. E. W. Cole), a joyous time was given to "the old boys."

ERRORS IN JULY VETERAN CORRECTED.

Mr. T. C. Thompson (son of Governor Thompson, deceased, of South Carolina), of Chattanooga, Tenn., writes: "Permit me to call attention to page 350, Volume XVII., July issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. I never heard before of the commission referred to by General King, and I did not believe that there was a single intelligent living American who believed that Wade Hampton burned Columbia. General Sherman in his 'Memoirs' admitted that he burned Columbia and gave his reasons for putting the blame on General Hampton. Surely this must be known by a man of General King's standing and intelligence. Again, there are several errors in the notice of great men of South Carolina. The grandfather of Paul Hamilton Hayne was Isaac Hayne, Paul Hamilton Hayne being the nephew of Robert Y. Hayne. There was never a Governor of South Carolina named Mordecai Gist. James L. Pettigrew was never a soldier. He was a New Englander and strong for the Union."

If all Confederates and friends to their principles would be as diligent for the increased circulation of the VETERAN as it merits—if diligent effort be considered of merit—there would be no publication in existence of equal power. Don't forget the "drops of water and grains of sand."

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SORE EYES
USE
DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Harry B. Wooten, of Huntland, Tenn., is very anxious to locate some member of Company I, 50th Tennessee Regiment.

J. K. P. Saylor, R. R. No. 1, Box 20, Mosheim, Tenn., wishes to secure the poems of A. B. Meek and Albert Pike. Write him if you have them.

Mr. P. A. Haman, of Learned, Miss., would like to have the names and addresses of the comrades who were baptized with him by Elder W. M. Lea on May 1, 1864, in a creek at Montevallo, Ala. He remembers R. R. Norvel, now of Stanford, Ky., as one of them.

In the many thousands of subscribers which constitute the VETERAN patronage it is not possible to know who is the sender of a dollar bill, even though the postmark may give the place from which it came. Subscribers should be careful to give full name and address always.

Capt. John A. Hutcheson, 14th and Dock Streets, Richmond, Va., needs the following numbers of the VETERAN to complete his file: June and November, 1897; January, February, and December, 1898; May, June, August, September, and October, 1905. Write him if you can furnish them.

Mr. White Calfee, of Bozeman, Mont., writes of having met a Union veteran who captured a sword from the colonel of the 7th Louisiana Regiment at Marye's Heights, Fredericksburg, and now wishes to return it to the owner or any of his descendants. Inquiries may be sent to Comrade Calfee at address given.

A number of our subscribers have recently renewed their subscriptions by placing a dollar bill in an envelope addressed to this office, but containing no name or directions by which the sender could be identified. Of these letters, there are two from Maysville, Ky., one from Pensacola, Fla., one from Newtonia, Miss., one from Yorktown, Tex., two from Baltimore, Md., one from Kansas City, Mo., Paris, Tenn., Los Angeles, Cal., Camden, Ala., and Memphis, Tenn. If these subscribers will kindly write us now, we shall take pleasure in giving them credit for their remittances. We also have a bank check from Humboldt, Tenn., not yet identified.



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Trial and Death of Henry Wirz

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This compilation deserves to be preserved in permanent form. It will be read with breathless interest.—*The Christian Observer*, September 2, 1908. Price, 35 cents. Address: S. W. ASHE, 628 Hillsboro St., Raleigh, N. C.

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Rev. E. L. Shettles, of Calvert, Tex., wishes to get the copies of the VETERAN for June, 1904, and all of 1902, 1900, and back of that year. It is hoped that some subscriber can supply him these at a reasonable price.

D. B. Coulter, of Folmina, Ark., writes that an old comrade there wishes to hear from any survivors of Company C, 1st Confederate Georgia Volunteers, under Col. George H. Smith.

In the VETERAN for March, page 119, appeared an inquiry from T. J. Johnson, of Company B, 11th Texas Cavalry, replies to which were to be sent to the VETERAN office. Unfortunately Mr. Johnson's address has been lost, and request is made that it be given, as a reply to that inquiry has been received and cannot be forwarded for lack of the address.



The above cut is that of the great painting of "Lee and His Generals," by George B. Matthews, of Virginia. ¶ General Marcus J. Wright indorses it as follows: "I regard it as one of the finest paintings I ever saw. The truthfulness of feature of all these great generals is most remarkable. The Lithograph copy is a most striking and accurate reproduction of the original. I hope all Confederates will procure copies." ¶ The Lithograph is in color. Size, 27 x 16 inches. State agents can make most liberal contracts. Agents wanted in every city and town in the South. ¶ Sent by mail on receipt of 55 cents. Every home should have a picture. It will make a nice Christmas gift. Address

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V. R. J. Chapman, of Monrovia, Cal., would be glad to receive a letter from any of the members of the 9th Texas Cavalry Band of Ross's Brigade.

Patrick Morris, of Eureka Springs, Ark., would like to hear from some member of Captain Anderson's company (A), Colonel Marmaduke's regiment, Hindman's Legion, in which he enlisted in 1861. He was captured in 1862 and imprisoned at Alton until the end of the war.

B. C. Oberthier, of Company D, 14th Texas, Ector's Brigade, French's Division, Stewart's Corps, Army of Tennessee, makes inquiry for a pair of saddlebags lost during the war. They were of red leather and had his name on the seat. When General Hood started into Tennessee, the order was to put the crippled men to driving the ambulances, and the man who took Comrade Oberthier's place as driver threw away the saddlebags which he now seeks to locate.

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James Godwin, of Fincastle, Va., refers to an inquiry appearing in the VETERAN a year or so ago as to the Hatton family living in Richmond during the war on Mayo Street, next door to the synagogue, and refers the inquirer to Mr. James E. Harrell, of Manassas, Va., who married one of the girls.

R. F. Shaw, of Company E, 26th Alabama, living at Denison, Tex., wishes to secure proof of his service in order to apply for a pension. He was at Camp Douglas when the war ended, and was paroled on the 17th of June, 1865. His company was first commanded by Capt. Hugh Reed, then by Capt. Sid Smith.

Mrs. A. J. Emerson, 3631 W. Thirtieth Avenue, Denver, Colo., needs the following back numbers of the VETERAN to complete her file: 1899, January and February; 1898, September and October; 1897, June and December; 1896, January, February, March, April, May; also all of 1895, 1894, and 1893. Write her in advance of sending.

Mr. T. B. Patton, of Huntingdon, Pa., is anxious to locate a sword taken from his brother-in-law when captured at Petersburg, Va., in June, 1864. On the sword was the inscription: "Capt. H. B. Duff, Company D, 184th Penn. Regt." It had been presented their captain by the members of the company. Write him care of the State Reformatory.

Thomas Weathers served in the 29th Alabama Regiment. He went from Barbour County, Ala. His daughter, Mrs. Sallie L. Hill, 7432 Underwood Avenue, East Lake, Ala., wishes to learn the company of the 39th Regiment with which he served, and any surviving comrades who can give this information will confer a favor by doing so.

Mrs. Janie Thompson Patrick, of Woodward, S. C., is anxious to secure information of the service of her father, William Banks Thompson, for the Confederacy. She has records that show he was a quartermaster with the rank of captain; that he volunteered in Little Rock, Ark., in the 3d Arkansas Cavalry, was in Wheeler's command, and was honorably discharged in Chester, S. C., at the surrender. Any surviving comrades who can give any information of his service will confer a favor by writing to her.

A Bird's-Eye View of American History

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"I heartily indorse *A Bird's-Eye View of American History*, not only as a Southern text-book, but as delightful reading matter."—*Lulu Hayes Lawrence*, President Florida Division United Daughters of the Confederacy.

"I read the chapter on Reconstruction with keen interest. It is indeed a notable event in the development of a real Union to read such a clear and merciless statement by a descendant of New England Puritans of the injustice done the South. As a loyal American of loyal Southern blood let me thank you for the service you have rendered the cause of truth in this fearless statement of facts. I trust your book will take the place at once where it deserves to stay—in front."—*Thos. Dixon, Jr.*

"No Northern writer has, to our knowledge, achieved the success in writing impartial history that Mr. Prince has won. Though a Northerner and a teacher in a Northern college, Professor Prince has been able to state the side of the South in such wise that his text-book will be as welcome—probably more so—south of the Mason-Dixon line as north of it. He has, with a breadth of view and an intimate knowledge of fact, so brought together the important data of history that we have in this small volume what we may well call the best history of its size, scope, and purpose which has yet been published."—*Baltimore Sun*.

NORTHERN OPINION OF THE BOOK IS DIVIDED. *The New York Times* in condemning the author's treatment of Civil War issues said: "It is not a good book to put into the hands of students whom it is desired to instruct in the facts and principles of American history. . . . Mr. Prince's statement that the desire of the South to perpetuate negro slavery was not the main cause of the Civil War is scarcely tenable."

"Brief, interesting, and prejudiced," is the descriptive caption in the *Chicago Public*, which goes on to say: "The author takes a strictly Southern partisan view of the Civil War, his chapter on Reconstruction ending ignominiously in a passionate denunciation of the negro."

On the other hand, the *Outlook* declares: "There is a complete absence of prejudice in the discussion of such highly controversial subjects as the struggle over slavery and the methods of Reconstruction."

The *Philadelphia Record* calls it "an amazingly complete summary of the principal facts in the history of this country, marked by a freshness of style and vigor of treatment that make it unique in tone and character. Mr. Prince, with patriotic fervor, deals candidly with all sections, and there is not a trace of prejudice in any part of the book."

The *Providence Journal* remarks: "Some readers may consider his discussion of the Civil War too favorable to the South, but as a matter of fact it is remarkably impartial in all essential points."

The *Lycunite and Talent* expresses its approval thus: "It is patriotic without being partisan, interesting without being superficial, informing without being tedious—an excellent example of how eloquent facts may become. This book will be read and re-read by every one who comes to know its spirit."

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Every bottle is sold under the general guarantee of the Company, filed with the Secretary of Agriculture, at Washington, D. C., that the remedy is not adulterated or misbranded within the meaning of the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906.

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Confederate Veteran.

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SEPTEMBER, 1909.

No. 9.

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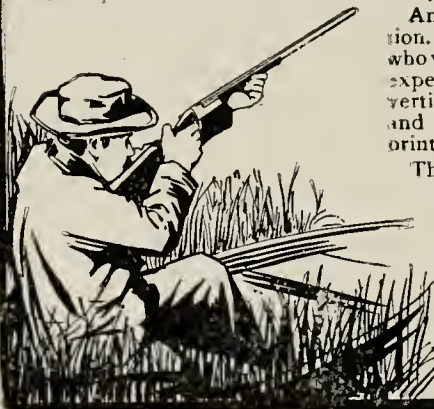
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Anyway, let's talk it over.

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W. P. Lassiter, of Fort Pierce, Fla., wishes to hear from any of his old comrades who can vouch for his service in the army. He enlisted in 1863 in the 2d Alabama Regiment, Company A, at Mount Sterling, Ala., and his command was attached to Ferguson's Brigade. He was in service from January, 1863, until April, 1865

Mrs. L. A. Blackwell, 2612 Prospect Avenue, Fort Worth, Tex., seeks to establish her husband's Confederate record that she may secure a pension in her old age. J. D. Blackwell enlisted in Company E, 1st Tennessee Cavalry, in 1861, at Knoxville, Tenn., under Col. J. E. Carter, and served to the close of the war. In the fall of 1865 he went to Texas, where he died in August, 1903. Surviving comrades will kindly respond.

Miss Ellen P. Gaillard, of Pinopolis, S. C., wishes to procure a copy of the song, "The Dear Old Flag of the South," and will appreciate information as to where it can be gotten.

ATTENTION, GEORGIA SOLDIERS!—E. E. Noel, of Green Sulphur Springs, W. Va., writes: "We have two Georgia soldiers buried at this place, and I feel sure that their friends would be glad to know of their graves. These soldiers were left here suffering with fever, and both died in a few weeks. The grave of one is plainly marked 'W. L. Tercl.' The other has no mark, and the name of the soldier cannot be learned, as the people they were left with have been dead a number of years. If I can aid the friends of either, I shall be glad to do so."

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR. {
SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. }

VOL. XVII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER, 1909.

No. 9.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

OFFICIAL ABOUT THE DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION.

Gen. William Mickle sends out from headquarters United Confederate Veterans General Orders No. 23 as follows:

"There is not a member of our Federation who does not feel the keenest interest in any movement tending to honor the name of Jefferson Davis, our great leader and vicarious sufferer, and all will read with feelings of pride the following resolution unanimously adopted by the Convention held in the city of Memphis, Tenn., June 8, 9, and 10, 1909:

"*Resolved*, That this Association has heard with greatest pleasure of the effort to purchase and suitably mark the birthplace of Jefferson Davis, and hereby unreservedly approves the said movement and pledges it all possible support, and urges all who honor and appreciate the memories and glory of the Southland to contribute to this holy cause."

"The money needed to purchase the 'Davis Home Farm' has been advanced by one of the most liberal and public-spirited of our leaders; but it should be the privilege and pleasure of each member of the order to make some contribution toward this purchase, so that each may have the satisfaction of feeling that in this matter he has done his full duty. The General commanding sincerely hopes that the responses may be liberal and prompt.

"By command of Clement A. Evans, General Commanding"

VETERANS TO MEET IN DALLAS.

Gen. W. L. Cabell issues an invitation from Dallas, Tex.:

"A number of our old comrades living in different States and territories of the Trans-Mississippi Department report that they were unable to attend the great Reunion at Memphis, Tenn., this year, and are anxious to meet their old comrades once more. Therefore, I have requested the management of the great State Fair to designate a 'Confederate Day,' and they have kindly given us Tuesday, October 19, 1909.

"Comrades of the Trans-Mississippi Department, although the camp fires are now burning brightly, they will do so but a few years longer. Our old comrades—unpaid soldiers of immortal principles—are growing older and fewer each year. We should therefore meet as often as possible to renew old ties and old friendships formed when nothing was to be heard but the rattle of musketry and the thunder of cannon.

"I therefore announce Tuesday, October 19, 1909, as Confederate Day, when our comrades from every State and Territory in the Trans-Mississippi Department may attend and unite in a great love feast. * * *

"Sons of the Confederacy, sons of those grand and noble heroes, you are invited to be with us and to join us on that day in our love feast.

"Daughters of the Confederacy, we extend you an invitation, for no Confederate gathering is complete without the noble women of the South who in our dark days were our strength and comfort, and to-day are the angels of mercy, bringing help to the needy and the feeble.

"Come on October 19, 1909, and unite with us and help us to make this the greatest day of the Fair.

"Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, Commanding Division of Texas, is appointed grand marshal, and will have command that day. He will call to his assistance the Division, Brigade, and Camp Commanders throughout the Department. Then, my old comrades, come, and let us keep in touch with each other the few days left us here."

NOTICE TO CHAPTERS U. D. C.

BY MRS. A. L. DOWDELL, OPELIKA, ALA., REC. SEC. GEN. U. D. C.

The sixteenth annual Convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy will be held in Houston, Tex., October 19-23, inclusive.

By the new constitution adopted at the last Convention in Atlanta the time of this meeting comes nearly one month earlier than usual. This change was made with a view to convenience for all, and a large Convention is wished for. It is hoped that all Chapters will recognize the importance of being represented by a duly elected representative or a proxy.

Our Corresponding Secretary General has mailed a circular of information and three credential blanks to the President of each Chapter, taking the usual precaution to have these reach the Chapters promptly. Your Recording Secretary has sent to the President of each Division copies of this circular and credential blank with the request that she have them published in the official organ of her Division and in two or three of the leading newspapers of her State, adding a note requesting the Chapters of her Division, in the event these credential blanks and circulars of information are not received, to secure them at once by applying to the Cor. Sec. Gen., Mrs. R. C. Cooley, 335 East Forsythe Street, Jacksonville, Fla.

It is important that these filled-in and signed credential blanks be sent to your Recording Secretary General, Mrs. Dowdell, Opelika, Ala., or to the Chairman of the Credentials Committee, Mrs. William Christian, the Savoy, Houston, Tex., at least ten days before the Convention.

THE MEN OF THE RANKS.

FROM AN ADDRESS AT HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY.

In a strong, truthful, and beautiful address made at Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, sometime ago Rev. Dr. P. D. Stephenson with his subject, "The Men of the Ranks," gave some illustrations that ought to be remembered now and will be known by future historians. Dr. Stephenson averages the men of the ranks as between eighteen and twenty years. He refers to a book of war poetry with contributions largely from these "men of the ranks." He averages the men of the ranks as higher in educational lines than those of any other army that ever engaged in war. On the subject of morality and manly courage he said:

"These 'men of the ranks' were as a rule upright men and manly men—men actuated by the finer virtues of the heart.

"Of course army life with us, as everywhere, was demoralizing. It was a school of vice to many; it was the wreck and ruin of many. But I speak comparatively and I say that, compared with other armies of equal size, the moral tone of our army was exceptionally high. Thousands came out of Christian homes and retained their integrity; thousands became Christians in the army.

"Regular religious services, prayer meetings, protracted services, revivals were features of our army life. Stonewall Jackson attending his men's prayer meeting, Elijah Paxton, commander of the Stonewall Brigade at Chancellorsville, stepping aside to a private spot during a lull in the firing and drawing forth his Bible, then when the firing began anew springing to the front and meeting death at the head of his men—these instances, friends, were not incongruities in the life of our armies. Nay, a moral tone existed and had power in restraining, correcting, elevating, transforming the men of our ranks.

"These men were also manly men. I cannot dwell, but let me single out two traits only of these manly men—viz., heroism and humanity! Fine blend those two traits make and found inseparable in your typical Confederate soldier.

"Yes, I have heard of the saying, 'War is hell,' and of the author also. But it was not the creed nor in accord with the custom of the 'men of our ranks.' Young Kirkland at Fredericksburg jumping over the breastworks strung around with canteens and braving the enemy's fire to go to their wounded and cool their parched tongues with water; Colonel Martin, of the 1st Arkansas Infantry, Cleburne's Division, jumping on the few logs behind which they had repelled repeated assaults of the foe on Kennesaw Ridge until many thousands of killed and wounded lay in the burning woods before him, and jumping up and waving a handkerchief to the enemy to stop firing, then shouting, 'Come on, boys,' he led his men without guns down to their wounded enemies and carrying them to places of shelter; Private Sam Davis, of Tennessee, a monument to whom has just been unveiled at Nashville, Tenn., caught within the enemy's lines with plans of their fortifications and other incriminating papers upon him and going to the scaffold rather than expose the man who gave them to him; that seventeen-year-old Arkansas boy Dodd suffering death in a similar way and for a similar cause; Hiram T. Smith, that twenty-three-year-old Missouri boy from Palmyra, who when told he must die in place of another man who was a husband and a father said he was ready and, going to a bucket of water, declared in his homely yet immortal words that he was 'as willing to die in such a cause as that as he was to drink a dipper of water when he was thirsty'—such was the stuff of which the typical Confederate was made. Sir

Philip Sidney stands out in English history glorious for all times as the paragon of mediæval chivalry; but here are nature's noblemen from rustic Southern homes, and verily their excellency excelleth his! Yea, and there were hundreds like them! Where when the record is fully made, as it will be surely made, where in all the annals of all time will you find so many illustrations of that rare blend of heroism and humanity that marked so generously and peculiarly the 'men of our ranks'?

"These men of the ranks were soldierly men. True, not so as to dress! Ah, comrades, shall I set you forth before the people as you were in '65? The crown of your dingy old cotton-felt hat had an ample hole at the top through which a tuft of hair waved gently to the breeze, and its limp rim generally flapped down along your cheeks; your gray jacket was dirty, brown, and ragged, likewise your trousers which were also burned or worn to frazzles; your shoes were often minus, and instead thereof your feet were wrapped in rags! Ah, I see you now! And ought not you to be ashamed of yourself? No! O no, my comrade! A man's a man for all that! And you were men those days, and you have been men ever since!

"So, too, as to drill and discipline! Alas! those three 'd's,' drill, dress, and discipline, they were not our strong points! Nevertheless, we were not a mob! We had enough drill and discipline for battle purposes, and I make bold to declare that not a single battle of any great importance was lost through the fault of the 'men of the ranks,' Missionary Ridge not excepted! But what were the positive and distinctive traits that made the 'men of our ranks' 'soldierly men'?

"A singular elasticity of spirit which no hardship, no privation, no suffering, no reverses could break! 'A fellow of infinite jest' was our private soldier! Volumes could be made up of his wit and humor! Irrepressible, too, whether in advance or retreat, in victory or defeat! Defeat? Look at that snowball battle in the Army of Tennessee, after the defeat at Missionary Ridge, when one would think the men would have had no heart for anything but desertion or surrender; thousands, during a March blizzard under their officers, lining up against each other in a 'pitched snowball battle!' And in rags and nakedness many were! Patient, faithful physical endurance, almost now past our own belief as we look back on it! Hunger, thirst, cold, heat, exposure, fatigue, increasing, ever-increasing! In trench or battle or picket line or march doing two or three men's work day and night against two-fold, three-fold, four-fold our numbers! Is this exaggeration?

"Patriotism, too, was one of their soldierly traits. O tell it not that anything but patriotism sustained those unpaid, half-fed country boys with their homes burning or ravaged behind them, their loved ones suffering and scattered, sustained them on the firing line those four long and fierce, ferocious years! What else can explain that scene on Tunnel Hill, Ga., after the Missionary Ridge defeat when one bitter January moonlight night in 1864 a roaring mob of thousands from other camps beside themselves with a frenzy almost holy broke in on our snow-clad winter quarters, yelling to us to come out and reenlist for the war? Was there anything more moving, more pathetic? It was a revival of patriotism among the 'men of the ranks,' and it burst out among you also, men of Virginia, and spread throughout the Confederacy.

"But, above all, the men of our ranks had the soldier's chiefest trait of courage. The courage of the typical Confederate was peculiar. It was not dependent on discipline, on numbers, on success. It was personal and independent and individually self-reliant. See them at Gettysburg charging

up great heights and breaking through the heavy breastworks held by equal numbers; see them at Franklin, 17,000 infantry, charging across that mile-wide level plain on works held by almost double their number and holding the outside until the enemy fled in the early morning! But Confederate courage was not mere dash, like the French; it was the bulldog English, also for defense. It was as good for one as for the other; it was French and English both.

"Two great, impressive facts attest the peculiar quality of Confederate courage: The vast territory they defended. The map of the Confederacy shows that its northern border line was an irregular crescent, its horns pointing upward, the eastern horn being practically Virginia; the western, Missouri! Those two horns were a thousand miles and more apart. 'The thin gray line' had to stretch itself from point to point and along the dip of the crescent in the center. As we look upon it now, that four years of defense seems incredible. The center crumbled, but the two horns never crumbled. Those two horns glowed with the white heat of unconquerable resistance to the last! Virginia had three times as many conflicts on her soil as any other State, and her far-separated daughter, Missouri, with the exception of Tennessee, comes next to her. Men of Virginia, allow a little boasting from a stranger Missourian born of Virginia parents, not for himself, but for the little-known record of his native State. One organized company of Missourians fought on Virginia soil in the battle of New Market. They lost sixty out of sixty-five men killed and wounded. This is a well-authenticated fact. Missouri, abandoned early in the war by the Confederacy, maintained an army of her own to the last of from twelve thousand to twenty thousand men, and they never formally surrendered. Thousands of her sons fought elsewhere in almost every other battle of the war. I say these few things to show you that Missouri was no unworthy daughter of her mother. The men of the ranks there were worthy of the men of the ranks here in old Virginia. The other great and impressive fact about Confederate courage is that their huge and four-fold foe was as much worn out as they were at the close. To illustrate, the Democratic platform in the North in 1864 during the war declared for a cessation of hostilities, and the campaign between George B. McClellan and President Lincoln for his second term was on that issue. A transfer of 250,000 votes would have given McClellan a majority of the popular vote, and that too despite the polls in many places being garrisoned by thousands of intimidating bayonets. Mark you, that was in November, 1864, and after Sherman had gone far on in his exterminating march to the sea. If the Army of Tennessee had not been removed from his front, who can tell the effect their continued and impending opposition would have had upon that vote? As it was, it shows well how tired the Northern people even then were of the war.

"My aim has been to show the typical Confederate soldiers as the men of the ranks. I deem it not too much to say that as soldiers they were in many respects unique and incomparable. The world probably will never see their like again, for the reason that, like their incomparable leader Lee, they were the product of a civilization that has passed away; they were the product of the 'Old South' civilization.

"It remains now to show the 'place in history' of this unique and in some respects incomparable character. From a dozen sources the evidences increase that his place in history will be high and well assured. I can cite only a few, but they will all be significant and weighty facts.

"There is a 'New North' disposed to justice and magna-

nimity and to search dispassionately into Southern claims and Southern records as to the war of 1861-65. Says a Northern writer, Hamilton Mabie: 'A more radical reversal of opinion and feelings on many points than that which has taken place in the North during the last decade is hardly afforded in any other period or section.' A multiplicity of proofs bears out this strong assertion. The busts of Robert E. Lee and Commodore Maury are on the chief dishes of the silver service of the United States Battleship Virginia, and the bust of Jefferson Davis is on the chief pieces of the silver service recently presented the United States Battleship Mississippi. When the name of our President, Jefferson Davis, once chiseled off of Cabin John Bridge, is officially ordered to be restored, who can doubt that the name of the typical Confederate soldier will also be restored one day to its proper place in history?

"The South is now rich and prosperous instead of a poor, despised, and prostrate South, as the decimating armies left it. Riches and prosperity, comrades, bring power. They bring much courting and caressing also, and doubt it not the South will wisely use her power and once more come into her own again. The great center of the earth's storehouse of wealth is the South. 'Think,' says the Manufacturers' Record, 'think of its coal area, three times as great nearly as the combined coal fields of Great Britain, Germany, and Pennsylvania; of its iron ore, far surpassing in quantity that which made the fortunes of Carnegie and Krupp; of its oil, promising to exceed in yield all that went to make the Rockefeller fortunes; of its sulphur phosphates, cement-making material, copper, and other higher forms of minerals in like mammoth proportions.'

"Comrades, was our record writ in water? Were all our sufferings, sacrifices, blood, and tears but in vain? Did those dear dead boys lying there in their dusty beds around that monument die in vain? Is this path of glory that leads out to their graves from your historic city—is it to be grass grown in the coming years for want of feet to tread it? No! Ten thousand times no! 'The King will come into his own again.' 'The uncrowned king, the typical Confederate soldier!'

"Suffer another line of thought. Explain it as we may, it is nevertheless an impressive fact that the struggle of the Southern soldier for self-government in 1861-65 seemed, failure though it was, to be the signal for a wave of popular uprisings that for the half century since intervening has been sweeping over the world. True, in two instances the wheels of time seemed to reverse themselves. In this land it has been focusing more and more upon a centralized government of abnormal Federal power. And in England too we saw a few years ago a similar misuse of power to crush the gallant little free republic of the Boers for the sake of 'modern progress' and some diamond mines. But with these two exceptions the whole world tendency since our effort in 1861-65 has been toward free institutions. In 1870 France became a republic again; soon after Brazil became a republic, thereby making all South America solidly self-governing. The various English colonies have since our war, while still tied to the mother country by an attenuated thread of allegiance, become every one of them practically self-governing. In Europe every nation, although nominally a monarchy, has a constitution, and the people practically rule, as the conscientious autocrat, William of Germany, found out to his humiliation only the other day. Nay, at this very moment we hear the mutterings of popular uprisings, even though incredible to relate, even through all the petrified East. Russia, Persia, India, Turkey,

and China are waking, moving, starting into life under the breezy visitations of the fresh air of freedom. Verily the living God of nations seems once more saying: 'Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these dead that they may live.' And they are living more and more.

"Now all this vast and mighty movement toward freedom and self-government dates in its new impetus from 1861-65. Nay, even in this land, where it for the moment seems under a partial reverse; there are signs of promise of its restoration in its purity. For what else is the meaning of the rise again of the agitation for State rights, an agitation limited to no party nor section and increasing more and more—for the restoration, in other words, of that nice equilibrium of power between State and Federal government, the gift of our far-seeing fathers and the only guarantee for the perpetuation as well as possession of self-government?

"Truly as this closing half century's history is written and great influences are traced to their true sources it may well be found that the typical Confederate soldier was one of the forces of the world.

"I have now given some reasons for believing that the men of our ranks will some day come to their proper place in history. There is but one more. Bear with me, for it must not be left unspoken. We look to-day upon a monument to the Confederate dead. For fifty years nearly we have been in mourning, and the keenest pang in all of our grief has been the thought that 'they died in vain.' But did they die in vain? Comrades, the days of our mourning are ended. Light is breaking. We see now that they did not die in vain. We see now how wise our women were. To whom are we indebted for this monument? And all through the South what see we? Monuments, monuments, monuments! And to our children's children and to the children's children of strangers from afar what will they teach, what will they stand for? They will stand for the men of our ranks, the soldiers of our Confederacy, that flaming four years' meteor whose blaze, though brief, has left in its wake a path of glory that will never fade away. And what will coming generations learn? They will learn of men who fought for constitutional liberty, who died that they might live in freedom's ways forever. To whom, I ask again, are we indebted for this hope? We are indebted to our women. Who was it that encouraged us, nerved us, revived us on to the battle's frowning front? Who was it that placed her hands on her fifteen-year-old boy's shoulders and dedicated him to liberty or death? Who was it that after the war, when our own hearts were ashes, with crushed but still unconquered spirits, organized into memorial associations to keep alive the memories and the honor due us and our fallen comrades? Who is it that gathers around us still, though all the world beside seems scarce so poor as to do us reverence? It is the woman of the South. In that monument to her that is coming I would have the design, like that of a monument in Baltimore, an angel, colossal, majestic, with spreading wings and countenance lit with lofty beauty, her right arm supporting the fainting form of a dying Confederate boy, her left raised high in the air bearing a wreath. Just below on the pedestal the words are 'Gloria Victis'—'glory to the vanquished!' For has not that been the woman of the South all through these years? But I would add words more. Still lower down let these words come:

'Faithful unto death!

Yea, faithful after death!

Faithful forever!

"Comrades, let us close up the ranks. The sun is setting.

Behold, the shadows lengthen! O let me sink into the breach just a moment! Dost thou believe on the Son of God? Does any one ask, 'Who is He that I might believe?' The answer is: 'Follow your leader, glorious Lee, and he will show thee!' The march is long and dusty, and we are weary; the river is not far off. Hear that voice of the long ago: 'Come, let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees.' Who will pilot you over? The One that Stonewall Jackson trusted. He will pilot you safely through, and you shall 'rest under the shade of the trees.'"

THAT BLOODY ANGLE BATTLE.

BY D. I. HENDRIX, CO. C, 1ST REGIMENT, S. C. V.

On May 12, 1864, at the Bloody Angle, Spottsylvania C. H., Va., was fought one of the great battles of the war. After the lapse of forty-five years, we would scarce expect the few remaining private soldiers who took part in that sanguinary contest to agree as to all the details. Gen. E. M. Law in writing of this battle said: "The very mouth of hell seemed to have opened, and death was rioting in the sulphurous flames."

Comrade Robert Gambell, of Guntown, Miss., in the May VETERAN, page 225, interests the old veterans who took part in that fearful mix-up. With his closing sentence, however, we do not all agree. Therein he states: "Honor to whom honor is due. It was Harris's Mississippi Brigade that recaptured those works and held them until four o'clock the next morning, when we were withdrawn."

Now we know those grand Mississippians were there, for we touched elbows with them; but there were others. And there was honor and glory enough achieved on that bloody field to give each participant a full share. We wish here to record that others besides Harris's Mississippi Brigade were conspicuous on that field and are equally entitled to honor.

Gen. E. M. Law, above quoted, after describing the capture of the works with Johnson's Division, states: "Three brigades from Hill's Corps were ordered up. Perrin's, the first to arrive, rushed forward through a fearful fire and recovered a part of the line on Gordon's left. General Perrin fell dead from his horse just as he reached the works. General Daniel had been killed, and Ramseur, though painfully wounded, remained in the trenches with the men. Rodes's right being still hard pressed, Harris's (Mississippi) and McGowan's (South Carolina) Brigades were ordered forward and rushed through the blinding storm into the works on Ramseur's right."

So there were others; and when Comrade Gambell refreshes his memory, he will be able to testify that McGowan's five regiments of South Carolinians and Harris's four regiments of Mississippians went into and came out of the Bloody Angle together.

As to the oak tree, the stump of which is preserved at Washington, my recollection is that it fell about midnight, which agrees with the official report of Gen. Samuel McGowan—viz: "To give some idea of the intensity of the fire, an oak tree twenty-two inches in diameter which stood just in the rear of the right of the brigade was cut down by the constant scaling of musket balls and fell about twelve o'clock Thursday night, injuring by its fall several soldiers of the 1st South Carolina Regiment. * * * The trenches on the right in the Bloody Angle ran with blood and had to be cleared of dead bodies more than once."

The 1st South Carolina Regiment was on the right of McGowan's Brigade and Company C on the right of the regiment during the fight.

OUR UNIVERSAL MEMORIAL DAY.

BY MRS. W. J. BEHAN, PRES. C. S. M. A., NEW ORLEANS.

The article entitled "Universal Memorial Day," page 392 August VETERAN, is most timely and should commend itself to all who desire to honor the memory of the beloved chieftain of the Southern Confederacy. What day could be more appropriate than June 3, the anniversary of his birth? June is the month of roses, which flower is known to have been Mr. Davis's favorite. In this connection I call attention to the fact that in 1895 at the Houston Convention, U. C. V., and the Tennessee Division, U. C. V., Col. John P. Hickman presented a resolution to the Committee on Resolutions which received the unanimous recommendation of the committee.

As time went on there was negligence in observing June 3 as universal Memorial Day. The subject was afterwards taken up by the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association of New Orleans. The resolution was adopted by the Confederate Southern Memorial Association at its Convention at Dallas, Tex., in 1902, and then presented by Gen. A. T. Watts, of Texas, to the U. C. V. Committee on Resolutions for approval and recommendation to the Convention. It was unanimously recommended by the committee, and General Order No. 287 was enacted which states:

"The General commanding announces the adoption of the resolution which was passed at the Dallas Reunion on April 23, 1902, fixing June 3, the birthday of Jefferson Davis, the only President of the Confederate States, as the universal Memorial Day throughout the South. * * *

"A resolution to fix the 3d of June, the anniversary of the birth of Jefferson Davis, as Southern Memorial Day was adopted by the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association of New Orleans at a meeting held March 19, 1902, and the matter was presented to all the Camps through a circular letter. The adoption of the resolution was vigorously advocated by Mrs. W. J. Behan, the patriotic and splendid President of the Ladies' Confederate Southern Memorial Association of New Orleans and President of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, and also by her able associates.

RESOLUTION ADOPTED AT THE DALLAS REUNION.

"In order that our children may be fully instructed in all that pertains to the rise and fall of the Confederate government and that the date of the birth of its only President may be indelibly impressed on their minds and hearts and generally observed with appropriate ceremonies; be it

"Resolved, That the United Confederate Veterans in Convention assembled at Dallas, Tex., do ratify and adopt the resolution as passed by the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association of New Orleans making June 3 the universal Memorial Day throughout the South, said resolution to go into effect on June 3, 1903."

"The following amendment was offered by Lieut. Gen S. D. Lee: 'I move that the State of Georgia and any other State which so desires shall be exempt, and that the resolution so amended be adopted.'

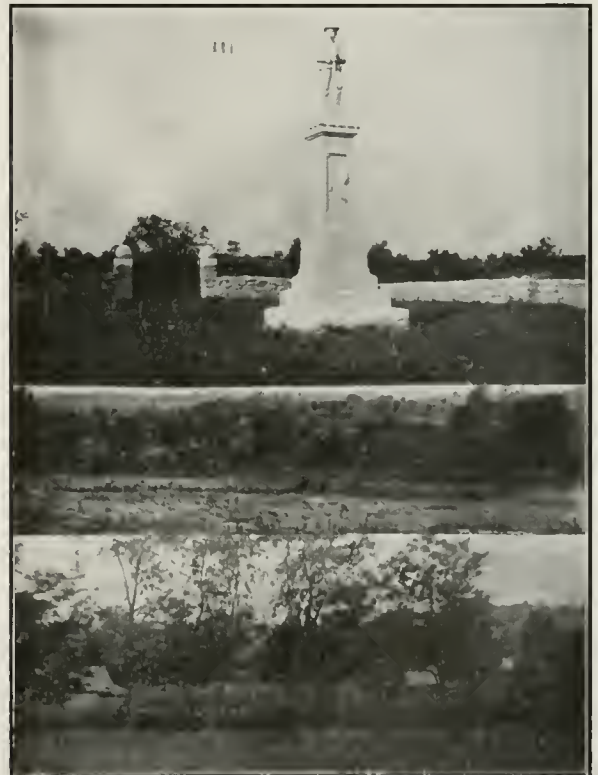
"After further discussion the resolution as amended by Gen. S. D. Lee was almost unanimously adopted by a rising vote.

"The order is signed by J. B. Gordon, General Commanding, and by George Moorman, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff."

Since 1902 three States have adopted June 3 as universal or Confederate Memorial Day—viz., Louisiana, Tennessee, and Mississippi—by legislative enactment through the efforts of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association.

Please keep the subject of Confederate Memorial Day before the minds of our people. It will make the day and the ceremonies more impressive and significant to know that in every other Southern State our people are engaged in the same holy task. In what way can we more beautifully observe the natal day of our martyr President than by making pilgrimages to the shrines where are laid to rest the men who followed their fearless and intrepid leader in the struggle for constitutional rights? What matters it if the flowers of spring have withered, has our sentiment died with them? No, our hearts are still beating with love and reverence. Duty calls us; and if flowers are not to be found, let us take evergreen, which, unlike the flowers, is always fresh and green. Let us take the evergreen and weave it into wreaths bound together with undying love. This work should be intrusted to the children of the Junior Memorial Associations, and let it be imparted to our school children as a lesson in patriotism. With the seniors leading the way, the children will follow and place these tributes with their own dear little hands upon the graves of our hero dead. The great historian Macaulay says: "A people which take no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestry will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered by remote descendants."

Mr. Editor, do not let the matter drop; keep it alive. We know that by careful pruning a tree will grow; so will this movement become a law if brought constantly to the attention of all Confederate organizations.



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT PERRYVILLE, KY. (OVER 400 CONFEDERATES BURIED IN THE CEMETERY INCLOSURE.)
BATTLEFIELD OF PERRYVILLE, LOOKING SOUTH FROM THE MONUMENT.
SCENE WHERE GENERAL CLEBURNE ALMOST EXTERMINATED AN OHIO REGIMENT.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to contribute to its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each contributor be constantly diligent.

ILLNESS OF MR. CUNNINGHAM.

The lack of an editorial in this number of the *VETERAN* is due to the serious illness of the editor. Improvement in his condition is noted from day to day, and our readers may expect something from him in the next number.

ERRATA.

By an oversight a paragraph was omitted from the article, "History of Crosses," page 451; and as it is necessary to the coherency of the article in question, it is given here. The omission occurs between the next to the last and last paragraph in the first column: "Closely following the custom of the triumphant pageant came the period when military success was acknowledged by largesse of coin, accompanied by a jewel to be worn as a badge. Then the jeweled badge alone was used, and the custom once established was rapidly adopted by other countries and became the guerdon of reward for the most daring acts of gallantry."

THE SONG OF "DIXIE."

Whenever and wherever a band strikes up "Dixie" in the South, applause follows; and it is not only in "de land ob cotton" that this occurs, but in Northern States the spontaneous applause comes to greet the ringing strains. Inquiry was made of the editor of the Cincinnati Times-Star for a solution of this popularity, which has ceased to be sectional, and he replied:

"Why is it that 'Dixie' when played by a band always gets more applause than anything else? There are several reasons. The snap and catchiness of the tune have much to do with it.

"The enthusiasm for 'Dixie' probably has in it something of a tribute, half unconscious, but still a tribute, to the gallant losing fight of the South during the Civil War. Fact or fiction has given the South an air of romance that appeals to the man in the street. One of our friends was mean enough to suggest that a Northern belief in the 'aristocracy' in the South has something to do with the popularity of 'Dixie.' When that tune is played, according to this pessimist, some people in the average Northern audience always applaud in the hope that the people next to them will be struck by the idea that in their veins runs the best blood of Virginia or the Carolinas.

"Perhaps again the popularity of 'Dixie' in the North is in part a tribute from the vanishing Anglo-Saxon of the Northern States to the still dominant Anglo-Saxon of the South. There is no purer Anglo-Saxon people in the world to-day than the whites in the Southern States of the Union. Lee's Army of Northern Virginia was more purely Anglo-Saxon than the army which Marlboro commanded at Blenheim, than Wellington's 'thin red line' at Waterloo, or than the troops which followed Roberts and Kitchener in South Africa. In the North and East the Anglo-Saxon is being swallowed up in the rush of the newcomers from the Old World.

"No American of the North objects to the popularity of 'Dixie.' The 'bloody shirt' long since lost its popularity north of the Ohio. 'Dixie' itself is an inspiring battle song. Its music is less impressive but more American than the music of 'The Star-Spangled Banner' or 'America.' It has earned part of its popularity and the rest comes from causes to which no believer in the Union can make reasonable objection."

LOST STATUE OF JOHN C. CALHOUN.

The Charleston News and Courier asks:

"What has become of the handsome marble statue of John C. Calhoun which was brought to Charleston from Italy in 1854 or 1855 and placed in the City Hall here? The statue was very much admired by all who saw it, and has been practically forgotten, it appears, by all except a handful of people, none of whom know certainly its fate.

"The statue was made in Rome by the American sculptor, Powers. It represented Calhoun standing wearing a Roman Senator's toga. In his left hand, which was uplifted, was a scroll representing 'Truth, Justice, and the Constitution;' the right hand of the figure was pointing toward the scroll. The cost, it is stated, was \$10,000.

"The statue was shipped from Rome to New York. In transit the ship foundered. It is said one of the arms was broken just below the shoulder, and was repaired under the direction of Mr. Powers by a stonecutter named Walker.

"One story has it that the statue was placed in the City Hall and remained there until the Civil War; that it was then packed and shipped to Columbia for safe-keeping; that upon reaching Columbia the boxed statue was placed in the courthouse; but that when Columbia was burned the statue perished in the flames. There are other accounts given as to the fate of the statue, one of which is that it was taken from the Columbia courthouse by Northern soldiers and may still be in existence."

MEMORIAL SERVICES TO MRS. HAYES.—The Episcopal Churches of Colorado Springs held special memorial services on the Sunday after her death, July 25, in honor of Mrs. Hayes, whose many charities and noble assistance to people and strangers of her city made her much loved. The churches were beautifully decorated with quantities of white flowers and potted plants, the pew set aside for the family being also decorated. A beautiful memorial choral was sung by the choir, and the entire congregation united in her favorite hymns, "Art Thou Weary" and "Paradise." The pastor took for his theme "Home and Bedside Saints," and in his sermon told the story of the brave, bright spirit that met death with a smile.

MISSISSIPPI CAMPS HONORED MRS. HAYES.

Maj. Gen. Robert Lowry, commanding the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., issued a general order for all Camps in that State to meet on July 25 and hold memorial services in honor of the dead daughter of the chieftain, President Davis.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AT CULPEPER C. H., VA.—Mrs. T. G. Tate writes from Brandy Station, Va., that members of the Presbyterian Church at Culpeper C. H. are trying to procure from the government pay for damages to their church property during the war. She seeks information of survivors from either side who remember the church and can give any evidence on the subject. Such information might be of much help to that Church.

ANNUAL REUNION OF TEXAS VETERANS.

Mount Pleasant, Tex., had the pleasure of entertaining the great Texas Division of the United Confederate Veterans and the Sons of Veterans this year. The meeting was held July 29 and 30. The procession to the park was headed by the Cadet Corps under command of Dr. G. V. Ridley. Next in line was the Dudley W. Jones Camp, No. 121, of Mount Pleasant, about three hundred in number and in uniform. Following these veterans was a long procession of citizens on foot and in every imaginable kind of vehicle.

At the park Rev. N. A. Seale, Chaplain of the local Camp, made the opening address of welcome on behalf of the Camp and the citizens of the county. He said in part: "I assure the veterans that no place in Texas accorded them a more hearty and sincere welcome than Mount Pleasant, 'the metropolis of Northeast Texas.' You will find no prettier women on Texas soil. We have an ideal place in Dellwood Park. We have good taters and possums, but you are too early for them. Our big watermelons raised in this county will tempt your appetite. In inviting you to Mount Pleasant at the Wills Point Reunion last year I did so at the urgent request of our City Council, Commercial Club, and citizens in general. The keys to the homes of our city we turn over to you. Use them at your pleasure and make yourself at home. We are not here to discuss politics, but to mingle as one common people."

S. P. Pounders, Commander of the Sons of Mount Pleasant Camp, in welcoming the veterans in behalf of that organization, said: "I extend to you a most heartfelt and cordial welcome. Our doors are always open. We have no keys to our homes."

REPORT OF THE HISTORIAN, JUDGE C. C. CUMMINGS.

[Addressing Maj. Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, Commander of the Division, Judge Cummings made the following report.]

I have the honor to submit this my yearly report as Historian of the Division at this the eighteenth annual Reunion of the Division. The Legislature set August 3 as the time to vote on an amendment to the Constitution for authorizing the appropriation of funds sufficient to support the Woman's Home at Austin, which had been so generously donated by the Daughters of the Confederacy. The failure of this act to pass at the two previous sessions of the Legislature is attributable to the fact that the bill was unfortunately in company with some others not acceptable to the majority. The persistency with which the people demand that justice shall be done the helpless widows equally with the veterans in the Home argues that it will carry this time.

The report of Comrade John B. Reagan, in charge of the Home, to Adjutant General Col. W. T. Shaw gives the total number in the Home at three hundred and thirty-seven and the deaths for six months in 1909 as eleven, or at the rate of six per cent. The general condition is good and the expenditures are within the appropriation.

The last Legislature aided materially the pension law in doing away with the pauper clause and in allowing a beneficiary to own not exceeding \$1,000 worth of property and an income not to exceed \$150 a year; also in advancing the marriage date of Confederate widows from March 1, 1866, to March 1, 1880. These two clauses will add considerably to the 8,200 pensioners now on the rolls. Our new Pension Commissioner, Comrade E. A. Holmes, who has so long held the position of chief examiner under the law of 1899, is an excellent choice by the Governor to serve under the law of 1909.

Colonel Shaw in his report suggests that the date of our annual Reunion shall be put off till the latter part of August, so as not to conflict with many of the leading Camps in their dates of meeting, which change is essential to uniformity in our annual deliberations. General Van Zandt favors advancing the date to a time when all the local Camp Reunions have been held, so as to get their influence through their attendance. Colonel Shaw notes an increase in the number of Camps, and states that an encouraging spirit of patriotism is manifest among the rank and file and officers of Camps.

Before Colonel Shaw informed me of the increased interest the Camps of Texas are taking I had noted this gain along the line not only in Texas, but all over the South in monument-building and in the rivalry of local towns to make each annual gathering a little better than the one preceding it. I also noted that the last Reunion at Memphis showed the Southern chivalric spirit to be more intense than at any previous gathering. In 1907 we thought the Bowie Reunion was the limit of perfection, but last year Wills Point, an old-time Southern locality, was even better. Comrade Steele, of Mount Pleasant, carried the selection of this place over competitors by his eloquence.

The Daughters of the State of Texas are a long way ahead of either the Veterans or Sons in regular systematic labor for advancing the good of the cause. The Daughters in general Reunion assembled are equally enthusiastic over the causes that can never be lost—home rule and local self-government. The Daughters and Sons are auxiliaries to the U. C. V. by the wording of our constitution.

Why is it that the farther we recede from the titanic struggle of the sixties the greater grows the Southern devotion to our cause? For the last twenty years I have made this subject a study and have gathered every fact tending to explain the cause.

Let us go back to the Richmond Reunion of 1896 and recall the intensity of (Federal) Corporal Tanner's appeal to that body for the union of the gray and blue in fraternal bonds. Remember his proposition was that we meet in general reunion of both colors at New York the following Fourth of July and march together side by side, so as to prove to the world that there is no longer a Mason and Dixon's line. The peerless Gordon was our leader and was in hearty accord with Tanner; but when the proposition was put to the Commander of the G. A. R., he refused to allow the blue to march by the side of the gray. So ended the first lesson. Why was this? The taxpayers have pooled their issues Rhode Island, not as big as an average Texas county of the Panhandle variety, commands the taxing situation, and has for years, and winks while all the taxpayers nod.

How well drilled the politicians up there are in this matter was exemplified this year when two of the palaverers over the South, vowing eternal love and friendship to us, dared not mention the South in the two speeches made by them. Roosevelt in declaiming at the Lincoln centennial never dared to once mention Jefferson Davis, and President Taft, so much concerned in dissolving the solid South, in his oration dedicating the monument at Gettysburg never mentioned the Confederate soldier. Compare the caliber of this man with Lincoln on the occasion of his dedicating this battle ground on the 19th of November following the battle in July. Said he: "The world will little note what we say, but can never forget what the brave men, living and dead, did in struggling here."

The prints give to President Taft a smile that will not come off; but as an expert I am compelled to pronounce him wholly void of humor, else he would not seriously propose to dissolve the solid South without in any way essaying to change solid New England. He readily homologates with Little Rhody as his ideal of the way the government should be run—by the few against the many. Little Rhody stood out for two years and refused to come in till 1780, when Congress made ready to put the tariff on her as a foreign State, and then she rounded to, and "the stone which the builders rejected" has become chief in cornering the raw material for themselves.

The sixteen volumes of Cunningham's CONFEDERATE VETERAN contain more true history to the square inch than a library of Northern prints on this subject. The boys he went shooting with during the war shot it out to a frazzle, and now he has rallied them and is writing it out.

When Cunningham passes over, let the Sons and Daughters of the South succeed him and incorporate it as Cunningham's Confederate Magazine, and thus perpetuate the memory of the man who has done more for the truth of history than any other single publisher North or South.

How to tell "back numbers:" If a fellow says "ex-Confederate," you may know he has laid down on his job. The prefix marks him as a quitter, and the Lord, who is busy day and night working the world for our benefit, hates a quitter. If he whines we fought for what we believed to be right, you may know he is either a coward or an ignoramus. If he calls it a lost cause, he may be put down as one who never would be able to recognize it if he should meet it in the road. If he prates about the New South, tell him Henry W. Grady called it that to tickle the fancy of the Bostonians in his great speech there and borrowed it from them for the occasion. If he doles out he is glad we lost, watch him and see if he has not got a job under a corporation or a fat place under Uncle Sam.

"If such there breathe, go, mark him well!
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

NEW DIVISION COMMANDERS U. S. C. V.

C. B. Emanuel, of Sulphur, Okla., succeeds Brant H. Kirk as Commander of the Oklahoma Division.

Hallum Goodloe, of Nashville, succeeds John A. Collingsworth (who has removed to Houston, Tex.) as Commander of the Tennessee Division.

A. L. Cox, of Raleigh, is reappointed Commander of the North Carolina Division.

A. M. Lea, Jr., of Louisville, succeeds himself as Commander of the Kentucky Division.

In General Orders No. 4 Commander in Chief Dr. Clarence M. Owens pays tribute to Margaret Howell Davis Hayes, in which he states: "The Commander in Chief saw her last when her carriage was stopped in front of the great monument in Richmond erected to the memory of her distinguished

father. It was but a few minutes before the unveiling ceremony. A hundred thousand loyal Southerners were there to pay tribute to the man who 'died without a country' save the Southland, which he cherished, but of whom it might be said: 'What he did, he did in honor, led by the impartial conduct of his soul.' As Mrs. Hayes stood in her carriage and surveyed the monument a veteran placed a tattered Confederate flag above her head. She grasped it and kissed its folds again and again as the tears gushed from her eyes."



BEDFORD FORREST, GREAT-GRANDSON OF THE FAMOUS CONFEDERATE OFFICER.

CORINTH, MISS., IN EARLY WAR DAYS.

[Extracts from a paper by Mrs. F. A. Inge.]

There were two companies of Confederate soldiers formed in Corinth, Miss., in March, 1861—one of infantry and the other of cavalry. Each company consisted of about one hundred soldiers—defenders of our rights and of our homes.

Capt. W. H. Kilpatrick, a lawyer and a Christian gentleman, was elected captain of the infantry company. This was the first company to leave Mississippi. The first Confederate flag that unfurled its silken folds to the breeze in our town was made by the ladies of Corinth and presented to this company by Miss Lydia Mitchell, Captain Kilpatrick himself receiving it in a beautiful tribute to the loyalty and patriotism of the ladies of Corinth. After some weeks of drill, they were mustered into service and ordered to Pensacola, Fla.

We can never forget that sad morning in April, 1861, when good-bys were taken of our gallant soldier boys, looking so handsome in their new uniforms of Confederate gray, hugh,

life, and drum making sweet music. A large number of citizens and relatives saw them off.

Rev. J. W. Wells, minister of the M. E. Church in Corinth, who had been chosen chaplain of this company, offered up a touching and feeling prayer, after which the troops were marched single file into the cars, bearing aloft the beautiful flag; and as the cars moved off slowly, our very heartstrings were at their utmost tension—loved ones were being borne away from home and all they held dear in life save their country's honor. Strong men shed tears and women wept softly. We lingered to catch a last glimpse; and as the banner faded from view, we turned with heavy hearts to vacant homes, little dreaming that there could ever come darker, sadder days into our lives. This company was the first to reach Pensacola from Mississippi, and was mustered in as Company A, 9th Mississippi Regiment.

The company of cavalry elected W. M. Inge captain. He was a West Pointer, and soon had his company well drilled in cavalry tactics. The company was being drilled one afternoon on the large lawn of the Corona Female College when a silken hand-painted banner was presented to it by Miss Lucy Irion, now Mrs. Nelson, of Columbia, Miss. It was a contribution from the principal and the college girls of the college. Capt. W. M. Inge received it in behalf of his company. Mrs. Jennie Henderson, then a maiden scarce in her teens, and several of her companions held the staff steady during the presentation. She is now President of the Corinth Chapter, U. D. C.

Rev. L. B. Gaston, a Presbyterian minister, was President of this college, and his wife, Susan Gaston, was Principal. As an educator she had no superior and few equals in all our Southland. Many bright young ladies as graduates went from this institution into the great, busy world. Some have risen to distinction.

There being no call for cavalry early in the action, Captain Inge resigned and joined the 12th Mississippi Regiment of Infantry, commanded by Col. Richard Griffith. He was appointed adjutant of that regiment, then in rendezvous at Union City. After a few weeks they were ordered to Virginia, and were in several severe engagements. Colonel Griffith was promoted to brigadier general only a short time before he was killed at Savage Station.

Corinth furnished and sent out the following companies: One company in the 9th Mississippi Regiment, commanded by Captain Kilpatrick; one company in the 26th Mississippi Regiment, commanded by Captain Hyneman, who was killed at Fort Donelson (the company was afterwards in the command of Capt. Phil Hay, who was killed at Lynchburg, Va., and who was an uncle of Miss Elizabeth Kilpatrick, our Historian); one company in the 32d Mississippi Regiment, commanded by Capt. William Irion, who was killed in the battle of Perryville; one company of the 12th Mississippi Cavalry, in command of C. B. Hyneman.

Corinth furnished four colonels: Col. M. P. Lowry, Col. Eugene Whitfield, Col. A. E. Reynolds, and Col. W. M. Inge. Capt. David Hyneman, of Corinth, at the age of sixteen went out as a scout in Captain Baxter's company, which rendered invaluable service to this division of the army.

Other companies from the county contained Corinthians. In Company A, 2d Mississippi Regiment, Colonel Faulkner commander, there were six brothers named Bynum, and one brother was in the Trans-Mississippi Department, making seven brothers in the Confederate service at one time. Lieut. Col. F. M. Boone was killed in the battle of the Wilderness.

Several Corinthians were in Company D, and in Company F, 26th Mississippi, and with Captain Nelms under Gen. Bedford Forrest. Major Bynum, of Corinth, carries the scars of four wounds received in four different battles.

In a few months sickness and death invaded the ranks of Company A at Pensacola, and some of our soldiers' bodies were brought home on their biers. Among the number was J. W. Wells. Dr. George C. Inge lost his life while attending the wounded in the first battle of Manassas.

In April, May, June, and July of 1861 Corinth was the rendezvous for the Mississippi troops. Regiments were formed and officers elected and fully equipped for warfare. Daily drilling was witnessed by citizens and visitors, and much interest was taken in the proficiency of the troops. As many as ten regiments were sometimes drilling on the field at one time. The social feature, the brighter side of life, had attention. Many entertainments were given the troops. There might have been some married men, but no tales were told.

May it be said of the chaplains and of the religious element among the troops that preaching and prayer service were never omitted, dying soldiers were never neglected. In camp singing the dear old familiar songs of Zion was a great joy to the men. "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" and "How Firm a Foundation" would be sung in ringing notes at almost every service. Ere taps the sweet, pathetic strains of "Home, Sweet Home" from different commands in concert would come in waves of melody.

In April, 1862, many engagements had taken place between the two armies. Brave men had fallen on both sides. The rallying point of the Southern army was at Corinth, and large bodies were arriving daily for the impending battle between Grant and Johnston.

Captain Inge, who had reached home on a furlough from Virginia, met Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston at the depot and extended our home to him as headquarters, which was accepted for himself and staff, and four days were passed in that home. It is now the residence of Mrs. Maggie Johns.

On Friday, April 4, 1862, ere dawn there was unusual activity; the measured tramp, tramp of moving troops, the bugle, fife, and drum were heard. Ah, the army was moving out to meet the foe! One wing of the forces marched north on Filmore Street, and as they passed headquarters in review of General Johnston and staff battle flags were given those who were without them. General Johnston himself in some instances giving them into the hands of the ensign bearers.

On and out they passed—regiments, brigades, divisions, cavalry and infantry, and then battalions of artillery. The line was interspersed with music, such as "The Mocking Bird," "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still," "Lorena," "Annie Laurie." The favorite seemed to be "The Girl I Left Behind Me;" but the depth of pathos was reached when from the cornet soloist was heard the sweet strains of "Then You'll Remember Me."

The last command passed. Leave-taking with General Johnston and his military family was tender and assuring. We had learned to know our great general as a humane man. Mounts were soon made. General Johnston, Colonel Breckinridge, Colonel Preston, and others waving farewells.

Captain Inge had accepted a position on Gen. Charles Clark's staff with a brigade of Mississippi troops, leaving mother, wife, and three little children for the field of battle. The darker, sadder days had come. How often the sweet Christian assurance in the still small voice would come, "Be still, and know that I am God!"

Saturday, April 5, 1862, dragged its weary length along in much expectancy. No engagement took place. On the next day very early in the morning the roar of cannon was heard. Then we knew the two great armies were in conflict; it seemed that the ground was vibrating with the shock of the missiles of death from cannon. The agony of that day can never be written. Couriers at nightfall brought in news of a glorious victory for Southern arms. Three thousand prisoners had been taken. Then hospital flags (yellow) were run up at most of the private residences and all public buildings, churches, and hotels. Physicians, sisters of charity, sisters of mercy, and nurses from Memphis, New Orleans, Mobile, and other points had been assigned to these places ready to receive the wounded on their way from the battlefield of Shiloh to Corinth. Ambulances soon brought in precious burdens, and the work of alleviating bodily suffering began and continued all night long. Rain set in which caused the wounded much discomfort while coming in from the field of carnage.

You ask how we stood the strain. It was only through the divine grace granted by our Heavenly Father in forgetting self and helping the helpless.

On Monday, April 7, a courier brought the writer a message to have Gen. A. S. Johnston's room in readiness for his remains, and in a short time our fallen chieftain's body, escorted by a cavalcade of soldiers and his staff, was at the door, his body wrapped in army blankets. It was lifted tenderly and carried to his room and placed on an improvised bier amid silence and tears. Three days before he had left this room in all the vigor of mature manhood; now he was asleep in the same room, a martyr to his country's cause. After his body was prepared and laid in a white pine coffin (as no other could be procured), Mrs. Ellen Polk, Mrs. Rebecca Inge, and the writer draped the ensign of the Confederacy, the stars and bars, around his body, securing some hair for his far-away loved ones. He lay in state for several hours in the parlor. Many comrades and citizens came with tear-dimmed eyes to look upon all that was mortal of him they loved so well. General Johnston's body was taken to New Orleans for interment that afternoon by his staff, and afterwards taken to Houston, Tex., and later to Austin for final rest. Much depression took hold of the troops at the fall of their chieftain and so many brave men left on the field of battle.

"They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle; No sound can awake them to glory again!"

Captain Inge returned late at night almost helpless. His horse was killed under him, and he was caught in the fall and severely bruised, but was back at his post in ten days. After the battle of Malvern Hill, he was promoted to the rank of colonel and sent back to Mississippi to raise a regiment of cavalry in North Mississippi, which he did. This regiment followed in the flank of Sherman's army from Atlanta to Savannah. It was doing picket duty at Macon, Ga., on the fateful day at Appomattox.

On Wednesday, April 9, the citizens were ordered to leave Corinth, to fall back for safety, as the Federals were following up their victory, and a fight in or near Corinth was imminent. We fell back to our old home in Aberdeen, from there to Enterprise, Miss., and returned in 1864 to find our house a shell, with desolation reigning supreme.

The women of Corinth were truly loyal to the South, giving attention to the sick and wounded in our hospitals—Federals as well as our own soldiers. As Confederate money was de-

creasing in value, a bank was organized by three of our leading citizens, Col. C. P. Polk, Col. W. G. Campbell, and Col. W. D. Duncan, which never went into bankruptcy as long as soldiers' widows were in need of assistance or wounded and sick army men without means. In addition to the bank, they had full charge of quartermaster's supplies, a very important trust in an army. These gentlemen were the pioneers of Corinth, or Cross City, as at first named, truly loyal and sacrificing. Each beyond the age in army regulation, each gave sons for service in the army, and all have children and grandchildren who are an honor to our community to-day.



GEN. ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

In the lapse of forty-seven years memory may have proven treacherous and slight inaccuracies crept in, but all is substantially correct.

DESIRES TO RETURN A SABER.—E. T. Cressey writes from Sioux Falls, S. Dak.: "A cavalry saber came into my possession in the battle of Mill Springs, Ky., January 19, 1862, which has these words cast in the hilt: 'Nashville Plow Works,' 'C. S. A.' Rudely scratched with a sharp point are these initials, 'A. T. M. R,' on the back of the belt plate. Attached to the weapon are the belt and shoulder strap of leather; on the belt is the regular U. S. A. brass-plated clasp for fastening. All these are in good order. I have had these for forty-seven years and shall be delighted to return them to the proper claimant. I have no desire to keep them any longer. A brief notice in the VETERAN might enable you to find relatives of the brave fighter who wore them. You had no cowards in that war. Thank God that those days can never return and that we who carried the guns no longer hate each other!"

[Private Cressey served in the 2d Minnesota Infantry. He gives with moving pictures a description of "the mystery battle"—Chickamauga. He claims that Thomas won the victory, or rather that "God Almighty did it; the Yankees couldn't," to use his own words.—ED. VETERAN.]

RAPHAEL SEMMES—CENTENARY OF HIS BIRTH.

On September 27, 1809, in Piscataway, Prince George County, Md., was born Raphael Semmes, the subject of this sketch. The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the famous admiral will recall to the memory of the patriotic men and women of the South the remarkable career of the world-renowned Alabama and the great services of her illustrious captain, Raphael Semmes, in obeying so literally the orders of his chief, the Secretary of the Confederate States Navy, to "do the enemy's commerce the greatest injury in the shortest time." Never in naval history has such a significant order been so signally obeyed.

In the words of the Solicitor of the United States Navy Department who was charged with the duty of securing evidence upon which to try Captain Semmes before a military commission: "Never has there occurred so striking an example of the tremendous power of mischief possessed by a single cruiser acting upon this destructive plan as that furnished by the Sumter and her successor, the Alabama, under the command of Semmes, whose untiring activity, restless energy, and fiery zeal found no voyage too long, no movement too prompt or too rapid, no danger too great, no labor too wearisome in the accomplishment of the Confederate purpose to ruin our commerce by destroying our ships." Such testimony from the "enemy" will well serve as introductory to a brief résumé of the life and services of the man Semmes so characterized.

Raphael Semmes was by birth of an illustrious Maryland family of French and English descent. His immediate progenitors were Richard Thompson Semmes and Catherine Hooe Middleton, his wife. By adoption Raphael Semmes was an Alabamian.

He was appointed a midshipman in the United States navy by President John Quincy Adams in 1826, and in the ensuing winter he made his first cruise in the sloop of war Lexington, under Captain Shubrick, dispatched to Brazil to bring home the remains of Commodore Perry.

In 1832 he passed his examinations in Baltimore, coming

out first in mathematics and second in seamanship. While waiting orders as a passed midshipman he studied law with his only brother, Samuel Middleton Semmes, of Cumberland, Md., and was admitted to the practice of the law.

In 1837 he married Anne E. Spencer, of a family distinguished in Colonial and Revolutionary annals. Being commissioned a lieutenant in this year (1837), he was employed in the routine of professional duty for several years. In 1841 he was ordered on a survey of Ship Island and the adjacent waters of Mississippi Sound, and in 1842 took his family to reside near the mouth of Perdido River, in Alabama.

In the war with Mexico he was on duty as first lieutenant of the brig Porpoise, but was soon after transferred to the frigate Cumberland, and subsequently to the Raritan, the flagship of Commodore Connor, then commanding the Gulf Squadron. In November he was assigned to the command of the brig Somers, of ten guns. While pursuing a suspected vessel in a heavy norther December 8, 1846, the Somers capsized, sinking in ten minutes and losing half of her crew of a hundred men. After clinging to a portion of the wreckage for two hours, Semmes was rescued by an English war vessel in port. A court of inquiry, called at his request, not only acquitted him of all blame, but highly commended him for meritorious conduct on this occasion. Rejoining the Raritan as flag lieutenant, he assisted in planning and superintending the landing of General Scott's troops at Vera Cruz March 9, 1847. During the siege of that city, March 27, he had charge for a while of the heavy guns placed on shore by the Raritan, which rendered efficient service in breaching the walls and hastening the surrender. In the following April Semmes was ordered on a special mission to the City of Mexico to effect the exchange of certain naval prisoners who were held as suspected spies. Joining the army of General Scott at Jalapa, he became attached as volunteer aid-de-camp to the military family of General Worth, in which capacity he took an active part in all the battles of the Valley of Mexico, his services being repeatedly acknowledged with high commendations in official dispatches. The Legislature of Maryland passed a series of special resolutions complimenting him for distinguished gallantry and recommending him for promotion.

After the Mexican War, Lieutenant Semmes, still a lieutenant (for the United States had not then entered on a career of expansion,) was Inspector of Lighthouses for the Eighth District, with residence in Mobile. Later he was promoted to the rank of commander and assigned to duty in Washington, D. C.

It was then that he underwent the severe trial of severing the ties that bound him to his life's profession. For in those eventful days of 1860-61 the country was burning as with fever, and the air was hot with contending passions. The animosity long smoldering between the two sections burst into the flame of civil war. All men were taking sides. The sovereign State of Alabama withdrew from the Union. With Semmes was the question, the United States or his State—to choose either meant acute pain. The attachment of officers, soldiers, or sailors to the flag is greater than a civilian can realize. And yet Commander Semmes felt that Alabama's call was paramount. He must follow her fortunes and do his part in defending her. He resigned his commission in the United States navy, and in a few days reported at Montgomery, in obedience to a telegram from the Chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs. He was immedi-



ADMIRAL SEMMES.

ately commissioned in the Confederate States navy with the same relative rank that he had held in the United States navy and was sent North on the perilous mission of purchasing material and munitions of war for the Confederate States navy.

Upon the fall of Fort Sumter he applied for and received orders to fit out a vessel at New Orleans for sea service. The little Sumter ran the blockade at the mouth of the Mississippi in the face of a strong blockading fleet and put out to sea.

Then commenced that brilliant and romantic, almost fabulous, career on the high seas, before which sank into commonplace the boasted deeds of Jean Bart, Duguay, Tromp, De Ruyter, and Drake, with their fleets issuing from the marshes of the Zuyder Zee, from the rock-bound fastnesses of Cherbourg, from the white cliffs of Albion to spread terror on ocean and inland seas!

Emerging from the delta of the Mississippi, the twenty-year-old craft, the Sumter, with Raphael Semmes as commander, soon asserted its mastery of the Gulf of Mexico, and swept from off its waters the merchant marine of the United States. After compassing much destruction, this gallant sea captain boldly shot across the ocean, and upon entering Gibraltar he abandoned its hull and worn-out boilers.

Repairing to England, Captain Semmes prepared for another cruise, this time in the light, fast, shrewd craft on which has been bestowed the glorious name of his adopted State, Alabama. It was in her Clyde-built ribs and with the few and gallant spirits who had joined him, notable among whom was the distinguished John McIntosh Kell, that Raphael Semmes now winged his way.

After a most glorious cruise of twenty-two months continuously, sweeping all the seas and all the oceans, and which left the commerce of the United States prostrated and overcome, the wayworn and weary Alabama, finding no rest for her hitherto swift-moving wings other than a reluctantly permitted stay of twenty-four hours in neutral ports, again sought the Atlantic Ocean. After many a bold and desperate escape from tenfold superior forces, she entered the harbor of Cherbourg for repairs, whither in three days the Kearsarge followed her.

A battle followed. Both vessels were apparently about equally matched in armament and size; but the hull of the Alabama was foul, her seams gaping, her machinery impaired, and her powder weakened by two years' constant exposure to the sea air. The Kearsarge was practically iron-clad, protected by chain armor skillfully concealed. When the Alabama, shattered by shot and shell, slowly sank, Captain Semmes flung his bright sword into the sea and then plunged into those famous Norman waters, from whose depths he, with forty of his officers and men, was rescued by the crew of the British pleasure yacht, the Deerhound.

In February, 1865, Raphael Semmes was commissioned a rear admiral, being then in command of the Confederate fleet in the James River.

When Richmond was evacuated, April 2, he blew up his ship and organized his officers and seamen into a brigade with which he joined the army of General Johnston, and was paroled on the 26th of April at Greensboro, N. C., when Johnston's army surrendered.

Admiral Semmes returned to his home, in Mobile, and opened a law office. On Christmas eve of 1865 he was arrested and carried to Washington, where he was confined in the Marine Barracks for nearly four months and then released.

No charges upon which to try him were ever preferred, and no official statement was ever made of the ground of his arrest.

A few weeks after his release Semmes was elected judge of probate for Mobile County; but was prohibited by the War Department from exercising the functions of his office, his political disabilities not having been removed. They never were removed. He devoted the remainder of his life to the practice of law, and the great admiral, whose fame had once filled the four quarters of the globe and had given rise to the great international question, settled in the Geneva Arbitration, plodded over legal points and argued cases, petty and large, doing his duty right nobly and so living his life as to leave his memory as a rich heritage to his children and to his people.

He died at Point Clear, Ala., August 30, 1877.

MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE'S "DREAM OF THE ALABAMA."

The July VETERAN, page 313, has an article in regard to the centenary of Raphael Semmes, admiral in the Confederate States navy. Subsequent to its publication Mrs. W. J. Behan, President of the Southern Confederate Memorial Association, sent a copy of the resolution on the subject setting forth that the Confederate Southern Memorial Association set apart September 27 for a special commemoration of the centenary of Admiral Semmes by its respective Associations; also that all Associations hereunto belonging shall be informed of such resolution by the Corresponding Secretary.

Mrs. Behan sends the beautiful poem by Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle on this subject, which is designated "The Dream of the Alabama:"

"What spirit stirs 'neath her sunless keel
And wakes in her silent shrouds,
O Hearts of Oak, with the grip of steel?
Or was it the passing clouds?

She has lain so long by a foreign shore,
With never a watch on deck,
With her sunken bells sounding o'er and o'er
To the dead men in her wreck.

And the tides sweep over her mizzenmast
Through the sails that the channels laved,
And the seaweed clings to the thing of the past,
Where the stars and bars once waved.

But, Hearts of Oak, with the grip of steel,
Wherever ye are, what reck?
For the spirit of chivalry stirs the keel
And truth treads the quarter-deck.

Full twenty fathoms below she lies,
But she wakes to-night from the dead;
Through her ghostly rigging the night wind flies,
Or was it a cloud that sped?

Yea, come from your graves, ye tars that have shared
Her glory, her anguish, her pain!
For the mystical moment of time is bared
And she sweeps the ocean again!

Nor port nor harbor nor home is hers
As she breaks from her silent lair;
But the mighty heart of the great South stirs,
For the spirit of Semmes is there.

Yea, corsair or viking, pirate or king?

Let History, answering, speak!

For out of the years shall her record ring.

While honor stands at her peak!

The day breaks soon and the night winds sleep

And the moon goes down blood-red;

The mists of the years have veiled the deep

And shrouded the deathless dead.

For the night is done and the mellowed age

Of the past breathes out its tone;

But the truth of History holds its page,

Though the sea takes back its own!"

BADE ADIEU TO YANKEES WITHOUT NOTICE.

BY DR. C. F. KOHLHEIM (C. PT. CO. G, 11TH MISS. CAV.),

GUNTOWN, MISS.

About November 21, 1863, Capt. Felix W. Flood, now living in Columbus, Miss., and I were with a portion of Bragg's army some twenty miles east of Chattanooga. That night in camp I was seized with a most violent attack of pneumonia. The next morning I was assisted on my horse, and almost fainted, but kept in the saddle until I reached the house of an old gentleman named Robert Elder, who had a wife, a young widowed daughter, and Miss Minerva.

When Captain Flood was leaving me, I told him that he had better take my horse to the command; but he said I would be better soon and would need the horse. I have never seen Captain Flood since, though of late years several letters have passed between us. Soon after that the battle of Missionary Ridge was fought and our army fell back. A night or so after Mr. Elder told me the Yankees were out at the barn. The weather was cold and he made a large fire in my room, which was used as a general sitting room. Presently I heard the rattle of sabers and jingling of spurs, and the door was opened and the Federals entered. The lieutenant who was in command came up to my bed, shook hands with me, and asked how I was. I told him that Mr. Elder and Dr. Tarnell, my physician, were Union men; that he should allow them to have my horse for their services, as I had nothing else to pay them. He replied that he had no discretion in the matter. His colonel (I think named Byrd) knew I was there and had told him to get my horse. One of the men laughingly said: "You have one of our saddles." I had borrowed it from a Michigan captain at Chickamauga Sunday night while on picket line. These Federals were Tennesseans.

Soon after this I became unconscious, and the ladies told me that I continued so for fourteen days. During this time some Union soldiers went to a house about a mile off, took one of our sick soldiers from bed, and shot him to death. It is said that the summer before he and others had taken their father out and whipped him. The ladies told me afterwards that they feared they would do me the same way. In two or three weeks I was better and could speak above a whisper. General Hazen, of Ohio, and staff spent a day at Mr. Elder's. The ladies prepared dinner for them. His surgeon told me that my lungs were so badly involved I would have consumption. I asked General Hazen if as soon as I was well enough he would send me in an ambulance to Chattanooga and give me a pass to go to Northern Kentucky to visit some relatives I had there. He assured me he would, but I never called on him for it.

This was in Savannah Valley, Hamilton County, Tenn. Sherman's Division was then camping around us. On the

thirtieth day I tottered to the door and looked at the mountains. One Sabbath evening three young ladies came in and introduced themselves as Misses Mountcastle. I felt like angels had come. I gave them my name and my father's, also his post office address; so in time they might write if I did not live. The eldest one of them came to my bedside and told me they had a scheme by which I could escape through picket lines as soon as I was well enough.

One day one of Sherman's lieutenants came in and brought a quantity of coffee in his haversack. He told Mrs. Elder that he wanted "this lieutenant to have it." I told him he might be scarce of it; that I was not accustomed to it. He replied: "It is for you in your debilitated condition. You must have it." He was one of the handsomest men I ever saw. He was from Ohio. I have many times regretted that I did not know his name. I hope he passed through the war unhurt.

As my strength increased I made an effort one night to get off. I got to the house of Mr. Kenner, an uncle of the Misses Mountcastle. That effort failed. About this time the wife of a Union soldier who lived in the neighborhood came to see me. She said she had one of her husband's uniforms, that we were about the same size, and she would give it to me. I explained that this would mean certain death if I was arrested with it on. She was sincere in wanting to help me.

One day a Federal captain who was a provost marshal came into my room. He said there were two of our captains at the gate who had come over and taken the oath, and that our whole army would soon do it. I asked him why they did not come in and see me; I was helpless. He said he did not know. What I said about them would not be appropriate in a Sunday school. I thought I was billed for Johnson's Island. He laughed, shook hands with me, and passed on.

About a week later, during an intensely cold spell, Miss Minerva Elder and Miss Montgomery started with me on horseback two or three hours before daylight. We evaded the Federal picket lines near Ooltewah Gap, going some miles south of these, and stopped at the house of a Mr. Phillips, a relative of Miss Montgomery. We had dinner there. This was the last I ever saw of these young ladies. Miss Montgomery was thoroughly familiar with the country; but if it had not been for the extremely cold weather, I doubt that we would have gotten out.

At Mr. Phillips's it chanced just at dinner that one of our Vicksburg paroled soldiers came in. He carried me on foot over mountains, through forests, away from any houses. While on top of a mountain he pointed out Red Clay, Ga. He had heard that our pickets were a mile or so south of there. He bade me good-by, telling me to avoid houses. I finally reached the railroad track. About an hour before sunset on turning a curve I saw a gray figure on horseback about three hundred yards distant. Tears came to my eyes. When in sixty or eighty yards of him, he halted me, and I told him I was an escaped prisoner. He told me where his camp was. I went there and learned that they were Alabamians. They loaned me a horse and one of them took me to their headquarters, and all were very nice to me.

The next day I saw Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. He had superseded General Bragg. I gave him a package of late Northern papers. I was worn out, very weak and debilitated. His chief surgeon said he would have to send me to a hospital down in Georgia, and would send a leave of absence when he thought I could use it, which he did about two weeks later. I had not been home in two years. When I got home, General Gholson was organizing a new brigade

under General Forrest at Tupelo, Miss. I was elected captain of the company that became G of the 11th Mississippi Cavalry. I got my parole at Gainesville, Ala., then being in General Armstrong's brigade. General Gohlson had lost an arm and had been retired.

After the war and mails had been restored, my father had a letter from one of the Misses Mountcastle from Cornersville, Tenn., inquiring about me. I responded at once, but never heard any more. I also wrote Miss Minerva Elder. She had married a Union soldier. He wrote me that he was under Gen. W. Sorey Smith, and rode on ahead of Forrest's Cavalry all the way from West Point, Miss., to Memphis. He spoke of his wife "helping me off that cold day." I had gotten quite chummy with some of the Yankees who camped close around. They would bring me their latest papers every day. The Sunday after I left some of them camping in a church about a mile off were to send a horse for me to ride down and spend the day with them. They were to have something extra. I tender my apologies now for not attending that dinner. I should be glad to hear from any one I have named above. They were kind to me when I needed it most. I hope God has blessed them all.

A CONFEDERATE IS GRATEFUL.

BY J. D. HARWELL, MERIDIAN, MISS.

Responding to your request for old comrades to tell "what they are most grateful for," I state that I was a private in Company I, 20th Alabama Infantry. There are three things for which I am deeply grateful: First, that God spared my life through many dangers and hardships. I have passed my sixty-fifth milepost and am still strong and healthy. Second, during Hood's last campaign in Tennessee I had scurvy on both feet nearly up to my knees, contracted after the battle of Jonesboro, Ga. When we reached Gadsden, Ala., I was barefooted; and although we waited there some days for shoes, clothing, and blankets, we did not receive them, and I started into Tennessee barefooted. My only covering, a blanket, had been cut to pieces by a cannon ball, tearing it from my back as I made my way from a charge after being wounded in my left shoulder by a grapeshot.

Though handicapped by my condition, I kept with my company until the eve of the battle of Nashville, when my command, having to move to right and left several times, broke me down and I fell out of the ranks; but I followed as best I could. The brigade surgeon, seeing me, ordered me to get in an ambulance. I tried to find the ambulances, but they were gone. I made my way to the Franklin Pike and followed it toward Franklin. I requested wagon and ambulance drivers to let me ride, but as I was not wounded they refused me.

I reached the hospital at Columbia by using two palings as crutches, but left bloody tracks behind me in the snow, for the rocks had cut my bare feet to pieces and my legs were bleeding considerably. At Columbia the doctors wanted me to remain (and be captured), as they said to go out in the snow would certainly rot my feet off. I started and met my old brigade surgeon, Dr. Murphy, who took me to his office and put a pint of good whisky in my canteen, telling me not to take it unless I felt very drowsy or benumbed. I started for Pulaski and that whisky kept me awake, for at times the snow looked as tempting as a fine feather bed.

At Pulaski the doctors wanted me to remain at the hospital, but I started for the Tennessee River. It was half a mile wide beyond the bridge. In despair I turned back. When the supply train came across the bridge, I asked permission to ride, and the sergeant asked if I was wounded. I said I

was, and he told me to get in the wagon. I found it loaded with wet sacks of salt. I wrapped my wet blanket around me and fell on the sacks, and knew no more until I waked up several miles from there, with the wagons in park and a chestnut wood fire popping behind our wagon. I felt that I would freeze if I stayed where I was, but was satisfied that the sergeant (named Covington) would have the provost guard arrest me for faking a ride as wounded; but I risked it to get to that fire. He made the guard stand aside, shared his supper, and gave me the best place to sleep by the fire, and he and his men (God bless them!) treated me as a brother, taking me across the Tennessee River. Nor would they let me help them in any way. I can never think of their kindness even to this day without feelings of gratitude.

We reached Barton Station, on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, and there, believing it my duty to report to a hospital, I left them after much argument on their part for me to stay, as their route led south through Alabama and they would take me home. I caught a train for Corinth and arrived there at midnight. A wounded Texan with an oil-cloth and I with my scraps of a blanket slept together until daylight in a room with no weatherboarding on one side and a freezing wind blowing on us.

Now comes the third item of my gratitude. Next morning we found the hospital near by and several hundred boys standing in several inches of snow waiting for the calling of their names before going in to breakfast. My name not being on the roll, my hope for breakfast was forlorn indeed. I gave up, and was just turning away to move on when the steward opened the door and began to call the roll. My, my, how my heart jumped when I recognized in him my own brother-in-law! I squeezed through that crowd to the door. He saw me and told me to go to the back door. I was soon seated in the kitchen with plenty of hot beef soup and genuine coffee. Ah me! I will never forget the taste of that breakfast. I was furnished a tub of hot water, soap, and clean clothes. My feet and legs were a sight to behold, not having been dressed since leaving Columbia, Tenn.; but, thank God, they were not rotten. After a good scrubbing, I fell on a cot, and knew no more until four o'clock that evening, when my brother-in-law waked me, saying the Yanks were reported to be in twelve miles of Corinth. He had had my clothes washed and thoroughly boiled and had them ready and a good pair of shoes. I dressed, and he filled my haversack with crackers and a piece of bacon and my canteen with pure coffee (sweetened too). I felt I could walk a hundred miles farther.

Well, I reached Rienzi that night through a fierce sleet and rain, and two nights later landed at Guntown, forty miles south of Corinth, where I caught a hospital train which brought me to within fifteen miles of home the next evening. I walked this, arriving at midnight.

Now with my wife, four boys, and two girls, with two daughters-in-law and one son-in-law and five little grandchildren around my knees or in my lap, and with a comfortable home to shelter me, should I not be grateful to the Giver of all good for his merciful kindness and bountiful gifts to me?

LINCOLN PENNIES TO BE WITHDRAWN FROM CIRCULATION.—The pennies issued from the Treasury Department commemorative of the hundredth anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birth are being withdrawn from circulation, their thickness preventing them from being used in the "penny-in-the-slot" machines, and their weight making them cumbersome. They are being eagerly bought up by professional numismatists and souvenir collectors.

REMINISCENCES OF A PRIVATE SOLDIER.

BY A. H. BROWN, MEMPHIS, TENN.

In my letter on "Firing Line with Bragg," page 331 of July VETERAN, I left off at where we joined Bragg at Harrodsburg the night before the battle of Perryville, which was a hard old fight, the enemy contesting every inch of ground.

A member of the 48th Tennessee in P. R. Cleburne's division said "Old Pat" was riding his favorite battle horse, Dixie. The animal was struck by a cannon ball, when horse and rider went down. They thought "Old Pat" was killed; but in an instant he scrambled to his feet, spitting the dirt out of his mouth, and began to wave his sword, exclaiming, "Give 'em h—, boys," and repeated the command. Then with a yell they advanced and sustained their fame for courage.

Going back to my previous letter, I mention some incidents that I recall distinctly. On Sunday evening before we withdrew from Corinth the Federals were shelling our position. A half dozen or more negro men we boys had taken out with us for camp drudgery were congregated. One of these darkies, old Wash Carter, said: "Lord sakes, did yer see dat? If dat ball had hit a nigger, it wouldn't er leff a greasy spot of him. Marse Ike, you'll have to 'sense me. I'll come back when dey quits shootin' dem 'tings."

At Tupelo about the middle of August, 1862, we took a freight train for Mobile. The cars were full inside and on top. The train stopped at some station down in Mississippi for about ten or fifteen minutes, and quite a number of the boys jumped off to hunt for something to drink. They were buying bay rum, gin, brandy, whisky, etc. When the engineer blew the whistle, some who had not been waited upon grabbed two or three bottles and made for the train.

When we got to Mobile, several of the boys had too much of the "overjoyful." Their condition was a sore disappointment to our gallant brigadier general, Preston Smith, who had just recently donned the uniform that marked his rank. He wanted to march us through the principal streets of the city, as we were going to the wharf of Mobile Bay to take a steamer on the Alabama River for Montgomery. The next morning at about seven o'clock we marched through the city with banners flying to the tune of "Dixie" and "The Girl I Left Behind Me." The Alabama River was so low that we had to get off the boat, so it could pull over the sand bars.

I think our brigade acted as rear guard to the army on Bragg's withdrawal from Kentucky. We reached Knoxville about the 28th of October, 1862. That night three inches of snow fell. Our heavy United States blankets that we captured at Richmond, Ky., were of much service. We next went to Murfreesboro, and got well rested before the battle.

A night or so before Christmas two of our company persuaded me to go with them out about one and a half miles from camp to capture a fat hog. The boys said the old man had ten fine killing hogs in his pen, and that if I would go and stand watel, they would do the rest. It was about eleven o'clock when we got there, and lights were out. I took a position about thirty paces from the house, while the hogpen was fifty paces farther away. The stars were bright, but there was no moon. My thoughts worked rapidly. I recalled my promise to my widowed mother when she kissed me good-by. I resolved upon my course, and went running with all possible speed by the boys, telling them that the old man was coming with his gun. The plan worked like a charm. I pretended to be greatly scared. I often laugh now when I think how they knocked down fences and rushed over brush and everything in their route. That was the only time in

my soldier career that I ever attempted to steal anything, and I am proud that I saved the old man's hog for his family. He had two sons in Lee's army.

On December 31, 1862, we met Rosecrans's army on the north bank of Stone's River. At daybreak we had formed our line of battle. Our division (Cheatham's) was held in reserve to support General Withers's Alabama Division. Before the sun was up Hardee on our left was whooping them up with old Pat Cleburne's and Patton Anderson's divisions. In a little while Withers opened on them; but his men were met with such stubborn resistance that they failed to dislodge the enemy, and they fell back badly demoralized.

We were lying down until Withers gave way. Then General Cheatham gave order to rise and advance in line of battle, which was speedily executed. Our men would guy and jeer the Alabamians for taking the back track as they passed through our line. One tall fellow said in reply to one of our boys: "Yes, and you'll find it the hottest place that ever you struck in a little while." His remark was about right. They were United States regulars commanded by General Sill, who was killed that morning.

"PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" PUT TO NOVEL USE.

Noel Wesley Bates reports a story which was told him by the keeper of a second-hand bookstore in Savannah, Ga.:

"During the war a man came into my store and asked to see some religious books, as his aunt, for whom they were intended, would read nothing else. He selected several, and asked permission to take them to his aunt, who would pay for those she kept. He returned in a short time and paid me for all the rest, but returned the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'

"Shortly after this an old darky called with a paper on which was written 'Pilgrim's Progress.' This he said was the name of the book his mistress had sent him to buy. He asked me if there were any pictures in it. I showed him 'Giant Despair,' 'Apollyon,' etc.; and as these were the pictures by which his mistress told him to identify the book (as he said he could not read), he took it and paid me ten dollars in Confederate money. In some way I could not believe in that old darky. He seemed more like a white man dressed up than the genuine article.

"There were a few Yankee prisoners confined in the Savannah jail. Capt. Dan Mabry was in charge, and he said if any Yank could break jail and get away from him he was welcome to his freedom.

"One morning the guard found that all the prisoners had escaped in the night. The bars had been sawed through and twisted, showing the method of their going very plainly. No trace of how the implements used could be found. Nothing had been sent into the prison but some food, which had been well examined, and a pious old lady had sent the prisoners a copy of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' which, singular to relate, they had taken away with them.

"As soon as I heard this I thought of that extraordinary copy of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' which had been returned as too heavy for an old lady to handle, then the very suspicious old negro that had bought it after its return, and I knew at once that the cover had been prized open, filled with saws and files, and sent into the prison. As the gift came from an old lady, it passed with only a casual examination. I learned afterwards that the 'darky' was the son of Tom Clark, a well-known Union man of Savannah, and that the two had engineered the scheme."

INCIDENTAL TRIBUTES TO SOUTHERN WOMEN.

S. C. HICKS, OF WATER VALLEY, KY., IS GRATEFUL.

You ask what veterans are most thankful for. First, I am thankful to God for sparing my life through the trying ordeal of the war to this date and for the hope of a home in heaven, and I am thankful for the true, patriotic, and kind-hearted women of the South in 1861-65.

I was a private in Company G, 9th Tennessee Infantry, although I was a Kentucky boy. In the battle of Dead Angle, on Kennesaw Mountain, June 27, 1864, a Minie ball penetrated my left eye, passing out just in front of my right ear. Among the first things I remember after regaining consciousness were the kind words and tender hands of ladies bandaging my wound at Marietta. I was taken to Atlanta, and spent an awful day lying between the railroad tracks in that old car shed waiting for transportation. I think it was the 4th of July. O, it seemed as if my head would burst from the jar of trains and the terrible fever. But kind ladies came to my relief, giving me something to eat, dressed my wound, bathed my head with cold water, and spoke words of cheer. I was at that time perfectly blind. Soon after I partially recovered the sight of my right eye.

From Atlanta I was carried to Covington, Ga., where the good women treated me royally. They seemed to make a pet of me, a boy of twenty years.

Gangrene raged in the hospital, and clothing was scarce. To prevent the spread of the disease, an order was issued to put on other clothes, so that those then worn could be washed. I had no other clothes; so the ward master gave me a dead man's pants, shirt, hat, and shoes, all considerably worn. The pants had holes in each knee and were otherwise badly worn, besides being six inches too short, and I had no socks.

Just about the time I had donned the dead man's clothes orders came to the chief surgeon to furlough every man that could walk, as a force of the enemy would strike Covington in three hours. I could walk, but could not guide myself, my brain being somewhat affected. I wanted to go to another hospital, but the surgeon said he had his orders. So I was put on the train with a sixty days' furlough.

I did not know any one in the South, so had nowhere to go. On the train my wound bled freely, and I became sick. I lay down on a seat lengthwise the coach. At stations women would go in and feed the wounded soldiers. I was very sick, weak, and bloody, and I stayed in that coach three days and two nights. On the third evening I asked some one to help me out. I asked the name of the city, and was told that it was Macon. I was so sick that I asked to lie down on the platform, and I thought I would die there; but some ladies had me taken to a wayside hospital. I spent a terrible night. The next morning the surgeon dressed my wound, the first dressing it had had for three days. The flies had gotten to it, and the doctor said when he took the bandage off: "My God, boy, it is a wonder you are not dead; the maggots are crawling clear through your head." This almost made me faint. About the time he got my wound dressed a lady sent a carriage with a request for two soldiers that needed a home. The doctor said, "Hicks, this is a chance for you;" but I replied that I wanted some clothes before going. He said he knew the people and to go on, as I was in a very critical condition.

With a soldier named Hays, from North Georgia, I got in the carriage, and we were taken out two miles to Judge Wilburn's. O, I felt so bad! When we arrived, Mrs. Wilburn,

her sister, and daughter met us at the gate. My bloody shirt, worn-out pants, and run-down shoes made me feel worse than my wound. We started into the house, but I staggered and headed up in some rosebushes. These good women helped me up and led me into the house. After breakfast, by the help of Hays, I took a bath, and they furnished me a new suit of clothes. Mrs. W. sent for their old family physician, and they nursed me so tenderly that I improved right along. My own mother could not have treated me better.

After a long stay at Judge Wilburn's, I went to Americus or Oglethorpe and then out near Ellaville and stayed at old Brother Cheny's, and the people were very kind to me, especially the women. The men were mostly at the front. I next went to Uniontown, Ala., and stayed at Albert Hudson's; thence to Greensboro, Ala., and stayed at Mrs. Williams's; and next to Plantersville, and was with Mrs. Peoples.

God bless the children of those good women! for I presume they themselves have gone to their reward. I remember the Southern women not with unsheathed sword, but with bandage, lint, spoon, and nourishments.

FOURTH OF JULY TALK WITH HIS BOYS.

BY CAPT. S. F. HORRALL, WASHINGTON, IND.

Your suggestion about talks with the boys is very attractive, and I respond. As I sat on my front lawn I told my sons that fully forty-five years ago I was in the biggest Fourth of July celebration ever pulled off on the American continent. It was less than a dozen miles from Atlanta and on the north side of the Chattahoochee River. The Federal army, with General Sherman commanding, had closely followed the Confederate army under General Hood. Sherman had about sixty thousand men and Hood almost as many.

At sunrise on the 4th of July both armies opened artillery fire with about twenty-five or thirty hundred guns, ranging from six to twenty-four pounds. On that day there was no charging except by a blunder. On our left center the 22d Michigan Infantry was cut to pieces in the vain attempt to charge the Confederate fortification. The 42d Veterans, who were supporting the Michigan troops, witnessed the slaughter. About two in the morning I was in command of the pickets, and I heard a voice say, "Hello, Johnny Rebs; we are coming to get you at daylight," and another voice answered: "If you wait till then, you will never get us, for we are on the jump. I guess we will jump in the river next. How many men have you got anyway, Yank?" "O, about a hundred thousand. How many have you?" answered Yank. "O Lord, just about enough for another killing."

It may not be out of place to say that in the start from Chattanooga the two armies were about equal; but the Confederates, noting that Sherman's campaign was aggressive, placed theirs on the defensive, and by retreats from place to place hoped to gain great advantage. This they would have done, but the Union army was reinforced by a number of cavalry regiments. While Sherman engaged the Confederates on the line, he threw these regiments on their flank and rear, compelling retreat, often with great loss; hence the Johnny Reb's reply about another killing.

I told my sons they should understand on the Fourth of July particularly why the Confederates should join in that day's celebration; that they were Southern men and practically their ancestors were the founders of this great government, for it was Virginia, the Carolinas, together with Rhode Island, that whipped King George and made this country a nation. There were not a great many Yankees then.

HISTORY OF CROSSES—THE CROSS OF HONOR.

BY L. H. L.

The first conception of a cross came from one of the common modes of executing criminals in ancient times. These were fastened to trees by spears thrust through arms, legs, and abdomen. As it was not always convenient to find trees with the necessary outstanding branches for the arms, other branches were often lashed or fastened to the trunks in the required position. From these trees to crosses of wood was a short transition. The execution through being nailed to the cross continued till the time of Constantine the Great, who abolished the custom.

Christ suffered death upon a rude cross made of four kinds of wood—palm, cedar, olive, and cypress—which the faithful accepted as typical of "the four quarters of the globe" the gospel should reach. The cross on which the Saviour died was found near the place of execution by the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine. Part of the cross she placed in a chest which was afterwards carried to Rome, and is now pontifical property in the Vatican.

The original form of the cross, the long, upright piece with the short bar crossing it, has had many modifications, producing the cross of St. Andrews, St. George, the cross of Malta, and their ramifications and combinations.

The cross, aside from its religious significance, has entered largely into the history of nations. The Carthaginians and Phœnicians used it in their sacrifice to Baal; Persians wear it as a charm against death; with the Gauls it was an emblem of the solar system and endowed with fructifying and creative powers; and the early South Americans worshipped it as the god of rain.

The graceful lines of the cross appealed alike to artists, artisans, and architects. Some of the most celebrated pictures of the old masters are of the cross either as a central figure with various groupings of the human figures on the canvas or of some holy group with the shading outlines of the cross high in air. Many of the finest cathedrals are built upon the plan of the cross either in the sublimity of the simplest form or on some of the varieties of form arising from its many combinations. The earliest work of the jeweler's art was along the beautifully simple lines of the cross, and the resultant work largely refuted Hogarth's celebrated dictum that "the curve is the line of beauty."

The early Greeks and Romans welcomed their returning generals when victorious in war with "triumphs," crowned them with wreaths of laurel and the blossoming bay, and bestowed large gifts of gold and silver upon them, for in those days the war god was most worshiped.

These badges of merit have been given by every nation, and for many causes, the chief being for distinguished bravery in deed. The crosses bestowed for valor are many. Austria has "The Maria Theresa," given to generals who have served thirty years, and "The Iron Crown" for civic or military distinction; Baden "Charles Frederick Cross" and Belgium "The African Star," both given for distinction by bravery in the army; Brunswick "The Cross of Henry Lion" and Bulgaria "The Cross of Alexandria," the former the reward of bravery to be given either to soldier or civilian, the latter to soldiers alone. Hanover has the civic-military cross of "Ernest Augustus," Italy the military order of "Savoy," Parma "The Cross of St. Louis" for military bravery, and Prussia recognizes her heroes by "The Cross of Hohenzollern" for civilian and soldier, and "The Iron Cross," a military decoration,

Prussian soldiers think life well lost to obtain. Spain offers three orders to her brave sons: "The Cross of Charles the Second" for civilian and soldier, "The Military Order of Merit," and "The Maria Christine Cross," which Spanish soldiers dream of as their highest earthly reward.

The two crosses best known are those given by England and France. "The Cross of the Legion of Honor" was established by Napoleon in 1802 and is given for distinguished merit. The highest perfection in any direction may be rewarded by this cross. It is open to civilians, soldiers, foreigners, and even women. Rosa Bonheur won this cross by her wonderful skill as an animal painter. It is estimated that nearly 60,000 Confederate crosses have been bestowed.

The cross par excellence of military distinction is the English "Cross of Victoria," which is given only for some daring act of courage by a soldier or civilian who was serving under military rule. This cross is made from the cannon captured in the Crimean War, principally in the battle of Sevastopol. On one side is the royal coat of arms and the prized inscription, "For Valour." The blue ribbon on which it is worn shows that the gallant deed that won it was done by one in the navy, the red that a soldier was the hero. This cross is to the English soldier the Ultima Thule of ambition. Only gallantry united to opportunity can win it, and its winning is so difficult that only five hundred Victorian crosses have ever been given.

All of these crosses are given for one brave deed of daring, one gallant action! Fired by the wild enthusiasm of battle, swept on as the leader of a forlorn hope, drunk with the wine of excitement, some deed is done that rings through the country and wins the Cross of Honor—one deed! For, excepting when the Maria Theresa is given the general for thirty years' service, there is no cross given for endurance.

There is one little cross that marks endurance to the end—bravery that plucked fame from the blazing cannon's mouth not once, but often; a scorn of the paralyzing fear of death; that accepted hourly danger for love of a cause—and that is the bronze cross worn by Confederate veterans.

In Southern skies blazes a cross seen in no other portion of the world—a cross whose two bright stars of almost the same inclination point out the south pole and serve to guide the storm-tossed mariner across the pathless seas—a cross unique, mystic, beautiful, it is alone in the order of its grandeur. So on Southern hearts rests the tiny cross of bronze that too is alone in the story that it tells. No one deed of daring won it for its wearer. It whispers of patient bearing of unnumbered hardships, of long service in camp and battlefield bravely done, of hunger accepted gladly for the sake of a cause, of courage that never flinched, though the deed meant death or endurance to the end. Unseen upon that tiny cross Fame has written in letters of fire: "Fidelity, bravery, patience, and patriotism!" Not one deed, but continuous bravery has won it; not to one man was it given, but to almost an entire army—ah, this is the cross of honor!

AN OLD SOLDIER.—The Rome (Ga.) Tribune has a pitiful account of an old soldier wearing his tattered suit of gray and proudly pointing out his cross of honor to interested spectators who is making a precarious living by exhibiting his camp outfit of cups, pans, and canteen, and telling of the battles in which he was in. He lives with relatives who can give him only food and house room, and he takes this method of adding to his comfort.

THAT FIGHT AT GREEN'S FARM, NEAR RICHMOND.

BY J. R. HAW, 700 ARMISTEAD AVENUE, HAMPDEN, VA.

In the August (1908) *VETERAN* I read with much interest Col. Clement Sulivane's criticism of Miles Cary's report on the fight at Green's Farm.

Colonel Sulivane was adjutant general of the brigade at that time, and for a private to differ with him may seem presumptuous; nevertheless his account differs so materially with my article, "The Armory Battalion at Green's Farm," published in the April *VETERAN* previous, that I must answer some of his statements.

He says the Armory Battalion was commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Ayres, and that it was in line on the left of Henley's Battalion at Green's Farm, describes the final charge of Dahlgren and his repulse, and disposes of the fight by saying "that was the whole of it."

As I stated in my article, Major Ford was commander of the Armory Battalion and led it to battle, commanded it in the fight, and, seeing that we were outnumbered, outflanked, and unsupported, ordered us to "cease firing and fall back."

But to establish this point I quote from the commander in chief of the Confederate armies, Jefferson Davis, who says in his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government:" "The first resistance met was by a battalion of G. W. C. Lee's force, consisting of about two hundred and twenty of the Armory men under command of their major, Ford. This small body was driven back until it joined a battalion of the Treasury Department clerks, who, in the absence of their major (Henley), were led by Captain McIlhenny," etc. (I spell the name as he spells it, but it should no doubt be Capt. John C. McAnerney.)

Captain Ayres commanded Company A. of which I was a member at this time, and was not promoted until sometime after this, but was then called "Major" by the men. I never heard him spoken of as lieutenant colonel.

On visiting the scene of the fight in November I discovered that it had become a suburb of Richmond called "West Hampton Park," and is reached by an electric line, which crosses the Three Chop road between the positions occupied by the two battalions and very near the old Green mansion. The grove, or "woods," from which the Armory Battalion fired on and fought the enemy is still standing, just across the road from the Green mansion on the Three Chop road.

The position of Henley's Battalion, a mile and a half in the rear of the Green mansion on the river road, is well marked by a hole very near the road which was an ice house and figured in the fight. In the charge a Yankee and his horse fell in, the horse being killed. A Confederate fell in about the same time, when they both surrendered, not knowing how the battle overhead was going. This incident was related immediately after the fight, and has been told numbers of times since.

The affair takes its name, "Fight of Green's Farm," from the position the Armory Battalion held at Roselawn, the Green mansion, Henley's Battalion not having reached that point at all.

There were two distinct fights; and when Colonel Sulivane reached the scene, the fight was not "just on," as he says, but the second fight was over.

All the circumstances indicate that the Armory Battalion inflicted as much if not more damage on the enemy than did Henley's. First, it was twilight on a very cloudy, rainy day, and the former battalion had some daylight when the fight

began and saw the enemy they were shooting at, and fired repeatedly into his ranks. When the enemy reached Henley's Battalion, it was very dark, and their handsome volley went wild. It has been stated that the Yankees left many of their wounded at the Green mansion, which was on the scene of the first fight, and the wounded must have been mainly from that fight.

A celebrated military writer has said: "It is, in fact, inseparable from all attacks in column, whether on sea or land, that the leading ships or men take the brunt of the punishment; while their followers, coming in fresh upon the havoc wrought or sustained, reap the fruits of the victory of which the seeds have been sown by the former."

This was literally true in our case. The brigade, hurrying to man the breastworks, was strung out over several miles of road. The first or Armory Battalion, meeting the enemy inside the works, fought him unsupported, checked his advance, killed and wounded a number of his men, and were themselves severely punished in the fight. Dahlgren, learning for the first time from prisoners captured of Kilpatrick's defeat and that the road in his front was filled with troops, had little heart to push his advance farther; and when Henley's Battalion emptied all of its guns at them in the dark, he retreated, although our muzzle-loading guns were empty.

The number of the enemy given in my article is taken from the war records, and is, I think, very nearly correct.

LIFE SAVED BY BEING A MASON.

An interesting story is told by John Grim, of the Columbus (Ohio) City Engineering Department. Mr. Grim was a member of the 7th Ohio Independent Battery, U. S. A., and in a fight at Guntown, Miss., was taken prisoner with his battery. As he rode beside his captor, a handsome lieutenant in the Confederate gray, Grim noticed the Masonic square and compass on the Confederate's watch chain, and immediately made himself known as a Mason. Grim then asked his captor if there was not some way for him to escape, as he abhorred being shut up in prison.

After long meditation, the lieutenant said that on the road they were traveling they would come to a river bank, and on this was a sycamore tree that had fallen with its roots in the water; that if Grim would make a dash for liberty just here the lieutenant would try to help him to escape; and that the Yankees were just over the river.

The lieutenant managed to fall behind the entire squad with Grim beside him. When the tree was reached, Grim made his dash for liberty, but was seen by the Confederates, and a shower of bullets followed him. Some of these struck the tree and the splinters flew in his face, wounding him till the blood came in streams. Blinded by the blood, Grim slipped and fell. A man was right beside him before he could rise, and he heard a quick whisper: "Lie still; pretend you are dead." Grim took the hint and lay rigid, and the lieutenant called out: "You fixed him that time, boys. Go ahead; we will leave him here. We have no time to bury Yanks anyway."

Grim managed to cross the river and soon found a regiment of bluecoats. He says he never knew the name of his fellow-Mason, but would dearly love to find him, for he feels that he owes him his health if not his life, for the long months in prison disabled many who were captured at the same time with him.

[The foregoing story is given with doubt as to its accuracy.]

"WHO FIRED THE FIRST GUN AT NEW MARKET?"

BY J. N. POTTS, HUNTINGTON, W. VA.

On page 237 in the May (1909) *VETERAN* there is an article by Charles Warren Buchanan, who seems to have been a gunner in Jackson's Battery. By "first gun" he probably means the first shot fired from his battery, which did splendid service on that occasion. He could not have meant the first shooting of any kind or even the first artillery firing, for there had been much skirmishing and several shots from McClannahan's Battery fired before Jackson's Battery was in position.

Gen. J. D. Imboden, with the 18th and 23d Virginia Cavalry Regiments, numbering about eight hundred effective men, together with the remaining portion of the 62d Virginia Infantry, under Col. George H. Smith, and McClannahan's Battery of four twelve-pound rifle guns (in all about one thousand men), had been fighting General Sigel's advance for two days before the engagement called "the battle of New Market" on the 15th of May, 1864. For corroboration of this statement reference is had to the "War Records," Series I., Volume 37.

On the 13th we charged the 1st New York Cavalry and Cole's Battalion, commanded by Colonel Boyd, and drove them into Massanutten Mountains, capturing nearly the entire detachment. We sent the prisoners up the valley, but kept their splendid horses to take the place of our badly jaded stock. (At this time I was a lieutenant of Company G, 18th Virginia Cavalry, and now refresh my memory from a diary written at the time.)

About noon on May 14 our brigade encountered Sigel's advance forces at Rude's Hill, about four miles below New Market, and we understood at the time that the enemy was about twelve thousand strong. They gave us a very hard afternoon's work. At dark Sigel went into camp at the lower end of New Market and we occupied the upper end of the town. About nine o'clock at night I was called to headquarters. I found General Imboden on his horse, and we rode a few rods down the road, when in a low tone of voice he told me he had good news; that General Breckinridge had arrived with reinforcements and was in camp at Lacey Springs, four miles above us, and had just ordered him to call off his forces and fall back to that place to avoid the danger of a night attack. "And now," said he, "I want you to hunt up Captain Stump and his company and bring them in. They are somewhere to the left of the town. At dark they were deployed as skirmishers." It was raining and very dark. I said: "General, you know Sigel occupies the hill just in front of us." He replied: "Yes, I know that, and that your mission is both difficult and dangerous; but Stump must be found and called in. It will require courage and discretion, and that is why I sent for you."

I thanked him for the compliment and rode off in the dense darkness; but failing to find Captain Stump, I came back to the main street of the town and stood still to listen, and in a few minutes I heard a horseman coming toward me, but it was so dark that neither of us could see the other. I sat still until he came within about two rods of me, when I said: "Halt! Who comes there?" He recognized my voice and told me he was Col. C. T. O'Ferrell, of the 23d Virginia Cavalry (afterwards Governor of Virginia). He was on a similar mission—looking for some skirmishers of his regiment. After talking for a few minutes, he went to the right and I to the left. Pretty soon my horse stumbled over some rocks and made a noise that attracted the attention of the enemy, and

they fired a volley of perhaps from fifty to one hundred shots in that direction. Captain Stump's company at once returned the fire, and the blaze from their guns showed that they were only a few rods from me. I delivered my message and we moved up the road.

It was after ten o'clock when we reached camp. I was so worn out that after giving my horse some corn that the "boys" had drawn and saved for him I lay down on the ground with my head on my saddle and went to sleep without supper, thinking I would be all the more ready for breakfast. Instead of breakfast, however, our brigade was ordered to the front just at day dawn to bring on the engagement, and I was given command of the advance guard. We met the enemy about two miles above town. They were stubborn, but we drove them back until we occupied the position we had at dark the evening before.

McClannahan's four twelve-pound guns opened up with vigor, and this seemed to cause the enemy to believe that there was nothing in their front but Imboden's Brigade, and they started to throw a heavy infantry column against us. But just at this juncture Jackson's Battery came dashing in, and from an elevation on our left sent a 24-pound shot screaming into the enemy's ranks. I don't think I ever heard a noise that seemed to mean so much, and it caused General Sigel to realize that he had foemen worthy of his steel. From this moment the fight raged with unceasing fury until late in the afternoon, when the enemy escaped across the swollen Shenandoah and burned the bridge.

General Breckinridge's short report of this fight will be found in the "War Records," Series I., page 37, as above stated, as follows: "This morning, May 15, 1864, two miles above New Market my command met the enemy, under General Sigel, advancing up the Valley, and defeated him with heavy loss. The action has just closed at Shenandoah River. Enemy fled across North Fork of Shenandoah, burning the bridge behind him."

Comrade Buchanan's memory is at fault in regard to General Breckinridge receiving a message from "Gen. Mudwall Jackson," for Jackson at that time was in Southwest Virginia, and on the day before he, in conjunction with Colonel French, met and repulsed General Averell at Newport, Va. See dispatch from C. S. Stringfellow, assistant adjutant general, in the same volume.

In closing I state that no Confederate soldier should refer to William L. Jackson as "Mudwall" Jackson, for there was not a more polished gentleman nor a more gallant and competent officer in the Confederate army than this same Gen. William L. Jackson.

OBJECTS TO MILITARY GARB AND TITLES.

Comrade Edward S. Lathrop, of Decatur, Ga., writes the *VETERAN* of his objections to the use of military garb and the assumption of military titles by the ladies of Confederate Choirs: "I have read the article by Mrs. Jean Robertson Anderson, of Memphis, Tenn., and I call particular attention to this very womanly warning. I gave all for the cause of Southern womanhood, and four years of service I do not regret; but if you take away their distinctive attribute—the modesty that avoids the conspicuous, their sensitiveness and nobleness of purpose, which the assumption of masculine uniform and the use of soldier titles suggest—then indeed we old veterans will feel that our privations and sufferings were in vain."

[There is much discontent with this feature at Reunions.]

GENERAL WHEELER AT AIKEN, S. C.

BY JOHN C. BAIRD, ARCADIA, LA.

[Rev. J. H. Wharton, pastor of the Baptist Church, Homer, La., has asked me to write for the *VETERAN* something of the little cavalry fight we had at Aiken, S. C. Brother Wharton was too young to be a soldier at the time; but he is a great friend to those who were and also a strong supporter of the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*, and he never fails to attend the meetings of our Camp and make a plea in its behalf.]

I write what I remember of the Aiken (S. C.) fight; but at that time fighting had become almost an everyday occurrence with General Wheeler's command, and but for the part the fair ladies of that town took in it we would have long since forgotten the greater part of it. On that day (the date is not recalled) we marched into town, our regiment, the 1st Alabama, in advance, and we could see General Wheeler riding in our front. Kilpatrick's Cavalry was coming on behind us, and we could hear firing as we rode into town.

The ladies from the windows and balconies were waving their white handkerchiefs, and I heard some of them say: "Don't let the Yankees come into this town." I suppose General Wheeler heard the same, for at once we were about-faced and in line ready for the charge. We went straight at the Yankees as they advanced. I don't think we checked up until we had driven them some distance from the town.

I was a boy then, but I don't think I ever felt as large before or since as I did when we rode down that street amid the cheers of those beautiful women.

I hope that of all those brave women who witnessed that charge and cheered us on by the waving of white handkerchiefs some are still living and will write for the *VETERAN* what they remember about this fight and tell if the Yankees came to that town after we left.

GEN. STERLING PRICE IN MEXICO.

Samuel Johnson, of St. Louis, Mo., an ex-Federal, writes of his interest in the *VETERAN*, to which he contributes an incident of his service in the Mexican War: "During the war with Mexico I was under Gen. Sterling Price, then colonel of a Missouri regiment which crossed the plains for Santa Fe, N. Mex., in the spring of 1846 and returned in the spring of 1847. He was made brigadier general and took command of all the forces in that territory in the fall of 1847. About this time Lieuts. John A. Logan and Kinney had it circulated in camp and city that they would fight a duel the next morning at sunrise just north of our drill ground, and all the soldiers, as well as hundreds of Mexicans, were on the ground in time to see the brave and gallant young officers with their seconds arrive. They at once took their places, thirty feet apart, and were given pistols by their seconds. At a given signal both took deliberate aim and fired; but as neither was killed or wounded, their seconds reloaded and returned the pistols for a second round. I remember how quiet and breathless we stood while they fired the second shot, and no one killed or hurt. Then their seconds succeeded in having the duelists compromise their trouble without the loss of life. How glad we were that it was settled this way! But before sunset of that day General Price had the whole bogus outfit under arrest. They were loud to declare that they were the best of friends and there was no lead in their guns. The General kept them on the anxious seat for several days, saying their conduct was unbecoming officers and gentlemen; but upon their faithful promises he ordered them on duty without court-

martial. The whole army cheered for General Price for the way in which he handled the young bloods. We thought he was a bigger man than General Scott or General Taylor."

A UNIQUE TROUSER TRADE.

BY J. MONT WILSON, SEDALIA, MO.

In the fall of 1864 General Price made a raid through Missouri. After continuous marching and fighting for weeks, a great many of the boys had trousers only in name. Kenneth Monroe, a short little Scotchman about five feet two inches high (but a good soldier all the same), orderly sergeant of a company in Col. D. C. Hunter's regiment of Missouri cavalry, was one of the boys whose trousers did not permit him to go into polite society. He went to Colonel Hunter and said: "Colonel, I want a furlough." "What for?" "To get me a pair of trousers. I have the money to buy them; and if I cannot buy them, I will beg them." The Colonel asked: "If you do neither, will you steal them?" Kenneth replied quickly: "Yes, sir." The Colonel said: "Hand me those saddlebags." He pulled out a fine pair of new blue trousers made for a man over six feet high. These he was holding as a reserve for his own wardrobe. Handing them to Kenneth, he said: "Sergeant, put these on till you can get you a pair."

In three minutes Kenneth was in the brush getting into his new possession. When dressed he had the "dude" roll at the bottom of his trousers and the waistband buckled up close under his arms. He quickly hid that by buttoning his jacket close. One of the new recruits who had on a nice brown pair saw Kenneth strutting around in his good clothes and conceived the idea that if he just had those blue trousers he would look like a soldier. This was the snap Kenneth was watching for. In five minutes after the trade was proposed they were in the brush changing clothes.

A short time after this Colonel Hunter was badly in need of his reserve trousers. Meeting Kenneth, he said to him: "Orderly, if you are through with my trousers, I would like to have them." "Your trousers?" he replied. "I haven't got your trousers." The Colonel, seeing he had brown ones on, said: "You did not trade mine off?" "I certainly did, Colonel," Kenneth answered and marched on. The joke was one-sided and all on the Colonel; but he accepted it and the incident closed. Kenneth and the Colonel were both well-known citizens of Vernon County, Mo., after the war.

How THE CONFEDERATES CAPTURED JACKSONVILLE.—After the St. John's Bluff was surrendered by the Confederates, Jacksonville was occupied by Sherman's troops, sent there from Hilton Head, and they were supported by a gunboat. The Confederates had a correct map of the city and surroundings, with the position of the soldiers' quarters and the anchorage of the gunboat. General Finegan and Captain Buckman conceived a plan to surprise the bluecoats by selecting the largest gun ever used in Florida. They mounted it on a flatcar, pushed it as far as prudent by a locomotive, which was backed out of danger, and then the car was pushed to the desired point by hand. When that gun was turned loose, it dropped (as the boys said) a whole blacksmith shop with all of its equipments into the midst of the bluecoats, killing and wounding several and damaging the gunboat. There was a hasty consultation, a general moving, and Jacksonville was relieved.

GOOD SAMARITANS FOR TWO CONFEDERATES.

BY R. B. ANDERSON, DENTON, TEX.

I read in the *VETERAN* a story headed "How I Got Home from the Army," and it recalled a story told me just after the war by one of the two heroes to it. Crutcher and Johnson were at Alton, Ill., and were paroled after the surrender. Crutcher said:

"Johnson and I were so glad to get away from that hole and those Yankees that we never thought about how we were going to get home. I suppose if we had waited they would have provided transportation, but we were in a hurry. We went to the river and saw a boat going to St. Louis. The mate agreed to let us ride if we would help to load the boat. They did not give us anything to eat, and the next morning we were ravenous. A negro gave us part of his food, four crackers and a slice of bacon each, and it was the largest meal we had had for six months.

"We helped to unload the boat, carrying great barrels and bales up the bank; but as they still did not give us anything to eat, we decided to run away. We crept behind the piles of barrels till we came to a man who seemed to be a merchant, as he was checking things up. We asked for any sort of work by which we could earn some food, and told him we were paroled Confederate soldiers making our way home to Texas. He looked all around as if afraid to be seen talking to us, then told us to follow him at a distance. He left us at a barber shop after saying something to the man. The barber told us to get in chairs. Just as he finished shaving us a young man carrying a huge bundle came in the room and told us to follow him. He took us to the bath room for a hot bath. In the bundle was a full outfit, even to ties and handkerchiefs, and we fitted everything except the shoes, which were too big. When we left that room, I said to Johnson that he was not the same man who went in with me, and he said: 'No, I am leaving that man with the rags in the corner.'

"The young man who gave us the clothes was waiting outside, and took us in a carriage to a very nice house. Here we were met by a young lady, who talked to us till the man we had met on the wharf arrived, when we had the finest dinner I ever ate. We told them all about our prison life and of the army, and they were deeply affected. After supper (for they kept us there all the evening talking to them) the young lady said she was going to take us to the theater. We told her we had no money and could not trespass upon their kindness; but she insisted. After the theater she carried us in the carriage to the wharf, where was a boat which she said would leave at six the next morning. She gave us two tickets and a purse with a hundred dollars in it. We begged her to tell us the name of the people who had been so good to us, but she said that was not necessary. I said: 'If this is not all a dream, I will pray for you as long as I live.' And Johnson said he hoped it was a dream and he would never awake."

RING THAT GEN. R. E. LEE GAVE MRS. JACK.

Mrs. E. A. Chambliss sends the *VETERAN* from Manitou Springs, Colo., a very bright sketch of Mrs. Jack, "the mining queen of the Rockies," who lives alone on her ranch. She has fought mountain lions at close range. Mrs. Jack discovered one of the best-known gold mines and is better acquainted with the mountains than any of the guides. She writes poetry and songs, and is soon to have a book leave the press. But her claim to interest for veterans is the ring she wears.

Capt. Charles E. Jack, of Farragut's navy, U. S. A., was in 1862 in command of the *Penobscot*, of the blockading squadron. In the capture of the *Kate* Captain Jack found himself in a position where he could do a favor to General Lee, who was a fellow-Mason. There was something on the *Kate* (what it was Captain Jack refused to tell any one, even his wife) that General Lee was very anxious to obtain, and Captain Jack assisted him in this. A few months after this Mrs. Jack received from General Lee a diamond ring beautifully set. It was carefully packed in a small pasteboard box in cotton, and under it a paper on which General Lee had written:

"Please accept from an officer and a gentleman who wears the gray.
ROBERT E. LEE."

The diamond is about one carat, is mounted in eighteen-carat gold, and is in an old-fashioned setting of many prongs. The band is round on its edges, and inside is inscribed the well-worn date 1314.

Soon after she received the ring Mrs. Jack went to Rome; and attending one of the big ceremonies of the Catholic Church, she was seized with the desire to have something that was blessed by the pope. She took off this ring and placed it on top of the solid gold box that contained the ashes of St. Peter, where it received the pontifical blessing. Mrs. Jack calls the ring her "mascot," and feels that it has had much to do with bringing her the great success she has had in life. She has willed the ring and note to the Richmond Museum.

FLAG OF NINTH TEXAS INFANTRY.

BY JOHN E. LOZEDON, GAINESVILLE, TEX.

The April *VETERAN* gave a list of Confederate flags captured during the Civil War and held at the capitol in Ohio. One of these is said to have been captured from the 9th Texas. It may have been captured from the 9th Texas Cavalry Regiment, but I am sure it was not captured from the 9th Texas Infantry, as our regiment did not lose a flag during the war.

The 9th Texas Infantry was not in the battle of Corinth, but was in Bragg's army, then in retreat out of Kentucky after the battle at Perryville. All of the members of the 9th Texas Infantry who stayed with it until the close of the war are proud of the record the regiment made, and we do not want the readers of the *VETERAN* to think that we lost our flag when we know that such was not the case.

I was with the regiment in every battle during the four years of the war. I was wounded in the battle of Murfreesboro, in December, 1862, and wounded again in the battle of Nashville, in December, 1864. Both were flesh wounds, and I was able to report for duty in time to be with my comrades in the next fight. I was in the Fairground Hospital at Atlanta six weeks nursing the wound received at Murfreesboro.

At the final surrender when Ector's Texas Brigade stacked arms the color bearer stacked the flag with the guns. A comrade, C. P. Matthews, of Paris, Tex., went to the old flag, cut it from the staff, crammed it into his shirt bosom, and brought it home with him. Charlie has the old flag yet.

SOLDIERS' CLOTHES TOO HOT.—The United States War Department has taken up the question of suitable cloth for the army uniforms. The khaki cloth has the double objection of fading and being very warm. Secretary of War Dickinson has written to all the large factories requesting a competition in the making of suitable material of the desired olive drab color, holding in abeyance an order for 825,000 yards of cloth until the best obtainable is selected.

WOUNDED BOY'S NIGHT ON A BATTLEFIELD.

BY F. P. ELLIS (13TH MISS., CO. I), BELLS, TEX.

As the roar of musketry, the boom of cannon, the bursting shells and hissing grapeshot slowly subsided the shrieks of the wounded could be heard on every hand. Fervent prayers, bitter swearing, pitiful calls for water and for comrades by name or company were among the cries distinguishable. As the dense smoke, which had obscured everything, slowly lifted the setting sun as red as blood could be seen, and the surface of the earth as far as I could see appeared to be covered with a mass of wriggling, writhing men, some vainly endeavoring to regain their feet, others seeking less painful positions. Intermixed with the wounded everywhere lay the silent forms of the dead, men of the gray and of the blue.

The Federals had yielded the ground only after desperately contesting every foot of it; and both armies, having fought to exhaustion, slowly withdrew from the central part of the field and had placed their videttes. Those of us on the ground could outline the shadowy forms of these vigilant sentinels as they kept watch while their worn-out comrades slept on their arms. Night had now spread her mantle over the horrid scene. The last spiteful rifle crack had ceased, the sky became overcast, and soon a gentle rain was falling as if nature were weeping because of human slaughter. The louder cries of the wounded had either been silenced by death or had given place to the low moaning of the helpless sufferer as the feeling of chilly numbness came over one who had bled profusely and was now wet to the skin by the falling rain. We had no means of determining the hour.

Far in the night I outlined against the sky the form of a half-stooped man who was gliding silently and swiftly about the field, halting a moment here and there. I became very much interested; but when he stopped he stooped below my line of vision, and I did not learn his object until he came quite close to me, when I discovered that he was robbing the dead, turning pockets wrong-side-out and stripping the rings from cold and stiffened fingers. Turning my eyes from him after several minutes, I saw four or five others similarly engaged. I was satisfied that they were soldiers, but for the life of me I could not tell to which army they belonged.

A feeling of utter loneliness overcame me as I lay there unable to lift my head, an eighteen-year-old boy more than a thousand miles from home. My comrades who were near me were either dead or as helpless as myself. My command was gone, I knew not where, and I in the midst of a band of thieves!

After a seemingly interminable time I saw a dim light at quite a distance in the direction from which we had come on the field. I greeted this light as the shepherds of old did the star of Bethlehem. I saw that it moved, and I knew it was the light of the litter bearers gathering the wounded and conveying them to the field hospital. O how I watched that light, and how impatient I became at their apparent deliberation! Then I remembered that this was the seventh day's battle, and every night and part of every day for a week those litter bearers had been on duty. The light now appeared closer and then farther off, so that my hope for relief rose and fell accordingly.

Finally gray dawn came, and as daylight appeared both lines of outpost pickets quietly retired and the robbers, like wolves, slunk out of sight. I now had quite a clear view of my surroundings. I was on top of Malvern Hill in an open field and could see quite a distance in nearly every direction.

There was a much greater number of dead on the field than I thought, and from the number of wounded between where I lay and where the litter bearers were at work I calculated that it would be two o'clock that evening before they reached me, and subsequent events proved its correctness.

PERSONAL BRAVERY ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

A member of the 11th Mississippi Regiment contributes this as an incident of heroic bravery on the battlefield and under terrific fire from the enemy. The hero was a member of Company K, Carroll Rifles, of the 11th Mississippi:

"I do not believe a braver set of men ever lived than those of the old 11th Mississippi, and especially was this true of the 'Carroll Rifles,' named for the county in which the company was raised. In this company were the Hugheses, Kimbroughs, Ourys, Stanfords, Talberts, Arnolds, and many other brave spirits.

"The incident referred to occurred in the battle of the Wilderness. The two men appointed from Company K to do the sharpshooting were James H. and T. A. Kimbrough, men especially fitted for this dangerous work, and it suited these two boys, as they always volunteered when volunteers were called for to do hazardous work.

"It was the second day of the fight in the Wilderness, and the line of sharpshooters had been sent out under Lieutenant McMurry, as brave an officer as ever gave command. By some means we had advanced down a ridge, flanked by two ravines, so far that the enemy was about to cut us off, when the order came to fall back. These two boys, eager to get in a few more shots, were slow to fall back, and the enemy was almost upon them before they began to retreat. Just as they turned a Minie ball struck a tree, glanced, and struck Jimmie Kimbrough in the back, the effect of which, while not dangerous, for the time paralyzed his back and almost prevented him from walking. Tommie Kimbrough, seeing him wounded, made a hasty examination and saw it was not fatal. In the face of the enemy's fire he pushed his kinsman along ahead of him, while loading and firing all the time, assuring him that he would hold the enemy in check. Jimmie, believing his wound to be fatal, begged to be left, as they both must soon be killed under such a fire. With indomitable courage Tommie pushed him along in front of him and 'held the enemy in check' until he had gotten him to a place of safety within our lines.

"How many instances of such daring were performed by the men of the rank and file of our Southern armies!"

NAME OF STONEWALL JACKSON'S FIRST WIFE'S FATHER.—Rev. W. W. Morrison, of Statesville, N. C., corrects an error in the July *VETERAN*, wherein it is stated that Rev. Dr. Jenkins was Stonewall Jackson's father-in-law, when the name should have been "Junkin." General Jackson married Miss Eleanor, the second daughter of Dr. Junkin, and she lived only a few months. His second wife was Miss Mary Anna Morrison, the daughter of Rev. Dr. R. H. Morrison, the founder of Davidson College in North Carolina. Miss Morrison was a sister to the wife of Gen. D. H. Hill, and General Jackson met her when she was on a visit to the home of Mrs. Hill, in Lexington, Va., General Hill at that time being professor of mathematics in Washington College, of which Rev. Dr. Junkin was president. Dr. Junkin was an ultra Union man, but his two sons-in-law were gallant Confederate officers.

THE "PETERSBURG MINE."

BY WILLIAM R. D. BLACKWOOD, BREVET BRIGADIER GENERAL
UNITED STATES VOLUNTEER ENGINEERS.

When the siege lines of the Federal army had been established in front of Petersburg, it was seen that a direct frontal attack on the Confederate positions could not result in their capture unless at a loss of life which would be unjustifiable even if successful. The alternative was to block the route of supplies by way of the Southside Railroad and to make the matter one of endurance on both sides—a long and tedious method. I do not use space as to what was done in other directions, but will come at once to the mine.

While looking at the Confederate defenses near the so-called "Elliot salient" Lieut. Col. Henry Pleasants, of the 48th Pennsylvania Volunteers, saw that if that part of the defenses was destroyed the whole line for about a mile around must be untenable, because it dominated the works on either side for that distance. The Colonel and myself were close friends; and as we had but three engineers in the 9th Corps—Captain Poe, of the Regulars, Colonel Pleasants, of the 48th, and myself, also of the 48th—he and I were naturally interested in anything of that nature. He discussed the problem with me long before talking with others. Although surgeon of the 48th and brigade surgeon at the time, I had been for a year prior the engineer of the second division work, the regimental medical work being in charge of my two assistant surgeons. I agreed with the Colonel that the plan was not only feasible, but just the thing we needed to break the Confederate lines at that vulnerable and important position, and then he interviewed some of the higher officers of the army, all of whom except General Grant, who was noncommittal, decried the ability of any one to successfully mine the works at such a distance, giving varied and illogical reasons therefor. The main difficulty in the mind of the engineers was the problem of ventilation, which was really no difficulty at all. We never had trouble of that nature after we entered the drift.

After great delay we got permission to go ahead, and we did. The men of the regiment were with very few exceptions practical coal miners from Schuylkill County. We began the proximal end in a cut which afforded cover from the view of the Confederates, and it gave us the valuable assistance of a covered way through which to carry away the excavated drift. Ten triangulations gave us the actual distance of five hundred and thirty-eight feet. The tunnel was originally intended to run in a straight axial line till under the salient; but difficulties cropped up as we progressed, compelling us to depart from the direct course, one of which was a sand slip which obliged us to turn the drift upward at an angle of six degrees for a distance of sixty feet, when we again resumed the direct course. Much of the tunnel was lined with logs to keep up the roof, and the height of the drift was between three and four feet—the width always four feet.

The following statement will give some idea of the problem to be met: Height of Confederate terreplein above our works, 32 feet; drop into ravine behind Federal works, 29 feet; level of excavation from ravine bottom, 12 feet; ultimate elevation of ascending slope, 17 feet; angle of sections 1, 2, 3 relatively, 15 degrees, 42 degrees, and 11 degrees; extreme length of tunnel, as stated, 538 feet; length of laterals, 154 feet; deviation angle between sections 1 and 2, 12 degrees; number of triangulations, 10; control or proving triangulations, 4; amount of powder used in magazines, 4½ tons; energy in foot pounds of powder, 27,852,000; measured height of impulse, 498 ver-

tical feet; cubic feet of earth removed from tunnel, 91,898; estimated cubical displacement of earth in crater, 456,000 tons. The mine was begun on June 25, 1864, and completed on July 27. The powder was installed on July 28 and the mine exploded on the 30th at 5:20 A.M.

The ventilation of the tunnel was obtained by running a flue eight inches square along the floor of the drift extending from the outlet to the breast where the men were working which carried fresh air from the exterior to the breast in this manner. A fire was constantly burning in a chamber just outside the entrance of the drift, and the flue referred to was connected with the ash pit, and thus fed the fire with air brought from the extreme end or breast of the tunnel, so that fresh air flowed in through the exterior opening. The dirt removed was principally heavy clay of many colors and was called "Powhatan Clay." The men made various articles from this clay, such as pipes, miniature mortars, etc., and one very elaborate pipe was given to General Grant, which he prized highly. The dirt removed was ultimately placed on the parallels far from the mine, and was taken from the ravine only at night.

Nobody except the men of the 48th was permitted to work on the mine. Since the close of the war a considerable number of fakirs have claimed to be the originators of the mine, but they are impostors. Colonel Pleasants alone conceived the idea, and as his assistant engineer I know all about it. Pleasants was a gentleman of high extraction, a soldier of extreme bravery, and a man of the highest honor. He did what never was done in the history of war before or since till this day—conceived and carried to a successful end the greatest mine ever built in the annals of military engineering—and to him alone is due the credit. The mine was ten times longer than the longest previous mine ever built.

I feel that this small contribution to the items of the war of 1861-65 is quite inadequate to do justice to so important a subject; but I trust that it will give to my Confederate friends some idea of the wonderful work done before Petersburg on that memorable occasion.

The mine was successfully exploded on July 30, 1864, but the conflict after this was a dreadful defeat for our army—no blame to us of the 48th; we did our work O. K. Had Meade sent in the men at once after the explosion, Petersburg must have fallen; but he waited for half an hour under a bombardment till the Confederates were prepared for an assault, and all was confusion.

It will be remembered by my friends of the Southern army that the explosion did not eventuate at the time expected, as every obstacle that could be thrown in our way by the higher authorities was done. We actually began the mine and it was well under way before the commanding officers knew anything about it. When we began to run the fuse from the entrance to the magazines where the powder was stored, the stuff was given us in small lengths, the longest about twenty feet. Of course we had then to splice the fuses four parallel lengths, and one of the splices failed about a hundred and thirty feet from the entrance. Knowing that a new splice was imperative, volunteers to enter the drift, renew the splice, light it, and lie down to die were called for. Crowded around the entrance were our men. Every one rushed to the opening when Pleasants called for some one to do the work of death. The two nearest the opening were Sergt. Harry Reese and Lieut. Jacob Douty, and they flew to the job and the rest were held back. These gallant heroes found the defect, renewed the error, lit the fuse, and sat down to perish in the

tunnel; but the others called to them to try an escape, and they just got out when the powder went up in a blaze of dazzling light. The growing sunrise was blackened by the mass of earth thrown up amid the smoke, and the trembling ground shook for miles around in the awful cataclysm. Congress gave to these gallant boys the "Medal of Honor," and their names will go down to glory till the history of war will die. I am told that in Petersburg the men of the Confederate army speak of these heroes often in their sessions.

When the tunnel had reached a point just beneath the Confederate lines, we projected the "laterals" at about right angles on either side of the drift, and in these laterals were placed the magazines containing the powder. These were square chambers of eight by ten feet, six on each side. The powder was principally in small kegs; but a quantity of ammunition from batteries was also added, and the fuses were run inside the duct formerly employed to carry the ventilating air from the outside fireplace to the breast of the tunnel. The last hundred and fifty feet of the duct was filled with loose powder together with the fuses; and when the fire reached the powder thus lying in the tube, of course the flame ran quickly to the magazines. The point where the fuses failed was within a hundred feet of the beginning point of the loose powder; hence it will be seen what a risk the two brave men ran in entering the mine to relight the failing fuses. The crater formed by the explosion was one hundred and eighty feet long, thirty deep, and from fifty to eighty wide. The noise of the rising and falling mass was heard ten miles away, and the earth tremor was distinctly felt twenty-nine miles distant, according to a report made to me.

Thank God for the fraternity which thus distinguishes real soldiers, though they fought bitterly against each other in the long ago! To me it is a thought of great pride that through my mother's side I am related to the two grand soldiers of the Southland—Stonewall Jackson and John B. Gordon. I also had a cousin in the Confederate army. For many years before it came to pass I did my best to cement a bond of friendship between the Confederate Veterans and the Grand Army of the Republic, in which I have the honor to be a Past Post Commander and the Past Medical Director. God grant that the gallant men of our sunny South who fought so gloriously and grandly against almost overwhelming difficulties may be held in highest esteem, and that all of us on either side may never be forgotten by our descendants as men who fought as their convictions led them to do in defense of their fair land! I feel it an honor beyond description to be asked to give in my humble and altogether unworthy manner anything that can unite in bonds of fraternity and sympathy the men of the Confederate and Federal armies. Let me assure you, my dear friends, that nobody holds in higher respect the fame and name of the men of the Confederate army.

WHO GOT THE HONEY?

BY TOM N. SHEARER, STARKVILLE, MISS.

During the war, while we were in camp and enjoying life as best we could, no enemy being near to break our rest, a comrade and I decided to make a short trip to try to find fruit or something to eat, as we were tired out on tough beef and army rations. Col. A. G. Orr was in command of the brigade, and his orders had been issued to arrest all soldiers caught outside the guard line with their haversacks. Just before leaving camp Alex Miles tucked a haversack under his jacket. We went into a low, flat skirt of woods

where we heard the sound of axes and went toward the sound. We saw that a large hollow poplar had been cut down in which was a beehive full of honey. We bought several dollars' worth of honey and started back to camp. On the way we were halted by one of the guards and told that he would have to carry us before the commanding officer. I replied that I had no haversack and Alex said he had none. The guard saw Alex's and, pulling it lower down, said: "What the devil do you call this?" Alex said: "Ding the thing, I thought I hid it."

We were carried before the commanding officer and questioned by him. We told him our names and where from, and, being told we were Mississippians from Chickasaw County, the officer said: "I will be light with you, boys. Turn the honey over to the guard and go back to your command." Colonel Orr is now living in Columbus, Miss.

Comrade Orr, poor fellow, was killed in front of Atlanta during the second battle we fought on Peachtree Creek, on July 28. I have always wondered who got the honey.

FLAG OF THE MARYLAND INFANTRY.

On the occasion of the restoring of the flag of the 2d Maryland Regiment by the Ohio Legislature Rev. Randolph McKim made a strong and earnest address. He began with an explanation of the division politically in Maryland. The State, he believed, would have seceded if allowed to follow its inclination. Taking the 2d Regiment, he followed their military record and their brilliant achievements which won them such distinction.

Dr. McKim said the condition of the Maryland soldier was peculiarly pathetic, for practically when he cast his fortunes with the South he erected a wall bristling with camps and armed men between himself, his home, and his kindred.

Dr. McKim paid beautiful tribute to the Maryland soldiers and their love of the stars and bars, a banner which he says "is no longer a national flag or a political symbol, but the consecrated emblem of the heroic epoch—the sacred memento of a day that is dead, the embodiment of memories that will ever be tender and holy."

Dr. McKim's great Reunion speech at Nashville was in the issue of March, 1905.

"PRACTICAL TIME SAVER"—NOT COMPLETE.

"I built my fortune on the dial of my watch; seconds became pennies, minutes became dimes, hours became dollars. I gave a money value to every tick and took advantage of everything that economized time. I never procrastinated; I never waited for other people to get ahead of me. I kept my eyes and ears open for opportunities; I looked well into what seemed good to me; when my judgment approves, I act promptly and with decision. I don't know that there is any particular rule or law of success, but I'm pretty sure that one of the foundation principles is 'Don't lose time.'"

The foregoing is from one whose reputation is that of a most successful American. It is good from a business view and is cordially commended. But is it all of life to live? The "success" of such a man is worthy, but is not his philosophy short-sighted? Let us all in the race for thrift remember that "it is not all of life to live." The wise man keeps all of his accounts in hand. His duty to his fellow-man requires seconds, minutes, and hours of time and its accumulations.

Just after the foregoing had been written it was observed that Mr. Roosevelt had made the same kind of argument in Africa.

THE CADETS AT NEW MARKET.

[In the fifth book by Prof. J. T. Derry, "The Strife of Brothers," he pays tribute to the young heroes of the noted Virginia Military Institute.]

Flower of Southern youth from college hall
Where once had lived and taught our great Stonewall
They marched away with knightly courage bright,
Those handsome youths, of many a home the light.
When Breckinridge would hold them in reserve,
Their claim that they a better place deserve
Obtains permission that they share the front
With elders trained to breast the battle's brunt.
And ne'er did boys upon the diamond play
With lighter, happier spirits than had they
When in the headlong charge they forward went
'Gainst routed foes who, in confusion blent,
Fled from the field where youthful valor vied
With that of bearded men in battle tried.
And as victorious Southern banners wave
None than the Institute's more proud and brave
Floated o'er truer hearts or nobler band
Than those brave lads, the pride of Dixie's land.
Ah! lovely Shenandoah! how rich thou art
In all that thrills and stirs the patriot's heart!
By many a sacred drop though sanctified,
Distilled from hearts that for the Southland died,
No holier blood in Freedom's battles shed
Ever for home and bleeding country plead
Than that of generous youth that stained thy sod
And from that crimsoned field appealed to God.

TORPEDO BOAT AT LOUISIANA SOLDIERS' HOME.

BY GORDON S. LEVY, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

During the years 1861-62 Captain Hunley, Capt. James McClintock, and Baxton Watson, marine engineers and machinists, built this torpedo boat. About February, 1862, before the boat was completed, the city of New Orleans fell into the hands of the Federals and the boat was sunk.

The Confederate engineers went to Mobile, where they offered their plans to the Confederate authorities, and were ordered to build a torpedo boat in the shops of Park & Lyons. The first boat sank while it was being placed in the water for the initial trial. The second boat was built out of an old boiler with both ends tapered. After several successful attempts in Mobile Bay, General Maury ordered the boat sent by rail to Charleston, where it could do more good than in the harbor of Mobile.

The boat was given in charge of Lieut. John Payne, C. S. N., who had volunteered with eight men. Just as they were getting ready to start the boat was swamped and the eight men were drowned. A second crew was secured, and again the boat was swamped. Lieutenant Payne and two of the men escaped, while the other six men were drowned.

The boat was then turned over to a volunteer crew from Mobile in charge of Captain Hunley and Thomas Park, and with a crew of seven men they made several successful trials with the boat, practicing the crew in diving and rising again, until one evening in the presence of a number of people on the wharf she sank and remained under water some days, drowning her entire crew of nine men, making a total of twenty-three fatalities up to that time.

Captain Alexander and Lieut. George E. Dixon, both of Alabama, mechanical engineers, after discussing the matter

together, decided to offer their services to General Beauregard to raise the boat and operate it in guarding the harbor. On account of the former misfortunes General Beauregard did not desire to have any further attempts made, but finally yielded to their persuasion. They secured another crew after explaining the former unsuccessful tests, giving all particulars, and the number of men drowned. They managed the boat well, though no decided results were obtained, owing to the bad weather. Captain Alexander and Lieutenant Dixon decided to sink the boat and test how long they could remain under water, stating to the crew that the boat would be raised at will. After they had gone to the bottom, one of the water pipes for discharging water from the ballast became choked with seaweed; and when it had been removed, they managed to bring the boat to the surface. It had been under water for two hours and a half. They were in darkness for one hour and ten minutes. The boat had been given up for lost, and was so reported to General Beauregard.

This torpedo boat sank the Housatanic on February 17, 1864, at 8:45 P.M. It had been sighted by a battle ship, and Lieutenant Dixon sank the boat to avoid being seen. The Housatanic had undoubtedly slipped her chains and was advancing upon the torpedo boat, when the compact from the momentum rammed the torpedo boat, so that her men were unable to extricate themselves, and all the crew were drowned. When the divers were investigating the Housatanic, they found the torpedo boat at the bottom rammed in the wreck, and the battle ship sank five minutes after being struck.

"HE HAS RUINT ME"—WHAT THE NORTH DID.

A grandiloquent Senator was emphasizing on tariff discussion how much the North has done for the South—the great debt of gratitude the South owes the North. Senator Bob Taylor rose in his place and asked permission to tell a story; he would interrupt the gentleman only a few moments. Then Senator Bob said that in a certain village there was a man who rivaled Job in his afflictions. He had had rheumatism till he was twisted all awry, had valvular trouble with his heart, asthma till he could scarcely breathe, and lastly was almost totally paralyzed. There was a big revival in the town and Mr. Jones hobbled to it. The minister in impassioned utterances cried: "Brothers and sisters, we must all tell to-night what the Lord has done for us. We must each testify to his goodness and his power. Now there is Brother Jones; he has not been able to be with us before during the meeting. Brother Jones, tell us all the Lord has done for you."

The old man rose up, trembling and almost helpless. He looked wistfully around, then, leaning on his cane, he said: "He has ruint me!" Momentary silence was followed by peals of laughter. The eloquent Senator did not further discuss what the North has done for the South.

U. D. C. SCHOLARSHIP IN MISSISSIPPI.—Mississippi U. D. C.'s announce that the award of a scholarship at Millsaps College, Jackson, will be made this year, and that the event is open to young men of good moral character and of lineal Confederate descent. Examinations for this event will be held at the various county seats August 14 under the direction of the county superintendents. The committee in charge are Mrs. Dunbar Rowland, Jackson, Mrs. A. V. Aven, Clinton, and Mrs. Julia Jayne Walker, Brandon. The papers of competition will be forwarded to Prof. J. E. Walmsley, of Millsaps College, who will grade them as quickly as possible.

MISSISSIPPI AND KENTUCKY IN A CONTEST.

BY JOHN L. COLLINS, COFFEEVILLE, MISS.

It was in the winter of 1862-63, while sojourning in and around the quiet little city of Canton, Miss., that a spirit of rivalry arose between two crack regiments composed, in the main, of men from the first families of the two States they represented. This rivalry was upon the ground of their superiority in the manual of arms and drill movements. In order to settle the controversy, a challenge was passed between the respective colonels commanding, each for a public exhibition, Col. M. Farrell, of the 15th Mississippi Infantry, and Colonel Thompson, of the 3d Kentucky Infantry, being the officers referred to.

As an incentive toward heightening the ambition and inspiration of the contestants, some society ladies of Canton, headed by Mrs. D. Lattimer, proposed to present the victorious regiment with a fine silk flag. The weather was auspicious for a prompt and excellent display, and the troops beat time defiantly to the fife and drum, and in the manual of arms did fine work at the word of command. Every environment throughout the weeks of training was favorable indeed for a satisfactory demonstration of both the mental and physical forces of the two regiments.

An agreement was made that each regiment was to have, in addition to its commissioned officers, three hundred picked men for the test. As no enemy threatened an advance, the contest would take place without risk of interruption. Excitement ran higher and higher as the time approached, till the "field day" came, and then a buoyancy and expectancy occupied the minds and the hearts of soldiers and civilians as well. Great crowds arrived upon the drill grounds early in the morning, selecting good locations to witness the grand display. They did not have to wait long before in came from the west Gen. John Adams and staff, followed by his brigade of Mississippians, with Col. M. Farrell's regiment in front, stepping briskly to the time of a quickstep rendered by the band of the 15th, a few minutes after which the Kentuckians, headed by the 3d Kentucky, came in from another direction. A parade rest was ordered until the preliminaries could be completed.

The judges were Gen. William H. Jackson, of Tennessee, Gen. Thomas M. Scott, of Louisiana, and Colonel Forney, of Alabama, a brother of Maj. Gen. John H. Forney, who, with his command, was transferred to the Army of Virginia and fell in his first battle there. These three officers, taking their stand, were soon surrounded by most of the generals in that portion of the Tennessee Army. Conspicuous among them was Lieut. Gen. Leonidas Polk. The arena as a whole made a magnificent picture.

The 15th Mississippi Regiment took the lead, going through many movements. Then the Kentuckians moved out and went through about the same, each without a jostle. Thus they alternated for hours without any apparent advantage to either side. Both regiments moved like machinery, and their performances were marvelous indeed. However, Colonel Farrell had several fancy movements in both the drill and manual of arms not to be found in Scott's or Hardee's tactics which he said he had gotten from General McClellan, who had learned them in some of the European armies while on an official visit over there prior to the war. They were unique and captivating, and the regiment of Mississippians by this advantage carried the day. As soon as the decision was given by the judges Mrs. Lattimer, who was mounted upon a stylish

trooper, unfurled the magnificent flag and galloped over to Colonel Farrell and his regiment, announced the decision of the judges, and very gracefully turned it over to him. Colonel Farrell very courteously acknowledged the honor conferred. He promptly moved his command up in front of the 3d Kentucky, presented arms, and gave three hearty cheers for Colonel Thompson and his gallant regiment. Colonel Thompson, without the least air of jealousy, in a very complacent manner acknowledged the demonstration of respect, and thus ended a display that has rarely ever been seen.

The keys to Canton were that night turned over to Colonels Farrell and Thompson, and the elite of this fair little city made it a memorable finale to the grand display they had given in the contest.

The brave and gallant colonel of the 3d Kentucky was afterwards transferred to cavalry with his regiment, and, it is said, fell at Paducah in his own yard by a missile from the ranks of the Federals in an engagement there.

Colonel Farrell lies in the McGavock Cemetery at Franklin, Tenn., where he fell upon that day fatal to Confederate arms. Although a Northern man by birth and education, be it said to his honor that no Spartan was ever more loyal or braver in intention and purpose than Col. M. Farrell. Peace to him!

WHY GENERAL ANDERSON WAS CALLED "TIGE."—E. B. Darden, Company I, 11th Georgia Volunteers, explains how Gen. George T. Anderson came to be called "Tige." The 11th Georgia Volunteers were mustered into service on Peachtree Street in Atlanta, Ga., and were there drilled for service. Among these was a company dressed in uniforms of yellow jeans. One of these offered to escort a young lady to her home, and she replied that she did not wish a yellow dog to accompany her. This nickname clung to the company. Later in the war as they were marching Colonel Anderson called out: "You three men in the rear of the Yellow Dog Company bring your guns to your shoulders." Their captain took offense, and said if his company were yellow dogs Colonel Anderson was Tige. As Colonel Anderson was a splendid fighter, the name "Tige" seemed to suit.

[That term is more generally applied to Gen. W. L. Cabell, of Texas, to whom too much honor or distinction could hardly be given, for immediately upon the secession of the Southern States he was second to no other officer in resigning his position in the United States army to fight for the South, and his devotion to her principles and her cause has been as steadfast as that of the Southern women. Without knowing General Cabell's religious faith, deference to his favorite text grows, which is that the absolutely faithful Confederate soldier who stood to his duty throughout the war is safe for a better clime. Upon much meditation his assertion does not seem as sacrilegious as when he first made it.—ED. VETERAN.]

REUNION AT TRACY CITY, TENN.—The Confederates at Tracy City, Tenn., had a large gathering at that place in July. Rev. J. P. Luton, Col. J. H. Holman, of Fayetteville, and Gen. J. H. McDowell, Commander of the Tennessee Division, U. C. V., made appropriate addresses. Commander McDowell made his address largely a feature of reminiscences, and he gave an interesting account of a visit to the Grand Army Post in the North and the return of a captured gun. When the gun was returned to a son of its former owner, in intuitive gratitude he said: "I am glad they didn't kill you."

MONUMENT AT LIVINGSTON, ALA.

On June 17, 1909, the monument to "Our Confederate Heroes" was unveiled at Livingston, Ala. There was a large attendance, estimated at from fifteen hundred to two thousand. Nearly all the old veterans from the county were present. A brass band from Meridian, Miss., furnished music for the occasion, playing "Dixie," "Bonnie Blue Flag," and other war-time pieces. The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. W. C. Clark, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Livingston. The address of welcome was made by Hon. John A. Rogers, of Gainesville, Ala. The monument was then presented to the veterans by Mrs. C. J. Brockway, President of the Daughters of the Confederacy of Livingston. It was accepted by Judge S. H. Sprott, who was a captain in the 40th Alabama Regiment.

Judge James A. Bilbro, a veteran from Gadsden, Ala., was the orator of the day. After Judge Bilbro's address, on motion by one of the veterans, it was unanimously requested that the Daughters of the Confederacy of Livingston be requested to take charge of and care for the monument. This they readily agreed to do, accepting the trust through Hon. John D. McInnis, who was a member of Company A, 36th Alabama. Mr. McInnis, by the way, was with Bennett H. Young in the celebrated raid on St. Albans, Vt., in 1864.



DESCRIPTION OF THE MONUMENT.

The height is twenty-six feet six inches; base, eight feet square; weight, 40,000 pounds. It is built of white Georgia marble, mounted with an imported Italian marble statue of a Confederate soldier on picket duty. The monument is en-

circled with a retaining wall twenty-five feet in diameter, with marble posts and vases at the entrance. On this monument are 1,125 names; of these, one hundred and thirty-two are in panels on the shaft, showing company and command. These are the names of soldiers from Sumter County, Ala., for the war of 1861-65.

It was the purpose of the Daughters to have the name of every soldier who went to the war from Sumter County on the monument; but lapse of time and difficulty in getting complete rosters of the different commands rendered this impossible, as quite a number were left off. Sumter sent out during the war nearly fifteen hundred men.

While all of the Daughters of the Confederacy of Livingston deserve praise for their unselfish labors in the erection of this monument, to Mrs. C. J. Brockway, President of the Daughters, a daughter of Capt. Ben B. Little, who fell at Jonesboro, Ga., is entitled to and receives unstinted praise for her earnest and untiring labors in the erection of this beautiful monument.

IN MEMORY OF THE DEAD OF ALTON PRISON.

BY J. T. PITTARD, WINTERVILLE, GA.

The government has made an appropriation with which to build a monument on which will be inscribed the names of all who died in the Confederate prison at Alton, Ill. (it being impossible to identify any of the graves, so as to mark each one with a marble headstone, as originally contemplated by Congress, under the movement inaugurated by the lamented President McKinley), and to inclose the grounds with a neat and substantial iron fence.

The credit of getting this work under way is due to the untiring zeal and energy of the Sam Davis Chapter, U. D. C., of Alton, Ill., composed of seven heroic women. Now these patriotic women are trying to raise sufficient funds with which to erect a handsome entrance to the grounds. To carry out their plans, they will require considerable outside help, and they request all who are interested in this work to write either Mrs. Sada Blake Grommet, 1503 Henry Street, Secretary, or Mrs. Pauline Davis Collins, 1104 Henry Street, President of Sam Davis Chapter, U. D. C., both of Alton, Ill., inclosing as liberal a subscription for this noble purpose as they can afford.

It is desirable to have this work completed commensurate with the government part by November, 1909.

"UNCLE NATH PRUITT."—One of the "characters" of Georgia is "Uncle Nath Pruitt," who is known extensively in the South. He has attended every Reunion, where his hearty laughter and merry ways are as well remembered as his Georgia mountain garb of slouch hat and hickory shirt covered with many medals and his wooden leg that is slapped on at the knee. He was one of the guards of honor at the reunion of Company B of the 20th Georgia Veterans, which was held in Redwine early in August. The bayonet from the gun "Uncle Nath" used during the war will be burnished and used on the musket in the hands of a soldier to form part of a monument soon to be erected by the U. D. C. in Gainesville.

DALTON, GA., WANTS A MONUMENT TO GEN. JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.—Patriots of Dalton, Ga., are enthusiastically engaged upon the work of collection for a monument to Gen. J. E. Johnston. The efforts of the committee are meeting with such success that Dalton jubilantly anticipates a handsome monument at a very early date. It is expected that the State Legislature will assist with an appropriation.

BURNING OF BROAD RIVER BRIDGE.

REPLY TO CLEMENT SAUSSY'S CRITICISM.

BY W. C. DODSON, ATLANTA, GA.

In the June CONFEDERATE VETERAN there appeared an article from Mr. Clement Saussy, of Savannah, Ga., denying the statements made in "Campaigns of Wheeler and His Cavalry" in regard to the capture of Columbia, S. C., in February, 1865. On page 268 of the book referred to assertion is made that "General Wheeler in person directed the burning of Broad River bridge near Columbia when the Yankees had driven in our small forces at that point late in the afternoon of February 16, 1865," and that "thus fell the capital of South Carolina. Every gun fired in its defense was fired by Wheeler's Cavalry," etc. Mr. Saussy contradicts both these assertions, claiming it was a part of Butler's Division of Hampton's Cavalry which fired the bridge over Broad River, and that Wheaton's Battery, also of Butler's command, and of which he was a member, assisted in the defense of Columbia.

Now I had not the honor of being the author of "Campaigns of Wheeler and His Cavalry," my connection therewith being only that of editor of the manuscript prepared by others. But as the manuscript for our book was furnished by General Wheeler and prepared by members of his staff just after the close of the war, while the knowledge and memory of events were still fresh in mind, and as General Wheeler and the authors are no longer in life, I assume the responsibility for the substantial accuracy of every material statement made, including those referred to in Mr. Saussy's criticism. Of course I have no desire, as the authors of our book had none, of doing injustice to any other command by claiming for ours credit to which it was not justly entitled.

Usually the official records are the best authority for settling disputed matters of history; but owing to the confusion incident to the closing scenes of the great drama, reports of officers are quite meager. I can find no report from General Butler in regard to the matters under discussion, and there is unfortunately a gap in the reports of General Wheeler between February 13 and March 1, 1865.

However, there are living witnesses as to what occurred, and below I introduce my first one in a letter from Dr. J. A. Lewis, of Georgetown, Ky., who as adjutant of his regiment (the grand old 9th Kentucky Cavalry) had exceptional opportunities for personal knowledge of the events about which he writes. Dr. Lewis's letter will be found intensely interesting to even those who feel no direct personal interest in its subject-matter, for no better account of the defense of Columbia has been written, and his description of the passing through the burning bridge is so graphic that in imagination one can almost hear the battle raging and see the men rushing into the crackling flames.

LETTER OF DR. JOHN A. LEWIS.

Dear Sir and Comrade: In the June VETERAN I read the contradiction by Lieutenant Saussy, formerly of Butler's Division of Hampton's Cavalry, of certain statements made by you in the published volume entitled "Campaigns of Wheeler and His Cavalry" as to the defense of Columbia, S. C., and the burning of the bridge over Broad River at that point.

Now I trust you may pardon my seeming intrusion into the controversy between yourself and Mr. Saussy, and I am sure you will view it leniently when you consider that the matter in controversy vitally concerns the military record of the division of Confederate cavalry with whom I had the honor to serve during the last year of the war, and who as

a part of General Wheeler's corps practically made the only defense which was made for the capital of South Carolina against Sherman's army in February, 1865.

Mr. Saussy requests that the VETERAN correct the objectionable statements made by you. Allow me to say that as a Confederate soldier who bore a humble part in the defense of the city of Columbia and as one who is fairly familiar with the military operations which transpired for the defense of the city from the 15th to the 17th of February, 1865, I must enter my earnest protest against the VETERAN attempting to make the corrections asked for.

In my humble judgment and from my personal knowledge of the facts under controversy I must say that your statements are substantially correct, and in the interest of truth and fair dealing ought not to be materially altered. I should be false in my duty to my comrades of Wheeler's Corps, and especially to the brave Kentuckians and Tennesseans of Dibrell's Division, who so courageously opposed General Sherman's occupancy of Columbia, did I not enter most earnestly protest against Mr. Saussy's statements. Truth demands the record that practically all the resistance that was made, except perhaps some service rendered by the artillery, was done by soldiers belonging to General Wheeler's cavalry corps. And I must add that General Dibrell's division of Wheeler's Corps, composed of his (Dibrell's) old brigade, commanded, I believe, by Colonel McLemore, and Williams's Kentucky Cavalry Brigade, commanded by Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge, took a very active part in those operations. I was a soldier in the 9th Regiment of Kentucky Cavalry of Williams's Brigade, and personally took part in the engagements with Sherman's army which occurred in the defense of Columbia on the 15th, 16th, and 17th of February, 1865.

As every one knows, there was no general engagement made by all the troops General Beauregard had collected in Columbia for the defense of the city. I suppose he clearly saw it would be a hopeless conflict. But if there were any other troops actively engaged on any of these days in the conflict which occurred on Congaree Creek on the 15th or at the fight in front of Broad River bridge on the afternoon of the 16th or in the suburbs of Columbia on the morning of the 17th after Sherman had crossed the Broad River and was on his march to occupy the city except members of Wheeler's Cavalry Corps, I never saw them nor heard of them. There may have been some of Butler's Division or other troops engaged on the roads approaching the city from the east and south; but if so, I never heard of it.

Mr. Saussy, however, states that General Beauregard ordered General Butler with part of his division and two brigades of General Wheeler's corps (certainly not Dibrell's Division) to make a reconnoissance down the Charleston road; and after a sharp encounter with Sherman's forces, General Butler slowly retired toward the covered bridge, which he set on fire, etc. Now I cannot see how a reconnoissance down the Charleston road had any connection with or led to the burning of the covered bridge over Broad River, which is situated northwest from Columbia on the other side of the city. I take it the Charleston road runs east and south from Columbia; the Broad River bridge was fired at its west end across the river from Columbia by Wheeler's men, who retired before Sherman, advancing from the direction of the Saluda across to the Broad River bridge.

The statement that General Butler and his cavalry set fire to the Broad River bridge late in the afternoon of the 16th of February and that some of his men were burned in pass-

ing through the bridge is preposterous to any one who was present and passed through the burning bridge and was personally acquainted with the facts connected therewith. I passed through the bridge with quite a number of the Kentucky brigade, many of whom were severely burned, more than twenty of them so badly that they had to be sent to hospitals or private homes to be cared for, and many of them were never able for service again during the remaining months of the war. I can truthfully say that if General Butler or any of his division were present at the burning of the Broad River bridge or had anything to do with it then I never saw them nor heard before of their being there or taking any part in it. I believe I can substantiate this statement to-day by a number of soldiers now living in Kentucky and who personally bore an active part in the affair at the Broad River bridge.

I saw General Butler on February 14 late in the evening when he made a reconnoissance in front of our outposts on the State road. I saw him again on February 16 in the afternoon as our commands fell back to Columbia after the battle of Congaree Creek; but I never saw him at the Broad River bridge. I did see General Wheeler there sitting on his horse at the east end of the burning bridge as we emerged from the smoke and flames. The bridge was fired by General Wheeler's men and evidently by his order, as the bridge had been prepared for burning in anticipation of our defeat by Sherman, which was a foregone conclusion. General Wheeler was present when it was fired and says that he passed through the bridge after it had been set on fire. (See biographical sketch of W. T. Ellis in "History of 1st Kentucky Brigade," by Ed Porter Thompson.) General Wheeler must have passed through the bridge soon after it was fired, because he was sitting on his horse at the east end of the bridge, as above stated, when we of the rear guard, or rather of the delayed detachment, came out of the burning structure. It is apparent that General Wheeler and his rear guard did not know that we were still behind when they applied the torch. This rear detachment halted and made a stand on the hill about one hundred yards or more from the bridge, voluntarily, without any orders, and the fault in our being overlooked and not notified that the bridge was about to be fired was partly ours. Thirty men or more of the Kentucky Brigade (and there may have been some from among the Tennesseans, though I did not see any of them) came very nearly being burned alive. The 9th Kentucky Cavalry had not less than ten men burned, some badly, and I could give the name and company of each.

I do not at all doubt that Mr. Saussy is sincere in his statements in regard to this affair, but I am sure he is mistaken. He was not present and has been misinformed.

As I have previously stated, the conflicts between General Sherman's army and Wheeler's Cavalry in defense of the city of Columbia occurred upon three distinct days and at three different points. The first battle occurred on the morning of February 15, 1865, at and in front of Congaree Creek, about five miles from the city on the State road. The second occurred on the afternoon of the 16th of February in the triangular space between the Saluda and Broad Rivers, formed by the junction of these rivers, and included the burning of the Broad River Bridge, which was burned late that afternoon. The third conflict was a skirmish with Sherman's advance guard after it had forced a crossing over Broad River on the morning of February 17 and took place between the Broad River and the city as Sherman advanced to take possession

of the place. A short account of these engagements in the order in which they occurred will lead to a clearer understanding of the defense of Columbia.

The battle at Congaree Creek, which occurred on the morning of February 15, was brought about in this way: On the night of the 14th of February, 1865, Dibrell's Division of Wheeler's Corps went into camp on the State road about eight miles from Columbia, with General Sherman in their front and the doomed city in their rear. On the morning of the 15th at an early hour General Wood's division of Logan's Corps of Sherman's army moved forward toward the city, engaging our outposts hotly. Without waiting to complete even our scanty breakfast, which we were preparing when the firing began, we were ordered to move out of camp rapidly on foot by companies, not waiting for the entire regiment to form. We went to the front at double-quick, going into line of battle on the edge of a wood confronted by a cornfield through which Wood's Division of Logan's Corps advanced. They came in a heavy line of battle with skirmishers thrown out. The conflict became at once stubborn and sharp. Our men took shelter as best they could and refused to be driven. They held their ground firmly until overwhelming numbers forced them to retire. Our loss in killed and wounded here must have been quite heavy. I recall that Colonel Breckinridge's acting adjutant general, James W. Stoner, was mortally wounded; his aid, Lieutenant Hill, was seriously wounded, and never again was able for service. The Yankees with their superior numbers drove us steadily back for about one and a half miles, when we again went into line of battle at the bridge over Congaree Creek, about five miles from the city of Columbia.

We reached this point probably by 9 A.M. of the 15th. Here the fight was renewed, our troops occupying temporary breastworks of logs and rails. Our line of battle was about half a mile long, running parallel with Congaree Creek, and about fifty yards from the creek. The center of our line of battle was the bridge over that creek. This line of battle was formed alone by men of Wheeler's Corps and was composed alone of Dibrell's Division, as I remember. Artillery was used on both sides freely. The conflict was carried on with great determination. Our lines held their ground until about 2:30 in the afternoon, when the Yankees succeeded in turning our right and crossed with pontoons over the Congaree above us. This forced us to fall back across the creek under a heavy artillery fire directed at the bridge.

In retiring we endeavored to burn the bridge, but its timbers were so wet and covered with mud that we found it impossible to do so. We occupied for a short time some earthworks which had been constructed on the north side of the Congaree; but these works were untenable, as they were enveloped by General Wood's troops, who had reached the Congaree above our right. We now abandoned these works, mounted our horses, and fell back in the direction of Columbia. Dibrell's Division was really mounted infantry; we rarely fought mounted. We were armed with Enfield and Springfield rifles and navy revolvers.

As we fell back slowly in front of Sherman's advancing army we witnessed on the clear plain between Congaree Creek and Columbia one of the grandest pageants of arms that it was my privilege ever to see. Several thousand men of Sherman's army advanced over this plain in line of battle, artillery thrown out in front, with long lines of skirmishers in front of the artillery, and bands were playing and flags flying. It was a scene so impressive as never to be forgotten.

While Dibrell was fighting Sherman at Congaree Creek General Wheeler with the other divisions of his corps was attacking Sherman's army in flank.

This ended the first day in defense of Columbia by Dibrell's Division of Wheeler's Cavalry Corps. That night our division crossed Congaree River into Columbia. We marched through Columbia, crossed the Broad River bridge, and went into camp about one mile from the bridge on the Atlanta road, I believe. Here we remained in camp until about two o'clock on February 16, 1865, when we were put in motion to meet General Sherman's army advancing on the Broad River bridge, he having crossed the Saluda, although opposed by General Wheeler's men, on the night of the 15th and the morning of the 16th of February.

It must be remembered that Columbia is situated on the Congaree River, the Saluda and the Broad Rivers uniting just above Columbia to form the Congaree. Now General Sherman did not advance on Columbia in its front across the Congaree, but turned around the city, and marching somewhat west he forced a crossing over the Saluda above the junction with the Broad River. He then marched across from the Saluda to the Broad River bridge, which we burned to prevent his getting possession of it. He then on the night of the 16th forced the crossing of the Broad River below the burned bridge, marching into Columbia early on the 17th of February. The city was perhaps a mile away. About two o'clock on the 16th we were hastily mounted and marched to a point near the Broad River bridge. We were here dismounted and sent on foot down into the triangle formed by the junction of the Saluda and the Broad Rivers and placed in line of battle to meet General Sherman's forces, who were advancing to their objective point, the bridge over Broad River. Their aim evidently was to surprise us and capture the bridge by their heavy forces advancing rapidly on the position.

The Kentucky Brigade was placed in line of battle a full half mile from the bridge on the extreme left of Dibrell's Division. Howard's Corps advanced upon us in heavy force and the fighting was getting pretty active, when a courier came very hurriedly, ordering us to retire before the advancing enemy and to return to the Broad River bridge just as quickly as possible, as the left of Howard's advance was now close to it and would cut off our only means of escape. Heavy firing near the bridge told us more forcibly than words that we were in great danger of capture. We at once made for the bridge as fast as our legs would carry us, and we went in considerable disorder. Those of us who were on the extreme left retreated right up the bank of the Broad River, and encountered a good deal of rough and hilly ground over which we had to march; hence we were very much delayed in reaching the bridge. The right of our brigade and those who moved more rapidly had already arrived at the bridge before we did and passed over.

When our delayed detachment, composed of men from the extreme left of the line of battle, came in view of the bridge, to our astonishment there was considerable confusion at the entrance of the bridge, and men and horses commingled were being passed, rapidly through. The advance of the enemy was only a few hundred yards away and was firing upon our retreating men. This delayed detachment at once took in the situation and constituted themselves into a rear guard, and without orders took possession of a high hill about one hundred yards from the bridge on the left of the road as we faced the enemy and opened fire on the enemy in our

front. We at once saw that it was hopeless to try to pass the bridge while it was so jammed. This rear guard was composed of a few men and officers from all the regiments of the Kentucky Brigade and were under the command of no particular officer. General Wheeler, I am sure, did not know we were in the rear, and hence the trouble arose in regard to notifying us that the bridge had been fired. I suppose we held this position on the hill ten or fifteen minutes, when we noticed dark clouds of smoke issuing from the top of the bridge and from the entrance. The bridge was perhaps four hundred feet long, was built of pine, weatherboarded on the sides, making it a closed bridge from end to end. The bridge was divided through the middle, thus making a double pass-way. We fully expected that some one would notify us when the bridge was fired; hence we lingered in its defense longer than we should have done. But no one appeared to give us notice because they evidently were not aware that there were any soldiers still on that side of the river. The increasing smoke and evidence of fire at the bridge convinced us that longer delay would be fatal; so without waiting for orders we started on a run for the bridge. Every man seemed to feel that the time had come when his salvation depended on his own personal effort and that he could not help his comrade by delay. We rushed down to the entrance, saw the situation, and began a wild rush for life through the fired bridge.

It has been stated that the bridge was fired all the way through and that the men rushed through this fiery furnace. This is a mistake. If such had been the case, no living mortal could have passed through the ordeal alive. The bridge was fired in both passways; fired from the west end, the end from which we entered it, again about twenty steps farther on, then again about halfway the length of the bridge. There was no fire from the center of the bridge to the eastern end or outlet on the Columbia side. But these fires were about fifteen feet wide, and were rapidly enveloping the entire bridge both on top and sides. The air was superheated and the smoke was dense and stifling, making a fearful place through which to run the gantlet for life. If we had hesitated for a moment at the end of the bridge or realized the danger before entering the fire, I doubt if any of us would have attempted it. I remember distinctly that when starting I pulled my hat down over my face, grasped the cylinder of my navy pistol with my hand, and rushed through the first conflagration at the west end of the bridge. I was horror-stricken to see another blaze just as had a short distance ahead of me. I involuntarily shuddered and shrank and felt an impulse to retreat; but in a moment recovered my nerve and dashed into the next fire, hoping this would be the last. When I went through this fire, I felt as if I were almost burned up and as if my eyes were blistered. When I saw still another conflagration ahead of me, I summoned my strength and courage and rushed with all possible speed for my life. As I went out of this fire I fell flat over some one who had stumbled and fallen. I arose to my feet and ran for quite a distance and found that I was still in blinding smoke and hot air. I pushed on through this, hardly seeing anything, but feeling an impulse to push for daylight, which I finally reached, almost overcome with heat and suffocated with smoke. My hands and face and ears were blistered, my hat and clothing were scorched, and my brow and eyes felt as if they were on fire.

As I emerged from the bridge the first men I saw were General Wheeler and Colonel Breckinridge sitting on their

horses peering anxiously into the smoke of the bridge, from which the men were emerging at short intervals. The first thing Colonel Breckinridge said to me was: "Are there any more men behind you?" I answered: "Yes, Colonel; but I do not believe any living mortal can pass through those flames after me and live." But as I spoke here came another run of men who were behind me nearly burned up. It was pitiable to see these men, some with the skin burned entirely off their hands and necks and faces, clothes scorched, eyelids blistered. Many of them, as stated, had to be sent to the hospitals or to private houses out in the country where they could be cared for. A few of them were never able for service again before the war closed, and many of them wore scars to their death. No description of that terrible rush through those flames can do it justice. It is simply a marvel that we were not all cremated alive. One lived a lifetime in the few minutes which transpired in passing through that fiery expanse. The bridge was consumed entirely in a half hour and fell into the river. The burning of this bridge occurred about 4 P.M. Our men were very soon compelled to fall back from the bank of the river, as the Yankees kept up a fire of small arms across the stream.

During the night of the 16th General Sherman's advance crossed in boats to an island in the Broad River. A pontoon bridge was made to the island. Early the next morning they crossed to the mainland on the Columbia side of the river under cover of their artillery. By eight o'clock they began their march for the city of Columbia, a mile or so away. Williams's Kentucky Brigade formed a line of mounted skirmishers in front of Sherman's advancing lines, and we fell back slowly to the city limits. A man in our line of skirmishers was killed just outside the city limits and was left there.

Just beyond the city limits we met the Mayor with a white flag, accompanied by a deputation of citizens, going out to meet the advancing foe with the purpose of surrendering the city. Near the city limits our brigade turned to the left and took up our line of march on the Winnsboro road, moving out of the range of the enemy. Lieut. Milton Overly, of the 9th Kentucky Cavalry, commanding the rear guard, passed out through the city, clearing it of straggling Confederate soldiers, and joined us later. That night we, having learned of the burning of Columbia during the day, sent scouts back into the city to learn the fate of our wounded who were left in the hospitals there. Fortunately the hospital in which they were placed escaped the flames, though it was very much endangered, and the wounded men were ordered out of the building.

In closing what I have written in regard to the defense of Columbia, I desire to say that no comrade can have a higher respect for Gen. M. C. Butler and his heroic soldiers than I. As a part of the Army of Northern Virginia they won imperishable renown; and if opportunity had been afforded them of meeting General Sherman's army before the gates of Columbia, without doubt they would have given good account of themselves; and I will further add that it was no fault of theirs that they were not at the forefront in the defense of the city, but such was not the case.

By the fortunes of war it fell to the lot of other no less heroic soldiers belonging to the Army of Tennessee to occupy that position. I shall ever be proud that the Kentucky Brigade was of the troops chosen for that purpose, and we were but too glad of the opportunity of striking a blow at our common enemy in defense of the capital of South Carolina. And

I am quite sure when Mr. Saussy shall have known the facts he will not for one moment claim for his division honors which rightly belong to others.

[The foregoing is of such length that other protests have necessarily been abridged.—EDITOR VETERAN.]

BURNING OF COLUMBIA.

A contributor from Chester, S. C.: "In the July VETERAN I notice that Mr. Horatio C. King, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says Sherman did not burn Columbia; that the conflagration was caused by the Confederate cavalry under Wade Hampton setting fire to the depots and bales of cotton in the streets. If this statement be true, I should like for Mr. King to inform us if this same cotton burning in the streets of Columbia fired and burned the towns of Winnsboro, Blackstock, Camden, and all of the private residences along Sherman's entire marchers was killed just outside the city limits and was left there, and don't you forget it."

E. T. BASSE WRITES FROM SEATTLE, WASH.

I wish to call attention to an article, "The Burning of Columbia," by Horatio C. King, of Brooklyn, in July VETERAN.

Mr. King takes exception to the lines on the monument to John C. Calhoun at Charleston, setting forth the fact that Sherman burned Columbia, and says: "Sherman did not burn Columbia. The conflagration was caused by the Confederate cavalry under Wade Hampton setting fire to the depots and the bales of cotton in the streets." He informs us that "the whole matter was adjudicated by a mixed commission on American and British claims in the case of Wood & Hyworth vs. the United States," etc., and that "the commission was composed of Count Conti, of Italy, the Hon. Russell Gurney, M. P., of London, and the Hon. James S. Fraser, of Indiana." Mr. King concludes as follows: "And yet in spite of this adverse judicial decision by two foreign umpires of great distinction, concurred in by an American umpire of note, a majority of the Southern people still persist in believing that our troops burned the city. The error should be corrected."

While Wade Hampton may have burned cotton belonging to British subjects to prevent it from falling into the hands of the enemy, "the majority of Southern people" know that that disgrace to Northern soldiery under Sherman did burn Columbia, as he himself admits. Read on page 287 of Volume II, "Sherman's Memoirs:" "In my official report of the conflagration of Columbia I distinctly charged it to Gen. Wade Hampton, and confess I did so pointedly to shake the faith of his people in him." He "confessed" the lie after it had been so thoroughly impressed upon the Northern people that some of them are still using it.

I write to you on this subject because the article by Mr. King was published without editorial comment, which might lead one to believe the VETERAN gives it its indorsement.

DIAMOND-STUDDED GOLD MEDAL FOR A CONFEDERATE.—Maj. B. M. Hord, of Nashville, who had much care and responsibility in raising supplemental funds to complete the private soldiers' monument at Nashville, was surprised and gratified at a subsequent meeting of the Frank Cheatham Bivouac and Camp in being presented with a handsome diamond-studded gold medal by the organization. The presentation was made by Mr. Hamilton Parks, an active and useful member.

The Missouri State Reunion for 1909 is to be held in Mexico September 28, 29, 1909.

WHAT IF THE CONFEDERACY HAD SUCCEEDED?

Rev. J. H. McNeilly, D.D., of Nashville, was one of the "fighting" parsons of the war, and he holds close to his heart the needs, deeds, and customs of his beloved Southland. He has written a very careful article on the subject of what would have been the resultant effect of the South succeeding in its fight for independence. Demagogues in politics claim to their Northern auditors that the South has attained prosperity only through defeat; that success would have meant only defeat in another form—loss of prosperity. Some pour libations to the god of mammon and political advancement by saying that the most advanced thinkers of the South are fast becoming converts to this idea.

Dr. McNeilly demurs to the claim that defeat is advantageous to the South. He admits, of course, "that they accepted defeat with manly fortitude and patient resignation to divine will;" but he has never felt it was best that they failed. He divides the reasons the demagogues give for such assertions under three heads: The abolition of slavery, the overthrow of the doctrine of State rights, and the material increase of prosperity in the South.

Dr. McNeilly with logical arguments has taken each of these heads in turn and shows with clean-cut words the fallacy of each. He shows why the negro of to-day is not as far advanced morally as his slave ancestor, and how the care-free days, when the master was responsible for the negro's physical well-being, were ahead of this time as far as the prosperity of the negroes is concerned. He shows what the failure to establish State rights is, how the power is taken from the individual State and placed in the hands of the government, and in case of a suit between State and government the Supreme Court would have power to decide the question and the State be helpless to resist.

Dr. McNeilly also shows very clearly how the refusal to accept State rights and the war that followed this refusal are in direct contradiction to the Declaration of Independence as established by our forefathers. He says: "If there is anything true beyond question, it is that the founders of this republic and the authors of the Constitution intended to strictly limit the powers of the central government and to guard most carefully the rights of the States. The government was only to exercise such powers as were granted by the States." But the failure of State rights makes the power almost supreme. Dr. McNeilly treats very carefully the question of the influx of prosperity claimed by demagogues to be the result of the failure to establish the Confederacy. He shows statistically that the Southern increase is from the inner force in the States themselves and not from any outer assistance through government help.

Comrade McNeilly says: "This may well make us hesitate to say that this wealth is recompense sufficient to repay the cost of preserving the Union. I confess that to my mind no amount of material prosperity can justify the methods by which the negroes were freed. The States were deprived of their rights, and the whole nature of our government was changed from a republic to a centralized nation, a prize for contending factions. I do not say that the evils that have come to the South as the results of our defeat have reached their full development nor that they are irremediable. The main body of our people, rich or poor, are honestly seeking to make the United States a great nation. I do not refute this. I am only pointing out the dangers that threaten this noble endeavor, dangers which I believe are the legitimate outcome of a war which violated the fundamental principles

of our government, and a victory which enthroned brute force above right and justice—a victory for which I for one am not called on to be thankful. I believe if the Confederate States had succeeded the result would have been to accomplish all the benefits the Union forces fought for, but without the attendant evils that are now upon us! It is legitimate to inquire, in view of the facts in the case, what would have been the result upon our condition and our institutions if the Confederate States had established their independence. I can only give my opinion. There would have certainly been the emancipation of the slaves. First, the sentiment of the civilized world was opposed to slavery; and though our system was misunderstood, yet no nation can hold out against a universal moral sentiment. Second, there was a feeling all through the South favorable to emancipation as soon as it could be done without danger. If the abolitionist propaganda had not aroused opposition by its bitterness and misrepresentations, the border States would have brought about the freedom of the slaves several years before the war. Third, the conduct of the slaves during the war entitled them to freedom, and all the South thought so. General Lee freed his slaves in 1863, and all the other slave owners would have followed, and the freeing would have been brought about in such a way as to have avoided the evils that have resulted from emancipation. The slave would not have been given the right of franchise, for which he was not fitted. He would have been given liberty, however, and the right to develop the best that was in him, and he would have received the hearty help of every Southern white man. There would have been a treaty of amity between the sections, offensive and defensive. This treaty, in spite of the bitterness engendered by the war, would have been necessary to the common interests of the two sections, as the corn of the Northwest and the cotton of the South were each a necessity to the other. This treaty of amnesty would have prevented any need of a long line of forts to guard our border, which is one of the needs the demagogues contend would have arisen if the South had succeeded. There would ultimately have been a restoration of the Union on well-defined lines that could leave no ground for a misunderstanding as to the sphere of the Federal and State authority. State rights would have been well guarded. The only republic possible to be efficient in so wide and diverse a territory as ours would have been assured—that is, a federated republic with State sovereignty coordinate with Federal sovereignty—and the questions that are constantly occurring between State and government which lead to bickering would have been eliminated and the limits of the two sovereignties well established. Instead of State sovereignty being a disintegrating factor, it would have been the strongest safeguard to liberty, as John C. Calhoun regarded it, for the tendency to usurpation of rights by the Federal government would have been checked by the fact that a State could withdraw. The new Union would have been the Union as our fathers intended it to be. The new Union would have so safeguarded the taxing powers of the Federal government that it would not have been possible for its tariffs to build up one section at the expense of another. I believe that if we had won in our struggle some of the most difficult and dangerous problems confronting us now would have been set right. The race problem, that of labor and capital, the social relations involving marriage, woman's suffrage, public education, and government of the people, by the people, and for the people, would have been settled on this continent forever."

AFTER THE SURRENDER AT APPOMATTOX.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, PRANTLEY, ALA.

I was a member of General Gordon's Georgia brigade and relate only that which came under my observation and in which I took part. The night before Lee's surrender we bivouacked in a wooded place after a hard day's travel and continued conflict with the enemy, who were trying to cut us off in front, while pressing us hard both on the left flank and in our rear.

Very soon the camp was lit up by hundreds of little fires, and for some reason we all felt a relief as if something were about to happen. Hungry and tired, we divested ourselves of our accouterments and were soon seated around our camp fires. Among us were some from other commands who had escaped, their regiments having been captured. These were relating their experiences of the march, when suddenly in the direction of the courthouse we heard the sharp rattle of small arms and the boom of cannon. We were soon on the road toward the battle. The night was dark, but our men seemed to be in good spirits and ready for any duty. Before we reached the village the firing ceased, and we found the place deserted. Several pieces of artillery were standing in the streets of the little town. Remaining here for a while and not seeing the enemy, the brigade was ordered to camp, and we remained there until four or five in the morning, when we were again marched over the same road to the courthouse. In the heavy fog we could see only the outlines of an artillery company standing at their guns. Their position was just to the right of the public road leading south and almost in the edge of the village. Beyond them was General Rhodes's old division drawn up in line of battle. Our line extended from the road where the artillery was posted to the left.

The battle was opened that morning by Rhodes's men, supported by the battery to our right. The infantry advanced into the thick fog, and soon we could tell by the Rebel yell that they had struck the enemy and were driving them back, and the artillery were throwing shells into the enemy's ranks. Our brigade was ordered forward, and advanced two or three hundred yards, which drew the fire of the enemy. We immediately opened upon them in a trot and advanced, shooting and shouting all the time, as was our custom. Their lines broke and they abandoned a battery which our men captured and turned on them. The guns were elevated by the Yankees when they abandoned them, so that the shells passed over the heads of the fleeing enemy and burst far in their rear. Sergeant McReery, of Company G, 31st Georgia, fired the last cannon discharged at the enemy by Lee's army.

At this moment, when we had captured a battery and the enemy in our front was fleeing, orders came to cease firing and return to the rear. We suspected what it meant, and some of our brave men wept as we marched back. The column halted a moment to rest when we saw a Federal general (Custer) galloping toward us mounted on a lean bay horse. He shook a red handkerchief as he approached us and inquired who was in command. A soldier standing with tears trickling down his cheeks threw up his rifle in position to shoot, when a comrade knocked up his gun and said: "No, John, you had better not; may be General Lee has surrendered." If John Thursby had fired that gun that morning, Custer would never have fought the Indians at the massacre on the Big Horn.

Far toward the north we could see our men scattered about, and were told that General Lee was there and had surrendered the army. Our men were heartbroken. Some of the men

resolved to make their escape to the mountains, where they would fight or force the enemy to better terms. So in the darkness the soldiers took the regimental colors and tore them into pieces and the men hid pieces in their bosoms as a memento.

General Gordon found what was going on and made a speech to his soldiers and advised them not to attempt to cut their way through, but to return to their homes and take up the life of peaceable citizens. He commended them for their bravery and begged them not to do anything rash; since General Lee had surrendered, it might cause him (Gordon) trouble. This last remark had its effect, and we waited to be paroled.

We had had little to eat from the time we left the works at Petersburg until now, and were nearly starved. We were kept in camp five days surrounded by Yankees and not allowed to hunt anything to eat. The next day after the surrender Grant sent us two pounds of fresh beef. This was all we had to eat while we were at Appomattox. Finally when we were almost too weak to stand we were ordered to take our arms. The brigade was marched to the public road and formed in front of a long line of Yankees. Here we stood for some time awaiting orders. At first the enemy looked at us in silence, but after a while began to curse and abuse us. Our men were too hungry to have much spirit, and knew they were not in any position to take notice of this vile abuse. In rear of this line the officers sat silently on their horses listening to what was said. Finally a major could stand it no longer and spoke to them in very forcible language and told them that they were cowards, that these Confederate soldiers were brave men, and that if they had been as brave as "these ragged men before them they would have defeated us long ago." He wound up his address by telling them that if he heard another one curse a Confederate soldier he would strike him down with his sword. Our men raised a genuine Rebel yell for the major.

Colonel Lowe, of the 31st Georgia, who was in command of the brigade, now spoke to the men and told them to stack arms. "Now," said he, "if any of you have anything that belongs to the Confederacy, put it on the stack of guns." Then Captain Walker, our efficient commissary, sitting on his horse in the rear of the line, told the men to follow him and Dr. Butts, our regimental surgeon, to where they could get corn meal and that on the next day he would take them to where they could get both meal and meat. We were then ordered to break ranks.

At first we were too weak to go more than a few hundred yards, as we were exhausted, and we had to sit down and rest; but as the day advanced we felt better, and kept in sight of our officers, who led us to a mill. Late in the evening they had the miller to start the mill. I had a new frying pan which some one had thrown away a day or two before and a tin cup and spoon. I soon had my cup under the spout and a few minutes later had a cake of bread which was the sweetest morsel I ever ate. My frying pan did duty that night for many of my comrades. Why we were kept at Appomattox four or five days after the surrender when all the other Confederates were gone has always been a mystery to me.

DIXIE DAY AT ALASKA-YUKON EXPOSITION.—Dixie Day was appointed with elaborate ceremonies at the Alaska-Yukon Exposition for August 24, with Thomas Nelson Page and Henry Watterson as guests of honor and with elaborate plans by the Daughters of the Confederacy for receptions, etc.



LORD, IN THY KEEPING.

Now the laborer's task is o'er;
Now the battle day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the penitents that turn
To the cross their dying eyes
All the love of Jesus learn
At his feet in Paradise.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Here we leave Thy servant sleeping.

There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He who died for their release.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Here we leave Thy servant sleeping.

Earth to earth, and dust to dust,
Calmly now the words we say;
Left behind, we wait in trust
For the resurrection day.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Here we leave Thy servant sleeping.

MAJ. Z. W. EWING.

Although Maj. Z. W. Ewing had been in failing health for the last two years, the notice of his death in Pulaski, Tenn., August 9, 1909, was a shock to his friends, who are found from one part of Tennessee to the other. He was in his sixty-sixth year, and in his death the State loses one of her most useful and influential citizens. He was a lawyer of great ability, and his whole life was characterized by devotion to his State and her people and the keeping of a clean legal record that had never a spot or a stain.

He gave up the active practice of his profession when his health began to fail, but continued in his trusteeship of the University of Tennessee and his presidency of the State Bivouac of Confederate Veterans. His war record was marked by distinction throughout. He enlisted in 1861 in the 17th Tennessee Regiment, under Albert S. Marks, was appointed

second lieutenant, and rose steadily in his command till he was captured at South Petersburg while serving under General Beauregard and was carried a prisoner to Fort Delaware.

At this time the Federals were firing on Charlestown indiscriminately, not confining their cannonading to the military portion. The Confederates, in order to protect the city, placed a number of Federal prisoners there, feeling sure the Yankees would not fire where their men would be injured. The Federals in retaliation took six hundred prisoners from Fort Delaware, among whom was Major Ewing, and placed them where they were directly exposed to the Confederate guns. These were kept there three months half starved and less than half clad.

After the war Major Ewing returned to Pulaski and began the practice of law, soon having a large clientele. He was made President of the People's National Bank and was elected to the State Senate by a large majority. Here he was made Speaker, and his ruling that a man should be counted as present who did not answer to his name was afterwards accepted and used in the United States Senate, Speaker Reed giving Major Ewing's ruling as his precedent in his own ruling on the same subject.

Major Ewing was a member of the Presbyterian Church and had charge of its Sunday school. He was a Mason and Knight of Pythias and the head of the U. C. V. of the State. He leaves a wife, a daughter, and several brothers and sisters.

REV. J. L. WILSON, D.D.

Died in Abbeville, S. C., July 9, 1909, in the seventy-first year of his age, Rev. John Lowrie Wilson, at the manse of the Presbyterian Church, of which he had been the beloved pastor for more than twenty-three years. He was a man greatly beloved and honored by all who knew him, of widely extended usefulness, and singularly gifted as a loving and lovable man, a true and sincere Christian, and a princely preacher of the gospel.

Born at Allahabad, North India, on the banks of the Ganges, as the son of missionary parents, he was brought to this country as a child to receive his education, and grew up under its beneficent influences. When duty called, he responded to the summons of his country and volunteered in her service. He was living in Knoxville, Tenn., at the time. His company, of which he was made one of the lieutenants, formed part of the 63d Tennessee (Gracie's) Brigade, and served at one time under Bragg and afterwards in Virginia under Gen. Bushrod Johnson. He served faithfully and efficiently until disabled by the loss of a foot in a battle near Drewrys Bluff, Va., in May, 1864. In the same battle he received two other wounds, either one of which would have been fatal had not the bullet in both instances been providentially turned aside. But God had other work for him to do in the army of the cross, and for forty years he carried aloft with unflinching zeal and courage "the royal banner" which under him never "suffered loss."

He was one of the most prominent as well as most beloved ministers in the Synod of South Carolina. Few men in that State were better posted than he in everything pertaining to the history of the great Civil War, and none maintained to the very last a more unswerving, unflinching devotion to that cause than did this loyal son of the Confederacy. His regiment, with which he remained until the loss of his foot, served gallantly at Cumberland Gap, Chickamauga, with Longstreet in his East Tennessee campaign, and finally under Beauregard and Bushrod Johnson in the battle near Drewrys Bluff, when his connection with it ceased.

He never married, and leaves behind him but two brothers, one older and the other younger than himself, both of whom, like himself, served in the Confederate army. His life's work is done, yet many a long year will pass away before his loving memory will fade from the recollection of men. It was a life given to God's service and to the uplifting and saving of his fellow-men, and such a life can never fade away from the remembrance of mankind. He now sleeps among his people in the old cemetery of Upper Long Cave Church, near Abbeville, where so many of his beloved people had already preceded him. "And thou shalt rest and stand in thy lot at the end of the days."

[Several beautiful poems have appeared in the *VETERAN* from Dr. Wilson, and during many visits to relatives in Nashville he was a frequent visitor to the *VETERAN*. It would be difficult to exaggerate his virtues and exalted characteristics.]

W. F. READ.

W. F. Read died at Lampasas, Tex., July 4, 1909, in his sixty-first year. He was born near Edwards, Miss., on March 20, 1849.

His three older brothers having enlisted in the Confederate service, he was left at home with his widowed mother and young sister. When Grant's army went to Raymond, he went out to see the battle; and finding a gun in the clutch of a dead Confederate, he took it, fell into ranks, and engaged in the fight. He retreated with the army. Being familiar with the country, he was given a horse and acted as guide. He participated in the severe battle of Champion Hill or Baker's Creek. His horse was shot under him, but he was remounted and went with the retreating army as far as Big Black River,

where, with a number of others whom he guided, he made his escape. He returned to his home, which was near by. After the surrender of Vicksburg, he rejoined and went with Cockrell's Missouri Brigade to Mobile and back to Mississippi to meet Sherman's raid from Vicksburg to Meridian, acting as courier to General Cockrell. He continued with Cockrell's Brigade as courier under the personal guardianship of the General, who treated him as a son, sharing his tent and rations with him during the whole Georgia campaign.

Young Read was only sixteen years old when the war ended. After the war he spent a year at school, and then went to work on the farm for a short time, then he entered a drug store as clerk. He went to Carroll County in 1871, and was married to Miss Kate Trotter in 1872. In 1879 he moved to Texas, and after farming several years he again embarked in the drug business. In September, 1885, he became a drummer for Thompson & Ohmstede, of Galveston, wholesale druggists, traveling for them and other firms up to June 30, 1909, when he was stricken with paralysis, and died four days later.

He is survived by a wife and four children—two married daughters and one married son, James J. Read, and one single son aged sixteen, both of Lampasas, Tex. One brother, Dr. J. D. Read, of Sherman, survives. The oldest brother, Capt. C. W. Read, was conspicuous in the Confederate navy, and another, Rev. J. J. Read, was for many years a missionary to the Choctaw and Chickasaw Indians. These two have been dead for several years.

Comrade Read was a Royal Arch Mason and a Christian. Many were recipients of his charity. He was a noble, brave, and generous man. Those who knew him loved him.

JOHN B. SEWELL.

John B. Sewell was born in Gallatin, Tenn., in 1828; and died in Atlanta in August, 1909.

When quite young his family moved to Lebanon, Tenn., and he was placed at the law school; but he manifested a decided inclination toward mechanics. He made the acquaintance of Joe Travis, a master machinist, who gave him all the facilities for learning this trade. Finding that his family insisted upon his becoming a lawyer, young Sewell ran away to Nashville, taking the name of Joe Travis to prevent being discovered. He remained in the machine shops till the war, when he enlisted under his assumed name in the 4th Tennessee Cavalry, and served with bravery through the war in this regiment.

At the close of the war he went to Atlanta, Ga., and rose rapidly in the machine shops there till he was given control. He was foreman at the Inman Yard at the time of his death, which took place suddenly on August 14. He was talking to a friend who was telling him of the death of a mutual friend, when he fell to the ground, and was dead before help could reach him. He was a Mason, a member of the Camp of Confederate Veterans, and a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and these three organizations attended the funeral in a body. The interment took place at Marietta, Ga., and the six sons of Captain Sewell were his pallbearers. His wife also survives.

COBB.—Judge Howell Cobb, son of Gen. Howell Cobb, died in Atlanta, Ga., August 12, 1909, from a stroke of paralysis. He was born in 1842, and married Miss McKinley while he was very young. He attained great celebrity as a jurist, and was distinguished for his bravery during the war, in which he served as a Confederate soldier.



W. F. READ.

JOHN C. LATHAM.

John C. Latham was born in Hopkinsville, Ky., in 1844; and died in New York City August 18, 1909.

At the age of seventeen he enlisted with Gen. N. B. Forrest, and received his baptism of fire at Fort Donelson, where he proved his worth as a soldier. Later he was transferred to General Beauregard's command, in which he served with distinction. After the war he went into business in Memphis; but moved first to Hopkinsville, then to New York, where he organized the Wall Street banking firm of Latham, Alexander & Co.



JOHN C. LATHAM.

Being a natural financier, and conducting his business with unswerving honor and on the highest principles, he rapidly acquired great wealth, which he used as a vehicle for doing good or giving pleasure to others. He ever retained his love for his native city, and in Hopkinsville he kept up the family homestead in princely style. His many donations to the welfare of this city caused him almost to be regarded as its patron saint. When the good roads movement in Christian County began, Mr. Latham subscribed fifty thousand dollars. Later he caused the bodies of about a hundred and twenty-five Confederate soldiers who were interred in various parts of the graveyard to be reinterred in a triangle in the center of the cemetery, and had a ten-thousand-dollar shaft erected over them.

Mr. Latham invested twenty-five thousand dollars in the first tobacco warehouse of Hopkinsville, thus establishing the beginning of an industry that has made that city famous. He gave five thousand dollars to the Episcopal Church for an organ and seven thousand dollars to the Methodists for a church. He fitted out the military company with arms and accouterments, and erected at the cost of fifty thousand dollars

a family mausoleum, where he will be buried. His private charities were numerous and far-reaching. His first wife was Miss Mary Allen, of Memphis, and his second wife, who survives him, was Miss Elsie Gaylor, one of Louisville's social favorites and a reigning beauty. Of this marriage two children were born, a girl and a boy, of whom the girl alone survives.

REV. M. G. TURNER.

Rev. M. G. Turner died at the family residence, in Ellisville, Miss., on June 26, 1909. He was born in Alabama November 1, 1838, but moved to Mississippi early in life, and lived a true and loyal son to his adopted State as well as to the whole South.

On May 28, 1861, Mr. Turner enlisted in the Confederate cause, becoming a member of the famous "Jasper Grays," under the command of Capt. (later Col.) J. J. Shannon. He fought bravely for the Confederate cause throughout the four horrid years of the Civil War. He participated in the battles of Cross Keys, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Winchester, Battle of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania C. H., and several other minor engagements. He was wounded in the thigh at Cross Keys, June 8, 1862. He was captured at Fort Gregg, near Petersburg, and was taken to City Point, from thence to Point Lookout, Md., and was kept there a prisoner from April 6 to June 21, 1865.

He reached his home, in Jasper County, Miss., on July 6, 1865. On September 15, 1864, while at home on sick furlough, he was married to Miss Susan M. Thompson, who survives him with their children.

For several years after the war Comrade Turner labored as a licentiate, and in 1874 he was ordained to the full work of the Baptist ministry. The remainder of his life was devoted to a sincere and earnest effort to spread the doctrine of faith and good works not only from the pulpit but in practice and example as well.

The war record of Mr. Turner was conspicuous for his bravery and loyal defense of the Confederate cause. During his whole life he stanchly defended the right as he saw it and just as stanchly condemned that which he conceived to be wrong. He was not only true to the Confederacy but to his friends, true to justice and honor, true to his God. He was an enthusiastic Confederate veteran, attending all of the local and State Reunions and most of the general Reunions. He was Adjutant of the Jefferson Davis Camp of Confederate Veterans in Ellisville, and always took a lively and active part in its affairs. A large number of his comrades in arms attended his funeral as honorary pallbearers.

DR. ALBERT PRENTISS RYALL.

Dr. A. P. Ryall enlisted in the 26th Tennessee Infantry, C. S. A., and served as assistant surgeon for more than a year, when he was detached from his regiment as surgeon in the hospital at Montgomery, Ala., for nearly another year. He was then sent for hospital service in Columbus, Ga.

After the war he entered the University of Pennsylvania, where he graduated in 1875. He located for the practice of medicine in St. Augustine, Fla.; but after two years he returned to his native county of Bedford, Tenn., where he continued the practice of medicine until his death, June 19, 1909.

When the fatal illness came, he was sweetly resigned, saying: "I will never get up from this sickness; my time has come. I am not afraid to die. God put me in this world for some purpose. I have tried to meet it, and am now ready to go. The Lord has been good to me, and I feel that he is with me and will take care of me."

LESLIE WARNER.

Mr. Leslie Warner was born in Chattanooga, Tenn., in August, 1853; and died August 16, 1909.

Though he had been in delicate health for several years, the news of the death of one so well known and loved as Leslie Warner came as a shock to the entire city, and brought heart throbs of pain to many households in Nashville. With Mrs. Warner he had spent the summer at Atlantic City; but wearying for home, they returned, reaching Nashville early in the evening of Sunday, the 15th of August. Many friends and relatives were assembled to welcome him, and he gave them cordial greeting, lovingly embracing his mother, to whom he sent a message a short time later that he was comfortably in bed and she must go home and return in the morning for a long talk; but the coming of morning found the great, true heart of Leslie Warner silent forever. Death came so softly and gently that the passing was as one who sweetly falls asleep.

Mr. Leslie Warner was a son of James C. Warner, one of Nashville's metal magnates, and he early showed a great aptitude for business. He was largely connected with his father in the Tennessee Coal & Iron Company and enthusiastic in the metallurgic development of Tennessee. He was secretary of the company and an officer in the Whorley Furnace Company, as well as in the Southern Iron Company. He owned the Chattanooga Street Railroad, and its rapid advance in prosperity was due to his untiring efforts and clear brain.

About twenty years ago failing health cut short his bril-



LESLIE WARNER.

liant business career, and since that time he has traveled extensively, bringing from many lands and climes priceless treasures of art, which showed the highly cultured taste of the collector and his insight into the world of beauty. Many of his pictures and objects of virtu are rare gems, and his cases contain many perfect specimens of ceramic art, miniatures, and bric-a-brac so valuable that they are duplicated only in national museums. The highest productions of the genius of art and science were exhibited in his home; but even above their wonderful power to attract was the spirit of hospitality that met and welcomed one at its threshold, for Leslie Warner was the embodied soul of hospitality. Every pleasure to him was an added pleasure if shared with friends. He seemed endowed with some inner power to put self entirely aside and to live for the happiness of others. Even suffering could not quench this spirit light, which seemed to burn the brighter for the enshrouding darkness of pain.

He was married in 1880 to Miss Katherine Burch, the beautiful elder daughter of John C. Burch, editor of the American, a man who was foremost in the advancement of Tennessee and the South. The marriage took place in Washington while Colonel Burch was Secretary of the Senate, and was an exceptionally happy one, the death of their three little children being the only cloud to its sunshine, and this grief only drew husband and wife closer together. Their home became the center of Nashville culture, and many prominent in art and science have been the recipients of its gracious hospitality.

Mr. Warner was an active member of the Nashville Art Club, and, aided by his wife, he did much to insure its prosperity; he was also a member of the Nashville Historical Society, and took a warm interest in its work. The Watauga Club had him on its roll, and he was the only man in Nashville who was a member of the Order of Cincinnati, which was established by George Washington and his officers. He was a man of wide charity, giving freely of his abundance, tender-hearted, considerate, courteous, a true friend, a loving husband, a noble citizen, and a humble, devout Christian.

W. H. SINK.

The J. H. Lewis Camp, of Glasgow, Ky., has lost another of its worthy members. Adj. W. Wood writes: "Comrade W. H. Sink, of near Cave City, died on July 23, 1909, aged seventy-one years. Comrade Sink was a member of the 6th Kentucky Infantry, Orphan Brigade. A good man has gone. He was born in Franklin County, Va., and came to Kentucky in early life. He leaves one child, Mrs. Letia King, with whom he had lived. Two brothers survive him. He was a life-long member of the Christian Church, and was beloved by all who knew him. He was a man of sterling integrity. He was buried by his old comrades at his home."

C. M. REDDICK

C. M. Reddick was born in February, 1842; and died suddenly in Laurel, Miss., in July, 1909. He volunteered early in the war and served till the end, being in several severe battles. He was a devout Baptist, and was largely instrumental in establishing that Church in his home town. He was an enthusiastic veteran and attended many Reunions. He died just after his return from the last one in Memphis. He leaves a wife and nine children.

LORRAINE DAVENPORT-ROBY.

Miss Lorraine Davenport-Roby died at the "Retreat for the Sick," Richmond, Va., August 14, 1909, and was buried in Hollywood Cemetery two days later. Miss Davenport-Roby was the sister of Sister Esther Carlotta, the President of the U. D. C.'s in Florida, and the two ladies were enthusiastic workers in the Confederate interests. They were at the head of Resthaven, an orphanage they organized in St. Augustine, Fla., and managed alone, and which was supported entirely from contributions obtained by these two ladies or by their untiring personal efforts to make money for the little children whom they had taken to rear. Many of the children have obtained good homes through adoption, some have married, while all are given a lucrative trade.

Miss Roby was very delicate; but even ill health could not make her relax her efforts for her little charges, and she denied herself all luxuries and many necessities in order that the children might be cared for. In character Miss Roby was so modest that few realized the wonderful moral and mental strength that was behind the frail physique. Her gentleness of life, her purity of soul, and charity of word and deed endeared her to all, and many others besides the little children of her orphanage and the little Children of the Confederacy, who were her charge, will call her blessed, for many are the better for having known her. Like the perfume of heliotrope that lingers after the flower is taken from the room, her sweet influence will be felt in her home and among her friends, even though in person she is gone.

DR. JOHN DUDLEY USHER.

Dr. John Dudley Usher, born January 1, 1839, graduated at the Military Institute of Kentucky, and enlisted in the Confederate army in September, 1861, as lieutenant in the Black Hawk Rifles, Company G, 22d Mississippi Infantry. He served in the Army of Tennessee, and was severely wounded during the siege of Vicksburg. He was captured at the battle of Franklin and confined for nine months at Johnson's Island. After the war he remained a few years on his plantation, then continued his practice as a physician until a short time before his death, on July 10, 1909, at his residence on Sicily Island, La. He had been in that section since 1872, and during the reconstruction period he was ever regardless of self in his efforts to redeem his State. As a citizen he was public-spirited and useful, and in matters pertaining to the Confederate element most prominent, being an aide on the staff of the General Commanding.



DR. JOHN D. USHER.

STEVENS.—John Henry Stevens, a prominent planter and a veteran Confederate soldier, died at his home, near Blevins, Ark., July 28, 1909, in his sixty-seventh year. He was born in Hempstead County, Ark., and had spent practically all of his life there. His wife and eleven children survive him.

LIEUT. P. R. BREWER.

Lieut. P. R. Brewer, whose death occurred recently at his home, in Liberty, Miss., was a member of the first company organized in St. Helena Parish, La., in November, 1860, of



LIEUT. P. R. BREWER.

which he was elected orderly sergeant. This company was known as the St. Helena Rifles, and in April, 1861, went to New Orleans and was attached as Company F to the 4th Regiment of Louisiana Volunteers. Later on he was elected lieutenant, and served as such throughout the war. He was in the battles of Shiloh, Jackson, Miss., New Hope Church, Allatoona, Kennesaw Mountain, Peachtree Creek, Jonesboro, Franklin, and Nashville. Lieutenant Brewer was a quiet,

peaceable man, brave and cool in battle, for which his company all loved and admired him. He was married in 1872 to Miss Fannie Dixon, who survives him.

W. W. GIBBS.

W. W. Gibbs, one of the famous Gibbs triplets, died at his home, in Atlanta, Ga., August 4, 1909. The triplet brothers were Confederate soldiers. They were born in Wilkes County, N. C., in May, 1833. At the beginning of the Civil War the three brothers enlisted with Wade Hampton's legion, and served with distinction till the surrender of that army.

After the war W. W. Gibbs moved to Atlanta, his two brothers remaining in North Carolina, where they still reside, hale and strong. Comrade Gibbs is survived also by his wife and six daughters.

CAPT. CONNALLY T. LITCHFIELD.

Capt. C. T. Litchfield passed into the great beyond recently at Abingdon, Va. He commanded Company D of the 1st Virginia Cavalry, A. N. V., up to the fateful 9th of April, 1865. He was a gifted officer and beloved by all his command, and some fifteen of his old company followed his remains to the cemetery. The casket was wrapped in the regimental flag of the 1st Virginia, which was brought home by one of his men who was color bearer. He had reached a ripe age, having entered on his eighty-first year.

J. M. GILMORE.

James M. Gilmore was born in Giles County, Tenn., in 1846; and died at his home, in Lawrenceburg, Tenn., August 2, 1909. At the beginning of the war he joined the Campbellsville company of the 3d Tennessee Regiment, and served with it till the surrender. After the war he moved to Lawrenceburg, and there filled many positions of trust both civic and business. As a soldier and a citizen, he was always at his post of duty, and his death is a loss to many besides his wife and two children, who survive him.

SMALL.—Alex S. Small, who served in Company A, 12th Virginia Cavalry, died in Allegany County, Md., in February, 1909.

MRS. W. C. DOWDELL.

BY MRS. CORNELIA BRANCH STONE, PRES. GEN. U. D. C.

One of the most noted women of Alabama passed away at Dovedale, her home in Auburn, Ala., on August 16, thus closing a long and useful life of nearly eighty years. Mrs. Dowdell was one of the founders of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and was for thirty-one years President of this Society in the State of Alabama. In the prosecution of this work Mrs. Dowdell showed herself a fluent and forceful writer and speaker. Her home has long been renowned as one of the hospitable centers of her State, and many men and women of prominence have gathered there and enjoyed the benediction and bounty of her entertainment.

Her death has come as a shock to some of the prominent members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. These are: Her daughter, Mrs. B. B. Ross, President of the Alabama Division, U. D. C., of Auburn, and Mrs. Andrew L. Dowdell, her daughter-in-law, the Recording Secretary General U. D. C., of Opelika. Seven children, four daughters and three sons, are left to mourn their loss, with a large family of grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

The Dowdell family have long been prominent in Alabama in Church and State. The present Chief Justice of the Alabama Supreme Court, Judge James R. Dowdell, and the Hon. William J. Samford, former Governor of Alabama, are nephews of Mrs. Dowdell's husband, Col. W. C. Dowdell.

On behalf of the General Association U. D. C. the deepest sympathy is extended the sadly stricken family.

MONUMENT AT CANDLER, N. C.

BY W. T. ROGERS, KNOXVILLE, TENN.

At Candler, Buncombe County, N. C., I gathered some statistics worthy a place in the VETERAN. Candler is a small station on the Southern Railway, about ten miles from Asheville. It has a unique cemetery. Crowning a hilltop near the village stands a neat, handsome little brick church of the M. E. Church, South. The cemetery is "the churchyard." In the center of this churchyard there is a plot of ground twenty-five feet square in the center of which stands a beautiful shaft of East Tennessee marble fifteen feet high.

This square and monument are dedicated to the memory and heroism of Company I, 25th North Carolina Volunteers, C. S. A., and it was erected by private subscription. It is incidentally a tribute to the gratitude and patriotism of the good souls who put up the money. On it are inscribed the names of the members of the company mentioned with their rank and service. They were mustered in at Harmony in a Baptist church July 22, 1861, and stacked their arms at Appomattox April 9, 1865.

The ground upon which this monument stands was donated by W. G. Candler and Mr. J. H. Courtney, the latter a Confederate veteran. Mr. Courtney lost a leg at Malvern Hill.

There are one hundred and seventy names on the shaft, including Capts. G. W. Howell, W. Y. Morgan, and A. B. Thrash.

A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR GEORGIA.—Georgia is soon to introduce a bill favoring the appropriation of a hundred thousand dollars for a monument to the Confederate dead. It will be a close copy of the Jefferson Davis monument in Richmond. It will be erected on the Capitol grounds at Atlanta.

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

REPORT OF TREASURER FOR MONTH ENDING JULY 31, 1909.

Receipts.

Receipts reported, \$10,691.81.

Menefee Chapter, No. 177, U. D. C., Waverly, Ala., \$5.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, \$5. Contributed by Marion Chapter, No. 38, U. D. C., Marion, S. C.

Mrs. Frank G. Odenheimer, Director for Maryland, \$30. Contributed by Mrs. Robert Bowie, Annapolis, Md., \$6; fête of June 3, Maryland Line, \$14; Maryland Line Confederate Home, \$10.

Mrs. I. W. Faison, Director for North Carolina, \$175.89. Contributed by Monroe Chapter, No. 766, Monroe, N. C., \$3.87; Statesville Chapter, No. 276, U. D. C., Statesville, N. C., \$14; Brierfield Chapter, No. 1171, U. D. C., Thomasville, N. C., \$1.46; Cleveland Guards Chapter, No. 443, U. D. C., Shelby, N. C., \$20; R. E. Lee Chapter, No. 324, U. D. C., Lexington, N. C., \$3.25; Rockingham Chapter, No. 586, U. D. C., Reidsville, N. C., \$1.20; Cape Fear Chapter, No. 3, U. D. C., Wilmington, N. C., \$20; Frank M. Parker Chapter, No. 1000, U. D. C., Enfield, N. C., \$1.88; Perquimans Chapter, No. 789, U. D. C., Hertford, N. C., \$1.70; Graham Chapter, No. 944, U. D. C., Graham, N. C., \$19; W. G. Quackenbush Children's Auxiliary, Lawrenceburg, N. C., \$20; Johnston-Pettigrew Chapter, No. 95, U. D. C., Raleigh, N. C., \$9.20; Roanoke Minute Men Chapter, No. 928, U. D. C., Littleton, N. C., \$5; Asheville Chapter, No. 104, U. D. C., Asheville, N. C., \$5; Thomas Ruffin Chapter, No. 349, U. D. C., Goldsboro, N. C., \$12.50; Anson Chapter, No. 357, U. D. C., Wadesboro, N. C., \$1.50; Southern Star Chapter, No. 477, U. D. C., Lincolnton, N. C., \$2; Gen. George B. Anderson Chapter, No. 335, U. D. C., Hillsboro, N. C., \$21.50; Mrs. I. W. Faison, Charlotte, N. C., \$12.74.

Van Dorn Chapter, No. 682, U. D. C., Holly Springs, Miss., \$40.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bock, Director for Virginia, \$40. Contributed by Mildred Lee Chapter, No. 74, U. D. C., Martinsville, Va.

T. C. Hindman Chapter, No. 408, U. D. C., Lonoke, Ark., \$10.

J. D. Barnett, Montgomery City, Mo., \$5.

Mrs. G. J. Grommet, Director for Illinois, \$2. Contributed by Hon. Campbell S. Hearn, Alton, Ill.

W. Marion Seay, Lynchburg, Va., \$1.

Mrs. J. W. Clapp, Director for Tennessee, \$75. Contributed by 1st Tennessee Regiment Chapter, No. 1064, U. D. C., Nashville, Tenn., \$25; N. B. Forrest Chapter, No. 926, U. D. C., Humboldt, Tenn., \$10; Kate L. Hickman Chapter, No. 596, U. D. C., Nashville, Tenn., \$10; John Lauderdale Chapter, No. 356, U. D. C., Dyersburg, Tenn., \$15; John W. Morton Chapter, No. 1171, U. D. C., Camden, Tenn., \$5; John R. Neal Chapter, No. 1153, U. D. C., Spring City, Tenn., \$5; Junior Memorial Association, Memphis, Tenn., \$5.

Miss Coby M. Froman, Director for Kentucky, \$105.50.

Mrs. F. G. Odenheimer, Director for Maryland, \$10. Contributed by Harford Chapter, No. 114, U. D. C., Belair, Md.

Mrs. Clementine Boles, Director for Arkansas, \$71.13. Contributed by Mildred Lee Chapter, No. 408, U. D. C., Fayetteville, Ark.

Balance on hand August 1, 1909, \$11,267.33.

WALLACE STREATER, Treas.

SOUTHERN CROSS OF HONOR—ITS SIGNIFICANCE.

[The following paper upon the significance of "The Southern Cross of Honor," prepared by Mr. Walter A. Clark at the request of the U. D. C. Chapter in Augusta, Ga., was read on Memorial Day by Hon. H. C. Roney.]

I have been asked by these fair women whose gentle hands have done so much to rescue and preserve the sacred memories of the past to voice for them as truly as I can the real import and significance of this bronze emblem with which they are to honor these old veterans to-day, to say as best I may what this Confederate cross of honor means to me and to my comrades of the old war days. It is a little thing, and in the great marts of trade it would not count for much, and yet to him who wears it worthily it has a world of meaning. What is it?

It means that eight and forty years ago there came into this life a stern and stubborn duty, that he dared to face; that under the clarion call of a newborn flag and with the tear-wet kiss of mother, sister, wife, or all of them upon his brave young lips he left the comforts of his home to suffer hardship, peril, and privation, to feel the bitterness of cold and weariness and hunger, to tread the lonely, shivering path of midnight picket with no companions but the stars, to face the thunder of belching cannon and the music of hissing Minies, and to meet if need be a soldier's death with no complaint upon his loyal lips.

It means that during those four years, in infinite self-denial and supreme self-sacrifice, in loyal and sublime devotion to patriotic duty, he reached a higher plane of moral manhood than had ever touched his life.

It means that he, if any mortal could be, was worthy of the glorious Southern womanhood, who wrought with tireless fingers at their hearthstones or ministered with glad and willing hands in wayside homes or trod with angel step and angel heart the fevered aisles of ghostly hospitals, where pain and death held cruel sway—the radiant womanhood, whose patient heroism amid the dread suspense that came between the battle and the published list of slain and wounded, amid the weary watching for footsteps that never came again, amid the weary watching for footsteps that never came again, glorified the loneliness of their battle-shadowed homes.

It means that he was part and parcel of that immortal gray-clad host whose uncrowned valor won the homage of the world, and that "through its shifting fortunes of victory and defeat" he fought beneath a flag whose crimson folds were never stained by cruelty or wrong.

It means companionship with glorious John B. Gordon, whose hero heart and brave right arm made him "the man of the 12th of May," and a fellowship with Nathan Bedford Forrest, the "Wizard of the Saddle," whose untrained genius revolutionized the art of war. It means a brotherhood with Albert Sidney Johnston, with Hill and Stuart and Longstreet, with Walker and Polk and Cleburne, with Hampton and Wheeler and Butler, with all that radiant band whose gleaming swords flashed always and only in the forefront of battle. It means a comradeship with that strange, saintly soldier who dazzled with his genius the camps and cabinets of both the continents and then went down to death "with the love of the whole world"—Stonewall Jackson.

It means a glorious kinship with the noblest knight of all the generations, kinship with him within whose royal soul there bloomed the fairest flower of Southern grace and Southern chivalry—yes, thank God, kinship with the courtesy and the courage, the virtue and the valor, the goodness and the

greatness, the world-crowned grandeur of Robert Edward Lee. And, meaning this, my comrades, I adjure you to cherish it in your heart of hearts as a priceless heritage, and when the eternal bugler sounds the "taps" that end your waning years transmit it to your children and your children's children for all the years to come. For well I feel assured that when posterity, unblinded by prejudice or passion, shall give to all the claimants in the Pantheon of fame their just and proper meed, as high in purest patriotism as any Rebel that fell at Lexington or starved at Valley Forge, as high in lofty courage as any hero that rode with Cardigan at Balaklava or marched with Ney at Waterloo or died beneath the shadow of the Persian spears at old Thermopylae, will stand the Rebel soldier of the South clad in his tattered gray beneath whose faded folds is shrined the stars and bars of an invisible republic that lives in history only as a memory.

ABOUT THE BURNING OF RICHMOND.

BY H. H. STURGIS, SANFORD, FLA.

At the evacuation of Richmond I was on duty at the Soldiers' Home, more generally known as the Crow's Nest, in charge of Sergeant Crow. The Home was a stopping place for soldiers going on furloughs or returning to their commands, and also a place to keep any soldiers who were in Richmond without leave. Rations were furnished, and also guards for city police duty.

I returned from a trip as escort to Danville with some soldiers on Sunday morning and found that preparations were being made to evacuate the city. About 10 P.M. I was given the keys to a large tobacco warehouse with instructions to burn the tobacco, which was, I suppose, government property. Another soldier was detailed to assist me. We knocked in the heads of three hogsheads, pulled out the hands of tobacco, and my comrade shaved up some splinters and I struck the match and saw the fire well started. We went out and locked the door, returning the key to the officer in charge, from whom I had received it. The responsible source of the order I know not.

The city was in great confusion. No one seemed to be concerned about it. Barrels of whisky had been emptied into the street drains, while many dipped it from the gutters and drank it. After crossing the Mayo bridge, it seemed that the entire city was ablaze. The magnificent flouring mills, the Gallagher and the Haxall, were ablaze, and there was apparently no effort to extinguish the flames. No pen can adequately portray it. I don't like to discuss it, and give the foregoing as record for history.

LAST CONFEDERATE COMMAND TO LEAVE RICHMOND.

D. B. Sanford writes from Milledgeville, Ga.: "There seems to be some dispute as to what soldiers or command of soldiers was the last to leave Richmond on the morning of the 3d of April, 1865. My recollection is that Phillips's Georgia Legion Infantry were the rear guard and the last soldiers to leave that city on that day. When this command crossed the bridge over the James River, the bridge was on fire in many places on each side, and we had to run with all our might and shinney from side to side of the bridge to keep from being burned to death. No other soldiers could have crossed this bridge after we did. This command left camp near Drury's Bluff about twelve o'clock Sunday night, April 2, 1865, and reached Richmond a little after daylight Monday morning. I was captain of the Greene Rifles, Company A, Phillips's Georgia Legion Infantry. Does any other old veteran remember differently?"

CLEBURNE AND HIS COMMAND.

Irving A. Buck, a former captain and assistant adjutant general to Pat Cleburne's division, has written a fine history of this command and the important part it took in the War between the States. He gives a careful estimate of Cleburne the man and of Cleburne the soldier. It is a keen-sighted but just estimate of circumstances, success and failure, and the part they play in military affairs. Captain Buck's book is well written and is a valuable contribution to our war history. Such men as Pat Cleburne adorn any times or places, and this book, which has all the minutiae of a biography, well portrays the man and glowingly recounts the events of the war and Cleburne's part in it. The book is well printed and illustrated, and is the output of the Neale Publishing House, New York. (It is supplied by the VETERAN. Price, \$3.)

GEN. PAT CLEBURNE.

History demonstrates the fact that in every fight in which he engages an Irishman is pretty sure to be in the front ranks. This fact is well exemplified in the story of the life and deeds of Pat Cleburne as told by Captain Buck in his excellent book, "Cleburne and His Command."

Patrick Ronayne Cleburne was the third child of Joseph and Mary Anne Cleburne, and was born ten miles from the city of Cork in March, 1828. His father, Joseph Cleburne, was a physician of much eminence, a graduate of the Royal College of Surgery in Dublin. Mary Anne Cleburne, his mother, was a daughter of Patrick Ronayne, of Annebrook; so that on both sides Patrick Cleburne was descended from the best old stock of Ireland. His having been born on St. Patrick's Day gave him his name.

Pat Cleburne had a tutor till he was twelve, then was sent to school. He was fond of literature, history, and travels; but in some way failed to acquire any taste for Latin or Greek. He desired to follow his father in the profession of medicine, and as a stepping-stone to this apprenticed himself to a druggist preparatory to standing a medical examination. Had chemical tastes or pharmaceutical knowledge been the only requirements for the diploma he wished, Gen. Pat Cleburne would have been a doctor and never attained his great celebrity in the profession of arms. In his examinations his Greek and Latin were so faulty that he failed to pass. This seemed such a disgrace to the high-spirited boy that he determined his family should never know of his humiliation. So he immediately enlisted in the 41st Regiment of Infantry (Dublin) which he supposed was under marching orders for India. For a year none of his family heard from him at all, then only through the son of a neighbor whose regiment was quartered near the 41st. Cleburne served three years with this regiment, then quit the army, and with one brother and sister emigrated to America. He brought letters of introduction to New Orleans; but, acting upon his life-long principle that every man should depend upon himself, he went to Cincinnati, where he had a position in a drug store, later moving to Helena, Ark., where he took his degree as a lawyer. He remained here till the beginning of the war, when he volunteered as a private in the Yell Rifles.

As a citizen of Helena Cleburne won distinction, for he was scrupulously honest, enterprising, and public-spirited. At no time in his life did he display more heroism than when in 1855 Helena was stricken with yellow fever and the public in a panic fled in every direction. Cleburne remained in the plague-tortured city, and went daily his rounds among the fever patients, nursing them and helping to bury the dead.

Personally Cleburne was of striking appearance. He was six feet in height, spare in build, and with broad shoulders and erect carriage. In his large gray eyes was ever seen the twinkle of humor, save when they grew black in the face of danger or in the smoke of battle. He was a man of great endurance and unswerving tenacity of purpose; but in society he was awkward and embarrassed, and he was very sensitive to the opinion of others. He was not a good conversationalist save in the presence of intimate friends, when his fluent language and vivid imagery held all spellbound. He was dreamy and absent-minded save in the presence of need or in defying circumstances; then he was indeed tireless and sleepless, for the earnestness of the occasion obliterated all thought of self and concentrated his energies, showing the true nobility of his nature. The predominant trait in his life was courage, as one of his strongest characteristics was the sense of justice.

An incident which occurred in the first days of the war influenced his life to the end. He was holding some prisoners in a house in Greenville, Miss. Among these prisoners was a citizen who was the victim of somnambulism. Walking in his sleep, this man made his way to Cleburne's room and assaulted the sentry. Cleburne, hearing the noise and thinking it an attack of the enemy, sprang to his feet and with his revolver shot the man, mortally wounding him. Cleburne was entirely exculpated for this act, but all his life was tinged with the melancholy of remorse.

"R. E. LEE AND THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY."

It would seem that nothing new could be found to write about Gen. R. E. Lee. Yet in Henry A. White's book, "Robert E. Lee and the Southern Confederacy," he has written an account that is vivid, personal, and new in form. It will prove a joy to genealogists, for in this he has given an exhaustive tracing of the house of Lee back to its founder in Stratford, England, down to the present time. Richard Lee was the first to cross to America and establish his line in this country. Two generations after him was Thomas Lee. Queen Caroline, to show her love for this distinguished family, gave him money sufficient to build a beautiful mansion befitting the dignity of the President of the Colonial Council, which Thomas Lee was at that time. This spacious home, with lofty ceilings and rambling porticoes, was built of brick, which at that period was very rare. Between the tall chimneys were laid platforms from which a wide survey of the surrounding country could be obtained. These platforms were strongly suggestive of the battlements of mediaeval castles and the strongholds of ancient barons.

The students of heredity will also find the book especially attractive, as the wonderful military genius of R. E. Lee is distinctly traceable through the line of his ancestry as well as is his broad grasp of subjects to his progenitors, who were brain-carrying statesmen and Governors.

Mr. White has carefully investigated all the motives that influenced Lee's actions, and the history of his life is unusually well portrayed, for his character stands out from its setting like the fine lines in a cameo. The author has gathered his data from the widest and most authentic sources, and accepted facts only after careful research. For instance, speaking of the slavery question, he says: "I have read nearly all the literature on this subject from 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and Wilson's 'Slave Power' to the most recent biography of William Lloyd Garrison."

The book is well written and forcefully word-pictured, being excellent from a literary standpoint and most excellent historically, for it contains many things explanatory of the war and its causes. Putnam & Sons, of the Knickerbocker Press, New York and London, are the publishers, and the book is well up to the standard of their publications in fineness of paper, clearness of print, and general finish. The book will be supplied by the *VETERAN* for \$3 net. It will be sent free prepaid for a club of eight subscribers at \$1 each.

"THE LURE OF THE INDIAN COUNTRY."

This little pamphlet by Oleta Littleheart, daughter of the Chickasaw Chief Littleheart, deals with the Indian Territory at the date of transition into Statehood, the men, whites and Indians, whose influences were most potent in its development. It treats exhaustively of the natural medicinal springs, "medicine" and "bromide," and tells of the cure for all ills that flesh is heir to which is found in their waters. One chapter is devoted to Platt National Park and its advantages—natural, acquired, and assumed. The fortunes that have been amassed through real estate deals are logically accounted for by Miss Littleheart, who wisely leads one on to the thought of fortunes still to be made by her deft handling of her subject. She writes in good English with an occasional lapse into odd sentence construction that is the only trace of her Indian ancestry to be observed in the book. It is beautifully illustrated with half-tone engravings of the natural beauties of the State and of towns and places showing unprecedented growth. Through the book is woven a sweet little romance of which Donald McDonald, one of Flagler's henchmen, and Anthula, a highly educated Indian princess, are hero and heroine, Flagler being the "god in the car" of the story. For sale by Oleta Littleheart, Sulphur, Okla. Price, 25 cents.

KUKLUX KLAN—THE TRUE AND THE FALSE.—Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, State Historian of the Mississippi Division, U. D. C., has written a most entertaining pamphlet on the subject of the organization, uses, and abuses of this klan. The true klan was composed of the best men of the States for the purpose of assisting the South in the trying period of reconstruction. The false klan as depicted by Dixon was engaged in all the evils of the times. Mrs. Rose quotes two letters which were written her by the only two survivors of the famous klan of which Nathan Bedford Forrest was Grand Wizard of the Invisible Empire. The booklet is to be sold for the benefit of the Jefferson Davis Soldiers' Home in Mississippi. Price, 25 cents. Address Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, West Point, Miss.

GEN. BOB TOOMBS'S PLEA FOR "JIM."—The story is told that a negro under the charge of murder was being tried in a Georgia court. Much testimony had been taken, and it seemed to be very serious for the defendant, whose plea was self-defense. An old man in the court room arose and, addressing the court and jury, said: "Please your honor and gentlemen of the jury, years ago my only brother fell wounded on the battlefield of Gettysburg. He lay there bleeding to death, with no one to help him. Shot and shell, the fierce, fiery stream of death were sweeping the earth about him. No friend dared go to him, no surgeon would approach him. The singing of bullets and the wild music of shells were his only requiem. My brother had a body servant, a negro man, who waited on him in camp. The negro saw his master's danger, and straight out into that hell of battle and flame and

death he went. A cannon shot tore the flesh from his breast; but on he went, and gathering my brother in his arms, the blood of the man mingled with the blood of the master, he bore him to safety and to life. Jim, open your collar." He did so, and the jury saw on his breast long, jagged scars where the shell had ripped its way. Continuing, General Toombs said: "Jim's skin is black; he is a negro; but the man that would do what Jim did for my brother has a soul too white ever to have killed a man except in defense of his own life." Jim was cleared.

BURIAL PLACE OF COL. ROBERT A. SMITH.—A correction by Luther Manship, of Jackson, Miss.: "It seems that in a recent article in the *VETERAN* it was stated that 'Col. Robert A. Smith, of Mississippi, killed at Munfordville, Ky., was buried on the banks of Green River, Ky., and sleeps in an unmarked grave.' Col. Robert A. Smith's remains were removed to Jackson, Miss., a few years after the war by his brother, Mr. James Smith, of Glasgow, Scotland. A stone shaft marks the place where he fell on the battlefield, near the track of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, and a magnificent Scotch granite monument was erected over his grave at Jackson years ago with great honors, and another monument was erected by this devoted brother to his memory in his native city of Glasgow, Scotland. Colonel Smith left Jackson at the opening of the war in command of a company, and was soon advanced to the command of the 10th Mississippi Regiment as its colonel. His brother, James Smith, who had once been a citizen of Jackson, but returned to his native Scotland before the war, presented the Mississippi Rifles with their first equipment of rifles."

J. A. Cox, of Kathleen, Fla., writes: "I was a lieutenant in Company C, 14th Mississippi Infantry, and in the battle of Fort Donelson of Buckner's command. On Saturday morning we were moved from the right to the left of our lines, just in the rear of Graves's Battery. While there Captain Graves called for volunteers to go to the front and unmask a body of men concealed a little to the left of his position. I sprang to his side as he stood on the breastworks, and he called for five men to go with me. They came promptly, and after advice from Captain Graves we went forward and found the concealed men to be Federals. We gave the designated signal, got out his line of fire, and had a little fight on our own hook. Of these five men, I can recall the names of but three—viz., G. G. Dillard, John Moseley, and — Weathersby. The latter was shot in the army; Moseley was killed afterwards in front of Atlanta. If any of the other boys are living, I should be glad to hear from them. Dillard's commission as Consul at Guyaquil was the first one signed by Cleveland after his first inauguration."

ANOTHER REMARKABLE FAMILY RECORD.—F. M. Mumford, Commander of West Feliciana Camp, St. Francisville, La., responds to W. T. Hardison in the July *VETERAN*, page 329: "We have here three old veterans, William Town, aged eighty-eight years, and his two sons, William M., aged sixty-five, and Thomas, aged sixty-three years. They all served in Scott's Louisiana Cavalry Brigade, surrendering at Gainesville, Ala., on March 5, 1865. They are all members of my Camp."

Sam G. Duffie, of Gatesville, Tex., inquires for the address of any surviving members of Buster's Battalion, Company D, Arkansas Cavalry, or of John B. Clark's 9th Regiment Missouri Infantry.

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NORTHERN OPINION OF THE BOOK IS DIVIDED. *The New York Times* in condemning the author's treatment of Civil War issues said: "It is not a good book to put into the hands of students whom it is desired to instruct in the fact and principles of American history. . . . Mr. Prince's statement that the desire of the South to perpetuate negro slavery was not the main cause of the Civil War is scarcely tenable."

"Brief, interesting, and prejudiced," is the descriptive caption in the *Chicago Public*, which goes on to say: "The author takes a strictly Southern partisan view of the Civil War, his chapter on Reconstruction ending ignominiously in a passionate denunciation of the negro."

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The *Providence Journal* remarks: "Some readers may consider his discussion of the Civil War too favorable to the South, but as a matter of fact it is remarkably impartial in all essential points."

The *Lyceumite and Talent* expresses its approval thus: "It is patriotic without being partisan, interesting without being superficial, informing without being tedious—an excellent example of how eloquent facts may become. This book will be read and re-read by every one who comes to know its spirit."

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Col. Robert D. Smith, of Columbia, Tenn., needs the following numbers of the VETERAN to complete his file: January, February, March, April, November, 1893; May, 1898; January, 1900. Write him in advance of sending.

C. M. Farrar, of Black Betsy, W. Va., wishes to locate the burial place of his brother, John A. Farrar, who was killed near Kernstown August 25, 1864. He was a member of Company A, 36th Virginia Volunteer Infantry. He will appreciate any information about it.

Dr. J. O. Hardin, of Spring Hill, Tenn., seeks to ascertain where Comrade Joe W. Alexander was at the close of the war. He belonged to Company F, 3d Tennessee Regiment, and was badly wounded at Jackson, Miss., which would probably incapacitated him for further service. His widow is entitled to a pension.

W. C. Spinks writes from Cameron, Tex.: "I belonged to Company H, 62d Alabama Infantry, organized at Selma, Ala., in January, 1864. J. J. Alston commanded our company and Colonel Huger the regiment. I would be glad to know the whereabouts of any of my company or regiment. 'I was captured at Fort Gaines and taken to Ship Island. Address me as above, R. F. D. No. 3, Box 95."

The graves of two unknown soldiers, supposed to have belonged to Giltner's Brigade and who died of smallpox in 1863, are at Jonesville, Lee County, Va. As the hospital record has been lost and those who waited on them are long since dead, their names cannot be ascertained; but they were from Kentucky. Mr J. F. W. Sadler, of Jonesville, R. F. D. No. 5, Box 49, will be glad to communicate with any whose relatives or friends these unknown soldiers might be.

Mrs. M. R. Kevil, President U. D. C., Princeton, Ky., wishes to secure the war record of a Col. W. B. Harper, who went to Missouri when the war broke out and joined a company formed at Reelfoot Lake. He was under Jeff Thompson and Generals Buckner and Forrest; but in 1864 he resigned and ran a blockade on the steamer Blenheim from Wilmington to Nassau. The information requested will be appreciated.



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H. L. Tomkinson, of Cape May, N. J., wishes to procure some C. S. A. buttons to make link cuff buttons. He wants those that have seen service.



The above cut is that of the great painting of "Lee and His Generals," by George B. Matthews, of Virginia. ¶ General Marcus J. Wright indorses it as follows: "I regard it as one of the finest paintings I ever saw. The truthfulness of feature of all these great generals is most remarkable. The Lithograph copy is a most striking and accurate reproduction of the original. I hope all Confederates will procure copies." ¶ The Lithograph is in color. Size, 27 x 16 inches. State agents can make most liberal contracts. Agents wanted in every city and town in the South. ¶ Sent by mail on receipt of 55 cents. Every home should have a picture. It will make a nice Christmas gift. Address

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A LIBERAL PROPOSITION.

The Dixie Book Shop, 41 Liberty Street, New York City, will forward with pleasure and without cost to the parties interested the following documents:

1. Recommendation of Capt. —, —, Berger, Company K, Wirt Adams's Cavalry, to transfer Private William Burns to Captain Richard's company, 3d Louisiana Regiment. Indorsed "Approved" Wirt Adams. Camp near Saltillo.
2. Application by D. F. Pouder, second lieutenant Company K, Yell's Regiment Arkansas Infantry, for leave of absence. Approved by T. J. Churchill, brigadier general, February 7, 1864.
3. Application of Capt. J. B. Bowles, 9th Regiment Missouri Volunteer Infantry, for leave of absence. Approved by order of Major General Price October 6, 1863.
4. Letter of introduction for Capt. T. M. Turner from Maj. Gen. M. M. Parsons to Maj. Gen. Sterling Price, Camden, Ark., November 17, 1864.
5. Order No. 41, appointing First Lieut. Otis M. Messick, 11th Texas Regiment, to be major of said regiment by order of Brigadier General Cabell, May 26, 1862. Headquarters McCron's Division Army of the West.

6. Certificate of disability for discharge to Private Thomas C. Potter, Company B, 2d Regiment Texas Infantry. Approved by D. H. Maury, brigadier general commanding, August 31, 1862.

7. Application for furlough to F. L. Thompson, first lieutenant and adjutant 31st Mississippi Regiment, August 25, 1862. Granted by order of Major General Price.

8. Application for furlough to First Lieut. J. D. Gassaway, Company A, Bell's Regiment, A. V. J. Granted by Brig. Gen. J. F. Fagan April 17, 1863.

9. Letter of Brig. Gen. Louis Herbert to Brig. Gen. H. Little recommending that Capt. J. S. Brooks, 1st Texas Legion, 2d Brigade, Army of the West, be promoted to rank of major, July 21, 1862.

Mrs. R. A. Adams, of Dublin, Tex., wishes to hear from any comrades of her husband, John A. Adams, who served in Company K, 8th Kentucky Regiment, Morgan's command, as she wishes to secure his record.

Mrs. Sallie L. McCandler, of Meridian, Tex., makes inquiry for J. M. Moss, who enlisted in the Confederate army from Lanton, Scott County, Mo., under Jeff Thomson in Price's command. His full name was James Milton Moss.



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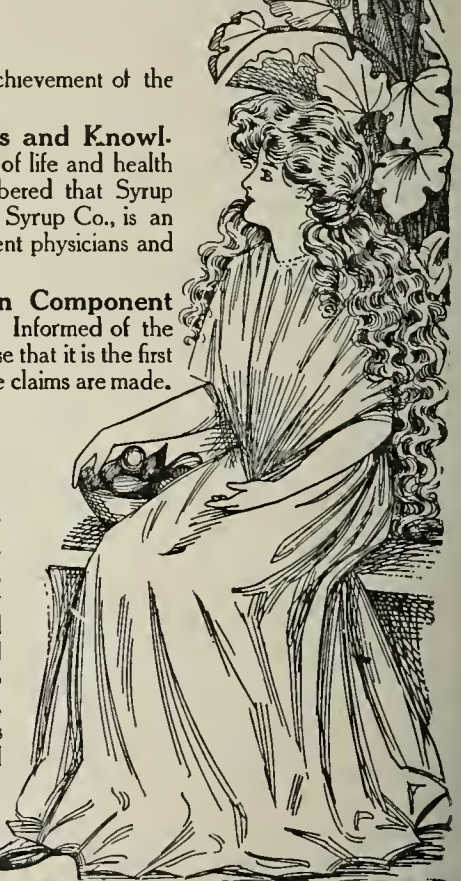
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Vol. XVII.

OCTOBER, 1909.

No. 10.

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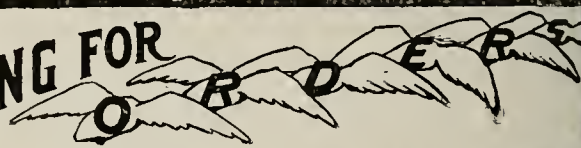
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Anyway, let's talk it over!

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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Though men deserve, they may not win success;

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SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. }

VOL. XVII.

NASHVILLE TENN., OCTOBER, 1909.

No. 10

J. S. A. CUNNINGHAM
Proprietor.

VISIT OF GEN. FRED GRANT AND COL. GOETHEL'S.

Among many incidents in which it seemed desirable to show partiality for the editor of the VETERAN after his severe illness the President of the great Tennessee State Fair Association, Mr. Robert L. Burch, selected him as one of a committee to meet Gen. Fred Grant and Col. George W. Goethels upon their arrival in Nashville and attend them to the Hermitage and to the Confederate Soldiers' Home. Upon being introduced to Colonel Goethels that gentleman spoke of a young engineer of Nashville by the same name whom he had "slated to take to the Canal Zone," and he seemed pleased to have met the father of one who was so highly capable and a general favorite in the profession—Paul D. Cunningham. Colonel Goethels succeeded several others who were given charge of the great Panama Canal and failed in quick succession. He was assigned to the work in March, 1907, from which time the enterprise was at once successful, and it is now the most prodigious undertaking of man. He has at work 34,680 men without friction, and he has improved sanitary conditions in the Panama region marvelously.

The trip to the Hermitage, twelve miles from Nashville, over a splendid turnpike in automobiles was made in little more than half an hour. Mr. Leland Hume, one of the most active and progressive men of Tennessee, had for his guests in a superb car Gen. Fred Grant, Gen. G. P. Thruston, and the editor of the VETERAN. Better conditions could not have existed for the journey.

Gen. Fred Grant, now a major general of the United States army, and who will become second in rank during this month, is a fine man. He is evidently very much like his father in simple, rugged honesty, and is not in the least egotistic. He was greatly pleased with the visit, as he found much more preserved about the Hermitage than he expected and an elegance in the home that showed true aristocracy in Jackson's day. At the Soldiers' Home there was a most cordial greeting, and in a public talk to the unfortunate veterans, who are under the necessity of accepting State support, he showed his appreciation of what they were in the sixties.

Returning to the city, the party was met by Secretary of War Judge Dickinson at Greenwood Park, where the negroes were having their annual fair. J. C. Napier, President of the Fair, and other officials were in readiness to extend every courtesy. After viewing the handiwork of the negroes and their beautiful stock, there was a meeting in the pavilion and speeches were made by Judge Dickinson and General Grant.

They were remarkable talks. Judge Dickinson spoke to them as a Southerner and a Confederate, giving them practical advice. He told them that if they wanted to succeed in life they must be industrious and diligently economical in saving their earnings. He referred to their freedom and how it came about, declaring that the war was not waged for their freedom, but that it was simply an incident of the war. He told them that the one time General Lee left the army during the war was to go to his home and formally give freedom to his slaves. General Grant in his address spoke kindly to them and of his pleasure in seeing their prosperity. He had known their race all of his life. His family owned slaves until they were freed by Lincoln's proclamation, and he said that after the war their old servants maintained an interest in the family, and in all the intervening years they had not failed to make known their needs, which had been heeded. It was a remarkable record that in the latter years of the war Lee fought on with no interest in slavery, while Grant held his until freed by the "exigencies of war."

From the negro Fair the distinguished guests were taken to the Tennessee State Fair. It was U. D. C. Day, and they were entertained with a luncheon upon arrival. While General Grant was at the Hermitage Judge Dickinson made an address to the Daughters, which will appear in the November VETERAN. After delicious refreshments, the guests were conducted to the speakers' stand, around which gathered the Confederates to hear a brief address from General Grant. He manifested there, as everywhere he meets them, his high esteem for the Confederate soldiers. In private conversations he talked enthusiastically of the reception given him at the Memphis Reunion, and admitted that it gave zest to his feelings in his address and tribute to Gen. Stephen D. Lee at the dedication of the bronze statue in Government Park, Vicksburg, the next day.

In a written address at the Fair on the last day of his visit General Grant, after complimenting his chief, the Secretary of War, the officials of Tennessee, and the State Fair for the many cordial courtesies extended to him, said: "I am specially touched that you welcome me thus warmly, as I realize this courtesy is not so much for me personally as because of the fact that I am the son of one who you know cherished during his life a friendship for your people with a hope for that peace and harmony which now happily prevails throughout our beloved land. I personally know that the people of Tennessee realized fully the wish which my father, General Grant, had for peace

between the North and South, for I was here with him at his headquarters early in 1864, when as commander of the Union forces he used always his best efforts conscientiously to reduce in every possible way the sufferings necessarily resulting from that unfortunate civil strife then existing."

General Grant spoke more at length of evidence of esteem for his father by demonstrations in his honor in the fall of 1863 in Memphis and in Eastern Tennessee during the same year, and again in Memphis after his great tour around the world. The tributes to his father in 1863 were not from those who honor him now.

As President General Grant disappointed the South greatly in permitting the domination of reconstruction influences. It was evidently against his will, for it was believed, as in the case of General Lee's surrender, he would exercise not only his influence but his power to have justice done the South. With him, however, as it was with others, the domination of ultra radicalism was without hindrance. If General Grant had had half the independence shown by Roosevelt, without commending the use to which the latter exercised it, the Southern people would have come to their own much sooner than they did.

Gen. Fred Grant is correct in his estimate of how the South appreciates that his father, Gen. U. S. Grant, did nothing of small nature for which the South complains; but if he had been great and bold for conciliation and had assumed the responsibility of preventing exchange of prisoners, it would have been greatly to his honor. He well knew that the Confederate authorities could not possibly care for Union prisoners as they deserved. It was an oversight not to interview Gen. Fred Grant on this point, as he is free and candid.

Indulgence will be granted for omissions and errors during the last and present month. The sketch of Mr. Leslie Warner that appeared in the "Last Roll" of the September issue seemed out of place without the intended introduction. Thirty years ago "Bill Arp" was in Nashville, the guest of the editor of the *VETERAN*, and Leslie Warner coöperated in his entertainment so delightfully that the closest intimacy was ever maintained with him, and yet he had been so neglected that it was resolved to pay tribute to his memory. The evening that he returned from several months' absence in search of health the delightful home was opened with light in every window, and was a joyous sight, yet he died that night.

RESOURCES OF HOUSTON, TEX.

A card from Houston, Tex., where the United Daughters of the Confederacy holds its Convention for 1909, contains statements of much interest. It says: "Houston's population, including suburbs, is 105,000. Its building permits for last fiscal year were \$3,404,978. Its fifteen banks have resources of \$35,000,000, leading the State, and its gross bank clearings of eight national banks are \$1,250,870,016. Houston is the railroad center of the State, having fifteen lines of road, with the finest terminals south of St. Louis. Last year \$3,000,000 was spent in terminals. The railways daily operate one hundred and thirteen passenger trains in and out of Houston. Houston's scholastic population is 17,113; public school buildings, 40; high schools, 2; colleges and private schools, 38. The Rice Institute for the Advancement of Literature, Science, and Art, a great polytechnic school, has an endowment of \$6,000,000, construction soon to begin. Houston handles more cotton than any other city in the world, is the South's greatest

lumber market (over \$27,000,000 sold last year), center of rice distribution, center of oil industry, and has greater wholesale trade than any other Texas city. Government reports show she is the first Texas city in manufacturing, her industrial pay roll being over one million dollars in excess of any other city. The city has four hundred and five corporations in business with a capital of \$94,387,520. Houston's assessed valuation is \$60,500,000 and Harris County's \$106,000,000. Houston has five parks, one hundred and two churches, eighteen hotels, six hospitals, five theaters, two libraries, and a great convention auditorium."

A PLEA TO THE SONS OF VETERANS.

BY HERBERT MITCHELL, HOUSTON, TEX.

The article in the *VETERAN* for August in regard to the desire to hear from Sons of Veterans has prompted me to write. I am the grandson and great-nephew of Confederate soldiers and I appeal to all sons of Confederates, whether or not they are members of the U. S. C. V., from a heart full of sentiment for the cause and all connected with Dixie Land.

All know that our veterans and our noble women of the war days are fast passing away. "Will Southern ranks be empty?" No! Not while children who appreciate the noble deeds of their sires and grandsires exist. Of course we appreciate all that is past, but are we showing it?

I am pleased with the awakening of the U. S. C. V., but only a small minority are doing their duty. The majority are leaving that duty to the willing Daughters. Is that fair?

Soon the few threads that hold us personally to the old South of ante-bellum days will disappear. What then? Will the younger generation vindicate the principles of their fathers? The ever-loyal U. D. C. and the C. S. M. A. will continue to keep our glorious, untainted history; but, boys, will we? Sons of the Confederacy, do you not realize this? We have not that duty to perform that the Southern men of the sixties had; our battles are of a different nature. For four weary years our Southern soldiers, half-clad and poorly armed, often hungry, bravely and honorably held their own, and thrilled the world with their victories in fights against many times their number of splendidly equipped men and with the supplies and markets of the world behind them.

In the homes and oftentimes in the fields our Southern women toiled, performing the work of the men as well as their own. They fed and clothed themselves, their children, and our soldiers in the army, never faltering in duty, and were ever our angels of love, even when the sad end came.

Then the beginning of another struggle in the South occurred—a struggle against poverty, against the unscrupulous carpetbagger, the cowardly camp follower, and the misguided negro. Southern men were crippled by wounds and weakened by want, and these women took up the work and came out of it gloriously victorious. During those four years of war and the many following in reconstruction the noblest pages of our history were made.

Fellow-sons and grandsons, will we forget these facts? Can we? But we must do more than remember: we must show the world that we not only remember, but appreciate. We must vindicate their principles, and we must immortalize in many ways the Confederates and their deeds, so all coming generations will know of and honor them. We must study the true history of their righteous cause. Let us join in the ranks and fill them to overflowing. Let us show the outside world that we adhere to these grand old Southern principles. Will you?

If we fail in our duty, what is the cause? Let us not admit

that commercialism should so affect us. Will we permit this desire for gain to force us to neglect those principles for which our sires and grandsires fought and died?

The Old South! How that name makes a true Southerner thrill with love and reverence!

It is often asked: "Will the South ever again produce the equal of the men of the sixties?" Although we can never reach the heights they reached, times and conditions being so different, we can at least live up to the same principles of honor and freedom they believed in. * * * There is no excuse for man allowing money to dwarf exalting memories. Poverty is not dishonor. In the days of our honored ancestors wealth was not the highest passport into distinction.

Let us live up to the principles by which our grandsires were governed, and let us all do our duty.

GEN. ALEX. P. STEWART.

Some Confederate officers of high merit have never had sufficient record in the *VETERAN*, yet such men linger in the memory of their soldiers and fellow-officers. Maj. Gen. Bushrod Johnson is distinctively one of these. A Northern man, he had become an ardent Southerner, and as the decades go by his ability as a commander creates renewed desire to honor his memory. Gen. W. J. Hardee is more and more honored by those who served under him, and critical students will give him higher and higher distinction. Gen. Alex. P. Stewart is another who as officer and man is more and more honored.

GOVERNOR PORTER'S TRIBUTE TO GENERAL STEWART.

Ex-Gov. James D. Porter, Chancellor of the University of Nashville, who was adjutant general of Cheatham's Division of the Confederate army while Lieut. Gen. A. P. Stewart was brigadier general of the same division, pays high tribute. He was closely associated with General Stewart. Governor Porter said of General Stewart:

"He was a fine specimen of a man. Tennessee never produced a better soldier nor a more perfect gentleman. He was in many of the important battles of the war, and he never went upon the battlefield that he did not distinguish himself. He was modest and retiring, but coupled with these characteristics were positiveness and courageousness.

"General Stewart enjoyed the confidence of every general under whom he served, and his troops were devoted to him. No brigade in the army was more loyal to its commander than the soldiers of General Stewart. His command was always in perfect shape and ready for battle at any time.

"When the war broke out, he was professor of mathematics at Cumberland University. Being a West Pointer, he was given a commission as major of artillery in the provisional Army of Tennessee, and as soon as these troops were mustered into the regular Confederate army he was made brigadier general by President Davis. He was assigned to Cheatham's Division; and after the battle of Murfreesboro, he was made major general and transferred to another division.

"General Stewart was not only a splendid soldier, but was a fine speaker and a man of unusual attainments as a scholar.

"General Stewart came to Nashville from Lebanon to occupy the chair of mathematics for one year in the University of Nashville, but at the end of that time he went back to Cumberland University."

FROM JAMES W. LEE (3D TEXAS REGT.), BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

In the *VETERAN* for August I read with much interest an article on "The Fighting Parsons" in the Confederate army. It recalled to my mind an incident of the Georgia campaign.

In the latter part of June, 1864, the announcement was made on dress parade that a prayer meeting would be held the following morning in a graveyard near the line of battle.

At the appointed time a large number of soldiers (perhaps 3,000) assembled for the service. Just before the singing of the opening hymn a general officer, unattended by any escort, rode up in the rear of the assembly, dismounted, hitched his horse, entered the assembly, and sat on the ground in the midst of the worshipers. He took a deep interest in the service. At its conclusion he mounted his horse and rode away to his corps. As he left every man stood in silence and lifted his hat. No one seemed to know who he was; but before the sun went down that day they all knew that it was Lieut. Gen. Alex. P. Stewart, one of the bravest and best corps commanders in the Army of Tennessee.

This simple act of unostentatious humility and piety on the part of an earnest Christian soldier did more good than many eloquent sermons. Many silent prayers, "God bless that general," went up that day.

IN HONOR OF ADMIRAL SEMMES.

The entire South united in observing the centenary of Admiral Raphael Semmes, who was born in Charles County, Md., September 27, 1809. Louisiana, from whence he fitted out the Sumter for his famous cruise and where for several years he was instructor in the Military Academy, Alabama, which he had chosen for his home place, honoring Mobile as his selected residence, and Maryland, that gave him birth, were the three States in which the celebrations were most elaborate and enthusiastically attended; but every State south of the Mason and Dixon line observed the day.

Daughters of the Confederacy, Veterans, Sons of Veterans, and the Confederated Southern Memorial Association united in honoring the naval hero. The Alabama sleeps beneath the waters she so bravely breasted, and her commander lies in the Catholic cemetery at New Orleans, where his statue of stone keeps watch and ward; but the spirit of Semmes is the heritage of the South, for which he fought so valiantly. In this celebration in his honor the land he loved has shown that the memory of the wonderful legal brain that knew his rights and maintained them, his honor and bravery, his courage and enterprise are written forever in the hearts of his people.

In connection with the prize story of the U. D. C., published in this issue of the *VETERAN*, a letter is recalled by the editor of an exciting event that occurred in 1844. Henry Clay, the Whig candidate for President, had written a letter to Nashville in which he opposed the annexation of Texas. The Democrats were elated, feeling confident that Clay's letter would insure his defeat in Tennessee. Almost immediately afterwards a letter from Martin Van Buren came in which he took the same position. At two o'clock in the morning Col. Willoughby Williams was aroused at his country home by a message from Col. Robert Armstrong, who suggested that he and Colonel Williams go at once to the Hermitage and talk the matter over with General Jackson. They called upon Old Hickory at a surprisingly early hour. When apprised of Van Buren's letter, he declared it a forgery. After discussion it was concluded that it would be impossible for Van Buren to overcome the blow that came with the statement. Then the feasibility of other men was discussed, and Colonel Williams suggested Calhoun as the most available man, when Jackson replied: "Well, Calhoun has behaved very well on the Texas question, but he can't be trusted."

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Mrs. George P. Turner, Huntsville, Ala.....	2 00
Camp Sumter, No. 642, U. C. V., Americus, Ga.....	5 00
H. T. Davenport, Americus, Ga.....	1 00
J. B. Joplin, Gurley, Ala.....	1 00
W. J. Miller, Burlington, Iowa.....	1 00
Gen. W. A. Brown, Monticello, Ark.....	2 00
Russell Jones, Brunswick, Tenn.....	2 50
H. V. Peace, Ensley, Ala.....	1 00
E. L. Tschiffely, Rockville, Md.....	10 00
Arthur Parker, Abbeville, S. C.....	1 10
Camp Pelham, No. 411, U. C. V., Gaylesville, Ala.....	5 00
James A. Rutledge, Gaylesville, Ala.....	1 00
Capt. John H. Lester, Rogersville, Ala.....	1 00
Eugene H. Levy, New York City.....	2 00
J. V. Johnson, Shepherdstown, W. Va.....	2 50
C. H. Gilchrist, Dunedin, Fla.....	5 00
T. H. Graves, Anderson, Tex.....	1 00
M. C. Freeman, Bakers, Tenn.....	1 00
Frank A. Wise, San Francisco, Cal.....	1 00
J. W. Corman, Brooksville, Fla.....	10 00
Capt. E. S. Rugeley Chapter, U. D. C., Bay City, Tex..	5 00
N. B. Forrest Chapter, U. D. C., Mooresville, Ala.....	5 00
Ned Meriwether Chapter, U. D. C., Elkton, Ky.....	55 00
R. E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Colorado, Tex.....	5 00
C. P. Ross, Williamstown, W. Va.....	5 00
Sunny South Chapter, U. D. C., Pomona, Cal.....	5 00
Rent from houses at Fairview, Ky.....	12 00

BEAUTIFUL MEMORIALS TO MRS. HAYES.

The VETERAN has received a number of beautiful memorials to Mrs. Margaret Davis Hayes. The glowing words of affection that underlie them show the high esteem in which was held this the last member of the family of President Davis. Many of these resolutions and tributes came too late for insertion in the September number, and only a short synopsis of each is given here. Some of the most perfect of these tributes were verbal.

An old veteran, with his voice shaken with sobs, said, "Margaret Davis would deny herself needed food and rest to do anything for an old soldier," and another told a story.

A friend said to her: "I cannot see how you can find anything interesting in a talk with a commonplace old man." Her reply showed the nature of the woman: "He can never be commonplace nor uninteresting; he was a Confederate soldier." The highest tribute of all came in personal letters telling of the bright spirit that met death with a smile; a dauntless courage inherited from a brave father whose last words were: "It is well."

Memorial services were held at the St. Andrews Episcopal Church, Jackson, Miss., at which Col. Charles Hopper, a lifelong friend of President Davis, made an address, and Bishop Bratton, of the Mississippi Diocese, paid noble tribute to Mrs. Hayes and through her to all Southern womanhood, of which she was so perfect a type.

In Houston, Tex., the local U. D. C. made resolutions of love and sorrow that carried to each heart the sympathy they felt as the words were written. Texas Confederate veterans assembled in convention at Mount Pleasant added beautiful word flowers to the memory wreath that State gave the daughter of the great chieftain.

Alabama Division, U. D. C., gave their tribute in resolutions which were as beautiful as the tender sympathy which inspired them. In loving memory of one who was "sister" through their mutual love of the Southland, the Division wore the badge of crape for thirty days.

Mississippi, the home of her father, honored Margaret Davis in a beautiful "In Memoriam." Every Camp, by order of the Commander of the Division, met and passed resolutions of respect and sympathy, sympathy the greater because they also bore the sorrow.

In the Church of the Redeemer, Biloxi, Miss., in which the family of Mr. Davis worshiped, memorial services were held to Mrs. Hayes which were conducted by its rector, Mr. Crawford. He made touching allusions to the visit of Mrs. Hayes to this church, when she unveiled the memorial window erected by the U. D. C. in honor of Mrs. Davis. He spoke of the window presented by Mrs. Hayes in memory of her brothers and her infant child and the silver communion set given in memory of her family. Mrs. Hayes's favorite hymns, "I Heard the Voice of Jesus" and "Abide with Me," were sung, and the service concluded with the hymn sung at the dedication of the windows, "What Are They Which Are Arrayed in White Robes?"

Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone issued an address while announcing the death of Mrs. Hayes, and every word was a beautiful tribute not only to Mrs. Hayes, but to the great soldier-statesman for whose sake the South held her most dear. Maj. J. J. Hood wrote an eloquent paper on the life and character of Mrs. Hayes, and his tribute is like "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

In General Orders No. 4 Commander in Chief Dr. Clarence M. Owens pays tribute to Margaret Howell Davis Hayes, in which he states: "The Commander in Chief saw her last when her carriage was stopped in front of the great monument in Richmond erected to the memory of her distinguished father. It was but a few minutes before the unveiling ceremonies. A hundred thousand loyal Southerners were there to pay tribute to the man who 'died without a country' save the Southland, which he cherished, but of whom it might be said: 'What he did, he did in honor, led by the impartial conduct of his soul.' As Mrs. Hayes stood in her carriage and surveyed the monument a veteran placed a tattered Confederate flag above her head. She grasped it and kissed its folds."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

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This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

FROM 'VERY LOW' DEPTHS.

Throughout the history of the VETERAN its editor has been blessed with health and ability to conduct the publication acceptably. Only part of an issue—in 1900 while in the private hospital of Dr. J. A. Wyeth, New York City—had he failed to conduct it. This good fortune without any other break for nearly seventeen years merited profound gratitude, and yet there was a natural carelessness concerning his health that quite nearly caused his death.

While on a visit for a night between two railroad stations fifty miles from Nashville he was violently attacked by an abscess (caused by the removal of a wisdom tooth) which might have been avoided; but he was hardy and attached no importance to the consequences. His condition became so severe that he feared to sleep lest he choke to death. On the morning a local physician was called, whose injections gave relief from temporary pain, and he said with an earnestness which was, even in the distress, amusing: "Mr. Cunningham, you can go to Nashville. I can arrange to have the train stopped and supply a cot so you can rest well in the baggage car." The physician evidently realized that the best possible advantages would be required to save life. A sentiment of gratitude was instinctive to the N., C. & St. L. Railway—which has been a blessing to a multitude for so many years—that its through train would be stopped with so brief a notice upon request for so humble a citizen. Promptly after arrival in Nashville arrangements were made at the St. Thomas, an excellent hospital, for the best service possible.

The ordeal was the worst in the life of the editor, and the depression of spirit that followed even into convalescence was beyond description, and now that he is practically restored to health he is burdened and blessed with resolutions that may do good. He resolved that if spared to other periods of service he would provide for the perpetuation of the VETERAN, which should have been done long before. Many of his friends know that he proposed this years ago; but patrons had not cooperated sufficiently upon the plan proposed, and that important service has been delayed.

In his anguish he saw a picture of a little Goliath who had neglected to preserve his health and was near death, and the mental illustration brought out with graphic and vivid clearness the vast field of labor to which he had been assigned.

He philosophized about the work of the VETERAN and whether after all its purposes were of great need to his fellow-men. The war being long over and so many of the participants dead, he meditated as to whether it mattered as to which side won. In those dreadful meditations he became more and more convinced that his work was of the greatest importance in that it had allowed and still allowed him the privilege of telling to a younger generation and generations yet to come the greatest story of heroism for principle that the world has known. It is such heroism and such sacrifices as are typified in the character of Sam Davis.

In these solemn considerations he yearned with humility and reverence to be spared to take up his work again and with greater ambition than ever to render more and better serv-

ice. The burden of his prayer was that in future he would seek to do absolute justice to the other side in every respect. He resolved that he would appeal to comrades to be more careful than ever before as to accuracy of statements regarding friend or foe.

In his restoration it seemed that the special Providence which keeps account of the sparrows and numbers the hairs of the head contributed specially to the skill of the physicians. His condition was so serious that when it was much improved and physicians and friends present would discuss matters of the morrow he felt serious doubts as to whether he would be alive on the morrow. This awful depression continued for weeks, each night being dreaded awfully.

Along with this anguish, so close to death, there were manifestations of interest and sympathy so widespread as to create profound humility. Nashville daily papers kept friends posted as well as could have been expected, and calls at the hospital and the contribution of flowers and delicate edibles were such as to cause most profound gratitude. Then the note in the September VETERAN created extended interest, while messages from the North as well as the South indicated most sympathetic solicitude. Some sample letters are quoted:

The recently afflicted Col. W. H. Knauss, of Columbus, Ohio, who has had the sorrow of giving up his companion and a lovely daughter, wrote that if he could be of service he would come at once.

Corporal Tanner, of Washington City, the most noted private soldier in the Federal army, wrote: "There is sorrow in the hearts of my daughters and myself at the knowledge of your indisposition. We sincerely hope for good news from you, and don't wish to have to wait for the next issue of the VETERAN. Don't be reckless. Get well slowly. Take lots of time and rest up. Good men are scarce; friends are scarcer. Some forty-four years ago I would have been glad to see you and all your friends who wore the same colored garments go right out; but times have changed, and I really feel I can't spare you. I don't know how I stand on the books of the VETERAN; so I will shove in another dollar to make sure that I get a few more copies." Other letters are treasured.

A multitude of letters from comrades indicate that the editor did not overestimate the importance of his restoration to health that he might continue the work for which extension of his life was most desired.

The editor never expected such evidences of personal esteem. A lady who had passed his door in the hospital in visiting a son with lingering illness went in the room with a cordial greeting, and, seeing the collection of beautiful fresh flowers on his last day in the hospital, exclaimed: "My! my! you have friends!" Many Chapters of the U. D. C. where the news had gone passed resolutions of sympathy.

After he had been out for a week and spent a few nights on the Cumberland Mountains, seeking rest at night, when leaving the street car on reaching the city, the wife of one of the wealthiest men in Nashville happened to be on the sidewalk, and, seeing him, she walked promptly into the street, and, taking his handbag against earnest protest, carried it to his office building. A more exquisite modesty never adorned the face of woman; but she determined to show her sympathy and esteem in that way.

Further space must not be given in this personal way except to say that life will not be extended long enough to return the kindnesses shown, and full acknowledgment can be given only in this public way.

ANOTHER PRIZE ESSAY.

This essay is a remarkable paper. While it is ably written, it is tedious. There is hardly a "dare you" between Jackson and Calhoun until quite at the close, and it is somewhat remote on the issue of "the South's part in the War between the States." Yet students of history and all who enjoy a high literary production in simple terms will read it with interest. Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, chairman of the committee and whose admirable zeal in procuring this series of prizes, sends the following explanatory introduction:

"The prize of one hundred dollars offered by the United Daughters of the Confederacy to any student of Teachers' College, Columbia University, for the best essay written on the South's part in the War between the States was awarded to Miss Jessie Elizabeth Guernsey, New Britain, Conn. Miss Guernsey has done special work at Yale and Chicago Universities, and has spent two years at Teachers' College, receiving her B.S. degree from Columbia in June, 1900.

"The judges composing the committee making the award were the late B. Lawton Wiggins, LL.D. (chairman), Vice Chancellor of the University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn.; Edwin B. Craighead, LL.D., President of Tulane University, New Orleans, La.; Prof. Marshall P. Brown, Head of the Department of History, New York University, New York City.

"The topic selected was from a list which was kindly submitted by Dr. S. C. Mitchell, President of Charleston College, at the request of the committee of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in charge of the prize essay at Teachers' College, Columbia University."

JACKSON AND CALHOUN.*

BY JESSIE E. GUERNSEY.

There are no more characteristic figures in our national life than those of Andrew Jackson and John C. Calhoun. Both were men of strong personality and high ambitions. One filled the presidential chair for two triumphant seasons, and chose his own successor; the other, climbing to the vice presidency, lost his influence in national affairs, and finished his career as the leader of a minority that was doomed to failure. That the friendship between the two and its dramatic rupture were of significance in the political history of the country is the opinion of many. It is at least an interesting conjecture what the history of nullification in the United States might have been if, with friendship unbroken with Jackson, Calhoun had become President. Their early friendship lasted from 1817 until 1830. A few years later they were denouncing each other fiercely from opposite sides of the Force Bill controversy. The story of the breaking of the friendship reveals the two men most clearly.

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The friendship began with Jackson's Division Order in Monroe's presidency. He was then in command of the Department of the South, and an order from the War Department was sent directly to a subordinate officer instead of through the general. He wrote to Monroe immediately in protest, but did not receive a reply sufficiently prompt to satisfy him, and thereupon issued the famous Division Order of April 22, 1817, in which he coolly forbade his subordinates to obey any order from the War Department unless it passed through his hands. Fortunately Calhoun was just then appointed Secretary of War. He avoided a clash, and wrote an appreciative letter to Jackson agreeing with him that, except under unusual circumstances, all orders should be sent through the general. Jackson was of course right in the position he urged, though, as usual, "right in a wrong-headed manner." But since any one who supported him was "henceforth a man of virtue and honor," he counted Calhoun a friend from that day forth.

It is, however, the Seminole affair upon which the ultimate question of their relations rested. Jackson in his efforts to conquer the Seminoles had pursued them into Florida, captured Fort Marks and Fort Pensacola, thus taking possession of all East Florida, and had also condemned to death by court-martial two English subjects. The resulting problem for the State Department was a difficult one. Spain was to be appeased for the invasion of her territory at a time when negotiations for the purchase of Florida made it very desirable to conciliate her, and England was to be satisfied concerning the execution of Ambrister and Arbuthnot.

In the Cabinet discussions John Quincy Adams was the only member who supported Jackson's policy. Calhoun as Secretary of War thought Jackson's conduct should be investigated on the ground of exceeding his orders. In the end, however, the entire Cabinet united in supporting Monroe's position. The capture of the Spanish posts was disavowed and St. Marks and Pensacola were returned to Spain, but Jackson's acts were defended on the ground he had urged—the complicity of Spain. Calhoun wrote Jackson in complimentary fashion explaining the position adopted, and Adams defended him so successfully with England and Spain that England made no trouble over the deaths of Ambrister and Arbuthnot, and the long-delayed purchase of Florida was accomplished, more easily no doubt because of these disavowed acts of Jackson.

In Congress a bitter attack was made upon Jackson's proceedings which brought him posthaste to Washington from the Hermitage. At a dinner on the way he gave a toast to Calhoun: "John C. Calhoun, an honest man, is the noblest work of God." In the "Exposition," twelve years later, to which his signature was attached, we read: "Who can paint the workings of the guilty Calhoun's soul when he read that toast?" The leaders of the opposition against Jackson in Congress were Clay and Crawford. This was the beginning of Jackson's fierce hatred of Clay; Crawford was already considered an enemy. Calhoun, on the other hand, did everything in his power to prevent the hostile resolution from being passed, and he and Jackson, we are told, paced Pennsylvania Avenue arm in arm. The result was a Jackson victory and the resolution was lost. The political motive of the attack had doubtless been to make Jackson no longer dangerous as a political candidate; the result was to bring him into greater prominence.

This was the time when the friendship of Jackson and Calhoun was most assured. It was still the Calhoun of national

interests, the Calhoun who had been in the Congress of 1815-16 the great champion of a national bank, a protective tariff, and internal improvements. March says no member of the fourteenth Congress was more national a representative. "A Southerner by birth, he expressed and advocated no local views, but with a mind as vast as its interests embraced in his language and his action the whole country. His popularity was, as his views, national. In Massachusetts he was no less regarded than in South Carolina. His name was familiarized everywhere."

The two men, however, were of opposite types on an important point. To Calhoun's mind personal friendship and opinion on a question of government policy were two entirely different things. We find him writing Jackson December 28, 1818, in approval of plans proposed by Jackson. The confidence which this letter bespeaks in no way clashes in Calhoun's mind with a War Department letter of August 10, 1819, in which he calls Jackson's attention to certain irregularities in the medical department of Jackson's division. He is persuaded "That it is only necessary to call your attention to the irregularities which I have stated to relieve me from the necessity of determining whether I shall permit the orders of the government to be habitually neglected or resort to the proper means of enforcing them. Should this alternative be presented, I will not hesitate to do my duty."

In 1824, when the question of presidential candidates came up, Calhoun as a member of Monroe's Cabinet was considered by many politicians, March says, a proper candidate for the presidency. "In the North he was especially a favorite. His efficient advocacy of internal improvement, sound currency, and protection of domestic manufactures had gained him a strong alliance there." Webster urged New England to support Calhoun. Calhoun, however, gave up his candidacy, it was supposed, in Jackson's favor, though he said afterwards that he remained neutral between Jackson and Adams. Jackson seems to have had some doubts of Calhoun's loyalty at this time, thinking that he was altogether too neutral.

After the election of Adams in the House of Representatives, the four years of his administration were a continuous campaign for Jackson. Calhoun was Vice President, and in 1828 we find him candidate again for the same office with Jackson. He helped to win Pennsylvania to Jackson's support, making an agreement apparently that Jackson was to take but four years and that Calhoun should succeed him. Thus far there was only friendship, but conditions already existed which were to produce a clash.

One indication is the beginning of an attempt to restore friendship between Jackson and Crawford. Their enmity dated from 1815 to 1816, when Crawford was Secretary of War. Jackson had forced from the Cherokees a cession of land which they thought unjust. He thought that Crawford would uphold his decision. Crawford, however, yielded to the demands of the Cherokees and modified the treaty. This made Jackson the bitter enemy of Crawford, whose action he of course considered a personal grievance. Now as "Crawford twisted his way up the pillar of promotion" Jackson's friendship was necessary. By 1827, therefore, Van Buren and Cambrelang had begun to bring Crawford and Jackson together, and that same year Crawford wrote to Balch, a neighbor of Jackson's, putting in a word against Calhoun. He wrote that Calhoun and his friends had referred to Jackson as a "military chieftain," and also that Calhoun had been in favor of Adams in 1824, until Clay came out in his favor. Sumner

says this letter was meant to separate Jackson and Calhoun, though he finds it impossible to trace its specific influence.

Meantime there came the social question of the treatment of Mrs. Eaton, which was enough in itself to cause a difference with Calhoun. When the ladies of the Cabinet refused Mrs. Eaton social recognition on account of her reputation before her marriage to Eaton, Jackson supported her cause with typical chivalry and vehemence. But the Washington ladies maintained their position, and Mrs. Calhoun, who was among them, was supported in her action by her husband. Calhoun refers to the affair as "The great victory that has been achieved in favor of the morals of the country by the high-minded independence and virtue of Washington ladies."

The particular influence that was to break the friendship of Jackson and Calhoun in 1831 was already at work by this time. Jackson's friend Lewis had seen in the spring of 1828 a letter from Forsyth to Hamilton stating that Crawford affirmed that Jackson's enmity against him was groundless, since it was not he, but Calhoun, who had tried to have Jackson censured in 1818. This was of course a Cabinet secret, which Crawford had no right to betray. Lewis made no use of the information at the time; but in the winter of 1829 at a dinner given by Jackson to Monroe Ringgold made a statement that Monroe alone stood by Jackson in 1818, and after dinner Lewis and Eaton discussed the question until Jackson was drawn in and led to ask about it, the result being that he sent Lewis to New York for Forsyth's letter. Lewis thought it better to obtain a statement from Crawford, and the question rested undisturbed all winter.

Calhoun was by this time thoroughly identified with the Southern opposition to the tariff and with the doctrine of nullification. The struggle had begun between the forces of States' sovereignty and the new and growing feeling of national unity. When Webster gave expression to the national position in his reply to Hayne in January, 1830, he was really replying to Calhoun rather than to Hayne, since the former was the great advocate of the doctrine.

Up to the time of the Webster-Hayne debate March says there had been perfect understanding between Jackson and Calhoun. Calhoun's services had been important. He had postponed his own candidacy in 1824; he had worked for Jackson's election in 1828. Jackson on his part had put Calhoun's friends into government positions, while Hayne, Calhoun's friend, was warmly received at the White House. "In truth, so strict and confidential an intimacy prevailed between the two highest officers of the government at this time that persons supposed to be in possession of General Jackson's confidence have not hesitated since to declare that but for the quarrel Van Buren and Forsyth contrived soon after to get up between them General Jackson would have embraced the political principles and furthered the aspirations of the Vice President," which certainly is an interesting contemporary opinion.

There is, however, to be considered the fact that a policy like that of nullification would inevitably be considered from a different point of view by a naturally strong executive when in a position of responsibility. It is entirely possible that Jackson as a member of the opposition might have been a strong believer in State rights, and yet oppose nullification when he held the reins of government. There is some evidence, too, that Webster's arguments were not without their influence on Jackson. We find some indication of this in a comparison between Webster's speeches and Jackson's later proclamations. Still Jackson was always for the Union, and

the outspoken attack of the nullifiers might have led to emphatic opposition on his part without either hatred of Calhoun or the influence of Webster as controlling motives.

This is looking ahead, however. Calhoun and his followers could not look ahead. They counted on Jackson as a friend of Calhoun and a States' rights man; they expected his support for the nullification theory. It came, therefore, as an overwhelming surprise when Jackson at the banquet on Jefferson's birthday, April 13, 1830—a banquet intended as a nullification demonstration—gave his famous toast: "Our Federal Union: It must be preserved." There was no mistaking the executive position. Jackson and Calhoun were clearly on opposite sides of one of the greatest questions of the day.

For the story of the final crash we have the pamphlet published by Calhoun in March, 1831, in which he laid before the country letters embodying the points at issue, and which was followed at once by the dissolution and reorganization of the Cabinet. Jackson's side of the controversy was written in 1831, but not published, and was first given out by Benton in his "Thirty Years' View," published in 1856. It is not fair, perhaps, to judge Jackson by his "Exposition of Mr. Calhoun's Course toward General Jackson." He never authorized its publication; and when Benton found it among his papers after his death, it was in the fair round hand of some clerk, interlined only in Jackson's handwriting, and was partly in the third and partly in the first person. It was, however, signed by Jackson and is a characteristic document, intensely bitter and partisan; while the spirit of Calhoun's pamphlet, in spite of its strong feeling, recalls Senator Butler's eulogy after Calhoun's death, in which, after calling him a "good neighbor," he says it is all summed up in the one word "justice."

A letter from Crawford to Forsyth had finally reached Jackson. It was dated April 30, 1830. In it Crawford said that Calhoun made a proposition in the Cabinet discussions after the Seminole affair that General Jackson "be punished in some form or reprehended in some form; I am not positively certain which." After ingenuously saying that he never designedly misstated circumstances in his life, Crawford went on to say that in the Cabinet meeting Calhoun referred to a letter from Jackson to Monroe. Monroe said he had forgotten it, but could find it, and going to his cabinet brought out the letter. This letter contained Jackson's opinion that the United States should take the Floridas; said that it was a "delicate matter for the Executive;" but if the President approved, he had only to hint to "some confidential member of Congress, say Johnny Ray," and Jackson would do it and take the responsibility himself. Crawford asked if the letter had been answered. Monroe said: "No, he did not remember receiving it." Crawford then said that Jackson in taking Pensacola doubtless believed he was doing what the executive wished, and he opposed punishment, since the silence of the President would be assumed by Jackson as tacit consent. The letter, Crawford writes, had important bearing upon the deliberations of the Cabinet, though evidently none on the mind of Calhoun. This is the Rhea letter, the most disputed point in the controversy.

Jackson wrote to Calhoun May 13 inclosing a copy of Crawford's letter, and asked if it were true that "any attempt seriously to affect me was moved and sustained by you in the Cabinet council when, as is known to you, I was but executing the wishes of the government and clothed with the authority to conduct the war in the manner I judged best."

In his reply, May 29, Calhoun said he was surprised if Jackson claimed to learn for the first time from Crawford's letter that he was thought to have exceeded his orders. Proof to the contrary he gives by inclosing copies of the correspondence between Monroe and Jackson in 1818, which passed through Calhoun's hands. In this correspondence Monroe says under date of July 19, 1818: "In transcending the limits prescribed by those orders you acted on your own responsibility." Monroe adds that facts unknown to the government when the orders were issued, Jackson thought, imposed on him the measures as essential to the honor of the country, and that his acts would be defended on the grounds he proposes—i. e., the behavior of Spain. In his reply to Monroe, August 19, 1818, Jackson says: "It is stated in the second paragraph of your letter that I transcended the limits of my orders and that I acted on my own responsibility." And then he argues that his orders to "adopt the necessary measures to terminate" the conflict were so general as to leave him "entire discretion." Monroe says in his next letter, October 20, 1818, that he is "sorry to find" that Jackson understood his instructions "differently from what we intended," and suggests that Jackson write to the department stating his view of his powers and that this be answered by Mr. Calhoun, so as to have the views on record and for "justice to each other." Jackson on November 15 claims that he has no data for beginning the correspondence, but would reply if the first letter should come from the Secretary. To this Monroe replies December 21 that the letters were really unnecessary, but would have to begin with Jackson or imply censure of his conduct, which they did not wish. In this letter Monroe also says that Jackson's letter of January 6 (the Rhea letter) was received while he was sick, handed to Calhoun to read, who said it was confidential, concerned Florida, and Monroe must answer it. The letter was then put aside and forgotten and only referred to much later at the suggestion of Calhoun.

To Calhoun's mind all this is proof that Calhoun had a right to think that Jackson knew that in the opinion of the administration and of Calhoun Jackson was not authorized by orders to occupy Spanish posts. It certainly seems conclusive proof. Calhoun also refers in his letter to his offer in 1828 to correspond with Jackson on the question of the construction of his orders at a time when he refused to discuss them with Major Lee. In this letter Calhoun had written: "Any discussion of them [the orders] now, I agree with you, would be unnecessary. * * * It is sufficient for both that they were honestly issued and honestly executed without involving the question whether they were executed strictly in accordance with the intention that they were issued." This letter is mentioned in the Exposition as proof that Calhoun had never given a hint of disapproving his action, although it clearly indicates just the opposite fact.

In answer to the implication in Jackson's under scoring of the "wishes" of the government Calhoun states that no secret intimation of such wishes was given and none in public orders. In Jackson's unpublished exposition the statement is made that Monroe sent for Rhea, showed him the letter, asked him to answer it, and told him to tell Jackson that Monroe approved his suggestions. This letter Jackson says he burned at the request of Rhea, who said he came at the request of Monroe, and Jackson put into his letter book opposite the copy of the original letter: "Mr. Rhea's letter in answer is burnt this 12th of April, 1819." The existence and character of the letter Jackson claimed to be able to prove

by the journal Rhea kept at the time and by the testimony of Judge Overton, to whom the letter was shown. This story of an answer to the Rhea letter, including the charge that Monroe requested to have it burned, was sent to Monroe in 1831 in a letter written and signed by John Rhea. Monroe was ill, but he made and signed in the presence of witnesses a deposition in which he declares on oath that it is utterly untrue that he ever authorized Rhea to write any such letter to Jackson or that he ever desired Rhea to request Jackson to burn such a letter. It is satisfactory to have the lie answered so completely. Confirmation of Monroe's statement exists in an earlier letter of January 28, 1827. Schouler accepts the opinion of Adams and Wirt that the whole tale was invented by Rhea and others of Jackson's friends in 1831 for some political purpose. Adams called it the "working up of a circumstantial fabrication by practicing upon the driveling dotage of a political parasite." Possibly the knowledge of Monroe's deposition prevented further use of it.

To return to Calhoun's letter of defense to Jackson. As to the actual question of his attitude toward Jackson's Seminole career, Calhoun admits that he was of the impression that Jackson had exceeded his orders, though he "questioned neither his patriotism nor his motives." He had argued for investigation, as a matter of course, but was met by other arguments from an enlarged view of the subject by other members of the Cabinet; and when the final opinion was unanimously formed favoring the course adopted, Calhoun assented to it, "being what public interest required to be adopted."

Crawford's story that the Rhea letter was produced in the Cabinet meeting Calhoun shows to be false by letters from Monroe, Wirt, and Adams, all disclaiming any knowledge of such a proceeding. Here again there is a "discrepancy not now explicable;" but it would seem that the evidence disproved Crawford's statement. Calhoun saw in Crawford's letter only an attempt to make an attack upon him, and thought the whole affair only a "political maneuver," in which Jackson was to be the "instrument" and Calhoun the "victim." "The plotters hope through your generous attributes, through your lofty and jealous regard for your character to excite feelings through which they expected to consummate their designs."

Calhoun's defense was wasted as far as Jackson was concerned. The mere fact that Calhoun admitted that he had opposed Jackson in the Cabinet discussion was sufficient, and Jackson wrote an absurd letter May 30, 1830, stating that he had always thought Calhoun "approved entirely" of his conduct in the Seminole campaign, that he did not believe him capable of such deception "until now," and never expected to have occasion to say "et tu, Brute."

Calhoun wrote again June 1: "That you honestly thought that your orders authorized you to do what you did, I have never questioned; but that you can show by any document, public or private, that they were intended to give you the authority which you assumed or that any such construction was placed on them at any time by the administration or myself in particular I believe to be impossible. * * * It was an affair of mere official duty, involving no question of private enmity or friendship, and as such I treated it." Again on August 25 he writes: "In this course I was guided, it is true, not by feelings of friendship, but solely by a sense of duty. When our country is concerned, there ought to be room neither for friendship nor enmity." Here he was talking a language which Jackson was incapable of understanding. To him opposition and personal enmity were one and the same.

The friendship of Jackson and Calhoun was, therefore, absolutely at an end. As to the responsibility for the intrigue that ended it, Calhoun thought that behind Lewis and Crawford Van Buren was trying to destroy his rival; but Jackson utterly denied that Van Buren was in any way connected with it, and there seems to be no proof of such connection. Adams in his diary January 30, 1831, says: "Wirt concurred entirely with me in opinion that this was a snare deliberately spread by Crawford to accomplish the utter ruin of Calhoun." And Von Holst adds that, considering the opportunity that the two men had to be informed, their "opinion had weight."

The immediate consequences of the break were: First, the resignation of the entire Cabinet, already spoken of; and second, the end of Calhoun's presidential ambitions. As Jackson's opponent we find Calhoun by his casting vote preventing the approval of Van Buren as Minister to England; we find him opposing his bank policy, especially the removal of deposits, opposing Jackson's protest against the Senate resolution, opposing the land system of Jackson, and with "sad vehemence" the debauch of the civil service by the system of removals from office. Carrying on his struggle for States' sovereignty and for the rights of the South against the tariff, Calhoun resigned as Vice President to become Senator and lead South Carolina in her nullification of the tariff of 1832, in her opposition to the Force Bill, and in forcing from the government the compromise tariff of 1833. In this last struggle Von Holst says South Carolina and Calhoun gained the victory, not Jackson and the Congressional majority.

We cannot follow Calhoun through his years of struggle in behalf of slavery down to his death, in 1850. We could not if we did answer the question whether his career was materially influenced by the intrigue that took from him Jackson's friendship. It certainly ended all hopes of the presidency. To March and Benton it seemed that if the friendship had been unbroken Jackson might have espoused the doctrine of the "great nullifier" and the course of our political history have been fundamentally changed. Sumner says: "The political history of this country was permanently affected by the personal relations of Jackson to Calhoun and Crawford on that matter."

Von Holst tells us that it is a mistake to think of the defeat of Calhoun's presidential ambitions as having any important influence on his later policy. The already existing breach between North and South and Calhoun's belief in the opposing interests of the two sections, with his strong faith in slavery as an absolute good, were relentless facts controlling the career of the man whom Adams in 1821, before events made them opponents, had called "A man of fair and candid mind, of honorable principles, of clear and quick understanding, of cool self-possession, of enlarged philosophical views, and of ardent patriotism."

What might not the result have been if the friendship between these two great leaders had been unbroken and Calhoun held the position to which his services and ability undoubtedly entitled him! Would sectional controversy have been delayed or made less serious in its results? The question cannot be answered; but we may at least look back on the story of the broken friendship and find that it reveals the two strong personalities in both their strength and weakness and that it helps us to understand many other things in the careers of two remarkable men.

The VETERAN is commended to the North as well as South.

AT MONUMENT DEDICATION, ABINGDON, VA.

[Address by Judge John A. Buchanan, member of the Virginia Court of Appeals and who served in the Stonewall Brigade, at Abingdon June 3, 1909.]

I have been requested by the Anne Stonewall Chapter, U. D. C., in their name and in their behalf to accept the monument just presented to them by the William E. Jones Camp of Confederate Veterans, and with that request I most gladly comply. The gift and the trust which it carries with it are highly appreciated by the recipients both from their character and their source—the gift, a monument to commemorate the heroic virtues and to perpetuate the name and fame of their own blood and race departed; the trust, that they will faithfully care for and protect it from physical injury, that it may proclaim to the generations to come the services and sacrifices of the men and women of this country in a heroic age, that infancy around the hearth and in the home may learn from a mother's lips the purpose of its erection, and that desponding patriots in those days of danger and disaster which sooner or later come to every people may turn their gaze upon it and be assured that as long as the virtues which it commemorates survive there is still hope for liberty regulated by law.

Such a gift and such a trust from any source could not fail to produce feelings of thankfulness and gratitude in the recipients for the great honor done them; but they stir their deepest emotions, coming as they do from the hearts and hands of the comrades in arms of their fathers, husbands, and brothers, of surviving veterans of many a well-fought field, and of men who carry with them marks of honor from campaigns planned and illumined by the genius of Lee and from battles won by the daring and skill of Johnston, Jackson, and Stuart, and the endurance, the courage, and the patriotic devotion of the men who followed them.

You veterans of the Camp can feel assured that your gift will be sacredly cared for and your trust faithfully executed, and that you could have intrusted them to no worthier hands and hearts than the daughters and sisters of the women to whom President Davis dedicated his work on the "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government" and paid that noble tribute, so noble because so true.

One of the duties which we owe to the heroes of the Confederate cause has been performed. A work of patriotism, of gratitude, and of love suggested by the veterans of the William E. Jones Camp and carried out by them and the people of the county in their individual and corporate capacity has been completed. To celebrate the consummation of that undertaking and to unveil that work, we have gathered here to-day.

How could the people of this county better observe the day, the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Jefferson Davis, than by unveiling the monument which they have erected to perpetuate the memory of the heroic services and sacrifices of her sons and daughters rendered and made in defense of that government of which Mr. Davis was the only President?

In addition to the fact that during the dark and bloody days from 1861 to 1865 Mr. Davis was the civil and military head of our government and the patriotic services he rendered during that trying period, he is entitled to be honored for his great ability, for his unsullied character as a soldier, as Secretary of War, and as a member of the United States Senate, in all of which positions he rendered conspicuous services to the whole country, and especially to the South. But that which above all else has given Mr. Davis an abiding place in the affections, sympathy, and admiration of the Southern

people is the treatment he received after the war and the noble manner in which he bore it—the calumnies and slanders that stopped not at the grave. He was made to suffer for sins (if they were sins) for which he was no more responsible than the people whom he represented. When the conqueror forgot that "magnanimity to the fallen is the crown jewel of courage" and incarcerated him in a military prison, loaded him with irons, and heaped upon him, a political prisoner, advanced in years, in feeble health, indignities so cruel and uncalled for that it shocked Christian nations and made his custodians unwilling to admit responsibility for it, it necessarily endeared him to those for whom he suffered.

Time with its healing touch is not only softening the bitterness that caused and grew out of the war, but it is vindicating him and his people from the false charges made against them as to their motives and conduct in that great struggle. Students of government have learned and fair historians have been compelled to admit that the people of the South and their leaders in attempting to secede from the Union in 1861 were only asserting a right which was recognized when the government of the United States was formed, and without which recognition it would never have existed—a right which was not denied or even seriously disputed for nearly a third of a century afterwards.

The charge made against Mr. Davis that he advocated secession in order that he might become the President of the Confederacy formed by the seceding States, and thus promote his political ambition at his country's cost and at the sacrifice of his country's blood, is without the slightest foundation. On the contrary, the documentary evidence of that period incontrovertibly proves that Mr. Davis did not desire, much less seek, that position. He was chosen by the Southern people as their President because in their judgment he was pre-eminently qualified for it by reason of his unspotted character, his great ability, his distinguished services as a member of the Senate of the United States and as Secretary of War in the Cabinet of President Pierce, and his experience as a soldier in two wars—a combination of qualifications which peculiarly fitted him for the civil and military head of the new Confederacy, and not then possessed by any other citizen of the South in so high a degree.

The charge is made that Mr. Davis was responsible for the sufferings of Federal soldiers in the prisons of the South. That Federal prisoners did suffer for the want of proper food, clothing, and medicine, and that the mortality among them was great is true; but it is also true that the sufferings of Confederate prisoners were equally great and that the death rate among them was greater. But neither President Davis nor the Confederate government was responsible for it. The real cause was the refusal of the United States government to exchange prisoners. During the latter years of the war the South was unable to either properly feed, clothe, or furnish medicines for its own soldiers in the field. They suffered for the necessities of life, and of necessity Federal prisoners in our hands suffered from the same cause. It could not be expected that they should fare better than the men who had captured them. Because of its inability to care for Federal prisoners properly, and in order to get back into our armies our soldiers in Federal prisons, President Davis endeavored in every possible manner to bring about an exchange of prisoners. When that was refused, in order to alleviate the hardship and sufferings of the prisoners, the Confederate government addressed a communication to General Hitchcock, the Federal Commissioner of Exchange, in which it was proposed that all prisoners on each side should be at-

tended by a proper number of their own surgeons, and that those surgeons should act as commissaries with power to receive and distribute such contributions of money, food, and clothing as might be forwarded for the relief of the prisoners. But no notice was taken of this humane proposition. Afterwards Colonel Ould, the Confederate Commissioner of Exchange, notified the Federal authorities of our lack of medical stores and offered to purchase medicines from the United States government to be used exclusively for Union prisoners, and offered to pay for them with gold, cotton, or tobacco at two or three prices; also that such medicines might be brought into the Confederate lines by the surgeons of the United States and dispensed by them. But, incredible as this may appear, that proposition was also declined.

It was the settled policy of the United States government in the last two years of the war not to exchange prisoners except under peculiar circumstances and at rare intervals, and the reason for it is given by General Grant in a letter to General Butler from City Point, Va., dated August 18, 1864, in which he says: "On the subject of exchange, however, I differ from General Hitchcock. It is hard on our men held in Southern prisons not to exchange them, but it is humanity to those left in the ranks to fight our battles. Every man released on parole or otherwise becomes an active soldier against us at once either directly or indirectly. If we commence a system of exchange which liberates all prisoners taken, we will have to fight on until the whole South is exterminated. [What a tribute to the patriotism of the people of the South!] If we hold on to those caught, they amount to no more than dead men. At this particular time to release all Rebel prisoners North would insure Sherman's defeat and would compromise our safety here."

It may be true, as suggested by General Grant, that a non-exchange of prisoners was the only certain and speedy manner in which the Confederacy could be overthrown. But whether or not that be true, it is manifest that President Davis and his government were not responsible for the terrible sufferings and the great mortality of the prisoners on either side.

President Davis said, and the facts fully sustain him in the statement: "We did the best we could for those whom the fortune of war had placed at our mercy, and the enemy in the midst of plenty inflicted cruel and wanton deprivation on our soldiers who fell within his power."

There is another charge made against Mr. Davis and the South, and that is that the object of the Civil War was not to assert and protect the rights of the States, but to perpetuate the institution of African slavery. That this is not true, you veterans of that day know. Not one in five of the men engaged in that war owned a slave or had any interest in them. You and your comrades, slaveholders as well as nonslaveholders, went out to defend your State against invasion and to protect the assertion of a right reserved when the Union was formed.

The people of this commonwealth from the dawn of its colonial existence down to the fanatical agitation of the slavery question on the part of the North recognized that slavery was an evil, and but for that agitation there is little doubt that there would have been a gradual emancipation of slaves in this State without the shedding of a drop of blood, and in a manner which would have redounded to the interest of both races. This is made clear from her history.

During her colonial life the Virginia House of Burgesses passed twenty-three acts, running through a hundred years, seeking to prohibit and exclude from her borders the Africans

who were being brought to her shores by New England and Old England slave dealers, and all the efforts of our ancestors were vetoed and thwarted by the king and Parliament of Great Britain, without whose assent our Legislature could make no law upon the subject. When this colony declared her independence in 1776, one of the first acts of her Legislature was to pass a law forbidding the African slave trade, and that was the first act ever passed by any State or nation prohibiting it. She was the advance guard of the nations in putting an end to that cruel wrong.

The indignation which the State of Virginia felt toward the British government for forcing African slavery upon her people can be seen from the first constitution of the State, in which it is declared as one of the detestable and insupportable acts of tyranny on the part of the British king that "he was prompting our negroes to rise in arms among us, those very negroes whom by an inhuman use of his negative he had refused us permission to exclude by law."

When, in order to induce the smaller States to agree to form a more perfect union after the Revolutionary War, this State ceded to the United States her interest in the great Northwest territory, covering what is now the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin for the most part, won by the genius and valor of George Rogers Clark, one of her most distinguished sons, she favored excluding slavery from that territory forever, and it was done.

When the Constitution of the United States was framed, she sought to have prohibited at once the African slave trade to any part of the Union; but the States of New England, whose people were engaged in the trade, with the aid of other States, were able to continue the nefarious traffic until 1808, or for twenty years longer.

In the early thirties a bill was offered, and came near passing the Virginia Legislature, for the gradual emancipation of slaves, and would no doubt have passed then or a few years later but for the Nat Turner insurrection and the fanaticism which encouraged if it did not cause it.

The State of Virginia kept her several obligations as a member of the Union. She did not bring on the war; she strove in every honorable way to avert it, and did not secede until she was called upon to furnish troops to subjugate her sister States of the South.

In speaking to-day in vindication of President Davis, the people of Virginia and the South, and in erecting this memorial to perpetuate the virtues of the men and women of 1861-65, it is not to be supposed that our object is to continue sectional animosity or strife or to do anything which is not in accord with that respect for and loyal obedience to the government under which we live—a government, except in so far as changed by the results of the Civil War, the people of this commonwealth did more to create than any other State in the Union, and in whose greatness and prosperity we justly take pride.

But our fealty to that government in no wise conflicts with our duty to honor our dead, to perpetuate the memory of the virtues of the men and women of that day, to see that our motives and our conduct in that great struggle are fully vindicated, to gather the facts and furnish the material for the historian of the future who, when the passions and prejudices of the day shall have given place to reason and sober thought, may give to the world a true narrative of the motives and conduct of our people in that sad strife. All that the people of the South engaged in that struggle ask is that they may

go down in history just as they were. They only ask of the future historian what Oliver Cromwell did of him who was portraying his rugged features—that he paint us as we are, faults and all. Many years may elapse before it can be done; but done it will be in our case as in his if we only preserve the materials which exist for that purpose for some Carlyle of the future.

Keeping alive and green the memory of heroic deeds and great virtues of their fathers is one of the evidences that those who do so are worthy of a noble ancestry, and that they too may render services for their country and for mankind in which their posterity may justly take pride. But when a people forget or become indifferent to the sufferings and sacrifices of their fathers in asserting or defending their rights, that people have passed the zenith of their greatness and glory, and their downward career has already commenced.

It is well, therefore, for us now and then to turn aside from everyday duties, from our struggles for the necessities, the comforts, or the luxuries of life, and together celebrate some great event in which we have a common interest; to recall the heroic achievements of the great and good of our own blood and race and speak some word, perform some act, or direct some memorial which will keep fresh in our memories events, services, and sacrifices which ought not to be forgotten. Such occasions serve to keep alive and nourish the qualities which make a people great. They teach us that it is not enough that our arithmetic can compute our country's value and find it high, but that our hearts must hold it priceless above all things rich or rare, dearer than life. They enable us the better to understand and appreciate something of that specific and mighty emotion—patriotism—which filled the hearts of the people of this country during the Revolutionary War and the War between the States—how our fathers a century and a quarter ago could gather here under the same sky that bends above us to-day, leave their wives and children to the mercies of the savage, to unite with their patriotic brothers of other States and make that expedition through the wilderness which resulted in the great victory at King's Mountain and gave new courage to the desponding patriots of that day; how in 1861 the men whom we honor to-day left their homes and their loved ones from all parts of the country and from all ranks in society to drive back the invaders of their State; how the sons of the old commonwealth in every clime or country to which the love of pleasure, of science, of gold, or of God had carried them came hurrying home across continents and seas as fast as steam could bring them to offer their services and to lay down their lives in her defense.

The newspapers of the county in stating who were to be the principal speakers of to-day omitted the most important one. The orator of the occasion is the monument itself. No living lips, however eloquent, could awaken the memories and touch the hearts of the surviving men and women of 1861-65 as does the pathetic utterance of that silent figure. It represents no holiday soldier. It speaks from a hundred fields of battle, from First Manassas to Appomattox, from the waters of Hampton Roads to the death struggle in the clouds on Lookout Mountain. To the different regiments or commands represented here to-day it recalls those scenes and events of that war which specially impressed them. Some recall how at First Manassas, when the battle had been going against us all morning and our army was being outflanked and driven back, that modest and unassuming gentleman but tried soldier of this county, Col. A. C. Cummings, of the 33d Virginia Infantry, assumed the responsibility at a critical moment of

violating the orders of Stonewall Jackson himself, ordered his regiment to charge, and won the first success of the day, causing an immediate advance of his brigade and of the other Confederate forces and the utter rout of the Federal army—the first great victory of our arms.

There are others who recall how on that bright Sunday morning forty-six years ago the 37th Regiment, under the lead of its gallant commander, Col. Sam Fulkerson, by celerity of movement and unflinching courage saved the bridge across the waters of the Shenandoah from destruction, repulsed and drove back the enemy, thus enabling Stonewall Jackson to carry out his plans, win the battles of Cross Keys and Port Republic on that and the following day, and bring to an end his Valley campaign, which for daring and skill on the part of the commander and continued and rapid marching, endurance, and courage on the part of the army is classed by European soldiers with the greatest campaigns of modern times, and is taught in the schools as a model of military tactics.

There are others present to-day who as they gaze upon that motionless figure are with Stuart again in his daring ride around McClellan's army in 1862 or with him at Yellow Tavern, where he fought his last battle, or are at Winchester with Campbell when wounded, with Jones in his campaigns in snow and ice, or with Mosby in his night rides and hair-breadth escapes, or with Floyd, Peters, Lynch, or Bowen, where their respective commands rendered their most valiant services.

The dauntless mien of that figure makes vivid again the mighty power of his attack and the stubbornness of his defense. That light equipment tells the story of his marvelous marches by which his ubiquitous leader paralyzed generals and defeated armies three times as large as his own. That ragged and tattered uniform tells of limbs chilled with cold and of unshod and bleeding feet as he marched and fought to guard homes of poverty and want—where children begged for bread.

But it speaks to you not only of heroic services and sacrifices in war, but of humiliation and anguish in defeat; yet of a people who did not despair, but in the days of disaster have shown that there is one thing even greater than winning victories, and that is bearing defeat like men, and who, like their greatest general, with memories full of the past, turned their faces to the future, believing with him that "through the ages one increasing purpose runs," that nothing in the universe "walks with aimless feet," and that the call to every man is to do his duty to his country as he understands it, in peace and in war, and leave the consequences to Him who rules all things wisely and well.

To the young men and maidens gathered here to-day, to this generation, it calls to you to cherish and emulate the virtues of the men and women of that day, to follow their example and serve your country in peace as they served it in war, and to hand down to coming generations unimpaired the rights and liberties inherited by you.

[The sketch and picture of this monument are deferred to another issue.]

FLAG OF THE ILL-FATED MAINE.—The flag of the ill-fated Maine, which was sunk in the harbor of Havana, has been presented to the United States government, and will be placed among the relics at the Naval Department at Washington. The anchor of the vessel, which was also saved, will be put in the cemetery at Arlington to mark the graves of the men who perished on the battle ship.

MORE ABOUT CONFEDERATES AT COLUMBIA.

BY GEN. C. IRVINE WALKER, CHARLESTON, S. C.

Referring to that interesting article in the September *VETERAN*, "Burning of Broad River Bridge," I can join with Comrade Saussy in correcting the statement in "Wheeler and His Cavalry," where it is stated, "Every gun fired in its defense was by Wheeler's Cavalry." There were engaged in the defense of Columbia many other Confederate commands besides that one. What was left of Hood's army after the terrible slaughter and loss of Franklin and Nashville and the voluntary furloughs taken *en route* was moved to South Carolina, and the greater part of it reached there in time to oppose Sherman. Our division (Johnson's) and our brigade (Manigault's) and my regiment, the 10th South Carolina [of which I was lieutenant.—Ed.], were there.

On February 16 Manigault's Brigade was sent down to Granby Ferry, below Columbia, to support two batteries, Wheaton's and Kanapaux's, which were posted on the heights overlooking the ferry. I spent most of the day loafing about the guns of Wheaton's Battery, my regiment lying under the hill in support, and from that point viewed the Federal movements across the river. Therefore I testify to this battery being present, as Comrade Saussy states, and to which he was attached.

That night our brigade was moved to Broad River Bridge, and the line of the division was formed from the bridge road, extending northward. I was division officer of the day, had command of the pickets of Johnson's Division, and spent the night on the picket line. The next morning the enemy crossed above us and turned our right. When my pickets retired, I passed Generals Hampton and Butler on the hills above the river, and I always thought that the cavalry which had relieved my infantry pickets were of their command. As these two generals were then near the fighting line, it was fair to presume that at least some of their commands were with them.

As I served during the entire war with the Army of Tennessee, to which army Wheeler's Cavalry was attached, I know that they were gallant and devoted, and I have no doubt did in most splendid manner all that Dr. Lewis so graphically describes; but they did not do everything. It is proper that it should be known through the columns of the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* that in the defense of Columbia not only was other cavalry than Wheeler's engaged, but probably a much larger force of infantry and artillery.

VALUABLE HISTORY OF OUR WOMEN IN THE WAR.

One of the most valuable and intensely interesting contributions made to the history of the war is "Our Women in the War." Supplements were published by various papers throughout the South. A vast collection of thrilling and reliable incidents of our women's heroism, devotion, and fidelity has been made. A full set of these supplements should if possible be in every home of the South. These were gotten up by Gen. C. Irvine Walker, who has had special charge of the woman's monument movement, and are sold for the benefit of the woman's monument fund. A complete set, comprising all the supplements issued in Virginia, North and South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, and Mississippi, will be sent on receipt of \$1. The very interesting memorial volume issued by the veterans of Arkansas will be sent for 50 cents.

The stock of Florida supplements will soon be exhausted, but they will be sent as long as any remain.

Address Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Charleston, S. C.

AMOS RUCKER, THE NEGRO VETERAN.

There is an underlying note of tenderness in every heart, and it vibrates to the touch of real pathos, as a violin does to its bow. The story of Amos Rucker, the old negro veteran of Atlanta, carries its own moral. Amos belonged to the Rucker family, of Colbert County, Ga., belonged in a wider sense than as a mere human chattel that the slaves were said to be, for every joy or sorrow in "ole Marster's" family touched its sympathetic chord in his heart. The children he watched grow up were as dear to him as his own, and "ole Miss" was always the pinnacle of all that was good in his eyes.

Amos was a young man at the time of the war; and when "Marse Sandy Rucker" went to the front, Amos went too, just as proud as was that young soldier of his "marster's" gray uniform and brass buttons.

In all those long, hard years the 33d Georgia Regiment bore its part in the bloody struggle, and there was no braver member than Sandy Rucker, and shoulder to shoulder with him fought Amos, as though he too was an enlisted man. He took part in every engagement, and, gun or bayonet in hand, stood ready to "close up" whenever there was a vacancy in the line. The cause of the Confederacy was his, because his master had espoused it first; then it was his from the love he came to bear the flag, and no truer, more loyal heart beat under the gray than that of Amos Rucker.

He joined the Camp of W. H. T. Walker, and there was no more loved nor respected member than the black, whose bowed form and snow-white hair showed the passing of the years so plainly. He attended every meeting till the one before his death, when he sent word to the Camp that he was too ill to attend, and added: "Give my love to the boys."

He went to all the Reunions whenever possible, and here he attracted much attention. He was very proud to show off a wonderful feat of memory, for he could call the roll of his old company from A to Z, and he would add in solemn tones "here" or "dead" as the names left his lips.

The people who had had his lifetime devotion took care of both the old man and his wife. As he said: "My folks give me everything I want." At his death in Atlanta in August, 1909, there was universal sorrow. His body lay in state, and hundreds of both white and black stood with bared head to do him honor. Camp Walker defrayed all burial expenses, buying a lot in the cemetery especially for him, so that the old man and his wife could lie side by side. The funeral services were conducted by Gen. Clement A. Evans, the Commander in Chief of the Veterans, and his volunteer pallbearers were ex-Gov. Allen D. Candler, Gen. A. J. West, ex-Postmaster Amos Fox, F. A. Hilburn, Commander of Camp Walker, J. Sid Holland, and R. S. Osbourne. Very tenderly they carried the old veteran to his grave, clothed in his uniform of gray and wrapped in a Confederate flag, a grave made beautiful by flowers from comrades and friends, among which a large design from the Daughters of the Confederacy was conspicuous in its red and white.

A simple monument will be erected to the faithful soldier by the white comrades of his Camp and from contributions from his many friends in Atlanta.

TAG DAY FOR HOOD'S BRIGADE.—August 30, which is the anniversary of the second battle of Manassas, was selected by the U. D. C. of Texas as "tag day." They took this method to help the veterans raise a sufficient fund to erect a handsome monument to Hood's Brigade.

SUPPOSE THE SOUTH HAD SUCCEEDED?

Some of our Union veteran friends protest against the article in the *VETERAN* concerning terms as to "who were right," etc. One of them writes: "It breathed no odor of nationality, not the least, but was, as I regard it, an ignoble offering to sectionalism. It was the very antipodes of the clear, ringing address of Secretary Dickinson at the dedication of the monument to the memory of the regulars at West Point last month. The latter was the voice of one whose vision extends across the continent and embraces the centuries yet to come, the glories yet in store for Americans now unborn; the other, the puny tribute to those unable to see beyond the horizon of the section where they live. In my judgment its inspiration was not creditable to the acknowledged excellence of the *VETERAN*."

The article in question (page 313) was editorial, and upon that line the *VETERAN* will survive or perish. Esteem for and confidence in the faithfulness of Judge Dickinson, Secretary of War, have been given without stint.

The unfortunate speech of Secretary of War Dickinson at the dedication of the Union soldiers' monument at Gettysburg—unfortunate especially because Judge Dickinson is so closely watched by his own side, and his Southern friends have expected that he would be a staunch advocate of his section, and as nearly every man who has gone with the powers that he has done what was necessary to make favor with his associates—has caused much comment upon what would have occurred had the South secured her independence. The *New York Tribune* says: "There would undoubtedly have been a series of wars until the North triumphed; for the North had a great natural superiority in resources and wealth and had control of the region from the Mississippi west to the Pacific, out of which so many new and prosperous States have been created. It would have cost the South much more to maintain an unequal fight for a generation or two against reunion than the quick exhaustion in four years of its military and material resources cost it. Defeat at once was less cruel than a long struggle to maintain independence would have been."

The *Macon (Ga.) Telegraph* comments on the *Tribune*:

"We do not believe there would have been any such result. If the North had been beaten, the peace party there would have triumphed and the policy of allowing the 'erring Southern sisters' to 'go in peace' would have prevailed. And unless the Southern leaders were insincere in their expressions on this subject, which we do not admit, the States of the defeated Northern Union would not have been interfered with beyond the possible exaction of a war indemnity. The South, having fought for a separate existence and to be let alone, would not have insisted on holding the North, and the latter section left to itself would have developed independently, giving its chief attention to industrialism. At least it seems probable.

"It is more interesting to inquire what would have happened in the South as a separate nationality. * * * Southern men formed a majority of the leaders who established American institutions, and their grandsons of the Southern Confederacy would not have departed from inherited principles of government. Nor would slavery have been forever entrenched on American soil, as the Northern orator of fifty years ago was wont to predict as one of the results of a separate Southern government. We do not believe that the institution would have been lasting. The attitude toward it on the part of the Southern leaders of the earlier times was merely one of toleration on account of the supposed impos-

bility of bringing it to an end with safety, and it was never positively defended until it became the subject of bitter controversy. In 1827, when the last vestiges of slavery were finally disappearing in the Northern States, there were one hundred and six antislavery societies in the South to twenty-six in the North. But all the Southern antislavery societies had disappeared by 1839 as a result of the sectional alignment on the question, the aggressive activities of the Northern abolitionists, and such events as the Nat Turner slave insurrection of 1832 with its massacre of sixty-one innocent women and children at Southampton, Va.

"In a triumphant and separate South the old Southern antislavery movement would have come to life again and, together with the influence of the public opinion of the outside world, would ultimately have brought the institution to an end. As to the survival of American institutions in general in a separate Southern nation there can be no question whatever."

In candor the *VETERAN* does not argue that if the South had succeeded her leading citizens would have been as devout as they were in failure. It was through fire and Sherman's definition of war that they as a class have been a credit to the human race, but there would have been no benefit to either side in antagonism. It does not argue sanity that there would have been standing armies. Neither side were heathens. Judging the future by the past history of the Southern people on the subject of slavery, it is evident that slavery would have been abolished by the Southern people themselves.

It is beyond the finite to know what would have been the result; but the great body of Southern people are tired of prophecies as to what would have been the result had the South succeeded. The men of the South who dominated were intelligent and they were Christians; they inherited principles wholly consistent with the best that ever have existed. It is tiresome to have our own people bemean their ancestors. In this connection a banquet to the editor of the *VETERAN* some years ago is recalled when all went on merrily until a self-conceited Confederate speaker (pardon the association) said: "I went into the war believing I was right, but I know that you were right." The Union veterans seemed less at ease than did the Confederates, who were ashamed of him.

CONCERNING HISTORIC CHARACTERS.

Some writer somewhere makes the following notes: "Frederic J. Haskin in his historical sketch of Tennessee credits Brig. Gen. A. C. Gillen (Gillen), U. S. A., to that State, but omits to mention Maj. Gen. George L. Gillespie, U. S. A., late chief of engineers. He also credits Maj. Gen. Bushrod R. Johnson, C. S. A., to Tennessee, and yet he was born in and entered West Point from Ohio; but when he left the army in 1847 he became a professor in the Western Military Institute, at Georgetown, Ky., and later on its superintendent. Comrade M. R. Tunno, of Savannah, was one of his cadets. From 1855 to 1861, however, General Johnson resided in Tennessee. Commodore M. F. Maury, C. S. N., was a Virginian, and so was Gen. Sam Houston; but David Crockett was born in Tennessee soon after his parents moved there from North Carolina. Gen. Andrew Jackson did not go to Tennessee until 1788, when he was over twenty years old. * * *

J. P. Parker, of Troy, Ala., writes: "When I get lonely and want something to read, I take out some back numbers of the *VETERAN* and find something I like, and again I find something that don't sound exactly like '61. Why should we like

the Yankees any better than we did forty-four years ago? I surrendered at Appomattox with Lee, and I had not missed a roll call for more than a year."

SACRIFICE OF DAVID O. DODD.

The theme at a meeting of United Daughters of Arkansas was the sacrifice of David O. Dodd. At the Memphis Reunion a paper was handed the editor of the *VETERAN* with request to publish, but the author's name was inadvertently omitted. In direct reference to the subject the author states:

"Friends, among all the Southern States which freely gave their best and bravest our own Arkansas shed a halo of glorious light which still shines bright and beautiful in the hearts of her people. Especially is this so in the remembrance of that brave and noble young patriot, David O. Dodd, but seventeen years of age. Early in 1864 this dauntless hero in the springtime of manhood, full of life and vigor, filled with devotion to his country's cause, left Little Rock for Texas and intermediate points. Knowing the risk attending his Southern destination, he bravely journeyed on, avoiding as much as possible the military road; but alas! when least expected he was surprised by a foraging party of Federal cavalry, who immediately surrounded and took him prisoner.

"He was subjected to a thorough search, and upon his person was found valuable information for our Confederate generals furnished by a friend within the Federal lines and which he was bearing with hope to reach his anticipated destination. The young soldier realized his danger from arrest under the circumstances, yet he flinched not, but presented a brave front to his captors. He was taken back to Little Rock. There he was taken before the authorities in command, formally tried, and sentenced to be hanged as a spy on the 8th of January, 1864. Much excitement and horror prevailed among our citizens at the cruel fate of one so brave and young, and numerous appeals were made the Federal general for clemency in his behalf, but all in vain. David was placed under guard where he could view the preparations being made for his execution, but the brave young hero wavered not, even in the face of this ordeal; and when led to the scaffold, again an offer of full pardon and transportation to his home and friends was made if he would reveal the author of the documents found upon his person when arrested.

"Ah! little did the cold Northern blood realize the true spirit of Southern devotion by David O. Dodd. Spurning the pardon offered upon the basis of compromising his friend, he mounted the death trap with firm step and gave his life. What greater gift could there be than a life for a friend?"

THE FLORENCE (ALA.) GUARDS.—John H. Lester, of Rogersville, Ala., writes: "On page 350 of the July *VETERAN* the article, 'Soldier Sons of Ex-Governor Patton,' is in error as to J. Brahan Patton ever having been a captain of the first company which left Florence on April 1, 1861. I was a member of that company (Florence Guards) from the day we left Florence until the company was discharged at Corinth, Miss., in April, 1862. The day the company left Florence S. A. M. Wood was captain, William Price first lieutenant, John B. Weekley second lieutenant, and I believe Henry Wood or Jesse Leftwich was the brevet second lieutenant. In the organization of the regiment S. A. M. Wood (afterwards General Wood) was elected colonel, and William Price was promoted to captain. I believe J. Brahan Patton was discharged as second lieutenant of the company at Corinth. J. Brahan Patton was a good soldier and universally beloved and respected by the company."

TALKS WITH THE BOYS.

BY J. M. PRICE, VALLEY HEAD, ALA.

Dear Brother Cunningham: I was deeply impressed with your suggestions about "Talks with the Boys" (page 55 February *VETERAN*), and wanted to give some of my experiences; but being a poor writer, I waited. However, since reading after so many of the boys I make the venture.

After plowing all day, I am glad to have a homemade carpet to cover the cracks of the floor in my humble home. There are many things for which I feel very grateful. First, that I live in a Christian land. I am thankful that I was born and reared in the South and that it was my privilege to be a Confederate soldier. I enlisted when eighteen years of age on February 22, 1863, and remained in the service till paroled, May 4, 1865. I am thankful for that fraternal feeling that exists between Confederate soldiers, and whenever I meet one I feel as if I had met a brother.

My lot in life is hard, but I often contrast the present with the privations endured in the service of my beloved Southland. On one occasion after several days' hard service we went into camp at night where there was but little land not covered with water and without horse feed or rations for ourselves. After tying up our horses, we had to erect some kind of structure above water, which we did of fence rails and upon which we tried to sleep.

Soon after a battle near Atlanta, Ga., we followed General Wheeler on a raid through Tennessee, and we were in our saddles for a number of days and nights with occasional stops long enough to feed. The first chance I had to sleep except what I got riding along was lying on the bare ground, and there I slept soundly in a falling rain. Often as I sit by my fire and hear the heavy rains falling on the outside I am reminded of those trying times, and feel grateful that I am not subject to military orders, but can lie down and sleep and the rain doesn't fall on me. God bless all the boys!

That ever-faithful comrade, R. Y. Johnson, of Guthrie, Ky., who as a member of the Tennessee Legislature years ago was an ardent advocate of an appropriation for the Tennessee Confederate Soldiers' Home, suggests two statues of Jefferson Davis at his birthplace—in the Davis Memorial Park—one of them as colonel of the 1st Mississippi Regiment in Mexico and the other as the President of the Confederate government. The first might most appropriately be erected by the United States government. Such testimonials are erected for the valor of United States officers of the olden times, and this would profoundly influence the fraternal relations that should exist. Bitter partisans would do well to fall in line with those who delight to honor Jefferson Davis. Sentiment is growing rapidly. He was as fine a model soldier, statesman, and martyr as our Christian civilization has known, and a just Providence is bringing him to his own.

Mrs. M. J. Dickey writes from Thornton, Tex.: "I am the widow of Wiseman Dickey (usually called Wiley), who was a soldier in Wayne Bishop's company and Barnes's Regiment. I am making application for a widow's pension, and would be glad to ascertain the names and addresses of any of his comrades. He joined the army in Washington County, Tex. I had a great many trials to endure during the war while my husband was in the army, and I am now eighty years old and greatly in need of the pension." Comrade Dickey evidently belonged to the 14th Texas Infantry, State Troops. Mrs. Dickey does not know the letter of Captain Bishop's company.

STORMING BLOCKHOUSE IN GREENLAND GAP.

BY CAPT. FRANK A. BOND (1ST MD. CAVALRY), JESSUPS, MD.

On the 21st of April, 1863, Gen. William E. Jones with a brigade of cavalry started for an expedition into West Virginia, the purpose of said expedition being to destroy the bridges of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and prevent reinforcements reaching the Union army, which General Lee was about to attack. The route lay through a pass in the Alleghany Mountains known as Greenland Gap. It was a narrow pass with precipitous sides several hundred feet in height. There was no other route within many miles where this mountain could be crossed. Just at the mouth of the gap on the side we approached was a small settlement. The largest building was a log church, and two other smaller log buildings formed a triangle. The place was occupied by two companies (about one hundred men) of the 23d Illinois Infantry under the command of Capt. Martin Wallace. General Jones's command was composed of the 6th, 7th, 11th, and 12th Regiments of Virginia Cavalry; also of Colonel Witchers's battalion of mounted infantry from West Virginia, of White's Battalion of Cavalry (about one-half of whom were Virginians and the other half Marylanders), and the 1st Maryland Battalion Cavalry, commanded by Maj. Ridgely Brown.

The brigade approached the gap about four o'clock in the afternoon with the 7th Regiment, commanded by Colonel Dulaney, leading. Colonel Dulaney attempted to capture the place by a mounted charge, and did capture the outpost, consisting of a noncommissioned officer and three men. The garrison threw themselves into the buildings and opened a well-directed fire on the cavalry that killed and wounded a number of men and horses and cut the regiment in two. Colonel Dulaney was badly wounded and lay in the road, and part of the regiment retreated by the way they came and part withdrew up the pass beyond the houses.

After a time Witchers's Battalion and Company E of the 1st Maryland Battalion, all having long-range guns, were dismounted and sent round on the mountain side beyond the houses to open fire and to cut off the retreat of the enemy in case they should be driven out. Now this was the situation when night came on. When one considers that the remainder of the action was in the dark, that the brigade was (part of it) miles in the rear, that immediately the house was captured and burned we marched on all night, and that every day for a month we were marching and fighting, it is not remarkable that many men in the command never knew the particulars of the storm and capture.

This will account for a well-written article that appeared in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN about two years ago in which the author stated that a private soldier of the 12th Virginia crawled up to the house in the night, mounted the roof, and set it on fire. I only wish he had done so! I will, however, state precisely what I know about it. About an hour after dark (and it was quite dark, although clear) I was ordered to dismount my company and form in the road on foot. This being done, I found I was immediately in the rear of Company C of my regiment, commanded by Captain Smith, who had no lieutenants with him, while my company had three. Very shortly after we had formed Major Brown came to me and explained that we were going to storm this place and that we were to proceed as cautiously as possible until discovered and fired upon and then to rush on.

If we had left off our sabers, we might have approached

much nearer before drawing their fire; but stumbling about in the dark over logs and rocks soon attracted attention, and the houses blazed up with the flash from a hundred muskets. I remember distinctly noticing two lines of fire one above the other cut by a perpendicular black object which I guessed was a chimney, and I made this my objective, and was, I think, the first man to get there. Once there, I was safe, as the enemy, thrusting their guns out of the loopholes, could not reach us, and I was very soon closely pressed by a V-shaped body of men who could only in this way get out of range. We could not get in the house, but many of the men got close to the house to get below the line of fire.

I remember distinctly hearing Major Brown call out in stentorian tones: "Where are those pioneers?" As we stood behind the chimney Sprigg Cockey, of my company, said: "Captain, I am wounded. What shall I do?" I suggested that he go to the rear; but he said: "If I leave this chimney, I will be killed sure." I then suggested that he remain where he was, but he said: "If I stay here, I will bleed to death." So I had to give it up.

Very shortly the pioneers came up with axes and bundles of straw and began a furious attack on the windows, and the one nearest to me soon gave way. A large bundle of straw was ignited and thrown blazing into the building through this open window, and very soon the house was fully on fire. The inmates were for the most part exceedingly anxious to surrender, and the door was partly opened. Sergt. Maj. Edward Johnson immediately rushed in, but either by accident or design the door was closed again and he was inside alone with the enemy. However, as by this time the enemy was even more anxious to get out than we had been to get in, the door was soon opened and Johnson came out with Captain Wallace as his prisoner.

I neglected to state that before the assault on the house the noncommissioned officer captured on the outpost was sent to Captain Wallace to tell him that if he undertook to hold an indefensible position where he could kill many of us without danger to himself, and that if we succeeded, then according to the usages of war the garrison would forfeit their lives. Captain Wallace drove this man off and threatened him if he returned. Under the circumstances our men were much incensed, and it was all I could do to protect the prisoners, and one I know was killed. Our loss was quite severe, particularly among the commissioned officers, as five out of seven engaged were badly wounded. My first lieutenant, Tom Griffith, and I were the lucky ones.

Long years afterwards I learned that Company E of our regiment, who were dismounted early in the evening, thought they had done the whole thing. They were a gallant set of boys, many of them under fire for the first time; and when they found that we were assaulting the houses, they abandoned their position on the mountain side and joined in the attack. They had one man killed and their captain wounded.

As we stood in the road before starting for the assault a man named Grogan, who belonged to White's Battalion, but who had a brother in Company C of our battalion, came by. One of our boys asked him what he was doing away from his command. He was just opposite me, and I remember his answer well. He said: "I heard that General Jones had some Yankees up here in a box and you fellows were going to take the lid off, and I thought I would go along." He passed on and joined his brother, and this man was one of the killed and the brother was wounded.

FIRST INFANTRY FIGHT OF THE WAR.

BY MAJ. D. B. STEWART, MORGANTOWN, W. VA.

Being detailed on detached duty at Morgantown, Va., I did not reach Grafton till the 28th of May. At that time Colonel Kelley's forces were supposed to be between Farmington and Barrackville, advancing upon Colonel Porterfield. When I reported, I found Colonel Porterfield breaking camp to fall back to Philippi.

On the Saturday following I as officer of the day was placed on duty, and I had only enough men to station pickets. Captain Moorman suggested that I make a requisition on the captains of the several companies for additional men. This requisition was honored. Pickets were then placed on the roads below town. Believing that if an attack was made on our position a force crossing the river at the ford would be sent across the hills northeast of Philippi to cut off our retreat, picket was placed at the crossing to detect and report any move in that direction, while the reserve was stationed at the forks of the road leading to Clarksburg and up the west side of the river.

Being young in military affairs, perhaps this ought to have been reported to the commander; but it was not. Next morning Captain Stofer, of Pocahontas County, relieved me as officer of the day. What disposition was made of the pickets or what was the detail for duty I was not informed, but suppose it was only the usual detail, which was entirely inadequate. It was on the day before the pickets were withdrawn on account of the rain that night!

On that day, Sunday, June 2, Miss Abbie Kerr and Miss Mollie McCloud, of Fairmont, having learned of Colonel Kelley's intention to surprise and capture our forces, arrived at Philippi about 2:30 in the afternoon, having made a detour around Grafton and through a part of Harrison County, and gave us full information in regard to Colonel Kelley's plans to take the place.

The forces in Philippi at this time consisted of seven companies of infantry armed with altered army muskets. They had been virtually without ammunition till the Morgans, of Marion County, constructed molds in a blacksmith shop and from lead pipe molded enough bullets to supply about seven to each man. In addition to the infantry, we had the Church-hill Cavalry from Augusta County and Captain Dangerfield's company from Bath County, with two or three other companies whose locality I do not recall, but all from Warm Springs and the Shenandoah Valley. They were better equipped than the infantry. A council of the officers was called that afternoon, and it was agreed that an evacuation should take place before daybreak the next morning.

Later I went to headquarters and was informed by our commander that he would stay and "give them a little brush in the morning." I suggested to him that his small force and want of ammunition would not enable him to make much of a fight. He said he would try it anyway.

I went back to Hotel Barron and told some of the other officers of the change of plan and had my horse saddled, so I could get him at a moment's notice. I did not retire till late. Capt. W. P. Thompson occupied the room with me, and we both lay down with our clothes on. Just as the day was breaking we heard the cannon on top of the hill across the river from town, and I asked the Captain what it was. He replied that one of the guards had fired his gun. I told him that it was a heavier piece than we had there, and had hardly spoken before it was fired a second time. He jumped clear over me, landing on the floor, with the exclamation:

"Cannon, by ——!" By the time we got to the door his company was passing. I mounted and rode to the street in front of the hotel; found Colonel Porterfield mounted and facing the road leading to town from the direction of Grafton. By this time it was getting light enough to see the enemy (two regiments) marching down the hill west of the town. By this time all the soldiers had passed out of town and Kelley's force had crossed the bridge, entered Main Street, and marched up as far as Strickler's store, where they halted. Colonel Porterfield then started to ride toward them. Thinking that he must be acting under some mistake, I asked him whether he was not close enough to the enemy. He replied: "O, no; these are our own men." I asked him then if he had not discovered that they were marching under the stars and stripes. He exclaimed: "Why, yes, and the blue uniform!" We were within about a square and a half of them and could see even the brass buttons on their uniforms. He turned his horse and started up the street. Not being so well mounted as he was, Johnson and I followed as fast as we could. We had not gone far when a volley of musketry from a platoon of Kelley's soldiers greeted us, this being the first infantry fire of the war.

Captain Gordon, quartermaster of the command, his clerk, Mr. Sims, and others were loading the contents of the office into the wagon. The office, being next to the hotel, may have been in sight of the firing squad. It was there that Colonel Kelley was wounded. His soldiers charged Sims with the shooting, and would have killed him on the spot had not Colonel Kelley very generously interfered, saving Sims's life. The shooting was believed to have been accidental and by one of Kelley's own men.

We then passed on, the cavalry having halted some distance farther up the road toward Beverly. Shortly after this the Federal force that had been sent, as before stated, to cut us off crossed the hill, and were engaged by the cavalry and a small portion of the infantry. Captain Dangerfield, of Bath County, was wounded in the leg by a musket ball so badly that the limb had to be amputated that night at Beverly after he had been hauled the entire distance in a wagon. Young Hanger, of Augusta County, who was the only man from there in these quarters, had his leg broken by a cannon ball, and it was also amputated. There were also few casualties among the skirmishes, but none were killed.

GEORGIA WOMAN'S MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.

The petition of Louis Young, J. L. Flemming, Benjamin Mulligan, J. B. Davenport, John O. Waddel, Walter A. Clarke, Henry D. Capers, A. J. West, J. Gid Morris, James M. Pace, Frank W. Jenkins, W. J. Hudson, Allen D. Candler, W. W. Gordon, Richard Milledge, H. W. Bell, John Triplett, L. P. Thomas, F. M. Longley, William Norman, W. J. Hudson, R. F. Maddox, Walter T. Colquitt, Bee Thomas, George Peacock, W. H. Harrison, J. S. Holland, J. S. Prather, J. Scott Todd, A. W. Calhoun, R. F. Crittendon, Jasper N. Smith, citizens of the State of Georgia, and such others as may be associated with them hereafter respectfully show that they desire for themselves, their successors, and assigns to be incorporated under the name of "The Georgia Woman's Memorial Association of Confederate Veterans and Sons of Confederate Veterans" for a period of ten years with the privilege of renewal at the expiration of that time.

PURPOSES OF THE PETITION.

The object had in view by the petitioners is to erect a monument in the State of Georgia to commemorate the vir-

tues of the mothers, the wives, and the daughters of Georgia soldiers who served in the armies of the Confederate States of America, and also for the cultivation of proper social relations with the veteran soldiers resident in Georgia who served in the armies of the United States during the War between the States.

To this end the petitioners desire to secure a fund by the solicitation of subscriptions of money and donations of property real or personal and to receive and hold such contributions as may be donated from time to time.

The principal office and place of business of said corporation shall be in the city of Atlanta, Fulton County, Ga.; but the petitioners desire the right to establish agencies in other places in Georgia as may be deemed advisable.

The petitioners further pray that said corporation may be granted the right to sue and be sued, to have and to use a common seal, and to make such by-laws for the government of its business as may be necessary and not inconsistent with the laws of Georgia; to purchase and hold real estate and to sell and convey the same and generally to have, to use, and to enjoy all those powers which under the laws of Georgia are conferred upon corporations of like character, and your petitioners will ever pray.

Filed by Henry D. Capers, attorney for petitioners, July 29, 1909.

The following officers were elected: Gen. C. A. Evans, President; Henry D. Capers, Secretary; R. F. Maddox, Treasurer. All subscriptions will be received by R. F. Maddox, American National Bank.

In a personal letter Colonel Capers writes: "I am pleased to report that our effort is meeting with prompt response in a most substantial manner. We are determined to erect a monument to the memory of our mothers, our wives, and our daughters, worthy of their noble virtues, and to place it where the first rays of the morning's sun shall be its mother blessing and his last lingering beam shall be its evening's benediction. Please call attention to our organization in the VETERAN that our comrades may know that we are discharging this sacred obligation of duty and expect all true Georgia Confederates and Sons of Confederates to come to our aid."

THE TRIALS OF OUR WOMEN IN THE WAR.

BY MRS. ANN R. EVERETT, CLINTON, MO.

The U. D. C. Committee on Reminiscences has requested me to write of some of my experiences during the Civil War, and I give a brief account of some things that I remember most vividly. I have tried vainly to forget some of the ordeals through which I passed, as my experiences were many and sad.

Well do I remember one afternoon in October, 1862. I and my two children went to spend the afternoon with a neighbor living near by. We had been there but a short time when we heard the firing of guns and the whooping of yelling men. Looking toward my house, which was in sight, I saw that it was surrounded by a company of Federal soldiers. I and my little ones hastened home, and soon learned that the Federals had caught up with three Confederate soldiers who had been cut off from General Price's army a few days previous and were trying to make their way back to the South by traveling in the night and hiding in the brush during the day. These boys (for the eldest had barely attained his majority) had gone into my field and taken out corn and fodder to feed their horses and had carelessly dropped fodder through the brush by which the Federals tracked them to

their hiding place, and, finding them asleep, shot and killed two of them and wounded the third. I had known one of the young men all of his life. The others were strangers to me. After the shooting was over, the Federals surrounded my house and told me what they had done. One of them said they had found the boys napping and had sent them where they would cause no more trouble.

As they were making arrangements to leave, I asked what they were going to do with the men they had killed and wounded, and one of them replied: "We are going to leave them right where they are. They will make food for the hogs. That is as good as they deserve, and it won't be very safe for any one to interfere with them."

I went to the door and asked for the captain. A man rode up to where I was standing and said: "Yes, I am the captain. What will you have?" I said: "Will you give me a permit to have the men you killed buried and the wounded cared for?" He replied: "Certainly I will." He took from his pocket a blank book and pencil and with trembling hands wrote the permit, giving me the privilege of doing the best I could with them, assuring me he would see that I was protected.

It was almost impossible to get a man to help me care for the dead and wounded, as the few men left at home felt it would be risking their own lives to assist me.

My brother was in the vicinity at the time. He came home that evening, and I obtained the help of an old negro man and two boys to bring the dead and wounded to the house. I was afraid for my brother to stay with me and prevailed upon him to leave.

I and my children, one five and the other seven years of age, spent the night alone with the dead and wounded. What thoughts and feelings attended me through the long and lonely hours of that night, none but God can ever know. My eyes were not closed once in sleep. I was kept busy trying to relieve the suffering of the poor wounded boy, who I thought could not live through the night.

The next day two or three men ventured to come and dig a grave to bury the dead. It was impossible to get coffins or even plank to make a box. The men lined the graves with rough boards, I washed the blood from their faces and hands, and had each wrapped in a clean sheet and blanket, and we laid them to rest side by side in the same grave.

The captain of the company sent a physician from Clinton to attend the wounded man. He improved slowly; but his life was threatened, and we lived in dread until his friends came one night and smuggled him away.

A still sadder experience, to me the most dreadful one of that terrible war, happened one Sunday morning in August, 1863. My brother, who had stayed with me since the death of my husband, in 1859, and who would have been in the Confederate army had it not been that he was so near-sighted he was unfit for the duties of a soldier, was called out by a company of Federal soldiers, who, unheeding my prayers and pleadings with them to spare his life, took him a short distance from the house and cruelly murdered him almost in sight of my door. I heard the report of the gun and ran to him, but he breathed his last before I reached him. As it was in the other case, there was not a man we could get to help us in our great need. The women in the neighborhood came to my assistance and brought his body to the house, washed and dressed him for burial. Two old men living some distance from us heard of it and came the next morning and made a box of planks, which was the best we could do

for a coffin, and with the help of the women dug a grave and laid him away the best they could. I thought at the time I could not possibly live through it, but found that we never know what we can endure until we are put to the test.

As I look back over the years that have passed since we heard with aching hearts of Lee's surrender I thank God for the white-robed angel of peace that has hovered over us and dwelt in our hearts these many years. I am glad the bitterness of that long struggle has passed away and that we can forget many of the hardships and sorrows of that trying time; but I do not wish to forget the bravery and the heroism of our gallant boys in gray who gave their lives for a cause they felt to be so just and holy. All honor to the private in ranks with no stars to deck his homespun jacket! O, may we never forget what we owe his memory!

EARLY EXPERIENCES IN MISSOURI.

BY BRIG. GEN. W. H. KING, SULPHUR SPRINGS, TEX.

I have been a subscriber to and a regular reader of the *VETERAN* for years, and have often thought of contributing something to its columns which might prove of interest to old Confederates if to no others, and yet my dilatoriness in this matter has continued so long that death has removed most of those who took part in the dread scenes of war from 1861 to 1865.

I am a native of Georgia and reached my majority in that State. At the commencement of the Civil War, however, I happened to be in Missouri when hostilities began; and as my zeal for the South was strong, the first military organization in my reach found me in its ranks in February, 1861. This was a State organization; and when troops were called into service by Gov. Claib. Jackson, this company promptly responded and was ordered to Jefferson City, the State capital.

I had been made first lieutenant of the company, and was practically in command, as the men had fallen out with our captain and refused to obey his orders. We remained at Jefferson City some weeks, and were put into a temporary regimental organization, with Ed Price, a son of Gen. Sterling Price, as colonel.

The troops collected at Jefferson City were soon returned to their respective districts, and all regimental and brigade organizations set up at the capital were dissolved, the companies alone continuing in their original form.

The State's forces were then ordered to Lexington, on the Missouri River, where complete reorganization occurred, and my company, of which I then became captain, was made a part of a fine body of infantry, the 3d Missouri, with E. V. Hearst as colonel.

F. M. Cockrell, afterwards known as a brave and distinguished brigadier general in the Confederate army, and for thirty years an able, upright, and useful United States Senator from Missouri, was a captain in this regiment, and helped greatly to make the excellent record and reputation held by this noble command. In connection with the war in Missouri in 1861 I wrote to General Cockrell in May, 1907, and have just received his reply to my letter. As it relates to the very beginning of the war and to subjects about which little is known, I hope it may find a place in the *VETERAN*.

In our efforts to capture the Federal battery at Carthage, Mo., to which General Cockrell alludes, I was forced into a personal conflict or combat with a Federal captain on horseback, and to save my own life I had to take his by shooting him. His name was Bertrand, and by a singular coincidence

he was a captain in the 3d Regiment United States Volunteers, and our companies were both lettered "E." At Oak Hill or Wilson's Creek Brig. Gen. Ben McCulloch was in command of all Southern soldiers on the field, Gen. Sterling Price, a major general of Missouri, having waived his superior rank and given General McCulloch control of the entire army.

The contending forces on this hotly contested field of battle were nearly equal as to numbers, but the Union army was better organized and drilled and far better armed than the Confederates. The flame of a noble patriotism and a courage equal to the highest warmed the hearts and nerved the arms of the sons of the South; and after a desperate battle of seven or eight hours, the enemy fled, leaving their wounded and dead to be cared for by us. Among the Federal dead was Maj. Gen. Nathaniel Lyon, their commander in chief, a very able and capable man, who would doubtless have reached the highest rank in the Federal service if he had lived.

The commander of my brigade, Col. R. H. Wrightman, was shot dead almost at my feet, and was picked up by myself and two of my men and laid under a black-jack tree just behind our line. He and General Lyon were killed about seventy-five or one hundred yards apart and where the dead lay thickest.

Circumstances beyond my control forced me to resign my position in the Missouri troops—you will notice that General Cockrell speaks of my resignation in his letter. Upon going to Texas, I again became a soldier, this time in the 18th Texas Infantry. I was made major of this fine command May 13, 1862, and the exigencies of the service soon brought me to the rank of colonel, and in that capacity I handled the regiment in various engagements and duties. While leading it at the battle of Mansfield, La., April 8, 1864, I was severely wounded and carried from the field after dark. I was honored by promotion to the rank of brigadier general to date from this battle, and when able for duty was placed in command of an unusually fine body of Texas infantry comprising Walker's Division. The demands of the military service placed me in several different commands; but as the mournful ending began to be dimly seen, I was again placed at the head of the Walker Division, and remained with it to the close, disbanding it at Hempstead, Tex., May 21, 22, 1865, there being then eighteen regiments in the division, besides a fine body of artillery—about ten thousand men altogether.

I authorized this command to hold all the wagons, ambulances, horses and mules, and all other Confederate property in camp or the adjacent towns and divide the same fairly among themselves and the wives and widows of any Confederate soldiers, as I considered the soldiers and their families the true and legal heirs of the Confederate government when it ceased to exist.

I never received a commission as brigadier general from Richmond, but was promoted and "gazetted" in orders to the whole Trans-Mississippi Department by Gen. E. Kirby Smith, who was kept in command of various brigades and two different divisions until the war ended, and never had my authority questioned by those below or those above me in rank.

In a letter from Gen. Francis M. Cockrell to General King of July 12, 1909, after explaining cause for delay of the answer for over two years, he states:

"Yes, I remember distinctly the night we spent in Warrensburg in saving Colonel McCowan and his son from being

mobbed. By the way, Billy was some eight or ten years ago or more killed in Missouri by a man whose life he was seeking. Colonel McCowan died soon after the close of the war. I remember you very pleasantly and kindly when you were in business in Warrensburg and when the Johnson Guards, a military company, was organized and you were first lieutenant and Ruth was captain. You went to Jefferson City at the first call for troops and returned. Some days thereafter General Price was forced to leave Jefferson City and the troops were ordered to assemble at Lexington, Mo.

"As soon as I could I collected the members of my company, then unorganized, and started for Lexington. When I arrived there, the third regiment had been organized with Hearst as colonel and Ruth as major, and you had been chosen captain of your company. As soon as my company was sworn in and organized it was attached to that regiment and, I believe, completed the organization. My company was given the letter 'G.' The next day we were ordered to disband and to reassemble at Searcoie, in Southwest Missouri, and our companies returned to Warrensburg; and after a day or two of rest, we marched south and southwestward and joined the other companies of the regiment in Bates County, and were there placed under Colonel Weightman as brigade commander.

"We then marched across the Osage River into Barton County on toward Carthage, and about July 4 found General Sigel with a well-drilled and organized command in our front. We had quite a skirmish with him on some creek north of Carthage, and he gradually fell back through a prairie to Spring River, just north of the town of Carthage, and quite a skirmish occurred in Carthage. Our brigade was sent around to the west of Carthage to make an attack. When we got through the woods into the town of Carthage, we were stopped in the street and all at once the enemy fired.

"I shall never forget the performance just at that time. Some elderly gentleman who was acting as a volunteer aid on somebody's staff galloped up to the front of our regiment and yelled at the top of his voice: 'All of you who have long-range guns come here and you can get a shot.' So far as I ever heard or knew, no protest was ever made of the regiment breaking ranks and going wherever it pleased. I did not see any of our field officers from that time on. Colonel Weightman, our brigade commander, was very cool and collected. As soon as it was possible I rallied my company and prevented any one breaking ranks, and we started as rapidly as we could in pursuit, going through a skirt of timber, hoping to get close enough to use our shotguns and squirrel rifles.

"My recollection is not very distinct as to the action of the regiment, as I had my hands full keeping my own command from breaking ranks and running to the front to get a shot; but I think you kept your company together better than any of the others, and we pursued them as long as there was any chance of getting within gunshot. If we could have kept back the men who rushed to the front here and there and fired whenever they got a chance, we might have done some good service in capturing the battery.

"We marched on after the battle to Cowskin Prairie, in the southwest part of Missouri, and there spent several weeks drilling, and then moved to Cassville, in Barry County, and then northward to Crane Creek, and finally to Wilson Creek, where we were camped and ordered on the evening of August 9 to march at nine o'clock that night and attack the Federal forces at Springfield at daylight next morning. A threatening rain prevented our march, and next morning at

daylight the enemy's line had practically surrounded us and brought on an attack. We were marched by Colonel Weightman to a position which I have always thought was the key to that battle of Wilson Creek or Oak Hill.

"As you remember, we marched four abreast up to within fifty or seventy-five yards of the enemy's line unseen, in consequence of the Federal line being on the center of the ridge, and on the side of the ridge there was an offset with brush along it which enabled us to march that close without detection. We then turned to the right, with Captain Mize's company in front, your company next, and my company last. Captain Mize and I had conferred a day or two before; and as we had no long-range guns such as your company had, we determined that the first battle we got into he was to give the command 'Charge!' and I was to repeat it. As soon as we could get to the front, and I do not think we were over forty steps from the enemy, I heard his voice ordering 'Charge!' It was very unnecessary at that particular time; but, according to our agreement, I repeated it, and our three companies rushed up and got very nearly on the same ground on which the enemy had been standing. I remember distinctly that one of my men was shot dead and fell by the side of a Federal soldier. We held our position, though the three companies named suffered nearly the entire loss of the regiment. I never saw Colonel Tracey or Major Ruth until I got back in camp. You remember we fell back under the protection of a precipice to load, and I recall in dropping back under the brow of the hill to load that I saw Colonel Hearst lying there on the ground. He had then, or did thereafter receive, a slight flesh wound in the side, barely cutting the skin. We held our own there and finally marched back across Wilson Creek to the east side and then back in front of where we had been fighting.

"During all these marches and engagements you showed yourself to be a brave and true soldier, and I remember very distinctly when you determined to resign and I begged you not to, as I considered you one of the best officers in the regiment at that time, and our experiences together had convinced me that you had military ability. I regretted sincerely that you could not remain with us, and I was exceedingly gratified during the war to learn that you were in command of a regiment and were afterwards made a brigadier general, which you richly deserved."

DAUGHTERS' INTEREST IN SOLDIERS' HOMES.

The Atlanta Constitution says: "Every month the U. D. C. visit the old Soldiers' Home and provide some suitable entertainment to give the veterans. In July, aside from the music and recitations, there was given a liberal feast of watermelons. These meetings, which always conclude with informal talks, bring out many valuable reminiscences."

In Tennessee the Nashville Chapters do much for the old soldiers. A committee visits them every week (the Home is eleven miles from the city), and a liberal fund is expended each year in their behalf. Especially is there much liberal attention to the sick in the hospital.

The sentiment of interest, however, is not confined to the Nashville Chapters. On a fair day in June the Chapter at Franklin (at least thirty members of the Chapter) came in a body to Nashville and, securing conveyances, drove to the Tennessee Soldiers' Home, located on the Hermitage property, eleven miles from the city. They first drove to the Hermitage, where members of the Hermitage Association met the party and escorted them over the historic mansion.

After lunch the ladies were driven to the Soldiers' Home, and were taken over the entire building, which was found to be in immaculate order. The hospital was filled with invalid soldiers, all being nicely cared for by the trained nurse in charge. One of the members of the Chapter, a native of Charleston, S. C., found in the hospital an old veteran from Charleston, Hector Bruce, who had served in one of the companies posted on Morris Island, which, with five other Charleston companies, took part in the bombardment of Fort Sumter. Of course the two Charlestonians enjoyed a veritable "love feast."

Commenting on the visit, one of the Daughters said: "Every native Southerner ought to feel it a duty and an honor to contribute toward the support of the disabled veterans of the 'Lost Cause.' They cannot be with us many years longer. Let us make their few remaining years as bright as possible."

The Franklin Chapter has decided to make an annual visit to the Home. The arrangements for the trip were made by the venerable Mrs. S. A. Gaut, who, though eighty-three years of age and totally blind, is zealous for the welfare of the veterans. The trip over the interurban line was tendered the ladies by the generous president of the road and Franklin's most progressive citizen, Mr. H. H. Mayberry.

The Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway has been most generous in behalf of the Daughters who visit the Confederate Soldiers' Home every week—kindness in the aggregate of an estimable benefit.

HEALING BALM AMONG VETERANS.

BY W. M. PEGRAM (STAFF), MD, DIV., U. C. V. BALTIMORE.

I give you a bit of interesting history which you may deem worthy of a place in the VETERAN.

In 1875 the 5th Regiment Maryland National Guard, Baltimore, paid a visit to Boston, Mass. The personnel of the regiment comprised veteran soldiers, the majority of whom had served in the Confederate army, and they took occasion to pay a tribute to their former foes by marching from their quarters on a Sunday afternoon without arms or music to the cemetery at Charlestown and placing on the soldiers' and sailors' monument therein a superb shield of flowers. There was no parade or ostentation connected with the simple ceremony, and it gave rise to the greatest surprise and enthusiasm throughout the entire North, coming, as it was deemed, from a representative Southern regiment.

In return for this act it was determined by the Grand Army Posts of Baltimore to decorate the Confederate monument at Loudon Park. A short time before Decoration Day the writer was accosted on the street by Col. Harrison Adreon, who had commanded one of the Federal Maryland regiments during the war. He said: "We propose to decorate the Confederate monument at Loudon Park on our next Decoration Day in return for the kind act of the 5th Regiment at Charlestown, Mass.; but some of the men in the Grand Army Posts are opposing it." "Are they fighting dead men?" I asked. "It would seem so," said he, "and I want you to write something to shut them up." "You want me to write it?" I asked, much amazed. "Yes," said he; "I want you to do it." In compliance therewith I wrote:

"Cease firing! There are here no foes to fight;

Grim war is o'er and smiling peace now reigns.

Cease useless strife! No matter who was right,

True magnanimity from hate abstains!

Cease firing!"

It was immediately adopted and the authorship kept a secret. It was gotten up on black bristol board in quarter-inch golden letters, framed, and hung on the Confederate monument on the day named, and was afterwards copied and hung on the Confederate monument at Hagerstown, Md., by a G. A. R. Post.

On our Decoration Day, June 6, 1907, Col. Oswald Tilghman, our Secretary of State and of the Artillery C. S. A., in his address on that occasion stated that the feeling manifested between the soldiers of the two contending armies was due in the main to lines written by an old comrade, which he quoted, and for the first time the author was known.

Moreover, I have learned that since they first appeared, wherever a Grand Army Post meeting was held all over the North and West, if anything was said derogatory to Southern arms, it invariably met the rebuff, "Cease firing! There are here no foes to fight," and the detractors were hushed. It thus is seen that the inspiration of a moment has figured as a pacificator for the past thirty-four years.

On the 31st of May last a duplicate of that card was attached to a pillow of flowers and placed on the grave of our illustrious old hero, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, at Greenmount Cemetery by a Grand Army Post under orders from general headquarters.

The Baltimore Sun, giving the account of the last-named ceremony, used Comrade Pegram's name as the author of the verse when it appeared in print for the first time.

The Baltimore Sun said of that ceremony: "A feature of the day in Greenmount Cemetery was the decoration of the grave of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, a Confederate leader, by Veteran Post No. 46, Grand Army of the Republic. The entire Post, accompanied by a delegation from Garfield Camp, No. 1, Sons of Veterans, marched to the grave, which is in the McLane lot, where Comrade William B. F. Bogges laid a large pillow of roses on the marble slab. A flag was planted at the foot of the grave. Capt. George W. Johnson, Past Department Commander of the Maryland Grand Army, read excerpts from a general order issued by Gen. Henry M. Nevius, national Commander in Chief of the Grand Army, calling upon the G. A. R. to decorate the graves of the Confederate dead. Then Rev. B. F. Clarkson, a member of the Post, read the poem which was written several years ago by Maj. William M. Pegram, of Baltimore, and which was laid on the pillow of flowers."

REMINISCENCES OF WAR AT THE CLOSE.

BY W. A. CALLAWAY, ATLANTA, GA.

Forty-four years ago to-night (May 17, 1865) I arrived at West Point, Ga., en route home from the army, having surrendered on May 12 at Meridian, Miss. I had walked and ridden alternately, but must have walked half the distance, as the railroads were torn up and bridges burned, so that trains were scarce; and when running at all, it was only for a few miles. It was nine o'clock at night when I reached West Point. The bridge over the river had been burned. I paid a negro five dollars (Confederate money) to put me over in a boat. There on the eastern bank of the Chattahoochee I lay down to sleep under a luxuriant water oak, which stands there still as a memorial (to me) of the last night of my army service. Then it was a magnificent tree of vigorous growth and in the prime of its youth; now it is a mere shell, with here and there a green sprig, just enough to indicate that it has a spark of life. Like many of us old veterans, it is on the brink of death, ready to fall at the first

adverse wind which blows upon it. It seems to be racing with some of us as to which will first succumb to the reaper. Under that beautiful oak, tired and hungry, I slept all alone and as sweetly as if in a cozy bed at home. It rained steadily all night; and though there was nothing beneath me but mother earth nor anything above me save the lowering clouds, I was not disturbed, but rose refreshed next morning and resumed my homeward tramp.

Heartrending was the condition of my father's home when I reached it. Not until then had I learned of the death of a dearly loved brother who had been in Lee's army and had died a few days before. I found my father on his deathbed and unconscious. When told that "Willie" had come home, he opened his eyes and his arms and held me in a long embrace, and was never conscious again. I found the family desolate, the corner and smokehouse empty, no money and no credit, and a large family to be provided for and myself the only reliance. I was young and without experience in dealing with the world, having gone from school to the army at the age of seventeen. The negroes refused to work the crop which had been planted. The mules were left standing all day in the lot, while the crop was being ruined for the want of work. I had no rations to issue and could get none. One of the negroes had reported me to the Yankee in command of this department for not feeding them. I had a note from the officer saying that unless I issued rations regularly he would have me brought before him. This order I ignored, as it was impossible to obey it. I heard no more from him.

How the family got through that year, the good Lord only knows. We did not starve; but, like thousands of others, we "most" starved. In course of time we began to recuperate from the losses inflicted, and now look back upon those trying times as a terrible nightmare.

On this forty-fourth anniversary my mind has reverted to the great sorrow through which so many of us passed, and I feel constrained to reduce these passing thoughts to writing, knowing that in the VETERAN they will meet the eyes of many and strike a responsive chord in the hearts of those who have passed through similar trials; and also I write them that the younger generation may know of the hardships of their fathers and mothers.

CONCERNING CONFEDERATE MONUMENTS.

The VETERAN gives in part at least a brief history of Confederate monuments, and is anxious to have each report.

ALABAMA.

Anniston, Ala., has an imposing shaft fifteen feet high surmounted by the figure of a soldier carrying a gun. It was erected under the auspices of John H. Forney Chapter, U. D. C., in honor of the soldiers of Calhoun County.

The monument at Birmingham, Ala., was erected by the Pelham Chapter, U. D. C. It is placed in Capitol Park and was unveiled in 1905.

Eufaula, Ala., dedicated its beautiful monument to Confederate soldiers and seamen. It is of polished Georgia granite, and the shaft has the figure of a soldier with all his accouterments. The cost was \$3,000.

The Florence (Ala.) Memorial Association erected a shaft of white marble supporting the figure of a soldier at parade rest.

Gadsden, Ala., has a monument to Emma Sanson.

Greensboro, Ala., has a monument erected by the women of Greensboro. It is of Italian marble with a soldier leaning on his gun on top of the shaft.

Greenville, Ala., has a monument erected by the Father Ryan Chapter, U. D. C., and dedicated to Butler's Confederate heroes.

Huntsville, (Ala.) Daughters of the Confederacy erected the beautiful shaft of marble upbearing the figure of a soldier.

Jacksonville, Ala., has a monument to the gallant Pelham erected by the John H. Forney Chapter, U. D. C.

Jasper, Ala., is justly proud of its monument, which is of granite surmounted by a marble figure of a soldier at rest. Two other soldiers guard this shaft. This is the outcome of the work of the U. D. C.

Montgomery, Ala., has a very handsome monument. This is a cylindrical shaft surmounted by a triumphant figure of a color bearer. At the base are smaller shafts bearing figures of the four branches of the service. The cost was \$45,000.

Mountain Creek, Ala., erected near the Soldiers' Home a monument to Jefferson Manly Faulkner. The shaft is twenty feet high and is draped with a Confederate flag.

Alabama's Shiloh monument is of gray granite surmounted by piled-up cannon balls. The crossed gun and sword are twined with drooping flags.

ARKANSAS.

Austin, Ark., through Camp James Adams, has a shaft of rough granite with polished die inscribed with dedication to unknown Confederate Texas and Arkansas soldiers.

Batesville, Ark., has a monument whose graduated square shaft of gray granite has the drooping flags, the crossed guns of the Confederate insignia, and the apex is a draped urn.

The monument at Bentonville, Ark., was unveiled in 1908. It is a beautiful shaft with the figure of a private soldier on top. A. J. Bate gave \$1,000 toward it and the local Chapter U. D. C. collected the rest.

Fort Smith, Ark., has a monument erected by the Varina Davis Chapter, U. D. C. It is a marble shaft with crossed guns, capped by a soldier leaning on his gun.

Helena, Ark., has a shaft upholding a soldier carved in Italian marble which cost \$4,500; also a monument to Pat Cleburne—a beautiful tribute in granite to a noble man.

Little Rock, Ark., has a monument erected jointly by private subscription and a State donation of \$5,000. It is after a design by Ruckstuhl. It is thirty-five feet high, and the base of granite is left rough, the pedestal of smooth granite supporting the standing figure of Fame holding out her laurel wreath, while her right hand grasps her trumpet. On the base stands a Confederate soldier clasping a half-furled flag.

FLORIDA.

Jacksonville, Fla., has a beautiful monument which stands in Hemming Square. This was the gift to Jacksonville of Charles C. Hemming, formerly of Florida, now of Colorado Springs, Colo.

Madison, Fla., unveiled in 1909 a handsome monument of white marble with the figure of a soldier at parade rest.

St. Augustine, Fla., has one of the oldest monuments in the South. It is a handsome shaft which was erected by the untiring efforts of the Florida women.

GEORGIA.

Albany, Ga., has a shaft with a rock and granite base, surmounted by a soldier leaning on his gun. It was erected by the Ladies' Memorial Association.

Andersonville, Ga., has a monument erected to honor and vindicate Major Wirz, principally the work of the women of Georgia.

Athens, Ga., raised \$4,444 through the efforts of its women with which to erect one of the first Confederate monuments in Georgia.

Atlanta, Ga., has a monument to Senator Benjamin H. Hill. Augusta, Ga., erected her monument to the soldiers of Richmond County. It is a white marble shaft.

Cartersville, Ga., has a monument to "Bill Arp." This is a beautifully floriated cross rising above the slab, covering the grave. The funds for this monument were collected through the request of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

Cassville, Ga., has two monuments—one erected immediately after the war, and later the Daughters of the Confederacy erected another. Both these and the plot in which they stand are well kept.

Covington, Ga., has a beautiful shaft capped by the statue of a soldier at parade rest. It stands in Central Park and was erected by Jefferson Lamar Camp, U. C. V.

Hawkinsville, Ga., has a monument said to be one of the handsomest in the State. Statues of Lee and Jackson guard a central shaft surmounted by the life-size figure of a soldier.

Lumpkin, Ga., has a monument erected by the Stewart County U. D. C. It is in Courthouse Square and was unveiled in 1908.

Macon, Ga., has a shaft of fine Italian marble with a base of Stone Mountain granite. This cost \$4,500 and was dedicated in 1878.

Savannah, Ga., has a magnificent monument costing \$35,000.

Thomaston, Ga., through the Shannon of Upson Chapter, U. D. C., has erected a beautiful monument whose shaft of gray granite bears all the Confederate insignia and is capped by a soldier in marble.

Vienna (Ga.) Chapter, U. D. C., has erected a beautiful monument to the Confederate dead.

ILLINOIS.

Chicago, Ill., has a monument to the six thousand prisoners who died at Camp Douglas. It is of Georgia granite, and the shaft is surmounted by a soldier with folded arms.

KANSAS.

The Kansas City Chapter, Kansas City, Mo., in memory of the dead of Westport erected a shaft of Barre granite with the figure of a soldier on guard.

KENTUCKY.

The Bardstown (Ky.) Memorial Association has erected in that town a beautiful monument of gray granite capped by a figure of a private soldier.

Georgetown, Ky., has a monument raised by the efforts of the ladies of that town. It is a Confederate flag on a broken staff surmounting a handsome pedestal.

In Hopkinsville, Ky., is the Latham monument to unknown Confederate soldiers. This was erected by John C. Latham, head of the Wall Street banking house of Latham, Alexander & Co. It is of Hollowell granite, is thirty-seven feet high, and cost Mr. Latham \$10,000.

Lexington, Ky., has a shaft of buff-colored stone. The capping figure is a picket on duty.

Louisville, Ky., has a tall shaft with a soldier at parade rest on top and another statue of a soldier on lookout at its base. It cost \$10,200.

Nicholsville, Ky., has a monument which was erected by the Jessamine County Memorial Association. The pedestal is of granite with a figure of a soldier at parade rest.

The women of Owensboro, Ky., earned the money and erected a shaft, which is surmounted by a soldier with a broken gun in his hand.

Owingsville, Ky., through the efforts of the people of Bath County, has a low white shaft with a marble figure of a private soldier leaning on his gun.

Paducah, Ky., has a beautiful monument to Gen. Lloyd Tilghman which was erected by the U. D. C. The statue represents General Tilghman with sword in hand. This figure was the gift of his son to the Confederates of Paducah.

A monument to Kentucky Confederates was presented by Col. Biscoe Hindman to that State, and it was erected near the old Soldiers' Home in Pewee Valley. It is a broken shaft of white marble wreathed with imperishable flowers.

LOUISIANA.

New Orleans has several monuments, one being the Confederate monument in Greenwood Cemetery, which was erected by the Ladies' Benevolent Association. It is of white marble and has vaults underneath for the reception of bodies. This was unveiled in 1867 and cost \$25,000. The monument to the Army of Northern Virginia is a column sixty feet high surmounted by a statue of Stonewall Jackson. It was unveiled in May, 1881, and cost \$25,000. The monument to the Washington Artillery is a marble shaft, capped by an artilleryman with a sponge staff in his hand. This was unveiled in February, 1880, and cost \$15,000. The R. E. Lee monument on St. Charles Street is a Doric column surmounted by a bronze statue of Lee, the whole one hundred and six feet in height. It was unveiled in February, 1884, and cost \$40,000. The monument to the Army of Tennessee is a mound containing tombs. The mound is capped by an equestrian statue of Albert Sidney Johnston. The gate to the lot is guarded by a statue of a sergeant calling the roll. The cost of the monument was \$35,000.

Shreveport, La., has a very handsome monument. The base is surrounded by pedestals on which are busts of Lee, Davis, Jackson, and Johnston. On the steps leading to the central shaft is a figure representing Southern womanhood. She is leaning forward inscribing upon the plinth the words: "To our gallant deliverers." The column is capped by the figure of a boyish soldier.

St. Francisville, La., has a monument erected by West Feliciana Camp, U. C. V. It is of buff stone with a bronze soldier.

MARYLAND.

Baltimore, Md., has a monument that is a poem in marble. It was erected by the Maryland U. D. C. after a design of Ruckstuhl. It represents the figure of Fame holding aloft her crown of laurel, her other arm supporting the figure of a dying Confederate soldier, whose face expresses only the loftiest emotions.

MISSISSIPPI.

R. E. Lee Camp of Aberdeen, Miss., assisted by the local U. D. C., erected a shaft of American and Italian marble with the life-size figure of a soldier at its apex. The base contains tablets of the names of the companies whose members lie beneath.

Brandon, Miss., unveiled a Confederate monument Thanksgiving Day, 1907. It was erected by Brandon Chapter, U. D. C. It is a shaft of granite with a marble figure of a soldier at parade rest.

Carrollton, Miss., has a handsome Confederate monument.

Natchez, Miss., has a marble shaft capped by a soldier which was carved in Italy. The cost of the monument was \$3,000.

Okolona (Miss.) Chapter, U. D. C., unveiled a monument in 1905. It is of Georgia granite with a lookout soldier in marble.

Oxford, Miss., through Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, U. D. C., has raised a beautiful monument. It bears the drooping flags around the shaft, and is surmounted by the figure of a soldier on the lookout. The attitude with his hand to his eyes is especially graceful.

In the courthouse yard at Raymond, Miss., stands a handsome monument—a tall gray shaft with a bronze figure of a soldier at parade rest. This was erected by N. B. Forrest Chapter, U. D. C.

MISSOURI.

At Higginsville, Mo., the Daughters of the Confederacy erected a monument near the Confederate Home. The four massive columns uphold a cap beautifully carved. Under this dome is a fine copy of Thorwaldsen's Lion, the original of which is at Lucerne, Switzerland.

Liberty, Mo., has a shaft of white marble with the figure of a soldier resting on its summit.

Neosho, Mo., has a beautiful shaft with a soldier holding a gun as its apex.

NEW YORK.

The New York Confederate Veteran Camp erected a monument. Charles Broadway Rouss, a member of this Camp, contributed \$5,000, and the Mount Hope Cemetery Association presented the lot on which it stands. This lot is valued at \$3,000.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Bentonville, N. C., has a handsome shaft.

Pittsboro, N. C., under the auspices of Winnie Davis Chapter, U. D. C., has unveiled a handsome shaft bearing a soldier at parade rest. It is of polished Mount Airy granite and the figure of bronze.

OHIO.

There is in Camp Chase Cemetery, Columbus, Ohio, a bronze figure surmounting an arch in the cemetery, built through the efforts of Col. W. H. Knauss, of the Union army.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Ladies' Memorial Association of Camden, S. C., raised a cylindrical marble shaft surmounted by an urn over which a dove with outstretched wings is hovering.

The Light Artillery erected in Charleston, S. C., two monuments, one costing \$8,000 and one \$13,000. In the same city the Irish Volunteers have erected a monument costing \$15,000, the Charleston Light Dragoons one for \$14,000, and the German Artillery one for \$20,000. The Ladies' Memorial Association of Charleston have erected three: One to John Mitchell for \$5,000, one to R. H. Anderson for \$2,000, and one to General Ripley for \$2,000.

The Ladies' Memorial Association in Charleston, S. C., has a monument to Gen. Wade Hampton which is a bronze tablet in a granite shaft.

Cheraw, S. C., claims the credit of having erected the first Confederate monument. It is a shaft suitably inscribed, with a square cap engraved and foliated.

Columbia, S. C., has a monument erected by the women of the State. It was unveiled in 1897.

Edgefield, S. C., has dedicated a splendid monument, the tribute of the U. D. C.

Greenwood, S. C., dedicated a monument in October, 1903.

Jonesville, S. C., has a shaft erected by John Hames Chapter, U. D. C.

Newberry (S. C.) women raised \$1,300 for a marble shaft.

The monument at Orangeburg, S. C., is a shaft of granite thirty-five feet tall. The ladies of that city raised the \$6,000 for its purchase.

TENNESSEE.

Bolivar, Tenn., has the first monument erected in the State. The pedestal is thirty-five feet high and is surmounted by an urn draped with a flag. The cost of this was \$2,700.

Chattanooga, Tenn., has two monuments—one in Confederate Cemetery, which cost \$2,500, and the arch and gate to the cemetery, which cost \$1,500.

Chickamauga Park has a monument to Carnes's Battery costing \$1,000. It was erected by Capt. W. W. Carnes, of Memphis, Tenn., now residing in Tampa, Fla.

Clarksburg, Tenn., has two shafts of Barre granite capped by bronze figures and surrounded by a statue representing different branches of the service. The cost of this monument was \$7,500.

Dyersburg, Tenn., has a beautiful shaft of white marble surmounted by a figure of a soldier leaning on a gun.

Farmington, Tenn., is the oldest village in the State, and the people were Union sympathizers. At a fight near there a number of Wheeler's Cavalry were killed. Those who were known were buried in the cemetery; the sixteen unknown men were interred in a lot near where they fell. A monument has been erected to these sixteen unknown heroes.

Fayetteville, Tenn., through Zollicoffer-Fulton Chapter, U. D. C., has erected a monument in Confederate Park. It is a soldier at parade rest capping a pedestal of gray granite, and is surrounded by the huge cannon which had won distinction in actual warfare. It was unveiled in September, 1906.

Franklin, Tenn., has a handsome shaft erected by the U. D. C. Chapter.

Gallatin, Tenn., has a tall shaft of white marble upholding a fine figure of a Confederate soldier. It was unveiled in 1904. United States Senator Carmack was the orator of the occasion.

Jackson, Tenn., has a shaft seventy feet high capped by a soldier at parade rest.

The Knoxville (Tenn.) Memorial Association of ladies erected a monument of green Tennessee marble costing \$4,500.

Lewisburg, Tenn., through Veterans and the U. D. C. has erected a beautiful monument of granite with a bronze soldier at parade rest on the Public Square.

Memphis, Tenn., has a handsome equestrian statue of Nathan Bedford Forrest, which was unveiled by his granddaughter in 1905.

Mt. Pleasant (Tenn.) Chapter, U. D. C., has erected a tall shaft with drooping flags upbearing the figure of a soldier standing with folded arms.

Murfreesboro, Tenn., has a monument erected by the U. D. C. Chapter and Palmer Bivouac.

The Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railroad has erected a handsome shaft in honor of Confederate dead. It is near Stone River, on the battlefield of Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Nashville, Tenn., has three monuments, as follows: In Mount Olivet Cemetery is a graduated shaft of Vermont granite forty-five feet six inches high surmounted by a colossal figure of a soldier. This monument was erected by the women of Tennessee at a cost of \$10,500, and stands in the center of a beautiful grassy mound under which the soldiers

are buried. The monument to Sam Davis, the young hero of Tennessee, was erected at a cost of \$7,000, derived from contributions from all over the United States. The pedestal and approach are of stone, and the standing heroic figure of Sam Davis is of bronze. It is in the grounds of the State Capitol. The monument at Centennial Park to Frank Cheatham Bivonac is of gray granite with the bronze figure of a private soldier and cost about \$3,000.

The Paris (Tenn.) Memorial Association erected a monument to Henry County soldiers. It is a granite shaft with the figure of a soldier leaning on his gun.

Pulaski, Tenn., has a beautiful monument to the hero, Sam Davis, who was hanged in that city. It was erected by the united efforts of the U. C. V. Camp and U. D. C. Chapters.

Sewanee, Tenn., has a shaft with a bronze tablet in honor of Gen. F. A. Shoup.

Trenton, Tenn., has a pretty monument of white bronze.

TEXAS.

Austin, Tex., has a monument to Albert Sidney Johnston, who was taken there from New Orleans, where he was carried after his death on the battlefield of Shiloh. It represents the dead general as he looked when being carried from the battlefield on a stretcher and was after the design of Miss Elizabeth Ney, of Austin.

Bonham (Tex.) Chapter, U. D. C., aided by the veterans, have raised a very artistic monument in Fannin County. It is of granite with a soldier at parade rest. On the pedestal are busts of President Davis and Generals Lee, Johnston, and Sterling Price.

Corsicana, Tex., has a monument on Courthouse Square.

Corsicana, Tex., unveiled a monument in 1908 which was erected by the ladies of the city. It represents a Confederate bugler calling his comrades to arms. The nine-foot statue of bronze was cast in Philadelphia.

Gainesville, Tex., celebrated the centennial birthday of Jefferson Davis by unveiling a handsome monument.

Grayson County, Tex., has a monument erected by the Confederate Association at a cost of \$2,500.

Jefferson, Tex., has a monument which was unveiled in 1906 under the auspices of Dick Taylor Camp. It is a granite shaft with the bronze figure of a soldier.

Linden, Tex., by efforts of the U. D. C. has erected a tall white shaft in the courthouse yard. It was unveiled in October, 1903.

Livingston, Tex., has a monument of Texas gray granite erected to the soldiers of Polk County, Tex. It was unveiled in 1901.

Marshall, Tex., has a monument of a shaft of gray granite with crossed guns capped by the figure of a private soldier leaning on his gun. This was erected by the local Daughters of the Confederacy and was unveiled in 1906.

Paris, Tex., dedicated her handsome monument to the private soldiers. It is of white marble and has the figure of a private soldier as its crown.

San Antonio, Tex., has a tall shaft of native granite and marble surmounted by a bugler, erected by the local U. D. C.

Sherman, Tex., has a monument erected by the Confederate Association at a cost of \$1,300.

Waco, Tex., has a monument of Texas granite fifteen feet high. This was one of the first in Texas. It was erected by the Pat Cleburne Camp, and is inscribed: "In memory of the brave men and devoted women of the South."

VIRGINIA.

Alexandria, Va., has a monument erected by the people of the city at a cost of \$4,400. It is a marble shaft upholding a soldier with his hat in his hand.

At Appomattox, Va., an artistic monument has been erected by special appropriation of the Legislature and by funds collected by the U. D. C. The pedestal of granite is thirty-five feet tall and is surmounted by a figure representing a Confederate private soldier.

Buchanan, Va., has a monument to Botetourt Artillery. Another monument to this battery is in the National Park, Va.

The U. D. C. Chapter and Camps of Veterans and Sons of Veterans of Charlottesville, Va., have united in raising a very handsome monument. It is a white marble shaft; a cannon and piled-up balls are at the base. The surmounting statue is the alert figure of a soldier, gun in hand.

In Charlottesville, Va., the monument to the Confederate dead is especially fine. The blocks of granite are surmounted by the bronze figure of a youthful soldier.

Culpeper, Va., has a monument costing \$1,000.

Fairfax C. H., Va., is marked by a monument which also commemorates Capt. John Quincy Marr, the first soldier killed in active service. It is a shaft of polished gray granite.

Fredericksburg, Va., has a monument which cost \$4,000. The whole of this sum was raised by Mrs. J. N. Barney, and was the result of small contributions received from personal requests and letters.

Gloucester, Va., has a handsome monument.

Near Fredericksburg is a monument built by the employees of the Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Potomac Railroad. It contains about four hundred tons of granite and is thirty-five feet high, and was built in honor of the Confederate dead.

Hampton (Va.) Chapter, U. D. C., unveiled a handsome monument erected through their efforts.

Harrisburg, Va., raised a beautiful monument to Gen. Turner Ashby at the spot on which he fell.

Leesburg, Va., on Memorial Day 1908 unveiled her monument. It is a low gray pedestal of rough granite with the alert figure of a soldier at its apex.

Mr. Herbert Barbee, the Virginia sculptor, has completed the monument at Luray, Va., which is artistic and beautiful. It was erected through the efforts of the local U. D. C.

Lynchburg, Va., has two monuments—one erected in 1869, the other in 1898.

Montgomery County, Va., has three monuments.

The Mount Jackson (Va.) Chapter dedicated their monument to all Confederates.

Newport News, Va., has a monument which was erected by R. E. Lee Camp at a cost of \$2,000.

Norfolk County, Va., has a shaft of rough granite with polished faces containing the list of all the Jackson Grays, to honor which organization the monument was erected.

Parksley, Va., has a monument which upon a bronze plate bears the inscription: "Erected by Harmonson-West Camp, U. C. V., to their dead comrades from Accomac and Northampton Counties."

Pinestate, Botetourt County, Va., has a Confederate monument.

Portsmouth, Va., has a monument forty-five feet high, with a statue at each corner representing four branches of the service, which cost \$9,000.

Richmond, Va., has several handsome monuments, as fol-

lows: In Hollywood Cemetery, where twelve thousand Confederate soldiers are buried, is a granite pyramid forty-five feet square and ninety-five feet high. This was erected by the Hollywood Association at a cost of \$50,000. The ladies of the Oakwood Association erected in Oakwood Cemetery a monument to the seventeen thousand soldiers who are buried there. This is a granite obelisk costing \$5,000. The monument to the soldiers and sailors in Marshall Park overlooking the site of Libby Prison is a copy of Pompey's Pillar, and is surmounted by a heroic statue of a Confederate infantryman. It was erected by private subscription at a cost of \$50,000. The equestrian figure of Lee on Franklin Street was modeled by Mercie and erected by private subscription at a cost of \$75,000. The heroic statue of Stonewall Jackson was presented to the State of Virginia by admiring Englishmen. The State erected it on Capitol Square, using a granite pedestal which cost \$15,000. A bronze statue of Gen. A. P. Hill was erected over his remains by private subscription at a cost of \$15,000. The heroic bronze statue of Gen. William C. Wickham by Valentine was erected by private subscription. The city placed it in Monroe Park. The cost of the monument was \$15,000. There is a handsome monument in Hollywood Cemetery over the grave of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart; also one erected to Pickett's Division, another to Otey's Battery, and one to the Richmond Howitzers, the cost of all these together being \$10,000.

In Richmond, Va., is the beautiful cemetery of Hollywood. Here many are gathered whom the South holds dear. Chief among these is Jefferson Davis, whose grand monument was a loving contribution of the whole United States. It is a magnificent shaft surmounted by the allegorical figure of a woman known as "Vindictrix." At the foot of this pillar is a pedestal five feet high with a bronze figure of Mr. Davis eight feet high. All the inscriptions are in Latin. Near this monument of Mr. Davis is the beautiful monument to Winnie Davis, the "Daughter of the Confederacy." This is a seated figure of the finest Carrara, and is called the angel of grief. She bears a wreath which she extends as if about to lay it upon a grave. This monument was from the contributions of the U. D. C. of the entire South, and the unveiling was a special feature of the General U. D. C. Convention held in Richmond in 1899.

Suffolk, Va., has the handsomest monument in Cedar Hill Cemetery dedicated to all Confederate soldiers. It was erected by one man, Thomas W. Smith, in loving memory to his comrades.

Valley Mountain, Va., has a monument to the Loring Division. It is a low pedestal with a double cross. It was erected by the John H. Forney Chapter, U. D. C.

Warrenton, Va., has a pedestal of limestone supporting a female figure holding a book.

Warwick, Va., has a handsome monument. It was erected by Magruder Chapter, U. D. C.

West Point, Va., by John M. Stone Chapter, U. D. C., has unveiled a handsome shaft of gray granite with crossed swords. Two soldiers guard the base.

Winchester, Va., has a monument to the unknown Confederate dead in Stonewall Cemetery which cost \$10,000. This monument has several shafts. Virginia erected one of these at \$1,000 and Maryland one for \$2,500.

Woodstock, Va., has a shaft beautiful in its simplicity. It is of unornamented white marble and was erected by the U. D. C.

The "Wytheville (Va.) Grays" Chapter, U. D. C., erected a shaft of white marble.

WEST VIRGINIA.

Huntington (W. Va.) Chapter, U. D. C., and Camp Garnett, U. C. V., erected a granite shaft surmounted by a soldier on guard.

Romney, W. Va., has a tall shaft with a soldier on it.

Shepherdstown, W. Va., has a marble shaft which cost \$2,500.

The monument at Union, W. Va., is a nineteen-foot pedestal of Barre granite upholding a soldier at parade rest.

MAJ. WILLIAM WATKINS DUNLAP.

Dr. Fayette Dunlap, of Danville, Ky., writes of his brother, Maj. William Watkins Dunlap, who served four years in the Confederate army: "He was born in Danville, Ky., July 12, 1841; and was a cadet at West Point in 1857, and but a little while before he was to be graduated he left the academy and enlisted in the Confederate service. I do not know when, where, or under whose command; but he was in the earlier days in Missouri with General Price. I have an impression that he was at Vicksburg, but not at the surrender. [Mr. Dunlap would appreciate any data of his brother's service in the C. S. A.—ED. VETERAN.] A year or two after the close of the war he was selected by a representative of the Khedive of Egypt as an officer in his army, and served there ten or twelve years as colonel of artillery. After his return to the United States, he engaged in mining engineering in Colorado, where he died in 1892 in the forty-ninth year of his age."

In a postscript Mr. Dunlap adds: "In the center of our city is an old cemetery. Sixty years ago it was abandoned as a burial place; but the State Medical Society erected a handsome monument to Dr. Ephraim McDowell and the Presbyterian Church one to David Rice, the founder of Kentucky Presbyterianism, and now a movement is being put on foot to erect one to Theodore O'Hara, the poet, and many of the U. D. C. and most of our intelligent and progressive people wish to erect the Confederate monument there instead of in our city cemetery. It is a beautiful spot adjoining an old church and the university campus, and is an ideal location. The park is cared for at the public expense, so the monument would always be decently cared for long after these organizations have been disbanded. In my judgment it would be a mistake to place this shaft in the cemetery."

The location of such monuments in public parks seems most appropriate. Again, statues should not be placed on tall shafts. If the figure has merit, it should be accessible for criticism, and not so high as to create an impulse to erect a scaffold and lower it where it may be enjoyed.

WHEN A SAM DAVIS MONUMENT WAS FIRST PROPOSED.

Of the many visitors to Nashville to attend the unveiling of the Sam Davis monument in April, one of the most interested was C. H. King, of Murfreesboro, who had known Sam Davis, and he told of a movement toward erecting a monument to this brave boy started in 1883 when some comrades in discussing incidents of the war mentioned Sam Davis and his heroic sacrifice. Then it was resolved that a monument should be erected to his memory, when Jo Jones, of Murfreesboro, handed a dollar to Mr. King, saying he would be the first contributor. That identical dollar was brought to Nashville and added to the fund by Mr. King, who had hoped that it might be placed in the corner stone, but it was too late for that. A son of Mr. King, now Dr. J. H. King, of Nashville, submitted the first paper to the VETERAN concerning the heroism of this son of Tennessee. It was a school essay.

THE ALIANT, SUCCESSFUL SERVANT.

HON. JAMES D. PORTER COMPLETES A GREAT WORK.

Many people in the South do not recall if they ever knew that George Peabody, one of the early philanthropists of the country, made a large bequest about the close of the war for the education of children in the impoverished South.

George Peabody was a native of Massachusetts, born in Danvers in February, 1795. The name of the town was afterwards changed to Peabody. It is a small town of about 15,000 population and in the northern vicinity of Boston. His early years were spent in different sections of Massachusetts, but before he was grown he went to Georgetown, D. C. Mr. Elisha Riggs became interested in him, and while very young made him a partner of Riggs & Peabody. Later Mr. Peabody went to London, where he made a colossal fortune for those times; and although a resident of the world's metropolis for thirty years, he was ever an ardent American, and at the close of the war of the sixties three-fourths of his wealth was in United States government and State securities.

While a loyal Union man, none the less did he feel charity for the South, "as political opinion was far more a matter of birth and education than of unbiased reason," and he said in such connection to his New England friend: "Had you and I been born in the South, we might have cast our lot with those who fought, as all must admit, so bravely for what they believed to be their rights." This tribute to Southern valor and patriotism was paid early after the war in the junior seventies.

Mr. Peabody enjoyed the great blessing of bestowing millions for the benefit of the poor in America and England. His first princely benefaction was one million of dollars to the city of Baltimore. On going back to England he devised means for expending one million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars to the poor of London. The English people pressed Mr. Peabody to permit them to present him with some fitting token of their appreciation, but he declined except to say that he would esteem a letter from the Queen.

Such letter was promptly and graciously sent to him, and in the letter the Queen states: "It is an act, as the Queen believes, wholly without parallel, and which will carry its own reward in the consciousness of having contributed so largely to the assistance of those who can so little help themselves." She explained that she would have given him titles of eminence and renown, but that Mr. Peabody felt himself debarred from accepting such distinctions. The Queen, however, did assume to give him a miniature portrait of herself which she would send to him in America or hold for his return to England.

Mr. Peabody acknowledged the Queen's letter, in which he said: "Next to the approval of my own conscience I shall always prize the assurance which your majesty's letter conveys to me of the approbation of the Queen of England, whose life has attested that her exalted station has in no degree diminished her sympathy with the humblest of her subjects."

The miniature portrait of the Queen is mounted in an elaborate and massive chased frame of gold. It is fourteen inches in length and ten wide, and at that time was the largest miniature of the kind that had ever been attempted in England. It is in the Peabody Institute, Peabody, Mass., properly exhibited with other great gifts of appreciation to Mr. Peabody.

The crowning glory of Mr. Peabody's munificence was in giving to the South two millions of dollars as an educational

fund for the devastated section, as was the condition at the close of the Civil War.

This great fund has been wisely and honestly managed, and now one million dollars of the sum has been assigned to the Peabody College, in Nashville, Tenn.

GOVERNOR PORTER'S EXPLANATORY ADDRESS.

I was with Dr. Sears, the first General Agent of the Peabody Board, in 1875 and he said to me: "If you will furnish the house, I will establish a normal college in Nashville. I am satisfied it is the best place in the South." This was within twenty minutes of my inauguration as Governor of the State. I said to him: "Meet me here to-morrow morning at ten o'clock and I will inform you whether I can secure a building for you. I am very anxious to see the school established." Before that hour I interviewed Judge William F. Cooper, Edwin H. Ewing, Edward D. Hicks, and other members of the Board of Trustees of the University of Nashville and obtained from them consent to establish the college in the buildings of the university; and when Dr. Sears called, I was able to offer him the most eligible building and the best location of any point in the city of Nashville. He accepted the offer, and in the early winter following the school was organized and entered upon a most successful career.



HON. JAMES D. PORTER.

I gave the school my friendly coöperation and contributed my influence to advance it. More than twenty-five years ago I was elected a member of the Peabody Board of Trust, and was indebted largely to General Grant for my unsolicited election. I studied the conditions of Mr. Peabody's gift, and I began to prepare myself to influence the Trustees to endow

this college. I succeeded in winning the favorable opinion of the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, and in his last illness he prepared a paper to be published after his death in which he recommended the Board to give this college absolutely \$1,000,000.

After I had come into possession of his letter, which was for years circulated privately, I entered upon an earnest effort to secure that sum of money. Frequent efforts failed to secure it. The Board was composed of busy men who met once a year and had a session that averaged about two hours, which made it almost impossible to secure any deliberate or well-considered action until 1905, when, with the assistance of President Roosevelt, who was a member of the Board, it resolved to endow the college with the promised million dollars. But action to carry out this resolution failed. Sometimes there would be no quorum present, and then the opposition to it was at all times very determined. Finally the appropriations made by the State, the city, and the county of Davidson were in such shape that the opposition ceased and the money was turned over to the college. There were ill-advised people here and elsewhere who seemed to think that the appropriation ought to have been made at an earlier date and that the failure to do it was attributed to the fact that I was "too slow," doubtless thinking that if they had a voice in the matter they could rush it through in an hour.

The college from its opening to the present has been a very great success, and has exerted an influence in the education of the South greater than any other institution of learning. During the years that I have been the official head of the college I have been gratified at the good conduct of all of its pupils. I have undertaken to take care of them, and they have given me a most loyal support. In a long life I have been engaged in many undertakings; but I have never been associated with as many people whose conduct has been so upright and so free from scandal, and I am gratified to know that the student body has conferred honor and distinction upon the college. Three-fourths of the members of the college faculty came here upon my invitation. They have proven themselves to be gentlemen, successful teachers, and scholars of great learning. I have been satisfied with their conduct and have abstained as far as possible from interference with them in the performance of their special duties, and I tender to them my acknowledgment of the manner in which they have conducted their particular departments.

My coming here as President of Peabody College was at the request of the Peabody Board. I came under an agreement to spend one year; annually I was invited to remain another year, and at each annual election I put a limit of one year more which should end my service. Finally when the promise to make the endowment was made, in 1905, I stated that so soon as the money arrangements could be satisfactorily adjusted at this end of the line I would resign. And so, having accomplished the work I undertook, I make this announcement to you, which has already been made to the Peabody Board of Trust. This determination to resign cannot be a surprise to any one, for the reason that my purpose was announced in an interview with the city press three years ago and repeated on all proper occasions.

The best years of my life have been spent in the service of this college. I was moved to it because I believed that it would supply the greatest need of the South, and at the same time it afforded an opportunity for manifesting my devotion to the State of Tennessee and to the city of Nashville.

Governor Porter mentioned later as another reason for the step he has taken the feeble health of his wife and her physical inability to perform her social duties. It is pleasing to all who know him, however, to learn that he will still remain in active service in connection with the recently consolidated institution.

REMINISCENCE OF HIS FIRST BATTLE.

BY ANDREW L. BAKER, FORT PAYNE, ALA.

The company to which I belonged was formed at the Methodist camp ground in Cherokee County, Ala., and we were mustered into service in the 4th Battalion of Alabama at Nashville, Tenn., in November, 1861. I served through the entire war, and was paroled at Salisbury, N. C., April 28, 1865.

I was in more than twenty battles, among them Shiloh, Corinth, Baker's Creek, all the fighting from Dalton to Atlanta, Peachtree Creek, Franklin, and Nashville. My Company (B) did most of the picket duty for our regiment. It is almost incredible that I should have received no serious hurt nor get captured, and yet that was my good fortune. Very few of the company I went into service with came back home. The 4th Battalion was consolidated with the 55th Alabama Regiment. Then we were so badly cut up at Peachtree Creek that we were placed in the 27th Alabama, and I was paroled from that regiment.

My first battle was Shiloh, beginning Sunday morning, April 6, 1862. We were six miles from the scene of action when the battle opened, but by a forced march we were on the ground at about eight o'clock. The Federals had been driven back from their first line. We were formed in line and marched to the front over dead horses and dead and dying men. Then we were ordered to halt, stack arms, and fill our knapsacks. We had stopped on the top of a hill, and looking down we saw the Federals coming back, and they began to fire on us. Butler and Penderson, on my right and left, were each shot in the head and killed, and Hanston, behind me, was shot in the arm. Such was my first experience under fire. We held our ground until the arrival of fresh troops, who charged the Federals and drove them down the hill.

The fight continued all day, and about sundown the line of which we were a part fell back in the shape of the letter V. The Federal General Prentiss, thinking we were in retreat, followed into the gap with his command; then General Forrest with his cavalry reestablished the line behind them and they were captured in the trap set for them. By this time the Federals were crowded in on the bank of the river; and if General Johnston had not been killed, I believe we would have scattered them all that night.

After my experience at Shiloh, I became inured to war's alarms. Once while going from Dalton to Atlanta Bill Cannon and I were detailed to go beyond the picket line to obtain information as to the movements of the Federals. Passing our pickets, we proceeded a distance along the main road, then turned to the left, following an old abandoned road through a thicket in an old field. We were moving as cautiously as possible, for we were aware that our errand was most hazardous. We had gone down a little hill and out into the road, when suddenly seven Federal soldiers arose before us and ordered our surrender. They had concealed themselves in the dense thicket and allowed us to come within twenty yards of them before halting us. But we surprised them also by wheeling into the thicket and beginning a race for life. We did some good running too, as we were more than a hundred yards from them when they fired on us.

PORT HUDSON CALAMITIES—MULE MEAT.

BY LINN TANNER, CHENEYVILLE, LA.

War has its fun as well as its fury. A soldier's life is one of vicissitudes in which can be found many changes, ranging from the gloom of despair to the acme of hope and jollity. A good soldier when in active service is more or less contented when he feels that he is doing his duty; and when it is done, there comes a satisfaction that, even though defeated, the fault or blame rests with others. As a soldier in the ranks of the Confederate army on both sides of the Mississippi River from 1862 to the close of the war I experienced or witnessed many amusing things or incidents which call forth remembrances to this day. One occurrence I will relate.

After Gen. N. P. Banks had surrounded Port Hudson with his land troops, estimated at over forty thousand, in the attempt to capture that stronghold, held by four thousand all told, a steady fire day and night was kept going by the land forces, assisted by the heavy guns and mortars under command of Admiral Farragut on the river below. In plain view through the siege could be seen all kinds of warlike craft sending forth clouds of white smoke from guns and mortar shells. At first it was terrorizing; but after it was seen that such slight damage resulted it soon became monotonous to those on the inside of the earthen breastworks. It was not uncommon to see soldiers with spread blankets playing cards.

When the siege was begun, there was not a thought that provisions would ever become short. All the storehouses and commissary buildings were stored with hundreds of barrels of sugar, salt, bacon, rice, molasses, and corn meal, while in a great heap on the bank of the river were several boat loads of corn in the ear forty feet in diameter and ten to twelve feet deep which was intended for the horses of the troops at that place. Not over three weeks passed when all was destroyed, the buildings being set on fire by the bursting shells and the corn going into the river because of a caving in of the banks. At the same time two of our largest siege pieces (Columbiads) went with the landslide, a fact which was deplored by all.

A few cattle which had been gathered and driven in just preceding the arrival of Banks's army were killed, and we were placed on meager rations until both corn and meat were exhausted; but it seemed as the food supply grew less each day that the determination to "hold the fort" became stronger. Up to this time the eating of horse or mule flesh had not been thought of, though dozens of each were killed by shots thrown day and night in all parts of the inclosure; but when the last cow, a very poor one, was slaughtered and handed out, the order came from headquarters (Gen. Frank Gardner, commander) to issue horse and mule meat. No soldier will forget his first horse-meat breakfast.

It was comical to see the facial expression as they viewed the platters of hot steak fried in its own grease or the "chunk" of boiled mule as it floated in a bucket of "stew." However, there seemed to be perfect good humor as they one after the other "tackled the job," and numerous jokes and badinage were indulged in by the partakers of the viands. Occasionally would some stalwart fellow throw back his head and utter a long and loud "Ye-ha, ye-ha, ye-haw!" in imitation of a jackass or mule, while another would step aside and kick at any one near by and trot off, moving his head from one side to the other in imitation of a trotting mule. All this was pure jollity, and such fun soon grew contagious and could be heard all along the battle front or breastworks.

The first day I got a piece of fat horse, but the coarseness

of the flesh so added to my prejudice that I could not eat it. I easily persuaded myself that a slice of fat mule was not so bad. So I got, consequently, from the cook a broad piece of broiled steak, and I retired to the seclusion of a ravine near by and took a seat on a stump. I cut off a small bit, took a quick glance, and shoved it between my teeth and with forced resolution I clamped it. No doubt I would have succeeded in "downing it," but just then I heard a muttering behind, and, turning about, I saw an army mate who had earned the nickname of "Growling Grif" and who was indulging in his usual pastime—growling.

Being anxious to somewhat divert my mind from the then unpleasant task of eating, I inquired: "What is the matter, Grif?" With an oath he answered: "That — commissary sergeant had my mule killed this morning." "What if he did, Grif? Don't you know we will have to give in in a week or two and the Yanks would get all we have left?" "Yes," he growled, "I know that as well as you do; but he could 'a' took another instead of old Jack, my saddle mule." Being anxious to conciliate all I could, I replied: "Well, that don't make any difference; you won't get any more riding or driving out of your team because we are dead sure to surrender, and our mules will be given to our enemy." "Well," he ejaculated, "I don't suppose you care about it; but I do. Old Jack had a sore back and I wanted to cure it up."

There was no time for me to shape an answer. Involuntarily I dashed the mule steak straight for his head, just missing him, while he left grumpy and growling about the way some folks treated him. I never knew what he said, but hunger forced me to hunt among the leaves where it had fallen; and after finding it, I ate it with a full measure of enjoyment. Since then I have always believed that good fat mule (not sore back) is a better and juicier as well as a finer grained meat than beef, and would have or make no objection to eating it if it is properly dressed and cooked.

A MOST INCORRIGIBLE REBEL.—An old Marylander relates that during the occupation of Frederick City, Va., by the Federal forces there was residing there a young lady, Miss Eliza P—, who was a most incorrigible Rebel. Whenever she saw the provost guard coming on the street upon which she lived, she would immediately go to the parlor, seat herself at the piano, and play "Dixie" and "The Bonnie Blue Flag." Upon one occasion, having refused to pass under the stars and stripes, she was arrested and ordered to report every morning to the provost marshal. After several calls, she noticed one morning the flag draped over and above the door of the marshal's office, whereupon she stopped outside and refused to enter. The marshal requested her to enter, but she pointedly refused. He then told her that if she did not come in he would order two of his men to bring her in. "Under those circumstances, Captain Ellett," she replied, "I am forced to enter." She then took from her pocket a small Confederate flag, and, holding it with both hands over her head, she walked into the marshal's office. The captain then said to her: "Miss Eliza, go home. I give you up."

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN AT ELDORADO, ARK.—The U. D. C.'s of Eldorado, Ark., are erecting a \$3,000 drinking fountain on the Public Square of that city. An octagon-shaped pool is at the base of the monument. The center of this pool is filled with artificial water lilies, in the midst of which stands a crane with head erect and a stream of water issuing from its mouth.

SAM HOUSTON'S SEPARATION FROM HIS WIFE.

RELIABLE PAPER THROUGH EX-GOV. JAMES D. PORTER.

In 1821 Gen. William Carroll was elected Governor of Tennessee. He was second in command to General Jackson in the battle of New Orleans. He was a man of great popularity, and served three successive terms, which was the limit under the Constitution of Tennessee. In 1827 General Houston was elected Governor. On the 22d of January, 1829, Governor Houston married Miss Eliza H. Allen, a member of a large and influential family in Sumner and Smith Counties. General Carroll, after being out of the Governor's chair for two years, was again eligible, and declared himself a candidate in opposition to General Houston, who was a candidate for reelection. During the canvass between Carroll and Houston Houston's wife left him—in April, 1829—and went back to her father's house. (She was a lady of refined feelings, sensitive, and quick to resent harsh words or cruel treatment. She had been reared by kind and indulgent parents; she had received much attention, and was accustomed to associate with the most refined and gentle society. Upon the contrary, Houston had spent his life from the age of eighteen to twenty-one years among the Cherokee Indians. He had adopted their manners and become as one of them. He had seen much of the rougher and wilder class of people. He was of a jealous disposition, and was not willing for his wife to enter society, but insisted she should confine herself at home. This was so contrary to what she had been accustomed to that she resented the treatment; and finding that she and her husband were not congenial and that she could not live happily with him, she left him and returned to her father's home. The news of the separation quickly spread and aroused an angry and indignant feeling against Governor Houston.)

The canvass for Governor had opened. Col. Willoughby Williams, who was one of Governor Houston's warm supporters, wrote an account of the separation, which is published in Judge J. C. Guild's history, "Early Times in Middle Tennessee." Colonel Williams says: "The first meeting between them [Carroll and Houston] took place at Cockrill's Springs at a battalion muster in April, 1829. I was at that time sheriff of the county as well as colonel of militia, and at the request of Governor Houston drilled the regiment that day. He desired me to acquaint myself fully with the popular feeling and tell him after the speaking, which I did; and as the sentiment was greatly in his favor, it afforded him much satisfaction, and he left the grounds for the city in fine spirits Saturday afternoon. I was registering my name at the Nashville Inn the following Monday when Mr. Carter, the clerk, said: 'Have you heard the news?' I answered: 'No. What news?' He replied: 'Governor Houston and his wife have separated, and she has returned to her father's family.' I was greatly shocked, having never suspected any cause for separation. I went to his room at once and found him in company with Dr. Shelby. He was deeply mortified, and refused to explain the matter. I left him with Dr. Shelby for a few moments, and on returning said to him: 'Governor, you must explain this sad occurrence to us, else you will sacrifice yourself and your friends.' He replied: 'I can make no explanation. I exonerate the lady fully, and do not justify myself. I am a ruined man. I will exile myself, and now ask you to take my resignation to the Secretary of State.' I replied, 'You must not think of such a thing,' when he said: 'It is my fixed determination, and my enemies when I am gone will be too magnanimous to censure my friends.' Seeing his deter-

mination, I took his resignation to the Secretary of State, who received it. The following morning he went in disguise to the steamboat, accompanied by Dr. Shelby and myself."

Governor Houston wrote to his wife's father that he exonerated her from any blame. He sought reconciliation, but his wife refused to return to him.

A public meeting of leading citizens had been held in Gallatin, Sumner County, in which resolutions favorable to his wife had been passed. He saw that public feeling was strong against him, and that a continuance of the canvass would tend to increase the discussion of his separation from his wife and increase the public feeling against him, and that he would be overwhelmingly defeated in his race for Governor. He had been disappointed in his efforts for reconciliation with his wife. Disappointed in his ambition, he became desperate and felt, as he said to Colonel Williams, that he was "a ruined man," and he "exiled himself" at once and returned to his old friends, the Cherokees. His wife, while resenting his treatment, was really attached to him, and for many years lived a secluded and retired life. She was highly respected and beloved in the community where she lived. Governor Houston always spoke of her in affectionate terms and fully exonerated her from any wrong or blame in the separation. There was no mystery or romance about the separation. Like many other married couples, they were not congenial. The wife thought she could not live happily with him and went back to her father's home and refused to be reconciled.

Governor Houston became famous by his career in Texas, and on this account public attention was directed to him and much was written about him and about his marriage, and, to add interest to the subject, writers in newspapers and magazines sought to throw a mystery and romance around the separation and exile of Governor Houston. Much that has been written was wholly without any foundation in fact, purely fictitious and written to satisfy the public appetite for something that would interest them.

After the marriage of Governor Houston to Miss Lea in Alabama, his first wife, Mrs. Eliza H. Houston, on the 8th of November, 1840, married Dr. Elmore Douglass, a highly honored and respected citizen of Sumner County, Tenn. They lived happily together until her death. She died March 3, 1861, and Dr. Douglass died in 1864. Both are buried in the cemetery at Gallatin, Tenn.

REV. J. H. McNEILLY, D.D., COMMISSIONED CHAPLAIN OF TENNESSEE DIVISION.—On the promotion of the Rev. R. L. Cave to the office of Chaplain General to the U. C. V., Dr. J. H. McNeilly, also of Nashville, was commissioned to fill the position of State Chaplain to the Tennessee Division made vacant by Dr. Cave's promotion. Dr. McNeilly is one of the best-known Presbyterian ministers in the State, and served the Confederacy the entire four years of the war.

Man is only a child of a larger growth, and a soldier is just a man used to war's alarms. Georgia U. D. C. are appreciative of this fact, and keep the Soldiers' Home supplied with many "goodies" not in the list of things needful given by the State appropriation. Homemade cakes, tempting fruits, fresh or preserved with the famed skill of Georgia's housewives, jellies, nuts, even candies find eager welcome in the Home. Certainly this "sweetening" of lonely hours has much to recommend it, and to the gratitude each soldier feels for his share he adds his meed of appreciation for the tender thought that prompted such consideration for his pleasure.

CONFEDERATE CONGRESS.

TWO MISSISSIPPIANS LIVING WHO SERVED IN THAT BODY.

Editor Post: I have seen several statements in your paper and others in connection with the sickness and recent death of Judge Goode, of Virginia, that he was the last surviving member of the Confederate Congress. This is an error which I write to correct. Mississippi has two living men who served in that memorable body. Hon. J. A. P. Campbell, the venerable and beloved ex-chief justice of the State Supreme Court, is living in Jackson, Miss., honored and revered by all who know him. He was a delegate from Mississippi to the convention which organized the Confederate government and was a member of the first Congress. Hon. J. A. Orr, of Columbus, Miss., an ex-circuit judge, and one of the purest and ablest lawyers in the State, was a member of the same great body, but entered later than Judge Campbell. All Mississippians are proud of these two distinguished citizens. Judge Campbell is the last survivor of the great convention which gave birth to the "storm-cradled nation that fell."

Very truly,

THEO. SPIGHT.

In answer to a letter from Mr. Spight on this subject Mr. J. A. Campbell writes: "I have the facsimile of the signatures to the constitution of the Confederate States. To this Congress South Carolina had eight delegates; Georgia, 9; Florida, 3; Alabama, 9; Mississippi, 7; Louisiana, 6; Texas, 7. I name the States in the order which these delegates signed on the 11th of March, 1861. A vacancy occurred in the Mississippi delegation, and Col. J. A. Orr was chosen to fill it, and came to the May session of the Provisional Congress. Of all who signed the constitution, I alone survive. I do not think there is a doubt of this."

Col. J. A. Orr, who is in his eighty-second year, writes: "Judge Campbell and I were members of the Provisional Congress, which expired by its own limitation in February, 1862. He was never a candidate for election to the second or Confederate Congress, but served as judge-advocate in the Confederate army for the balance of the war. I was in the army as colonel of the 31st Mississippi Volunteers, which regiment I raised, till the second Congress convened in Richmond, Va., April 1, 1864. I served in that Congress till the surrender in 1865. So far as I know, Judge Campbell and myself are the two last of the Provisional Congress, and I am the last of the Confederate Congress, unless General Atkins, of Tennessee, is still alive." [General Atkins is dead.—Ed.]

INSCRIPTIONS FOR WOMAN'S MONUMENT.

The South Carolina commission in charge of erecting a memorial to Southern women say that two large panels will be used with inscriptions to declare to the world what these women of the sixties did to deserve these honors. They ask for suggestions as to what these inscriptions shall be. They must not consist of less than sixty and not more than eighty words, preferably sixty words. The men are requested to send in their suggestions, as modesty would prevent women doing full justice to the subject. Those contributions deemed most suitable by the commission will be used. Suggestions should be sent to Capt. William E. Gonzales, Columbia, S. C.

LIBERAL OFFER OF ATLANTA MAN TO WOMAN'S MEMORIAL.—Atlanta believes that the memorial to women should take the form of a home for Confederate widows. A generous gentleman of that city offers to give \$100,000 to this if the memorial be in the form of a home, and a valuable site for the building will also be donated.

UNIQUE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT SUGGESTED.—All over the South and in many Northern States are statues of marble, granite, or bronze to honor the noble dead who died for their cause. More and more are colleges being endowed, scholarships presented, and homes being erected, all in commemoration of their deathless deeds; but a new idea has originated in Jackson, Miss. Major Millsaps, the banker and founder of Millsaps College, proposes to ask the Legislature to set aside the old Capitol grounds as a Confederate park. He says if this is not done he will head the list for the requisite purchase money with ten thousand dollars.

A CORRECTION TO A KEYSTONE ARTICLE.—Mrs. Marion Butler requests the VETERAN to correct an article in the Keystone in regard to whom honor should be given for the restoration of the name of Jefferson Davis to Cabin John Bridge. This article did not mention Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, President General U. D. C., who personally saw President Roosevelt and the Secretary of War and received their promise to at once take up the matter.

THE FIRST COLORADO CHAPTER, U. D. C.—A meeting called by Mrs. A. J. Emmerson, assisted by Akenden, of the women of Denver, Colo., resulted in the establishment of the first U. D. C. Chapter in that State. The good work once established, many other Chapters will quickly follow.

KUKLUX REDIVIVUS.—The old Kuklux Klan seems to have met with a revival in Georgia. About twenty-five or thirty men wearing the weird dress of the Kuklux rode into Dalton and nailed up proclamations and through the papers published orders that the illicit selling of whisky and other intoxicants must stop. Gamblers, women of the town, and notorious characters were also warned, several persons by name being notified of the vengeance of the klan in case of disobedience.

CONFEDERATE NAVAL MEMORIAL.—The Chairman of the National Military Park Commission at Vicksburg says that a petition has been presented to Congress for an appropriation of a hundred thousand dollars with which to place a memorial to the Confederate navy in the park. If granted, the memorial will take the form of a Greek temple on the order of the Parthenon, and will be placed on a high hill near Fort Van Dorn.

GRANDSON OF GEN. JOHN B. GORDON DROWNED.—A cablegram to Mr. Burton Smith, of Atlanta, gave the sad news that his son, Gordon Smith, was drowned in the Chagres River, Panama, August 21. Gordon Smith was a nephew of ex-Gov. Hoke Smith and grandson of Gen. John B. Gordon. He was a graduate of the Technical Institute, and was in Panama with an engineering expedition.

OBJECTS TO USE OF CONFEDERATE FLAGS.

Some of the citizens of Spokane, Wash., are rejoicing in a preponderance of deteriorated egotism, as is evinced by the meeting of the Veteran (G. A. R.) Association in that city recently. The National Irrigation Congress met there, and in the decoration of the streets a few Confederate flags were used. The stars and bars seemed to have acted upon the choleric veterans as the proverbial red flag does on his bovine majesty. They called a meeting, and in bad English and in many mixed metaphors issued a preamble and resolutions that are ludicrous in their smallness and spite. This document was printed in the newspaper, followed by a letter from one Israel P. Rumsey, of Chicago, who claims to have fought under Generals Logan, Sherman, and Grant, though he evidently did not do much fighting anywhere.

DEMURS TO "MASCULINE GARB AND TITLES."

BY BRIG. GEN. H. T. DAVENPORT, AMERICUS, GA.

I am pained to find in the June *VETERAN*, page 268, the article, "Why Masculine Garb and Titles?" It is an attack upon our Confederate Choirs, undeserved and uncalled for. We are all entitled to our individual views concerning any matter or subject of interest. But when these opinions are put in public print in expressions that seem to me to be so unnecessary and hurtful, I feel that it is my privilege to protest.

There is no feature or entertainment connected with our Reunions that gives more, if as much, pleasure to the veterans as the presence and songs of the Confederate Choirs. They create more enthusiasm and make us more anxious to attend the next Reunion than any other organization meeting with us. To lose them would be a misfortune and to offend them in the columns of the *VETERAN* is an attack or criticism or both exceedingly hurtful to the spirit which brings us together annually.

General Davenport is one of our most valiant and loyal veterans. He is worthy to fill any place in the organization. He is also one of our most gallant men, and his emphatic declaration is against the editor rather than the fair, noble woman who protests against masculine garb and title for Southern women. His apology to the author of that article would be as quick as his emphasis against the *VETERAN* for printing it. Now let us reason together. General Davenport cannot emphasize extravagantly the worth of these patriotic song birds to the organization; but can't we find titles for these dainty creatures that will be acceptable to all Southern patriots? Mrs. Anderson's views, upon which he comments, are shared by many women and by many battle-scarred heroes.

The *VETERAN* is in sympathy with the plea for femininity; but the editor is cordially in favor of the greatest good to all of our organizations, and he knows that Comrade Davenport and dear Col. W. H. Stewart, who is the worthy head of the Confederate Choir movement, are as representative comrades as live. The editor, moreover, realizes his responsibility, and will never press his views against comrades in matters wherein opinions differ so widely. Surely our lovely women who are so helpful at Reunions do not seek to confuse the matter of titles nor to wear garbs that must detract from their beauty. Who can suggest a solution of the trouble?

CONFUSION BY TITLES SHOULD BE AVOIDED.

BY A. L. HULL, UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA, ATHENS.

I am heartily in accord with the protests against giving titles of Brigadier and Major General to the officers of the U. C. V. The organization is not a military one, and the so-called rank misses but little of being ridiculous. It is on a par with calling all lawyers colonel.

But seriously it is an injustice to real generals whose rank is part of the glorious history of the Confederate army. More than that, it confuses the youth of the South, who know too little of the commanders in the great war. A noncommissioned officer in the Confederate army may now rank with Gordon and Forrest and Hoke and Stuart. In fact, I know of one (a gallant soldier he was, but he never wore even a chevron) who is now known as a Major General of Confederate Veterans.

There should be a committee to report a substitute for these titles. Some such title as captain general, commander, and lieutenant commander would designate the office and not be open to the same criticism.

ANNUITIES FOR CONFEDERATES.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, of Richmond, Va., Director of Arlington Confederate Monument Association, refers to the article by Judge Lyle in the *VETERAN* for May under the above title and states:

"I have worked for ten years steadily for our veterans, and have had every opportunity of knowing many sacrifices they have to make. As Vice President of Richmond Chapter, U. D. C., Vice President of Lee Camp Auxiliary Society, member of the Confederate Museum and other societies, I have had an extensive experience along those lines, and have seen their needs and tried as far as in my power to supply them.

"Appomattox was Mr. Bocock's native county, and at the time of the surrender I was only four miles from the spot where Lee and Grant arranged the terms of peace. My father, Col. C. J. Faulkner, had just returned from France, having served as Envoy Plenipotentiary under President Buchanan. My husband, Thomas S. Bocock, Speaker of the Confederate Congress, could not be at home, and I was alone with only my faithful slaves and a young child. On Saturday before the surrender about noon the Federal soldiers came by *en route* for Appomattox C. H. We fed some of them; then came our own all during the night and day. For weeks our pitiable suffering and privations were indescribable. All supplies were consumed or taken away. Army wagons were constantly sent and hundreds of bushels of corn carried off. All the horses on the place were stolen except two, which were concealed in the woods. A hundred sheep, cows, hogs, and even the chickens suffered a like fate.

"My father returned from the Valley of Virginia. He knew the Federal generals and many soldiers. He secured a guard of two Pennsylvania soldiers, who remained on my place for six weeks, and became so fond of Virginia that they disliked to leave.

"I have mentioned only some of these experiences to confirm the fact that the South did lose almost everything but land and honor in this terrible struggle, and I testify to its absolute wrongs and sufferings. We never expected to be remunerated; but now we would be glad to have our veterans and their descendants benefited, even though we suffered and lost more than can ever be told."

FROM MANASSAS TO APPOMATTOX.

BY T. K. BOGGS, OF HAMPTON'S LEGION, DECATUR, ALA.

I enlisted in the Hampton Legion of Infantry in April, 1861, and was with that command till April 9, 1865. As mounted infantry we participated in the battle of Appomattox. We went into the battle of Manassas in 1861 with eleven hundred men, and we came out of it with three hundred and fifty, rank and file.

Just before the battle of Appomattox a squad of two companies moved out south of town and posted pickets on the road on which Sheridan's forces were camped. After Lieutenant Farmer had stationed his pickets, he went to a house near by to inquire as to the whereabouts of the enemy. While there a squad of Yankees surprised him and made him prisoner, but not without a struggle. This we learned from the man of the house, and we kept a sharp lookout through the night.

Early on the morning of the 9th the advance guard of the enemy came upon us, and we retreated, disputing every foot of ground. We deployed and fell back until we reached a skirt of timber near the town, where the rest of our regiment

was already drawn up in line of battle. At this time it seemed that the whole army were hotly engaged both to our right and left. Our company was fighting in the woods with Sheridan's Cavalry, and some of our men had hand-to-hand conflicts; but we were outnumbered many to one, and had to fall back still farther.

I fired my Spencer gun as fast as I could, but the rest of our men were falling back. I was holding my horse preparatory to mounting, when a comrade called to me to come quickly, as our orderly sergeant, Bruce, was shot. I responded as quickly as possible, but only in time to see Bruce breathe his last. The dead man's pistol lay beside him, and I told the comrade to pick it up, which he did, but so hurriedly that it fell to the ground. Then I dismounted and picked it up, though the balls were whizzing all around me.

I put spurs to my horse and made the best speed I could. A turn of the road protected me, and I escaped unhurt. Under cover of the hill I found that our lines had re-formed. I saw Bruce's brother and gave him the dead man's pistol.

I was ordered to go to the hilltop and report if the enemy were advancing. I asked our lieutenant to let me skirt the woods, as I thought I would be in less danger than in the open road. While on that hill I watched the battle as it raged on every side. Suddenly my horse shied as a Yankee cavalryman approached from my right, but did not seem to have seen me; so I decided to try to capture him. I aimed my gun and cried out, "Surrender!" "Surrender yourself," was the answer, and suddenly I was surrounded by a dozen men whom I had not seen approaching. I plied the spurs to my horse, and he dashed off, followed by a dozen bullets.

I was reporting to our lieutenant when an officer came up and told us to stack our guns, that Lee had surrendered. Before we did this Gen. Mart Gary gave us a short talk, and said: "All of you who have good horses get out of this, and we will join Joe Johnston in North Carolina." I swam the James River on horseback and crossed into the valley. Before we reached North Carolina, however, Johnston also had surrendered. I made my way home, which I reached in May, and was never paroled.

STORY OF THE HARRIET LANE.

A VESSEL WITH AN INTERESTING HISTORY.

The merchant craft Elliot Richie was once the well-known Federal cruiser Harriet Lane. During the presidency of Mr. Buchanan she was built as a revenue cutter and named for the accomplished niece of the President, who so gracefully did the honors of the White House. The Lane was a fine ship of her class and was very fleet. When the war came on, the demand for swift sailors to catch the blockade runners induced the government to fit her out as a war vessel, and she was placed on duty with the West Gulf squadron on the coast of Texas. Galveston had been abandoned by the Confederate forces, returning to Houston, and the Federal fleet lay in the sunny waters of Galveston Bay.

This fleet consisted of the steamers Westfield, 891 tons, six guns, under Commodore W. B. Renshaw, flagship of the squadron; the Clifton, 892 tons, seven guns, Lieut. Charles H. Baldwin; the Harriet Lane, 619 tons, three guns, Lieut. Jonathan M. Wainwright. This squadron seems to have had an easy time of it, having only an occasional blockade runner to look after and no fears of the Confederates who were in the interior of Texas.

On January 1, 1863, the Harriet Lane was tied to the Galveston wharf, while the rest of the squadron lay at anchor in the bay not far off. The 42d Massachusetts Regiment lay asleep on the wharf near the Lane. There were no thoughts of an enemy near, when soon after sunrise a sudden change of scene was announced by the volleys of Confederate sharpshooters firing from the roofs and windows of the neighboring warehouses at the troops and shipping.

The attack had been organized by Gen. J. B. Magruder, who commanded the Confederates at Houston and had moved his troops during the previous day and night and silently marched them over the railroad bridge across the bay, and during the last night of December occupied the city.

Simultaneous with the attack from the land side two Confederate steamboats, the Bayou City and the Neptune, which had been fitted up at Houston as gunboats and armored with cotton bales, steamed rapidly out of the fog and engaged the Harriet Lane, the first vessel they met. The Neptune was pierced by a shell from the Lane which completely disabled her, when she drifted on the shallows and sank. Her consort, the Bayou City, ran alongside the Lane and was entangled in her rigging, when the Confederates swarmed aboard the decks of the man-of-war, where a desperate hand-to-hand fight took place, resulting in the capture of the Lane. Her commander, Captain Wainwright, and his principal officers and a number of men had been killed on her decks.

Commodore Renshaw while endeavoring to free his ship, the Westfield, from her anchors and get her into action had the misfortune to ground her on the flats of Pelican Island, where she was abandoned. A match was put to her magazine, the crew and captain escaping in boats. After waiting some time and finding that the vessel did not explode, the commodore with a boat's crew of fifteen men went to see what was the matter. This was a fatal move, for scarcely had Commodore Renshaw again boarded his flagship when she blew up with a terrible explosion and not a soul escaped. The rest of the squadron put to sea, while the Federal garrison had no option but to surrender to a superior force.

The Federals never retook Galveston during the entire war, and the Harriet Lane remained in the hands of the Confederates until toward the close of hostilities, when she was retaken by the Federal fleet as a blockade runner. After the war she was sold into the merchant service. Her engines were taken out and she was converted into a four-masted schooner. She has often visited New Orleans as a peaceful merchantman as well as when she was a war ship. She was in the fleet with which Admiral Farragut captured New Orleans in 1862.

A most pathetic and tragic incident occurred at the time of the capture of the Lane at Galveston, and it was a realization of one of those terrible possibilities of a civil war, but which happily did not often occur.

Among the officers of the Lane was a gallant and handsome young lieutenant named Lea. Among the Confederate officers who boarded the Lane and engaged in the bloody struggle on her deck was Maj. Albert Miller Lea, once an officer of the United States army, but then fighting for his native South. When the ship struck her flag and the desperate battle was won, Major Lea, the Confederate, saw lying at the foot of the mainmast a young officer whose lifeblood was flowing from a gaping wound in his breast. This was Lieutenant Lea. They were father and son. They had followed diverse roads in the line of duty, but now death had brought them

together. The young man died in the arms of his father, to whom the glory of that victory was as dust and ashes.

Some of the best and bravest of the Texans fell that day. Among them was a young lieutenant, son of Gen. Sidney Sherman, one of the heroes of Texas independence. These two young soldiers, Lea and Sherman—one who died for the Union and the other who died for the South—were laid in the same grave. They were buried with military honors, and a great concourse of civilians, chiefly ladies, followed them to the cemetery and covered their grave with flowers.

[The name of the author of the above is not known.—Ed.]

THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT AIKEN, S. C.

This simple monument is of polished Carolina granite, and is the result of the untiring efforts of the Ladies' Monument Association, which was organized May 20, 1892. The monument was placed in the center of one of the beautiful parks of the city near the railroad station in full view of



THE AIKEN MONUMENT.

the traveling public, and was unveiled July 23, 1901, by Misses Lidie Ford and Carrie Hall, daughters of local veterans. Gen. B. H. Teague was master of ceremonies, and in fitting words introduced the orator of the day, the Hon. J. Rice Smith, who delivered an eloquent tribute to the valor of the Confederate soldier. Other speakers, among them Congressman W. J. Talbert, addressed the assemblage, which filled the park. Many veterans and friends from the neighboring city of Augusta, Ga., were in attendance.

On the north face of the monument in bas-relief is represented a cannon. On the east is the inscription by General-Bishop Ellison Capers: "They gave their all in defense of home, honor, liberty, and the independence of their native land. They fought the valorous fight. They kept the faith of their fathers, forever honored and forever mourned." On the south side are crossed swords and on the west the inscription: "Erected July 23, 1901, by the Ladies' Monument Association of Aiken, S. C., in loving tribute to the Confederate soldiers of Aiken County." On the west is represented the Confederate war vessel (Merrimac) Virginia.

Near the monument recently has been placed on a stone

bed an iron field piece which has been the property of the town for several ages. It was the signal gun at Camp Butler, also of the first recruiting camps of the State near the city at the breaking out of the Confederate war. It was cast at a foundry near Richmond, Va., in ante-bellum times. It has never been used in battle.

SOLDIERS' DAY AT GALLATIN FAIR.—The Fair of Gallatin, Tenn., in September had soldiers' day, and about three hundred and fifty old veterans were in parade. They were the guests of the management, and everything was free, their uniform being all the pass needed anywhere. A magnificent dinner was served them, and the "boys in gray" enjoyed a jolly good time.

CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' DAY AT MURFREESBORO.—Murfreeshboro, Tenn., at its big annual fair set aside one day on which to do honor to the old soldiers. About one hundred were guests of the fair, and were beautifully entertained. They filled every moment with some pleasant diversion—logrolling, telling stories of the old times, or listening to the eloquent address of Capt. Richard Beard.

HELPFUL SUGGESTION TO U. D. C. CHAPTERS.—A Texas Chapter adopted a most excellent plan for their meetings. Each month they take a State and study its history in the war and the great men it has produced who are celebrated in military annals.

FLOWERS IN MEMORY OF HIS DEAD LEG.—As queer a custom as was ever established is that of Maj. George Tate, of the U. S. A., who makes yearly trips to the grave where his dead leg is buried! He lost his leg in the battle of Gettysburg, and annually carries bouquets of red roses to place on the spot in which it was buried.

TO THE MEN OF THE FIFTH TENNESSEE REGIMENT.

At the reunion of Ashby's Tennessee Cavalry it was decided to try to make a roster of the number of the old brigade now living, and to assist in this work it is requested that all survivors of the 5th Tennessee Regiment of Cavalry will write their name and address to W. G. Allen, Dayton, Rhea County, Tenn. Quick attention to this will be appreciated.

WANTS TO FIND A BOOK.—James W. Campbell, of Martinsburg, W. Va., wishes to find a copy of "Some Truths of History: A Vindication of the South against the Encyclopedia Britannica and Other Maligners," by Thaddeus Oglesby, published by the Reid Jumbo Co., of Atlanta, Ga. The book is out of print, and Mr. Campbell will be very grateful for a copy.

FLOWED UP THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.—Comrade Gilbert, of Georgia, says some people have purchased property near Tunnel Hill on which land was the grave of a Confederate soldier, and this grave Comrade Gilbert says has been plowed up by the new purchasers.

BRONZE MEDAL FOR PHILIPPINE SOLDIERS.—It is not generally known that President William McKinley recommended to Congress a measure (which was passed) whereby a bronze medal is given to all soldiers (volunteers and a few regulars) who remained in the Philippines after their term of enlistment had expired and took part in suppressing the insurrection in Luzon. In his message President McKinley highly commanded the heroic action of this Eighth Army Corps, which he said "stands forth as a noble example of the self-sacrifice and consecration which have ever characterized the American soldier."



One by one they answer roll call,
 One by one they pass away;
 Pass beyond this vale of heartaches,
 Noble wearers of the Gray.
 Pass and cross that mystic river
 Near its placid, restful shore,
 Reach the long-lost land of Eden,
 Join the comrades gone before.
 Ah, each year their ranks grow thinner,
 Veterans weary by the way;
 Soon life's sun will sink forever
 On those wearers of the Gray.
 When in spring the gentle showers
 Kiss sweet rosebuds into bloom,
 Then we weave a fragrant garland
 For the Southland's cherished tomb.
 Weave a garland, yes, of mem'ries—
 Memories twined with flowers rare;
 Place it o'er our fearless heroes,
 Bid its perfume linger there.

COL. CELSUS PRICE.

Col. Celsus Price, son of Gen. Sterling Price, and a member of his staff, died in St. Louis September 5, 1909. He left the University of Virginia to join the Confederate army, where his record was very fine for courage and endurance. After the war he joined Maximilian's forces in Mexico. He took up the cult of Eastern mysticism, and for years had devoted his life to the study of theosophy, going to the fountain head of Orientalism to pursue his studies.

DAUGHTER OF PRESIDENT ZACHARY TAYLOR.

In Winchester, Va., on July 25, 1909, Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor Dandridge, the last member of the immediate family of President Taylor, died at the age of eighty-five.

This daughter was the widow of William Wallace Bliss, a member of her father's staff in Mexico. As "Betty Bliss" she took position as mistress of the White House during her father's administration. She was only twenty-four, beautiful and merry-hearted, and her rule was characterized by the simplicity of a country girl and all the grace and courtesy of a countess. Her high culture, sunny disposition, and admirable social tact made her a close rival to Mrs. Cleveland as the most popular mistress ever in the White House. Her brother Richard, or "Dick" Taylor, as he was best known, won his military spurs while serving under Stonewall Jackson.

While General Taylor opposed the marriage of his daughter, Sarah Knox, to Jefferson Davis, then a budding young lieutenant, the rest of the family warmly approved of the match, and this sister, Betty, was one of young Davis's most enthusiastic adherents, and ever kept up her connection and love for one she called "Brother" always. Mr. Davis's second wife, who knew "Betty Bliss," says that she was one of the most delightful of companions; that she "was personally

attractive, always solicitous for the welfare of others, never elated, never repellant, but thoroughly composed, graceful, cordial, and attentive, and no one ever received her guests with greater dignity nor was more universally popular." Her husband had received the nickname of "Perfect" Bliss on account of his many charming characteristics.

Betty Bliss married Philip Dandridge, of Virginia, a cousin of Martha Custis, the wife of George Washington. On his death she removed from New Orleans to Virginia and made a home for her niece, the daughter of the German Countess Von Grabow. She lived here till her death, keeping till the last her charm of vivacity of manner, brilliancy of brain, and losing little of her beauty of face and form.

CAPT. A. C. WILLIS.

Capt. Achille Murat Willis, aged eighty-one, died on his Beaver County (Okla.) ranch March 10, 1909. He was named for his sister's husband, Achille Murat, whose mother was Queen Caroline Bonaparte. On the maternal side Captain Willis was a grandson of Maj. George Lewis, aid-de-camp and nephew of Gen. George Washington; on the paternal side he was a grandson of Harry and Mildred Willis, the latter being General Washington's aunt.

In his youth Achille Willis saw service as a midshipman in the United States navy and as a clerk for his brother-in-law, Commodore A. J. Dallas, a brother of George M. Dallas, Vice President of the United States during the administration of James K. Polk. Young Willis was elected captain of a Virginia company for service in the Mexican War; but the company later disbanded rather than be made a twin company in a battalion with the Baltimore "Plug Uglies."

When the Civil War began, Captain Willis, although opposed to the secession of Virginia, enlisted as a private in the Confederate army, although having at the time a commission in his pocket from Judah P. Benjamin, the Confederate Secretary of War. He was promoted to lieutenant, and was on General Early's staff at Bull Run, being mentioned for conspicuous bravery. Later he used his commission to raise a troop of cavalry and joined General Ashby under Stonewall Jackson. He had been promised a colonelcy by Ashby, but the latter was killed in a cavalry charge before the order of promotion was made. Willis was in several battles afterwards under Gen. Beverly N. Robertson. From a sword wound he was forced to give up his army career.

When a child Achille Willis sat on the knee of "Old Hickory" in the White House and on the lap of old "Tiger Tail" in Florida. Willis was popular in Washington social circles. Although wealthy, he often led his hands on the plantation with cradle and scythe during wheat harvest. From wealth he had passed into poverty. At the age of seventy-five he came to Beaver County, the most western of Oklahoma's territory, and homesteaded a claim.

Captain Willis's wife, who, with several sons and daughters, survives him, was Miss Edwena Ambler, whose father and grandfather owned Jamestown Island and other valuable Virginia property. Captain Willis was a Mason and member of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

SMITH.—E. W. Smith died in Gainesville, Fla., in August, 1909, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. He had been in delicate health for years, yet death came to him suddenly. He enlisted in the army of the Confederacy, and bore bravely all his share of the toil and fighting that fell to his regiment. He distinguished himself in the battle fought on the hill across Sweetwater branch.

HARRIS STANTON.

It is not often Fate grants the sincere wish of the heart, but to Captain Stanton, of Cheraw, S. C., came this supreme good. He had often expressed a wish to die suddenly at his post of duty. On Sunday, August 22, Policeman Harris Stanton while on his beat fell dead of apoplexy.

Harris Stanton was a member of Hampton's Legion during the war, and he served in Capt. Henry Melver's company. In the battle of Hawe's Shop, Va., Captain Melver was shot and his leg broken. Stanton saw him fall; and though the air was full of whistling bullets, he dismounted, took the injured officer on his back, and carried him from the field. Captain Melver became Chief Justice of the State.

DR. C. ALONZO LANDRUM.

Dr. C. A. Landrum was born in Columbus, Ga., June 5, 1838; and died at DeFuniak Springs, Fla., April 29, 1909. He went to Florida prior to the War between the States. In his service for the Confederacy he was at first orderly sergeant in Capt. C. L. McKinnon's company, but rose to the rank of second lieutenant. He was wounded in the battle of Perryville, Ky., and captured, but was exchanged later at Vicksburg. He was also in the battles of Missionary Ridge, Chickamauga, Dallas, Ga., and Chattanooga. After the war closed, he graduated from the Medical Department of Tulane University, and practiced in Milton, Westville, and DeFuniak, Fla. He had also practiced dentistry, and at the



DR. C. A. LANDRUM.

time of his death was conducting a drug business in DeFuniak Springs. His reputation for probity was widely recognized.

The moral principle was a potent factor in the career of Dr. Landrum, and his life as soldier and citizen was modeled

upon the teachings of the Bible. He leaves a wife, five daughters, and a son who cherish his memory, and to whom he has left "a good name, rather to be chosen than great riches." He was a member of E. Kirby Smith Camp, U. C. V., whose members followed their comrade to the grave.

WILLIAM ANTHONY WAYNE.

William Anthony Wayne was born at Kinston, Lenoir County, N. C., August 4, 1836; and "fell asleep" peacefully at his home, in Washington City, July 5, 1909. Of a distinguished family, he inherited the sterling qualities of his ancestors—a Confederate soldier, a typical Southern gentleman, noble, gallant, brave, amiable, gentle, kind. He enlisted in Company A, 5th Alabama Volunteers, in May, 1861, and was paroled at the surrender of the army under General Lee at Appomattox C. H., Va. From the first battle of Manassas to the last seven days' fight around Richmond, where he commanded his company, he never swerved from his duty. In every sphere of life he was the same true friend, upright, honorable, generous. Serving in a corps commanded by Stonewall Jackson, he never spoke of that grand hero without tears in his eyes, and ever and always said: "Had Jackson commanded at Gettysburg, a different tale would have been told."

He was a loving, tender, devoted husband who held his home life above everything else. A friend writing of him said: "I am glad I had the pleasure of his acquaintance. He was a gentleman of the old school, one of modest dignity, so courteous and considerate—an example of the type of man we had been taught to consider the finest in the world."

For forty years he was an efficient and faithful public servant. One of his last acts of kindness was to purchase a casket and ship the remains of a Confederate veteran from North Carolina a few weeks before his own casket was occupied. But the majesty of death has fallen on his brow and he has been laid to rest in beautiful Rock Creek Cemetery.

WILLIAM DAVIDSON.

William Davidson, aged seventy-four years, an inmate of the Tennessee Soldiers' Home, died as the result of having become overheated. He was familiarly known at the Home as "Pap," and was one of the most popular of the inmates. His death occurred just as the funeral service was in progress over the body of a comrade, William Doak. Mr. Davidson is the eighth soldier to die at the Home within the present year. He served two years in the Civil War, and was both wounded and captured.

PETTYS.—Thomas Pettys was born in Virginia in 1832, and in his seventy-seventh year died at the Tennessee Soldiers' Home, near Nashville, in September, 1909. Though one of the oldest men in the Home and constantly racked with pain from a long and hopeless disease, Thomas Pettys was ever cheery and bright in his disposition, strong and yet gentle in character, and with wide influence for good to all around him. He enlisted at the age of twenty in the 13th Tennessee Cavalry and made an enviable war record.

WRAY.—W. L. Wray died in Carrollton, Miss., at the age of eighty-four. In 1862 he enlisted in the 30th Mississippi Infantry as first lieutenant, and rose almost at once to the captaincy, and as such took part in several of the most important engagements. He was a prisoner for two years on Johnson's Island. He returned to Carrollton and went into the banking business, and was president of the Carrollton Bank. He was buried at Evergreen Cemetery with Masonic honors.

DEATH LIST OF MEMPHIS HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

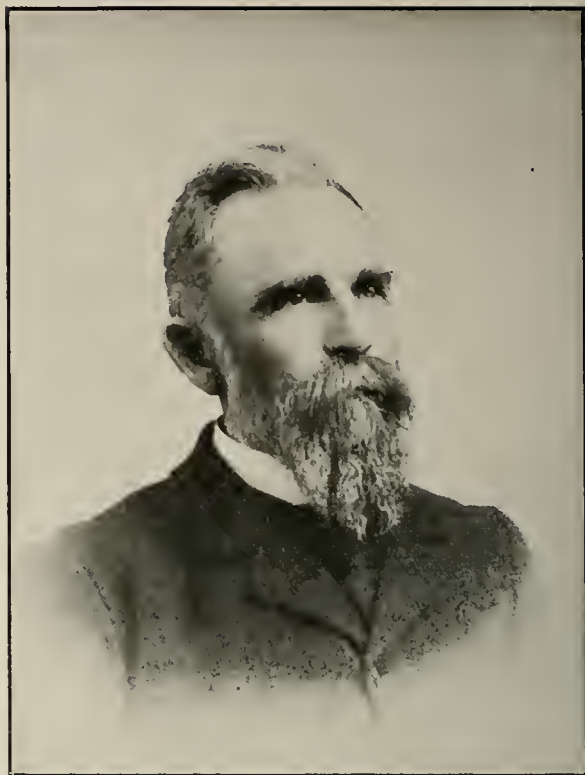
List of members of the Confederate Historical Association who have died between the dates of January 1, 1909, and July 1, 1909: O. B. Farris, captain Company K, 2d Infantry, died January 1, 1909; James C. Clary, private Company H, 154th Sr. Tennessee Infantry, died January 7, 1909; Charles G. Locke, private Company H, 15th Arkansas Infantry, died January 13, 1909; Barton Dickson, captain Company A, 16th Alabama Infantry, died January 15, 1909; Daniel C. Jones, lieutenant Company A, 38th Tennessee Infantry, died March 11, 1909; Henry T. Bragg, private Company A, 7th Tennessee Cavalry, died March 16, 1909; Rev. A. G. Burrow, chaplain 22d Tennessee Infantry, died March 19, 1909; Albert K. Graham, private Company A, 7th Tennessee Cavalry, died April 12, 1909; Daniel C. Rittenhouse, private Company West Rangers, McCulloch's Regiment, died April 14, 1909; Martillus L. Selden, Company A, 7th Tennessee Cavalry, died May 9, 1909; Richard J. Rawlings, private Company B, Forrest's (old) Regiment, died May 15, 1909; George W. Miller, lieutenant Company D, 1st Tennessee Artillery, died May 18, 1909.

W. S. ALLCORN.

W. S. Allcorn was born in Floyd County, Ga., in August, 1841. Early in 1861 he volunteered in Capt. Jack Hargrove's company of the 40th Georgia Infantry. He served through the siege of Vicksburg and fought from Dalton to Atlanta, where the whole regiment was surrounded and captured while on picket duty and all sent to Camp Chase Prison, and there starved until the close of the war. Returning home, he took up life again as a farmer in Bartow County, where he married and reared a family. In 1898 he removed to Winston County, Ala., where his death occurred on the 1st of April, 1909. He will be remembered as an honest and upright citizen, faithful to his country and his God.



W. S. ALLCORN.



JOSEPH E. PETTIGREW.

(See sketch in August VETERAN, page 417, by Joseph W. Branson.)

JERRY RYAN.

An eventful life closed with the death of Jerry Ryan recently at his home, in Fresno, Cal., at the age of seventy-three years. He came to this country when a young man and located at Houston, Tex., where he married just prior to the war. He joined the Confederate army and served to the end as a member of Company C, 8th Texas Regiment, Terry's Rangers. After the war he removed his family to Oregon, and in 1873 to Fresno, Cal. At the time Fresno had only eleven houses, and as one of the pioneers of the town Ryan had opportunities for good investments, so that he had become one of the wealthiest citizens of that city. He is survived by five sons and two daughters.

DEATHS AT DOSSVILLE, MISS.

Notice comes from Dossville, Miss., of the recent deaths of three comrades who had served the Confederacy faithfully. W. A. Kinlow was born in 1843. He was a member of Company K, 4th Mississippi Regiment Infantry. J. E. Moore was born in 1836. He served in Company E, 8th Georgia Regiment. John Newton Moore first enlisted in the 14th Mississippi Infantry, and after the battle of Fort Donelson enlisted in Company G, 40th Mississippi Regiment. He was in the battles of Iuka and Corinth and in the Georgia campaign, and was captured at Peachtree Creek and imprisoned at Camp Douglas. He was born in 1842.

BACHELOR.—Joseph Bachelor was born in Eatonton, Ga.; and died in the Old Soldiers' Home, near Atlanta, Ga., in September, 1909, in his eighty-third year. He enlisted in the 3d Georgia Regiment, and was afterwards transferred to the 66th Georgia, in which he served with distinction till the end of the war.

GEORGE BARNES SHELBY.

George B. Shelby was born at Kirkwood, Madison County, Miss., October 6, 1844, a son of Marcus D. and Sarah J. Shelby, of prominent Tennessee and South Carolina families. Marcus D. Shelby was a nephew of Col. Isaac Shelby, an officer in the War of the Revolution and of 1812, and also the first Governor of Kentucky, and he was the grandson of Brig. Gen. Evan Shelby.

George B. Shelby was a student at Madison College when the war opened. In 1862 he enlisted in the company of Captain Luckett, in Wirt Adams's Mississippi Regiment, and about a year later he joined Harvey's Scouts, which intrepid band did effective service in Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky, Georgia, and Alabama—first under Gen. Crosby Armstrong, later under Gen. W. H. Jackson, and then Gen. N. B. Forrest. Comrade Shelby was with his command under General Johnston until the final surrender, taking part in the campaigns and engagements of his company, and he made a gallant record.



GEORGE B. SHELBY.

He was mustered out at Demopolis, Ala., after the close of the war, having been at Columbus, Ga., when General Lee surrendered. He had to begin life again empty-handed, and with courage and energy overcame the obstacles to success, becoming one of the most substantial citizens of Bolivar County. The town of Shelby was named for him, and he was Vice President of the Shelby Bank. He was always interested and helpful in the general welfare and advancement of his community and State.

Death came to Comrade Shelby at St. Joseph's Hospital, in Memphis, Tenn., on January 30, 1909. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Janie Poitevaut, of Grenada, Miss., and two sons, Drs. Fred P. and George B. Shelby, Jr., both able and successful members of their profession in Mississippi.

DR. W. C. CLAY.

Pat Cleburne Camp at Waco, Tex., lost a valued member in the death of Dr. W. C. Clay on July 5, 1909. He was born in LaGrange, Tenn., March 31, 1843. He was a soldier in the Confederate army four years, and was second lieutenant

in the 13th Tennessee Regiment, Vaughan's Brigade, Cheat-ham's Division. He was wounded in the battle of Shiloh. His wife, surviving him, was Miss Esse Greer, of Mississippi.

DEATHS AT CARROLLTON, MISS.

At its regular monthly meeting in September Camp P. F. Liddell, of Carrollton, Miss., paid tribute to the comrades who have lately been enrolled among those who have passed into the great beyond:

Capt. William Ray was a soldier in General Bragg's Army of Tennessee. He was a member of the 30th Mississippi Regiment, Walthall's Brigade, performing quietly and conscientiously the duties of a true man and soldier.

Solon Smith was a private in Company K, 11th Mississippi Regiment, Davis's Brigade, A. N. V. As a sharpshooter on many battle lines he won the commendation of superior officers.

John T. Stanford rose from the ranks by gradual promotions, by choice of his comrades, to the captaincy of his company. With Pettigrew, Heth, and Pickett at Gettysburg he moved his company in bloody and disastrous assault, and fell pierced through by a Minie ball as he mounted the stone fence. From that wound he never entirely recovered, and it was doubtless the cause of paralysis which ended his life. He had been Commander of Camp Liddell since its organization.

Jesse C. Lott marched with Lee and Hill, Heth, Davis, Stone, Miller, and Nelson. He was severely wounded at Gettysburg, losing a leg. Crippled as he was, he met life's duties bravely and earned the confidence of his fellow-citizens.

Frank D. Loden enlisted in Stanford's Battery at Grenada in 1861, and continued in service until honorably paroled, faithfully performing the duties of a soldier in camp or battle.

John W. Kimbrough, who served in Company K, 11th Mississippi Regiment, has joined the great majority. He died at his home, near Scooba, Miss., on September 14, 1909. He was a charter member of the Carroll Rifles, and served through the entire four years. Though never ranking above sergeant, he commanded his company on several occasions.

JAMES MADISON MCKAY.

At Milo, Mo., on July 14, 1909, occurred the death of James Madison McKay after a lingering illness. He was born near Franklin, Tenn., in 1836. Deprived of a father's care and counsel at two years of age, he was reared by a mother of unusual strength of character, and her devout Christian principles were impressed upon her children. When the war came on, James McKay enlisted for the South, becoming a soldier under Jo Shelby, and faithfully endured the hardships and perils of that service. He was far from home and penniless when the end came. Death had claimed his elder sister, and with his mother and remaining sister he returned to Bates County, Mo., to rebuild the home which had become ashes. He went to work with a brave heart, and the years brought him prosperity.

He was married in 1869 to Miss Elizabeth J. Bartlett, and to this union were born two sons and five daughters, to whom comes the heritage of a life pure in thought and act. He was a benefactor to his community, beloved and respected by all who knew him.

STERCHI.—Atlanta Camp, U. C. V., attended in a body the funeral of J. H. Sterchi, one of its members, who died in Atlanta August 18, 1909.

DR. BENJAMIN RICHARD THOMASON.

Dr. Benjamin R. Thomason died at Era, Tex., on July 2, 1909. He was born November 24, 1842, at Unionville, Tenn., his parents having moved there from Virginia about 1825. He was at school in that community until the outbreak of



BENJAMIN RICHARD THOMASON.

the war, when he enlisted in the 44th Tennessee Regiment (Gen. Bushrod Johnson) and Duggan's company. He served with the Army of Tennessee under General Bragg until after the battle of Chickamunga, when he was transferred to Virginia, rendering gallant service in the battles of Shiloh, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Drewrys Bluff, and the battles in front of Petersburg. He was severely wounded at Chickamauga and Drewrys Bluff. He was elected lieutenant of Company G, 44th Tennessee, in 1863, and commanded the company until they were captured at Petersburg on June 17, 1864. He was in prison at Fort Delaware until the surrender.

Returning home, he entered the University of Nashville, and later the College of Medicine and Surgery at Cincinnati, at which place he graduated in 1873. He practiced his profession in Tennessee for a short time before removing to Gainesville, Tex., practicing there and at Era the rest of his life, and ranking high as physician and citizen. His first wife was Susan Olivia Hoover, of Rover, Tenn., and his last Mary Maupin, of Gainesville, Tex. He leaves five children, the oldest being an attorney of Gainesville.

JOHN HUFFINGTON.

After an illness of several months, John Huffington died at his home, in Allen, Md., on September 2, 1909, in his seventy-second year. He was the son of slaveholding parents, and at the outbreak of the Civil War he espoused the cause of the South. Running the blockade to Virginia, he enlisted in Company F, 2d Maryland Regiment, and served with great gallantry to the close of the war, participating in every pitched battle fought by the Army of Northern Virginia after the Seven Days' battle around Richmond. He was slightly

wounded at Gettysburg, where his regiment in a desperate charge on Culp's Hill lost over half its members, and in the trenches at Petersburg he was thought to have been fatally wounded on April 2, 1865. In the evacuation, though suffering painfully, he took up the march with his comrades, and two days after entering the hospital at Farmville he was captured by Sheridan's command. No love for home could lessen his loyalty to the cause he had espoused; and after his furlough in August, 1862, he made his way South again and followed the failing fortunes of the stars and bars to the end. He was married in 1876 to Miss Carrie Hayman, who survives with a son and two daughters.

CHARLES PICKETT.

The death of Charles Pickett occurred on the 20th of August, 1909, at his home, in Carrabelle, Fla., at the age of seventy years. He enlisted in Company B, Captain Waller, 8th Florida Infantry, and served in Virginia. He was captured in the battle of the Wilderness and sent to Point Lookout, Md., from which prison he was transferred to Elmira, and there confined until the end of the war.

During the battle of the Wilderness, as the Confederates were forced to retreat, Comrade Pickett felt a heavy blow on the knapsack on his back which threw him into a hole where a tree had blown down and caused his capture. On arriving at the prison he examined his knapsack, which contained a blanket and a few clothes, and found therein several bullets which evidently struck the knapsack hard enough to cause his fall.

He then returned to his home, at Apalachicola, Fla., and later removed to Carrabelle with his brother James, with whom he continued to make his home, as he never married. Two brothers survive him.

ROGERS.—When but a boy John J. Rogers entered the Confederate army from Brooks County, Ga. He was twice wounded and in prison for some time. He removed to Florida some six years ago, and died at St. Petersburg on the 7th of September, 1909. He was a member of the U. C. V. Camp at that place.



REV. M. G. TURNER.

(Sketch of whom appeared in September VETERAN, page 470.)

HALE AND STRONG AT ONE HUNDRED AND TWO.

Sixty odd years ago Dr. John D. Smith, the founder of Henderson, Tenn., took his crop of cotton to Memphis on a Hatchie River boat. One of the deck hands was a red-headed Irishman, a cheerful, tireless worker, already approaching mid-



THOMAS CAMPBELL.

dle age. Dr. Smith was so impressed with this man's capability that he engaged him to return with him and help on his farm. Tommy Campbell, or "Uncle Tommy," as he was soon called, became a member of the Smith family and one of its strongest adherents.

In 1861 Tommy Campbell enlisted with the 2d Tennessee Infantry, Col. J. Knox Walker, and later the 5th Confederate Regiment. In 1862 he was discharged at Tupelo, Miss., as over age. A year later he joined Captain May's company, Bell's Brigade, Forrest's Cavalry. In 1864 he was wounded in a fight at Athens, Ala. The wound was on top of his head, and "Uncle Tommy" was gratified that he was so low, for if otherwise the bullet would have struck him in the head.

After the war he returned to Tennessee, and that State had no better nor more zealous citizen than the little red-headed Irishman who seems to have found the fountain of youth.

In early September of this year Judge G. W. Smith, of Fresno, Cal., who was the youngest son of Dr. John Smith, came back to Henderson to visit the scenes of his boyhood, and "Uncle Tommy Campbell" came from his home in Pinson to see him, hale and hearty, little the worse for the summers and winters of one hundred and two years. The old gentleman and the silver-haired judge, whom he regards as a boy, spent happy days together in recalling incidents of the Judge's youth. This old man was reported in health late in September.

MONUMENT FOR HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE.

Confederate Veterans—Greeting: At the Reunion of Hood's Texas Brigade at Jefferson, Tex., June 25-27, 1909, the contract was let for the erection of a monument for the brigade to be unveiled at the next Reunion, in Austin, Tex., May 6-8, 1910. We want every living member of the brigade who can possibly attend to be there at that time.

The brigade was composed of the 1st, 4th, and 5th Texas Regiments, the 18th Georgia Regiment, Hampton's South Carolina Legion, and the 3d Arkansas Regiment. I hope to locate every living member of the three Texas regiments, to see how many of the forty-one hundred or more who went to Virginia with those three regiments are still alive, and I kindly ask every member who sees this notice to send me his name, post office address, company and regiment to which he belonged, and the name and address of all other members he may know.

E. K. GOREE, Sec. Hood's Texas Brigade Association.

THE TAR HEEL DAUGHTERS.

The North Carolina Division, U. D. C., has been called in convention at Wilmington, N. C., October 13-15. The year has been a notable one for the accomplishment of work begun in other years. A ceremony of the yearly meeting will be the laying of the corner stone for the memorial to the Hon. George Davis, the last Attorney-General of the Confederacy, who was a resident of Wilmington. There will also be the unveiling of a portrait of the great Kuklux leader, Randolph Shotwell, which will afterwards be placed in the North Carolina Room in the Richmond Museum.

The year has seen the completion of the magnificent monument erected by the Robert F. Hoke Chapter at Salisbury, the work of Sculptor Ruckstuhl. The handsome monument now complete at Oxford will be unveiled October 30. Again, the sum is about complete for the Henry L. Wyatt statue which is to do honor to the first man whose blood was shed in battle for Southern independence.

The garnering by official reports will show a rich harvest yield in the increased number of Chapters and added strength of the already organized ones.

[The foregoing is from the Corresponding Secretary North Carolina Division, Mrs. Maude Turner Finger, of Charlotte.]

DEATH OF THE CAPTOR OF GENERAL MORGAN.—Gen. James Shackleford, of Kentucky, died in Port Huron, Mich., September 7, 1909. He was a veteran of the Mexican and Civil Wars, and won fame in both. His special interest to Southerners lies in the fact that it was he who captured the great Confederate leader, John H. Morgan. The two were boyhood and manhood friends; and after a ride of thirty days and a pursuit across three States, General Shackleford effected the capture of the noted cavalryman. He received from General Morgan as a token of friendship and esteem the horse he had ridden in so many raids with all its accouterments.

WILL NEVER DON BLUE UNIFORM.—Governor Brown, of Georgia, appointed Hon. G. N. Saussy, of Sylvester, to serve on his staff. When the usual oath of allegiance was presented to Mr. Saussy, he struck out the portion wherein the appointee agrees to support the government and wrote: "I am a Confederate soldier on parole. I except to the twelfth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments." Where the word "blue" occurred in description of the uniform to be worn, he inserted "gray." This paper was returned to Mr. Saussy by Adj. Gen. A. J. Scott, who said the oath must be taken in its entirety or not at all. Mr. Saussy declined the appointment.

DATES OF STATE REUNIONS.

I. N. Rainey, President Tennessee Division Confederate Soldiers, called the Convention of 1909 at Clarksville, Tenn., October 13. Railroad rates will be given. The committee at Clarksville request prompt notification of the number of delegates from each Camp who will attend.

The West Virginia Division, U. C. V., held a delightful Reunion in Charleston. Gen. S. S. Green opened the convention, and an invocation was expressed by Rev. J. A. Hammond. The Mayor of the city, Hon. James A. Halley, made a cordial address of welcome. The addresses of the occasion were made by Gen. C. C. Watts and Gen. Robert White, who has for many years been the Commander of the West Virginia Division. General White was reelected its Commander and S. S. Green Brigade Commander, with A. C. L. Gatewood Adjutant General. Camp Stonewall Jackson, of Charleston, gave an enjoyable entertainment at night. The next Reunion will be at Huntington October 1, 1910.

Maj. Gen. Smith Bolling announces that the Virginia Division, U. C. V., will meet in annual convention in Danville, Va., October 12-14, 1909. The Campbell-Graves Camp aspires to make it an occasion of exceptional interest, and ask all comrades who can do so to attend.

The Mississippi State Reunion will meet in Vicksburg November 10 and 11, and the Camps of both Veterans and Sons of Veterans are already busy preparing an elaborate program and in every way endeavoring to insure the "boys in gray" a very good time.

The Mountain Remnant Brigade has maintained its organization for many years, and the usual large attendance is expected at its annual Reunion, October 15.

A REMINISCENCE—GEN. JOHN M. BRIGHT.

In connection with an article by Hon. John Bright in the August VETERAN, Mrs. Sally Lusk Randals writes: "My father, William Lusk, lived near Rock Martin Camp. I was then fifteen years old. I call to mind many of the incidents mentioned by Mr. Bright, especially the capture of the four men in citizen clothes. My recollection is that but one of the four men was examined. I remember General Forrest's decision concerning the men—that they should be tried as spies. Only one of the four was brought in and questioned. While the examination was going on General Forrest was lying on the bed, and put the questions to the prisoner himself. The prisoner was paroled and dismissed. The next day after Forrest left this man returned with the advanced guard of the Federals and said: 'Here is where Forrest made his headquarters. In that house I was examined.' They demanded sweet milk. I remember that I was sent to carry the milk to them. After the advance guard passed on and the main body of soldiers came up, an officer rode up and asked my father if this was Forrest's headquarters. My father told him it was. Said he: 'What time of the day, sir, did General Forrest leave here yesterday?' Father in quite a trembling voice said: 'I declare I don't know.' The officer said: 'Sir, your memory is d— short. Didn't he leave here precisely at twelve o'clock?' As the officer put the last question he raised his gun, as if he were going to shoot. It was said that father made a Masonic sign; we know that the gun was immediately lowered. He beckoned to father to come to him; then, alighting from his horse, he put his arms around father's neck. He remained at the gate till the troops had all passed."



MONUMENT AT VIENNA, GA.

The monument seen above at Vienna, Ga., was unveiled in November, 1908, a beautiful Confederate monument erected by the Vienna Chapter, U. D. C. At this ceremony many fine addresses were made, notably one from Miss Forehand, who is a brilliant and forceful speaker.

STATUE FOR BISHOP GALLOWAY.

Pursuant to a request embodied in the resolutions adopted by the Mississippi Press Association, the Governor of that State has issued a proclamation calling for funds to be used in the erection of a statue to Bishop Charles B. Galloway, who died recently. In his proclamation Governor Noel pays many beautiful tributes to the noble character, the unswerving fealty, and unblemished reputation of the well-loved Bishop.

Governor Noel appointed as a committee to take the matter in charge J. G. McGuire, Editor Yazoo City Herald, E. A. Fitzgerald, Business Manager of the Vicksburg Herald, and Frederick Sullins, Editor Jackson Daily News. These appointees of the Governor were the choice of Mrs. Charles B. Galloway and her son, Dr. E. H. Galloway.

The committee will meet in Jackson and will issue a call to all the editors in the State asking their coöperation.

A MONUMENT FOR VALLEY HEAD, W. VA.

Camp Pegram, of Valley Head, W. Va., appeals to all Confederates to coöperate with them in erecting a monument in Randolph County, W. Va., to the memory of the Confederate soldiers of that county and vicinity. This includes all soldiers who died on Valley Mountain in 1861 while General Lee was camped there. Capt. G. W. Painter is Commander of the Camp and treasurer of the fund, and can be addressed at Valley Head. All Confederate organizations are asked to join in this undertaking and send a contribution, however small, as it is only in coöperation that success can be attained.

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Chancellor Kirkland, of Vanderbilt University, says: "This is a beautiful piece of art, and shall be given a place on University wall with a great deal of satisfaction."

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A DEAD SOLDIER.

BY AMY P. COZBY, SAN ANTONIO, TEX

We found him lying where he fell,
But cold in death's embrace;
His battered sword still in his hand,
A smile upon his face.

His musket still beside him lay
Upon the trampled green,
While o'er his head the ghastly moon
Looked on the awful scene.

No mother's hand to softly smooth
His tangled chestnut hair,
But tenderly the south wind blows
And leaves its kisses there

No comrade gently lifts him up
And whispers words of cheer,
For strangers only gather 'round
This lowly soldier's bier.

O gently lay him down to rest
Upon his nation's land,

Take not that battered sword away
From out his death-cold hand.

Then write upon his lowly tomb,
"A hero slumbers here,"
And give him with a tear and sigh
Into the angels' care

James E. Way, of Sidney, Ohio, writes of a Confederate canteen in possession of John N. Woodmaney, of Company F, 20th O. V. I., U. S. A., who found it by the roadside in Tennessee in October, 1864, while with General Sherman on the march to the sea. The canteen is made of red cedar, shaped something like a shortened keg, constructed of staves and headed like a keg. On one side, evidently carved with a pocket knife, is "M. N. Stone, 6th Ky. Cav., C. S. A., Nov. 4, 1862." The canteen has been carefully preserved by Mr. Woodmaney, who would be greatly pleased to hear from the owner of it

"The Causes of the Civil War," advertised in this issue, is a history in a nutshell that should be in every Southern home. The rising generation will learn from its pages the facts as they were, and all who read will be ready with a reason for the faith that linked their destinies with the Southern cause. The book is now in its second edition.

In behalf of an old Confederate soldier who needs a pension Mr. E. Witt, of Ballinger, Tex., wishes to get in communication with the family of General Walker, who commanded Texas troops on the west side of the Mississippi. His wife was a Baylor, and it is thought that she lives somewhere in Virginia with her two daughters, Annie and Grace, with whom communication is sought. Any one knowing their whereabouts will kindly communicate with Mr. Witt in care of W. L. Towner, Box 184, at Ballinger.



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If afflicted with SORE EYES USE **DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER**

James L. Sailors, of East Prairie, Mo., who served in Company F, 2d Missouri Cavalry, would like to hear from any of his comrades who remember him, as he wishes to establish his Confederate record.

R. R. Hawkins, of Company H, 2d Florida Regiment, now living at Athens, Tex., wants to communicate with some of his comrades, so as to establish his Confederate record. He was mustered in at Chattahoochee, Fla., in August, 1862, under Captain Simmons.

Mrs. Mary E. Smith, 281 South Harwood Street, Dallas, Tex., makes inquiry for some comrades of her husband, A. J. Smith, commonly known as "Little Rut" or "Auk." He was reared in Lincoln County, Tenn., but she does not remember his company and regiment.

P. A. Cribbs, of Matador, Tex., seeks to preserve the identity of an old comrade who died some years ago, Capt. Thomas Benton Walsh, who, he thinks, was captain of Company B, 6th Mississippi Infantry Regiment, and he requests that any one who knew him will kindly give him some information of this comrade's service.

Ed L. Jones, of San Angelo, Tex., desires to get some trace of Bibles left at a Mr. Leatherberry's after the surrender at Vicksburg. These Bibles had been presented to Captain Sterling's company of Waul's Legion of Texas Infantry by citizens of that State during the siege. The roster of Company D, B. F. Sterling captain, was written in the family record by Comrade Jones, who was orderly sergeant of the company. He can be reached at 103 Main Street.

In order to procure headstones for their graves, Capt. T. G. Carter, of St. Peter, Minn., makes inquiry for the war record of two Confederate soldiers buried in the G. A. R. portion of the cemetery there. These men were inmates of the Minnesota Hospital for the Insane, and their names and records so far as known are: G. W. Allin, died September 12, 1898, served under Maj. John Sheehan; John P. Penning, Company K, 15th Tennessee; James P. Turner, Company A, 2d Battalion Kentucky Cavalry. It is necessary to have their service established to the satisfaction of the United States quartermaster general.



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The above cut is that of the great painting of "Lee and His Generals," by George B. Matthews, of Virginia. ¶ General Marcus J. Wright indorses it as follows: "I regard it as one of the finest paintings I ever saw. The truthfulness of feature of all these great generals is most remarkable. The Lithograph copy is a most striking and accurate reproduction of the original. I hope all Confederates will procure copies." ¶ The Lithograph is in color. Size, 27 x 16 inches. State agents can make most liberal contracts. Agents wanted in every city and town in the South. ¶ Sent by mail on receipt of 55 cents. Every home should have a picture. It will make a nice Christmas gift. Address

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This compilation deserves to be preserved in permanent form. It will be read with breathless interest.—The Christian Observer, September 2, 1908. Price, 35 cents. Address S. W. ASHE, 628 Hillsboro St., Raleigh, N. C.

50 Confederate Monuments Sold By The McNeel Marble Company



IN the April issue of the VETERAN we announced that we had sold monuments to 37 U. D. C. Chapters, and called the attention of the Daughters to our proposition to furnish the different Chapters with our plans for raising funds for Confederate monuments.

In response to this advertisement we have received numerous requests from Chapters throughout the South, each of whom we have gladly furnished with plans. These Chapters are now on the high road to success, and several of them have already placed their orders with us.

Since our last advertisement our list of Chapters sold has been increased from 37 to 50, the following new Chapters having been added: Franklin, N. C., El Dorado, Ark., Monticello, Ga., McDonough, Ga., Jacksonville, Ala., Dresden, Tenn., Ozark, Ala., Union City, Tenn., Tifton, Ga., Eastman, Ga., Lakeland, Fla., Griffin, Ga., and a \$10,000.00 monument to be erected to Hood's Texas Brigade, State Capitol Grounds, Austin, Tex.

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Vol. XVII.

NOVEMBER, 1909.

No. 11.

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Mrs. W. H. Brown, of Huntington, Ark., Box 7, wishes to secure information of Fred Mack, who served in the war—as to where he enlisted, where discharged, etc.

W. A. Hammond, of Williston, Fla., inquires for Maj. J. R. Clarborn, of the 37th Virginia Cavalry, Bradley T. Johnson's brigade. He wishes to know if he is yet living.

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The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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VOL. XVII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER, 1909.

No. 11.

J. S. A. CUNNINGHAM
PROPRIETOR.

MOBILE GENERAL REUNION COMMITTEE.

Our Mobile friends have organized for the General U. C. V. Reunion, to be held next spring: A. P. Bush, General Chairman; Judge Saffold Berney, Vice Chairman; Benjamin B. Cox, Secretary; Henry Hesse, Treasurer.

The Executive Committee is composed of J. D. Bloch, Max Hamburger, Jr., Erwin Craighead, John L. Moulton, A. S. Lyons, James R. Hagan, M. T. Judge, C. B. Hervey, N. A. Richards, E. J. Buck, R. E. Daly, Sr., A. D. Bloch, L. Schwarz, Leon Schwarz, W. K. P. Wilson, P. J. Lyons, H. G. Barclay, A. G. Levy, F. W. Crenshaw, John Craft, George T. Lyndall, and John F. Powers.

Secretary Benjamin B. Cox writes of the committee: "They are all well-known men of the city of Mobile, having been identified for years with her every interest, and, being men who have had previous experience in such matters, will make the Reunion of 1910 a grand success."

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL BUILDING.

Robert White, Major General West Virginia Division, U. C. V., writes from Wheeling October 5, 1909:

"The money to erect the Confederate memorial building has, as you know, been raised and is now in the bank in Richmond. We were delayed in selecting a site for the building by reason of a number of causes, but at last selected the site very near to the Davis monument at Monument Place.

"We have hoped that the City Council of Richmond would give us the sum of \$25,000 to pay for the site, and the resolution to give the sum named has passed one branch of the Council and will be acted upon at an early date by the Board of Aldermen. We have awaited the action of the Council before completing our plans, for an addition of that much money would enable us to erect a more valuable building. As soon as that matter is decided we will complete our plans and proceed to build the 'Memorial Temple.'"

\$20,000 COLLECTED FOR WOMAN'S MONUMENT.

The men and boys of South Carolina have nobly responded to the call for money to build a suitable monument for the women of the South, especially those women of South Carolina whose upholding hands helped the men to win so glorious a record in the War between the States. When the idea was first mooted, the State, one of the leading newspapers, became sponsor for the movement, and gave powerful aid in every way. In every county in South Carolina committees

were appointed and subcommittees formed, so that all who desired might contribute voluntarily.

C. K. Henderson, who was chairman of the Aiken County committee, writes the VETERAN that the donations he received were all in very small sums, no society or club being on the list, and only one man giving as much as ten dollars. Yet nearly five hundred dollars was raised. Surely this shows that every man and boy felt the press of individual responsibility and of personal desire to see the monument complete. When the reckoning of counties was made, more than the asked-for sum was found in the treasury, and work on the monument was at once put in hand.

GEORGIA VETERANS IN REUNION.

The Georgia Division, U. C. V., met in annual reunion at Athens in September. The attendance was unprecedentedly large and great enthusiasm obtained. The days of the sixties without their anxiety and poignant sorrows seemed to have returned. The students of the University of Georgia lined up to receive the veterans and acted as escort to their college, where the convention was held. A big parade of veterans, citizens, and school children was followed by wildly applauded addresses of the Governor, Mayor, and representatives of the local Chapter and Camp. The Chancellor of the University and Commander in Chief, Gen. Clement A. Evans, also made eloquent speeches, which seemed to reach the hearts of all present.

In General Young's report it was shown that Georgia had one hundred and sixty-six Camps in good standing—a most excellent showing. Upon motion it was resolved that each Camp should raise one hundred dollars toward the woman's monument to be erected on the square at Atlanta, and General Clarke was authorized to collect two hundred dollars from the veterans to be sent to the Jefferson Davis Memorial Home Association at Fairview, Ky. The election of officers gave Gen. John O. Waddell, of Cedartown, a majority of votes, and the election was made unanimous. The Daughters of the Confederacy gave an elegant entertainment in honor of the visitors, which was highly appreciated.

TRIBUTE TO MRS. MARGARET DAVIS HAYES.—The VETERAN regrets its inability, through want of space, to publish the many beautiful tributes to Mrs. Hayes which have been sent in. They have all been forwarded, however, to the family of the late Mrs. Hayes in Colorado, who deeply appreciate the words of sympathy given them in their great sorrow.



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George H. McElroy, Crider, Ky.....	1 00
W. H. Singleton, Cobb, Ky.....	1 00
William Morrison, Kuttawa, Ky.....	1 00
Mary Wilson Baker, Crider, Ky.....	1 00
Rev. W. E. Hunter, Princeton, Ky.....	1 00
T. J. Johnson, Princeton, Ky.....	1 00
Miss Mary Amelia Smith, Warrenton, Va.....	20 00
Capt. J. H. Street, Upton, Ky.....	1 00
Capt. H. C. Hayes, Vine Grove, Ky.....	1 00
Ben C. Hill, Vine Grove, Ky.....	1 00
Capt. G. K. Tichenor, Sonora, Ky.....	1 00
R. E. Mosley, Cecilian, Ky.....	1 00
F. Loeb, Hodgenville, Ky.....	1 00
William Miller, Hodgenville, Ky.....	1 00
Marion Taylor, Louisville, Ky.....	10 00

The foregoing reported by Capt. John H. Leathers, Treasurer, Louisville.

CONTRIBUTIONS THROUGH THE VETERAN.

R. H. Rice, Falfurrias, Tex.....	\$ 5 00
R. E. Lee Camp, U. C. V., Monroe, Ga.....	5 00
Leonidas Polk Bivouac, No. 3, and William Henry Trousdale Camp, No. 495, U. C. V.....	20 00
Hiram S. Bradford Bivouac, Brownsville, Tenn.....	5 00
Mrs. India P. Logan, Palmyra, Mo.....	1 00
M. B. Jones, Brunswick, Tenn.....	2 50
Rent from house at Fairview.....	2 00

S. A. Cunningham in attendance at the State Reunion at Clarksville made a statement in regard to the Jefferson Davis Home Association, and, unasked, the following gentlemen responded with the sentiment "we want to contribute now."

Col. P. P. Pickard, Ashland City, Tenn.....	\$ 1 00
Col. E. E. Tansil, Dresden, Tenn.....	1 00
Col. J. P. Hickman, Nashville, Tenn.....	1 00
W. L. McKay, Nashville, Tenn.....	1 00
J. C. Wall, Sewanee, Tenn.....	1 00
T. W. Walthall, St. Bethlehem, Tenn.....	1 00
Gen. J. M. Brooks, Knoxville, Tenn.....	1 00
G. W. Ransom, Shelbyville, Tenn.....	1 00
J. L. Terrell, Dresden, Tenn.....	1 00
Rev. R. Lin Cave, Nashville, Tenn.....	1 00
James C. Moses, Knoxville, Tenn.....	1 00
John Ingram Bivouac, Jackson, Tenn.....	8 00

KINDNESS OF YANKEES NEAR PETERSBURG.

Mr. Penn, of Company I, 9th Regiment Louisiana Volunteers, Hay's Brigade, Gordon's Division, gives a pleasant episode of life in the trenches before Petersburg, Va. He says:

"The sun was just setting behind the Blue Ridge and I was talking to a Yankee in our front, when he asked me what I was going to have for supper. 'Nothing till to-morrow at eleven or twelve,' I answered. He held up a nine- or ten-pound piece of meat and asked how I would like to have it; then said that I could get it if I would come after it. I told him I would come as soon as it was dark.

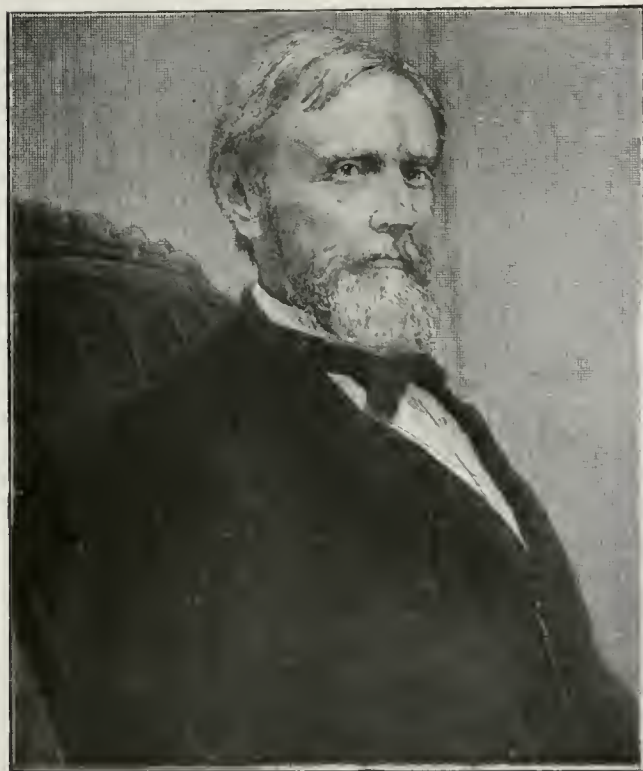
"My friends told me I was a fool to go; that they would capture me; but I crawled to within thirty or forty feet of their breastworks and called out: 'Yank, don't shoot; I came after that piece of meat.' 'All right, Johnny, you shall have it,' was called in answer. Another man asked me if I had any hard-tack, and on my saying 'No' he gave me a haversack of bread, and another soldier gave me a haversack of coffee; so I went back to our line well laden, and our mess had a feast that night. I have since learned that these noble-hearted men belonged to the 27th Wisconsin, though I never knew their names.

"I wish that James A. Barnett, Bill Jenkins, and Joe Berryhill could see this. It would remind them of the old life on the line in front of Petersburg. Poor Jack Tucker was also with us at this feast; but he was killed at Amelia C. H., Va., April 5, 1865. Strange to say, all the rest of us are in the land of the living, though all old men."

THREE OF THE NAME OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BY LULU HAYES LAWRENCE.

Of Jefferson Davis the first the world knows many things—knows of his reputation "plucked from the cannon's mouth" in the battles of the war with Mexico, of the statesman who, like Janus, looked backward and forward in deciding his guidance of national affairs, of the President who gave his best to the South and vicariously suffered for the South's misfortunes. The world knows too of the great nature of the man which made him hold evenly the scales of justice and to mete out deserved praise even to his greatest enemies. To his friends was given the proud privilege of knowing his infinite tenderness of heart and a gentleness so great that even the tiniest wounded animal was sacred to him. His courtesy to all womankind was proverbial, and the little ragged school-girl was sure of the same gracious respect as the queen upon her throne; the woman who scrubbed his floors was as safe from disrespect as was the leader of society.



PRESIDENT JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Of Jefferson Davis the second but little is known to the general public, for during his bright young life his father lived under the shadow of a great injustice, and only in his Southland were any found "so poor to do him reverence." Jefferson Davis was the second son of President and Mrs. Davis (the oldest, Samuel, having died in Washington). He was born in Washington in December, 1857, and was a small boy when his father was President of the Southern Confederacy. His earliest recollections were of the White House in Richmond and the lively games the presidential children played through its wide halls. The little fellow was a great pet with the soldiers and sentinels, and they gave him the title of "General," of which he was very proud.

Jeff, Margaret, his oldest sister, and the two younger children played soldiers, had imaginary camps at which toy drums

beat tattoo and wooden guns fired salutes, or were gravely carried by sentries pacing beats, though generally these sentries wore dresses, and could be persuaded away from duty by a candy bribe. They fought sanguinary battles with brooms or dolls for Yankees, for none of the children would agree to take the part of the bluecoats, who were always "routed with great slaughter" in these games.

Then came the evacuation of Richmond, and with their father and mother they made the hurried journey from the fallen city. Mrs. Davis refused to leave her husband, and to keep the children with her was impossible; so it was decided to send them to Mrs. Howell, Mrs. Davis's mother, who with another daughter of hers was living at this time in Canada. "Jim," the faithful body servant who had clung to Mr. Davis through so many vicissitudes, was intrusted with the care of the children; and after a most momentous journey partly by wagon and partly by train through a hostile country, he placed them safely in their grandmother's hands.

Of the winter in Canada and of their school and home life there both Margaret and Jeff retained vivid memories. The skating on the ice, the glorious games in the bracing cold, and the fun at the little school they attended were often talked over in their fireside chats when brother and sister were man and woman. Nothing pleased either more than to live again in fond talk their childish life and the memorable winter in the English domain.

When they grew larger (after the war), Margaret was sent abroad to finish her education, and Jeff was given every educational advantage the depleted condition of his father's finances would permit. The boy was bright and receptive and learned rapidly, acquiring information both from books and people with wonderful quickness. He had a very retentive memory, and his gift of conversational ability made his learning a thing to be used, not to be stored away and forgotten.

In person Jefferson Davis, Jr., was about five feet ten and a half inches, and he weighed a hundred and sixty-five pounds. His eyes were light gray tinged with hazel, and were framed in the tiny creases that laughter gives; his hair was a soft and very dark brown, with the faintest suggestion of curl in it, and his complexion a rich cream, with the bright blood glowing in lips and cheeks. His step was quick and active, and he had the muscles and chest of an athlete. He was proud of his splendid development, and the writer well remembers once when he threw himself full length upon a bench and, taking up a long plank placed it across his chest, bidding his cousin and her use it as a seesaw, which was done, and apparently not at all to his discomfort.

In disposition he was a typical Southerner, hot-headed and impetuous, quick to take offense and as quick to forgive, rushing headlong into error and as speedily repentant. He was generous to a fault. What was his became his friend's with scarce the ceremony of asking for it. Fearless in his opinions, he was true to his friendships and carelessly indifferent to the verdict of those whom he had reason to count as his enemies. He was very fond of the girls of his kindred, whom he alternately petted and teased, and he watched over them with all the closeness of a Spanish duenna. He was impetuously devoted in his attention to other girls, and forgot them speedily when out of their society, flitting from sweetheart to sweetheart as lightly as a humming bird from flower to flower. His manner to the old was filled with deferential courtesy. He was respectful and considerate to the men, and so gallantly gracious to the women that every elderly lady was his friend and staunch advocate whenever his mischievous pranks brought him

into ill repute, which happened very often. His tastes were athletic. He danced beautifully, was a fearless diver and swimmer, a trained boxer and wrestler, a swift runner and ball player, and an intrepid horseman. He was a keen sportsman, being a fine shot, and one of the most successful fishermen on the Mississippi beach. He could manage a boat like an old sailor, and his catboat with its flying pennant of red and white would ride the wind-tossed waves of the Gulf like the Stormy Petrel, for which it was named.

A little before he was twenty-one Jeff Davis became collector in the State National Bank of Memphis, of which his brother-in-law, Mr. J. Addison Hayes, was cashier and manager. He made his home with his sister, and had for her and her husband an intensity of devotion that counted nothing too great that was done for "Peggy," as he called Margaret.

Jeff Davis was possessed of a singularly handsome person (the outward sign of an aristocratic heritage), a happy knack of saying charming things charmingly, a bubbling gayety of spirits boyishly ingenuous, and was courteously debonair. So the young people of Memphis gave cordial welcome to one who was the joyous embodiment of youth, and Jeff was fêted and petted on every side, soon becoming the very center of the social vortex. Here he met Miss M., whose loveliness and charm gave her leadership, and Jeff promptly lost his heart to the fascinating beauty. Miss M. was nothing loath to receive the devotion of the handsome boy, and she was flattered that the son of Jefferson Davis, the only President of the Confederate States, should pour his pure young heart at her feet. She was willing to crown herself with his impetuous love, but was not willing to face the life of poverty (as she considered it) for his sake. She would neither accept nor reject him, and the high-spirited Southerner chafed under her coquetry, but could not tear himself from the flowery yoke that galled while it intoxicated.

Things were in this uncertain condition when in 1878 the yellow fever broke out in Memphis, and all society fled from the scourge. Mrs. Hayes was already at Green Lake, Wis., where she had spent the summer, and Mr. Hayes petitioned Washington for permission to remove the assets of the State National Bank to Nashville. This permission was refused, and Mr. Hayes with one bookkeeper and Jeff, who positively refused to leave his brother, remained to keep the bank open. Mr. Hayes was made a member of the Howard Association, and helped that noble band of tireless workers for the poor.

When Mrs. Hayes learned of the outbreak of yellow fever in Memphis, she at once returned home, saying that if her husband and brother were going to remain she would prefer to share their danger. They tried in every way to prevent her coming; but when she came Mr. Hayes made his best effort to insure her safety and that of Jeff, whom he placed with her. He rented a house six miles from Memphis past what the doctors thought was the danger line, and here he went every night after a thorough fumigating. A little child in the house developed the fever, and Mrs. Hayes and Jeff assisted in nursing it till it died in their care. From this child Jeff contracted the yellow fever, and from the first the disease with him took its most virulent type. Just before he was taken ill Jeff told his brother and sister that he had written Miss M. telling her that he would no longer be the football of her caprices; that she must consent to be his wife, or that she must forever break the tie between them. The answer to this letter he was eagerly expecting day by day.

Jeff refused to allow his sister to come into his room, as he feared the contagion for her, and to insist upon it accelerated

his fever; so it was deemed best to exclude her. Mr. Hayes and a Howard nurse took charge of him. The fever at this time was subsiding in Memphis, and Dr. Robert Mitchell, the head of the Howard Association, went out to Jeff, taking another doctor with him, and from that time till his death one of the Howard physicians was at his bedside, and Dr. Mitchell came twice a day to see him. The Catholic priest, though the sick boy was an Episcopalian, came and brought two Sisters of Charity with him to offer their service as nurses. This priest came almost daily to give help or comfort, as did many



JEFFERSON DAVIS, JR.

ministers from Memphis. The Memphis and Charleston Railroad placed a car and engine at the service of the family, so that doctors and nurses could make the trip quickly, and when Jeff died sent a special car to carry his body to Memphis.

From the first the doctor gave but little hope of his recovery, and soon the fatal syncope laid its numbing touch upon him, and to arouse him Mr. Hayes brought to his bedside a letter that had just arrived. "Jeff," he said gently, "here is a letter from Miss M. Shall I read it to you?" The dying boy opened his eyes wide and took the letter in his fever-scorched hands. "No, I'll keep it till I am better, then I will read it myself," and the words trailed off into unconsciousness. He aroused again when the red banners of the sun flamed across the western sky and asked to be lifted to see the sun set. Mr. Hayes lifted him in his arms and held him so the light lit up his face; but when the sunlight was gone, it took with it the soul of Jefferson Davis, and with the unopened letter held fast in his stiffening fingers the beautiful boy lay dead in the arms of the brother he loved so well.

That letter was never read. Later Miss M. claimed that it contained an acceptance; but both Mrs. Davis and Margaret believed she was too ambitious to have let love sway her life and that the boy carried her rejection in the unopened letter his hands held so closely even in his coffin. His love for his beautiful sweetheart went down with him to the grave, and how it was rewarded will be known only when the last trumpet shall sound and truth shall reign triumphant.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis were both ill at Beauvoir and could

not come to their dying boy, nor could they follow him to his resting place in Elmwood, but the separation was not for long; for when Mr. Davis was buried in beautiful Hollywood, in Richmond, the sleepers from Elmwood—Jeff, Billy, and the tiny baby—were carried there also, and Jeff Davis sleeps with his father in their flower-strewn grave under Virginia's sod, a beautiful resting place which is now shared by Mrs. Davis, Winnie, and Margaret.

The house in which Jeff Davis died has been purchased as the Memphis Country Club; but the room in which he breathed his last has been left intact in memory of the noble boy of whom it might be written: "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life" for the sister and brother, whom to be with he faced the fatal scourge.

To Mr. and Mrs. Hayes (who was Margaret, the oldest daughter of President Davis) had come a tiny son, too frail and fair for earthly keeping. When the lilies bloomed the little blossom came, and he faded with them, and soon only a memory as sweet as the lilies was left of one who had been Jefferson Davis, the third of the honored name.

Again a son came to Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, this time a handsome, rollicking, dark-eyed boy who was also called Jefferson Davis. He seemed the joyous image of happy childhood, and laughed and danced the hours away. When he was about five years old, Death laid his chilling touch upon Mr. Davis, and the well-beloved chieftain lay dead in New Orleans, while the whole Southland wept in sorrow.

While her father lay in state the Governor of Mississippi and other State officials approached Mrs. Hayes and begged of

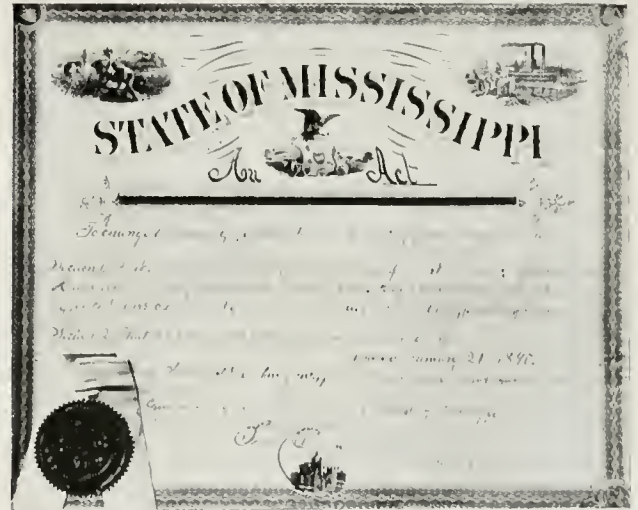
"Isn't my drampa dot anybody at all to be named for him?"

"No, little man, no one at all. All his sons are dead."

"Will Sissie and Lucy and Billie all be named for my daddy?"

"Yes."

The child was silent, and the grave men were silent too watching the struggle in the heart which loved his father so dearly. Then with a wild burst of tears the boy said: "I specs I'll dess have to be named for my poor dead drampa, who isn't dot anybody at all named for him."



The Governor took the child in his arms, and, standing beside the dead chieftain and lifting the corner of the Confederate flag from the coffin, he wrapped the boy in it as he said: "I name you Jefferson Davis." This naming was afterwards confirmed by an act of the Mississippi Legislature.

Jefferson Davis the third is like Jefferson Davis the first in appearance, having the same tall, slender form, the same shaped head and thin face with firm chin, the same colored hair, and bright keen eyes, though these differ in color. He is like him also in disposition, having the quick grasp of intellect and receptive powers, and many of the moral qualities are the same, for Jeff Davis shares with his grandfather the courtly elegance of manner, the tenderness of heart, and the courtesy that made the great chieftain beloved by all who knew him.

He graduated with honor at Princeton College, and has been for two years at the School of Mines at Columbia College, where he will graduate next spring. He is fond of all outdoor sports, is a polo player, tennis and golf expert, rides well, and hunts with great success, many skins from the Rockies testifying to his skill. The engagement of young Jeff Davis to one of the most beautiful girls in Colorado has lately been announced.

PIANO GIVEN TO GEORGIA SOLDIERS' HOME.—With a tender consideration for the old soldiers of the Home and a full knowledge that they have tastes and longings for things other than mere food and raiment, the Atlanta Chapter, U. D. C., have presented a handsome piano to the Georgia Soldiers' Home. A very delightful concert program was prepared with both vocal and instrumental selections, interspersed with dramatic recitations, all of which were hugely enjoyed, the more so that the sweet-toned piano was to be there for many future occasions of pleasure.



JEFFERSON (HAYES) DAVIS.

her that the boy, Jefferson Davis Hayes, might drop the Hayes and only carry on the honored name of Jefferson Davis, that the name might not die out forever. Mrs. Hayes said that the child was old enough to decide this himself, and whatever he decided she would agree to. The child was sent for, and the Governor, taking him on his knee, explained in simple language what he wished done. The child listened in silence, then he said anxiously: "Won't I ever be named for my daddy any more?"

"No, dear," said the Governor gently.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

CONFERENCE WITH FRIENDS.

In order to close the forms of this issue earlier than usual some articles expected in this issue are held over. The editor goes with the Commander in Chief, Gen. Clement A. Evans, to Arkansas, and thence he goes to Houston, Tex., to the General Convention, United Daughters of the Confederacy.

He is grateful in announcing his speedy restoration to health and the best of spirits for the cause of the VETERAN.

There is one thing in connection with his work, however, that is a puzzle. Just before his severe illness statements were sent, reminding patrons delicately and courteously of sums due. Time goes on and on. These statements were sent at the cost of hundreds of dollars and weeks of constant labor. About one-fourth of the number addressed responded promptly and cordially, but the others have remained silent. To that class argument is made, especially to those who are loyal to it and thoroughly cordial in every way. Many of them wait to be called upon individually when they respond practically. Surely such patrons don't realize that it is impossible to send an agent to every home. If enough agents were employed to do this, in many instances the cost would be more than the price of the subscription. Will this argument secure the attention of any who have not responded? It is such a mystery that good friends who are absolutely loyal to the VETERAN and what it represents are requested to write an explanation. Regardless of remittances, won't some one who is not certain about his subscription look to the date by the address, and if it is behind November, 1909, write even a postal card and explain the delay? Such responses might help the management to inaugurate a better way to carry on the business.

HOW COMMITTEES COULD HELP.

In many, many things less important than the VETERAN good citizens do missionary work by cooperation. Let us try a new scheme for circulating the VETERAN. In nearly every town and progressive community where there are several subscribers they know each other as such. Suppose two or three of you try together a canvass of your neighbors and friends and report the result. It will be published, good or bad. In such a canvass you would of course find some loyal friends who can't pay the price. Report such and see if the VETERAN doesn't do the liberal thing in supplying them free. With its patronage of zealous patriots as widespread as the charm of Dixie it ought to be easy now to double the list.

In this connection thought is given to great Texas, where more than one-fifth of its patrons live. Its patronage is doubtless more thoroughly distributed throughout that State than that of any publication in existence. Texas alone might increase the list to 20,000. This argument is not intended to be of a begging nature. The business is healthy; but in view of the principles advocated and defended, with the very limited time for veterans to cooperate, it does indeed seem that every one should heed the plea for cooperation in the ways suggested. Will anybody who has failed to respond to the request as above reported explain why? Will they bear in mind that if others were to do as they are doing the publication

would cease and its owner live the remainder of his days in humiliation? Comrades, why not answer, "Here," and act in this way as we were taught discipline in war times? There is not a subscriber who can't procure a postal card to say why he has remained silent.

THREE MONTHS FREE.

Let everybody who believes in the VETERAN make known this offer: From November until January every new subscription of \$1 will be entered on the list until end of 1910, and a late copy while extra copies last will be sent in addition to November and December issues free. Those who will kindly help their neighbors by collecting and forwarding their subscriptions will be supplied with printed lists for the asking.

THE LITTLE ADVERTISING IN THE VETERAN.

Gen. Frank A. Bond, who has an article on the "Storming of Blockhouse at Greenland Gap," page 499, shows deep interest in the welfare of the VETERAN by this gloomy sentence: "And it has distressed me to see it languishing. It does seem that you should secure many profitable advertisements." The VETERAN is not "languishing" much. It has a great subscription list of loyal patrons. The fact is that "most of the profit" to magazines, as he states, is in advertising, and the small proportion of such patronage causes many business men to misjudge the VETERAN. It has prospered longer, however, than any monthly ever has in the South's history. It has contained sixteen extra pages more than half the time during the past year. So it is doing its full duty to its patrons. The trouble, strange as it may seem, is because its rates are too low. Agents don't get enough commission by the per cent, and it will not print advertisements of doubtful merit. There never has been as fine a medium for advertising generally in the South, but the VETERAN will not misrepresent nor beg to secure it.

The article on "Confederate Monuments" in the October VETERAN has created widespread interest. Many have reported omissions, and it is requested that all others who have not done so give attention so that in the October and December issues there may be a complete list of all Confederate monuments in existence.

PRESIDENT TAFT'S TRIBUTE TO THE CONFEDERATES.—President Taft is traveling in California, and recently he paid noble tribute to Confederate heroism in a speech made to the veterans of the G. A. R. at Los Angeles. He said: "We feel proud of the brave men of the North that they had an enemy worthy of their steel and in the history of the world, and in the heroism that was displayed by both sides we can now feel a common interest."

THE BLUE AND GRAY TO ESCORT TAFT.—When President Taft reaches San Antonio, Tex., he will be met by the local Post and Camp, and the soldiers of the blue and gray will continue to serve as his escort during his visit to that city.

GEORGIA DIVISION, U. D. C., TO MEET IN NOVEMBER.—The Georgia Division, U. D. C., will convene November 3-5 at West Point, with Fort Tyler Chapter as hostesses. A large delegation is expected, and elaborate preparation is being made for the entertainment of the division. Citizens, veterans, and clubs will assist the Chapter in their efforts to entertain. A comprehensive program will be observed.

WOMEN AND MEN OF THE SOUTH.

AN ADDRESS BY JUDGE J. M. DICKINSON, SECRETARY OF WAR,
TO THE U. D. C. AND HIS FRIENDS IN NASHVILLE.

Ladies and Gentlemen: It is a great honor to be invited to address the United Daughters of the Confederacy of the State of Tennessee, for it is an association devoted to the sacred work of caring for the graves of our Confederate dead and transmitting their history justly to posterity. Moved by no selfish consideration, with no possibility of reward, except the sweet content that comes to those who faithfully perform a noble work, you are under great difficulties achieving a success which ranks you with the illustrious and patriotic women whose names are imperishable in the records of the nations.

It is a grateful and easy task to rear monuments to the memory of soldiers of a victorious and prosperous people. It brings distinction and involves no hardship. The outside world will never fully understand, for no recital can faithfully portray how the devoted women of the South—her wealth annihilated, her industries paralyzed, the greater part of her manly strength destroyed, her people almost hopeless and involved in a new struggle to maintain their very civilization, her children crying for bread—at once with a loyalty never surpassed consecrated themselves to the work of perpetuating the memories of their heroic dead. In the face of such adverse conditions they have labored without rest, until now all over our land living marble and enduring bronze attest to the ages the honor accorded to the soldiers of the Confederacy.

It is an easy task amid the pæans of victory to command the listening ear of nations and exalt in their esteem those whose banners are waving triumphant. It is hard for those overwhelmed by defeat to gain sympathetic or even impartial hearing. Historians and poets when they commemorate success find their largest and most appreciative audiences. A long time must elapse before a lost cause gains a willing ear. No cause that lacks the high character and principles that justly command the devotion of honorable men and true women can stand without condemnation before the tribunal where the enlightened conscience of universal mankind sits in judgment.

The verdict of the world upon the action of those who sustained the South is already recorded. Not only in the esteem of those for whom they fought, but in the general judgment of men, the names of Davis, Lee, Jackson, and their comrades will forever be enshrined in honorable memory.

None have aided more to achieve this than the women of the South. At times Southern men, absorbed in the struggle to retrieve their fortunes or in that bitter contest, an aftermath of the war, to save their country from what was worse than the death and destruction inflicted by war, seemed lethargic if not indifferent; but the women never flagged, never suspended their efforts.

We well recall how the movement to erect the Confederate monument here at Mount Olivet seemed almost to die out, and how it was revived and carried to a realization by the active intervention and resolute work of the local members of your association. With that consecration which made woman the last at the cross and the first at the tomb the Southern women, without faltering, undaunted by adversity, resting not on the laurels of praise which precedes complete achievement, have lived to see a glorious fruition.

As was to be expected, after such a war, as always has in all the ages, the revengeful denounced the action of the South

as treason, and demanded that her leaders should expiate their crime upon the gallows. Histories written at the North and taught in the schools stamped deeply upon the youthful mind impressions that made abhorrent the Southern cause and its defenders. I recall that Gen. Luke E. Wright told me that one day his boy came from school and asked if his grandfather, Raphael Semmes, was a pirate, showing in his history where it was so recorded.

A different spirit has for a long time prevailed in the North. This has not come as a response to abuse or hot-tempered assertion, but from the forceful, persistent appeal of the South to a dispassionate judgment upon the constitutional history of our country, the facts leading up to the war, and the convictions of the Southern people. Their cause was stated by such great publicists as Davis, Stephens, Lamar, and Hill. Their character was illustrated by such living examples as Lee, Gordon, Walthall, our late Commander Stephen D. Lee, and many thousands of others who in places of prominence won by their spotless reputation esteem for the people of which they were exponents. Not long since a very distinguished Union officer descended from a historic line famous in the North from a time antedating our independence told me that for many years he had such feeling against Mr. Davis that he would not read his history, but that he had recently done so and found that he had misjudged him, and now entertained a high admiration for his abilities and character. The people of the North should desire to honor the people of the South for their devotion to the memory of their cause and ought to rejoice in the belief that the acts of the Southern people were not treasonable, but in accord with their interpretation of the Constitution believed in by them and their forefathers.

The Southern people and their descendants are a large part of the citizenship of this country. They are found in every section of it, and are wielding and will continue to wield a vast influence upon its welfare. It would be a sad reflection for this nation if they were traitors and descended from traitors. They were true to their traditions and the political teachings of their fathers; they sustained their convictions to the last extremity and achieved the highest standard of patriotism. Their sons, taught by their example, will never stop to count the cost of any sacrifice that the necessities of their country may demand. This the people of the North now generally and will in time entirely believe. A statue of Robert E. Lee stands in the Hall of Fame, largely by the votes of Northern men. He is there presented as one of the truly great men of the nation, one of our immortals, as an inspiration to our posterity and an exponent of the best of our national life to travelers of all nations who visit our shores. If all written about him by the South should disappear from the face of the earth, his fame, full, fair, and imperishable, would be transmitted to the ages by what has been recorded of him by writers of the North. The query propounded by Charles Francis Adams, "Shall Robert E. Lee have a statue?" meaning no doubt one erected by the nation, will one day be answered in the affirmative. Upon the Plains of Abraham with equal honor statues have been erected to Wolfe and Montcalm. I believe that a like magnanimous spirit will at the capital of the nation raise in noble companionship statues to Lee and Grant. Southern veterans find a last resting place in the National Cemetery at Arlington. The government is erecting monuments to the memory of our soldiers and is caring for their graves. This day as Secretary of War I approved a contract for the erection at a cost of eight thou-

sand five hundred dollars by the government of the United States of a white marble shaft eighty-two feet in height in the Confederate section of the Finn's Point National Cemetery, near Salem, N. J., to mark the graves of Confederate soldiers who died as prisoners of war.

I stood on Decoration Day by the Confederate monument erected in Oakwood Cemetery in Chicago largely by Northern contributions and saw a salute fired over those who fought for the stars and bars like that just fired over those lying near by who fought for the stars and stripes. On a bronze tablet upon the monument to Tennessee's hero, Sam Davis, a monument evoking memories which bring tears to the eyes of all true Southern people, is an inscription showing that there were contributors to this monument from every State in the Union.

There has been a realization of the prophecy of Mr. Lincoln, who said in his first inaugural: "The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

No Southern man is treated with disfavor if he publicly expresses before representative people in the North his convictions as to the righteousness of our cause. On the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln before a Northern audience in Chicago I said that in mind, heart, and soul I was loyal to the traditions of the South; I believed that the South was within its constitutional rights as the Constitution then stood; that her leaders were patriots, that her people showed a devotion to principle without a touch of sordidness, that such action as theirs could only come from a deep conviction that counted not the cost of sacrifice, and that I cherished as a glorious legacy the renown of her armies and leaders whose purity of life and heroism were unsurpassed by those of any people.

I always kept conspicuously displayed in my residence in Illinois portraits of Davis, Lee, and Jackson, and with them the Confederate colors. They were seen there by our President, the son of Grant and the son of Lincoln, and by many Union soldiers. It never occurred to me to offer explanation or apology.

Sensible people of the North know that in cherishing these sentiments, in holding these convictions, in caring for the graves of our dead, in erecting monuments to perpetuate their fame, in giving a true history of our contest, and teaching our children to reverence the memory of those who sustained the Southern cause, there is no protest against the government under which we live just as sensible people of the South know that devotion to our reunited country and its flag is no disloyalty to the memories of a cause which is enshrined forever.

We know by actual experience the horrors of war. No people of modern times have had its fearful lessons more indelibly impressed upon their minds and hearts. Our loss of property and productive energy has been estimated in figures. But there is no standard for measuring the loss to the South of those who went down in that great struggle. The noblest, the bravest, the most generous, and the most patriotic were foremost on the red field of carnage. We have recuperated our material losses, but suffer and will continue to suffer immeasurably for a long time from the sacrifice of our noble manhood. We ought to be and are a peace-loving people. We earnestly believe in the great humanitarian work now going on among all enlightened peoples of the civilized world of endeavoring to substitute some tribunal other than that of war for the adjustment of international differences;

and yet with the memories of the sufferings still fresh, with these aspirations for universal peace strong cherished, at the first test which came when our country made war on Spain men like our townsman, William C. Smith, and Maj. W. J. Witthorne and other gallant Confederates leading the sons of Cheatham, Kirby Smith, and many others who wore the gray, were foremost among those who responded to its call.

It was the indomitable spirit of the Old South that inspired the heroic action of the 1st Tennessee, of which President McKinley said in an address at Quincy, Ill.: "No more splendid exhibition of patriotism was ever shown than was exhibited a few days ago in the Philippines. That gallant Tennessee regiment from our Southern border had been absent from home and family and friends for more than a year, and were embarked on the good ship Indiana homeward bound when the enemy attacked our forces remaining near Cebu. These magnificent soldiers left their ship, joined their comrades on the firing line, and achieved a glorious triumph for American arms. That is an example of patriotism that should be an inspiration to duty for all of us in every part of our common country."

Whenever our country shall need their services, the sons of those who fought for the Confederacy, taught by them, will—not if called, for when did men of the Volunteer State wait to be called?—bear the stars and stripes, as their fathers bore them at Kings Mountain, Talladega, Emuckfau, New Orleans, and from the Rio Grande to the City of Mexico—yes, as was borne by valor of imperishable renown, the Southern cross up the bloody heights of Gettysburg, over the fields of Chickamauga, and on that red day at Franklin, when Tennessee poured out her richest libation of blood, and amid the shouts of dearly bought victory the heroic souls of Adams, Cleburne, Carter, Gist, Strahl, Granbury, and their peerless soldiery went up to join the hosts in gray who have taught us the imperishable lesson by glorious example that "it is both sweet and honorable to die for one's country."

"WHAT IF THE SOUTH HAD WON?"

VIRGINIANS PROTEST AGAINST JUDGE DICKINSON'S VIEWS.

The Secretary of War is closely watched South as well as North. He is a Southerner of unquestioned loyalty to his native Southland. His address in this issue of the *VETERAN* attests that. Those who have known him from his youth up are confident of his absolute loyalty to the South, but others are suspicious. The Stonewall Jackson Camp at Staunton, Va., composed of some of the ablest men in the Old Dominion, adopted resolutions in protest against what he said at the dedication of the Gettysburg monument. At a meeting of the Camp in September they gave their reason.

ACTION OF THE STONEWALL CAMP.

The attention of this Camp has several times been called to certain utterances of the Secretary of War, Hon. Jacob M. Dickinson, in a recent dedicatory address at Gettysburg, the language being: "Time has brought a clearer vision of the tremendous evils to all the States which would certainly and immediately have followed upon the establishment of the Southern Confederacy. * * * There are in the South but few if any who would not turn swiftly with sentiments of abhorrence from any suggestion that it would have been better for the South if it had succeeded in establishing an independent government."

The Camp expresses itself on the subject by the following resolutions:

"Resolved: 1. That, lest the speaker as a Southern-born man might be supposed to speak for that class and for the Confederate soldier, we would say for the three hundred members of this Camp that the mellowing influence of time has not yet so cleared our vision as to alter our views in the least as to the propriety of what we did in the sixties. And under the like circumstances we would take the same pride in doing it again. We simply fail to see how any true Confederate soldier of that time could entertain doubts about the justice and right in the sight of God of the cause for which we fought. We took up arms in Virginia with an intelligent understanding of our reasons and our purposes, and the vindication of our motives may be left to the verdict of history. The clearer our vision in the retrospect, the more distinctly we see that the war forced upon us was one of naked aggression, invasion, and conquest, and waged less for patriotic than commercial considerations. We would have our children taught the truth of the case as it stood in 1861, not that they may be less loyal to the Union, but that they may properly respect us for what we did then and are doing now, and may realize that it is those who are loyal to the memories of the past who prove truest to the responsibilities of the present. We abide the issue of arms, but would neither apologize for our course nor recant our faith, so doing dishonor to heroic leaders and brave comrades who died for it. We think, therefore, that the speaker took too much upon himself in assuming to voice the sentiment of the South.

"2. That, however good a government established or maintained by force may be, it must fall far short of a government of the people, by the people, and for the people such as our ancestors fought for and won in 1776-83 and we fought for so earnestly but unsuccessfully in 1861-65.

"3. That we repudiate out and out the proposition that our attempt to establish an independent government was a folly from the outset or that we were incapable of maintaining it with dignity and honor and making it a success and power among the nations. Had the close of the war separated our fortunes for a time from those of the Northern States, we should probably be no less happy and no less prosperous. And as for the humbler race, the supposed cause of the strife, gradual and friendly emancipation would surely have rewarded their fidelity while it lasted and set us right with the world. Looking to the conditions which actually followed it, our civilization ruthlessly subverted, society disorganized, Legislatures dispersed, judges deposed by the military and the law of the bayonet substituted, and vice and ignorance and malice turned loose to rule until despair shadowed every hearthstone in the Southern land—if her people have risen from the ashes of their desolation and carved out for themselves a new destiny, it is due, we think, to the unconquerable spirit of Southern ex-Confederates, to their determined resistance to wrong and oppression in every form, and to their masterful struggle to rebuild their homes and fortunes rather than to any beneficence of the Federal government that we owe the better conditions enjoyed to-day. In our judgment the recognized facts of industrial and commercial development and progress and that capacity for affairs which has surmounted every difficulty thus far confronting them carry their own demonstration that the Southern people would have held their own as well in the fields of statesmanship and government and given to the world not a dissolving Confederacy, but a lasting compact of free States under a Constitution which was a model chart with a homogeneous population, knit together by common sufferings and glories and held to-

gether by common interest. What was permitted to no man to know of such a people's destiny let no man now lay down for us as the inevitable. * * *

"Committee: Thomas D. Ranson, C. F. Conrad, Berkeley Minor, J. Bumgardner, Jr."

At the time the above resolutions were before the body Prof. Berkeley Minor, of Stuart Hall, said: "In voting on these resolutions we must bear in mind the exact issue raised by Mr. Dickinson's claim that the South is glad that our Confederate cause failed in 1861-65. His claim means that we made a mistake in resisting Lincoln and his party's efforts to re-form the Union by force. It means that the government forced upon us in 1865 was a better one than the one formed by us and fought for bravely for four years with enormous loss of life and property. It means that the men who led us in that heroic fight are unworthy of the honors we have lavished upon them, being leaders in a cause that did not succeed and did not deserve success; that the men who led the armies of the conquering section were the true patriots whose success was our gain and who deserve our thanks for forcing us back into allegiance to the best government the world ever saw which we were unwisely resisting; and, finally, it means that our Camps of Confederate veterans have no good reason for existence, but should disband and no longer defend and maintain the cause which failed and, if his claim is just, deservedly failed in 1861-65."

SOME NOTED CONFEDERATE FAMILIES.

BY E. H. LIVELY, ABERDEEN, WASH.

The following families made large contributions of soldiers to the Confederate cause, and the lists, large as they are, can be duplicated in other localities, for at the call of the South old and young alike responded.

William Green Cousins, of Pennsylvania County, Va., gave his eight sons: Richard, Royal, John, Henry Clay, Chastine Royster, Jabez Smith, William, and Marcellus.

David W. Barton, of Winchester, Va., gave to the cause he loved six sons. Charles M. Barton, a lieutenant of Newton's Artillery, was killed May 22, 1862, in the battle of Winchester. David R. Barton, a student at the University of Virginia, was elected to fill the place left vacant by his brother's death, and was killed in the battle of Fredericksburg in 1862. W. Strother Barton was lieutenant in the Winchester Rifles. Robert T. Barton, of Rockbridge Battery, is now a lawyer in Winchester and author of "Barton's Practice." Randolph Barton, sergeant major of the 33d Virginia Infantry and subsequently adjutant general in the Stonewall Brigade, was wounded five times and struck by a spent ball twice. He is now a member of the law firm of Barton, Wilber, Ambler & Stewart, of Baltimore, Md. Bowling W. Barton was a cadet of the Virginia Military Institute, which he left to enter the army. He was in the battle of New Market, and lost a leg in the battle of Minnie Run, March 27, 1863. He is now a resident of Loudoun County, Va. Mr. and Mrs. David Barton had two daughters whose husbands were also in the Confederate army—Dr. John Baldwin and Col. Thomas Marshall, grandson of Chief Justice Marshall. Colonel Marshall was a lieutenant colonel of the 7th Virginia Cavalry, and was killed in 1864 near Middletown, Va. Mrs. Barton, besides her six sons and two sons-in-law, had four brothers in the war.

There were six brothers in the Cird family of Nelson County, Va., and they were all gallant soldiers.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT FRANKLIN, N. C.

September 30, 1909, was perhaps the greatest day within the history of Franklin, N. C. The occasion was the unveiling of the Macon County Confederate monument. Complete preparations and arrangements had been made for the occasion, and the weather was ideal. A large stand had been erected bordering on the sidewalk near the courthouse and fronting the monument on the Public Square and under the shade of the fine maples that line the cement sidewalks.

The country people began to arrive early, and it was estimated that over fifteen hundred people were present, mostly citizens of Macon County, who had gathered around the grand stand when the hour arrived for opening the exercises.

Maj. N. P. Rankin, President of the Macon County Monument Association, called the assembly to order and requested Adjutant W. A. Curtis to act as master of ceremonies. Rev. J. A. Deal, of the Episcopal Church, invoked the divine blessing. In most fitting and tender manner the minister returned thanks for the benefits and privileges of the day, for the brave men who had gone before and those who still remain and whose heroism and devotion are to be honored by this memorial. Then the Franklin Choir rendered "The Old North State Forever!"

Hon. J. Frank Ray delivered the address of welcome in an admirable and appropriate manner, which was responded to by Hon. J. M. Gudger, Jr., of Asheville, N. C., formerly Congressman from this district. The unveiling address was appropriate and beautifully delivered by Miss Elizabeth Kelly, daughter of Lieut. M. L. Kelly, of Company D, 62d North Carolina Regiment. The following ladies, descendants of the commanding officers of the seven companies that went from Macon County to the war, Mrs. F. T. Smith, Misses Kate Robinson, Irene Ashe, Lassie Kelly, Esther Rogers, Maggie Angel, and May McDowell, marched to the front of the monument and pulled the cord, and the veiling fell gracefully from the statue and floated gently down right and left of the shaft, and the monument stood unveiled in all its grace and majestic beauty, while the assembly applauded. The Choir then sang "Dixie," using the words written by M. B. Wharton, D.D., (and printed in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN of September, 1904, page 431).

The magnificent oration was delivered by His Excellency, W. W. Kitchen, Governor of North Carolina. It was polished, scholarly, and historical, and held his audience spellbound for an hour or more. After the song, "The Bonnie Blue Flag," rendered by the Franklin Choir, there was an intermission for dinner. The sixty old veterans present were furnished tickets and dined at the Junaluskee Inn through the courtesy of the proprietress, Mrs. Laura Bryson, with the Governors of two States, North and South Carolina, at each end of the long table. [Remarks by the two Governors not given.]

The afternoon exercises were held in the courthouse, and on reassembling "The Conquered Banner" was recited by Miss Clyde McGuire, standing under the tattered and battle-scarred flag of the 39th North Carolina Regiment, upheld by J. W. Shelton, the last color bearer of the regiment.

On October 4, 1889, just twenty years ago lacking four days, at the first reunion of Macon County veterans ever held, the mother of Miss McGuire, then Miss Maggie Moore, recited the same poem under the same flag upheld by Mr. Shelton. The Choir then sang "America."

Gov. M. F. Ansel, of South Carolina, then addressed the assembly, being introduced by T. J. Johnston, Esq., and his speech of half an hour was well received by all who heard him.

Sketches of the seven companies, which had been written by

Maj. N. P. Rankin, were then read by Mr. Baird Angel and Prof. H. D. Dean.

The monument was formally presented by Adjutant W. A. Curtis, from whose address the following extracts giving the history of the work are taken:

"It is appropriate that this monument has been reared in memory of the sons of Macon County who served in the Confederate army during the period of the war, 1861-65. It will remind our children's children of the heroism and devotion of a people who fought through four years of the greatest conflict ever known on this continent in defense of home and State and our beautiful Southland.

"The records show that eight hundred and eighty-nine volunteers went to the war from this county, enough for a full regiment. They were participants in hundreds of engagements in the armies of the Confederacy, and Macon County honors herself in doing this honor to her heroes.

"The idea of erecting a monument to the memory of Macon County veterans was first conceived by Maj. N. P. Rankin. He has labored with persistency and zeal in the enterprise ever since its inauguration, six years ago, and he deserves all the credit and honor for what has been accomplished. On November 26, 1903, at the Major's call, a number of our veterans met in the courthouse and organized the Macon County Monument Association. He was elected President and W. A. Curtis Secretary and Treasurer, positions held ever since by them, and they have devoted much time and labor to the cause.



THE FRANKLIN (N. C.) MONUMENT.

"By an act of the General Assembly of the State passed at its session of 1907 the Association was incorporated, and an act of the same body passed at the last session (1909) authorized the Board of County Commissioners to donate a plat of land in the Public Square 68-83 feet to the Association on which to erect the monument. The monument consists of twenty-seven stones, is twenty-five feet high above the concrete foundation, and built of fine Georgia marble. The six-foot statue was made in Italy of fine Italian marble, and is beautiful as a work of art in its simplicity, its symmetry of form, and its magnificent pose. It alone cost \$600. The entire weight of the monument is about 35,000 pounds and was erected by the McNeel Marble Co., of Marietta, Ga., at a cost of \$1,650.

"In behalf of the Charles L. Robinson Camp, No. 947, United Confederate Veterans, and the Macon County Monument Association, I now have the honor to present to the citizens of Macon County this handsome monument, and I commend it to the ladies and the sons and daughters of Confederate veterans to be kept in order perpetually."

Senator W. J. West on behalf of the county made the speech of acceptance in an appropriate manner; and after the singing of "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder" by the Choir, the benediction was pronounced by Rev. T. C. King, of the Baptist Church.

"FIGHTING CONFEDERATE PARSONS."

BY S. B. BROWN, RUSK, TEX.

In the August number of the VETERAN, page 391, is a short article on the "Fighting Confederate Parsons." I will mention a few of that class of Confederate soldiers that I have known.

W. E. Beeson, a minister in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church and a leading educator in Texas, was lieutenant colonel of the 9th Texas Infantry.

George W. Carter, colonel of the 21st Texas Cavalry, and C. C. Gillespie, colonel of the 25th Texas Cavalry, were two of the leading ministers in the M. E. Church, South, before the war.

L. M. Lewis, a brigadier general, commanding a brigade of Missouri troops, was a prominent minister in the same Church after the war.

Brig. Gen. R. M. Gano, of Dallas, Tex., is a minister in the Christian Church.

William D. Chadick, a leading minister in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, went out from Huntsville, Ala., as chaplain of the 4th Alabama Infantry, and was afterwards lieutenant colonel of the 50th Alabama Infantry.

Captain Smith, of Company D, 28th Texas Cavalry, was a Baptist minister. First Lieutenant Milburn, of Company B, 3d Texas Cavalry, was a Baptist minister.

Four ministers, Frank Cole, Haden, Patillo, and Duckett, were privates in the 3d Texas Cavalry the greater part of the war. Patillo and Duckett were chaplains a portion of the time.

Hiram Awalt, a leading minister of the Baptist Church, was captain of a company in a Texas regiment.

Two humble, devoted Baptist ministers, Perry Holliman and Neal Odom, who were privates in the Confederate army, reside in Cherokee County, Tex. One served in the 1st Texas Cavalry, Arizona Brigade, and the other in the 10th Texas Cavalry, dismounted, in Ector's Brigade.

Rev. B. T. Crouch, of Mississippi, a chaplain, was killed in the battle of Thompson's Station, Tenn., while acting as aid-de-camp to Gen. W. H. Jackson.

FROM S. EMANUEL, NEW YORK CITY.

Referring to your article in the August VETERAN, I have in view several Confederate soldiers who afterwards became clergymen. George S. Baker, though from Massachusetts, joined the Washington Light Artillery, and served through the war. He afterwards studied for the Episcopal ministry, and is now Chaplain of the New York U. C. V. Camp. Rev. William T. Capers, of South Carolina, a Methodist minister and brother of Bishop Capers, joined Company A, 10th South Carolina Regiment, as a private, afterwards being made chaplain of his regiment. Nathaniel B. Clarkson, of the Methodist Church, and Henry E. Lucas, both active workers in the ministry, were members of Company A.

FROM JOHN M. HOOD, JACKSON, MISS.

Dr. J. A. Hackett and Dr. J. B. Gambriell were among the distinguished divines of Mississippi and joint editors of the Baptist Journal, and they were both "fighting parsons." Dr. Hackett was essentially a man of peace, yet there was no braver soldier in the army. He did double duty, fighting for the cause of the South on the field and for the cause of religion in the camp. He was a member of Company C, 18th Infantry, which constituted part of the celebrated Barksdale-Humphrey's Brigade. He was in every engagement with his company—Manassas, Leesburg, Williamsburg, Seven Pines, the seven days' battle at the gates of Richmond, Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, the Battle of the Wilderness, Cold Harbor, and Petersburg—being badly wounded at Fredericksburg. He remained always in the camp with his men, and often while they were sleeping from utter exhaustion cooked their rations for the next day's march.

Dr. J. B. Gambriell was a member of the 2d Mississippi Regiment. He did fearless work as a scout, and was often in important and dangerous positions and expeditions. While a minister, he was never an army chaplain, but did his work of salvation for body and soul uncommissioned. He is still a valiant soldier of the cross, and is proud of his army record won among the wounded and dying as well as in battle, where he showed the highest courage of heroic manhood. For a time after the war he was President of the Baptist College at Macon, Ga., and is now a leading minister of Dallas, Tex.

FROM SON OF LEWIS M. BALL, OF BENSON, ARIZ.

Among the "Fighting Confederate Parsons" I give a short sketch of my father, Col. Lewis Ball, of the 41st Mississippi. He was born November 6, 1820, in South Carolina, near old Bethabara Baptist church, where he was licensed to preach before he was twenty. To gain an education, he made a crop of cotton, working at night by the light of pitch pine placed on scaffolds. He put his first earnings into books.

His early work as a minister was in part making speeches on temperance. This was at a time when it was a common thing to see liquors on the sideboards even of ministers. He was then an ardent prohibitionist, and much of his after life in Mississippi was given to that cause.

When volunteers were called for in 1861 he was pastor of the Baptist Church at Cherry Creek, Miss. A company of the boys and young men of his pastorate and community was made up and he became their captain. Too often, alas! he had to call on the same loyal parents and neighbors to send more boys to fill the thin ranks. From captain he rose to major, and later for storming and capturing a line of breastworks under heavy fire in the fights north of Atlanta he was promoted to colonel of the 41st. A bursting shell in that engagement tore his collar bone severely, unfitting him for active service.

As a genuine "fighting parson" he led his boys in the fierce fights of North Georgia and during the bitter cold in the campaigns of Tennessee. After battling by day he would preach at nights, pleading and praying with his boys to win the moral victory.

Captain Cullens, of the 1st Mississippi, wrote of him: "I have seen him go into a great river and a little creek with his military dress and baptize the votaries of his faith. Once I saw him and General Lowrey, of Mississippi, immerse a long line of repentant soldiers in a little muddy creek in Tennessee. They both wore their dress parade uniforms, and it was a weird scene—the shadowy trees, the muddy brook, the official priests, the ragged supplicants, and the hundreds on the banks singing 'Am I a soldier of the cross?'"

The war over, he busied himself repairing his own broken fortunes and those of his people. During the seventies, when he was pastor in the "Black Belt" or "Delta" at Rolling Fork, Sunflower County, the negroes had massed together near the town to destroy it. The citizens asked him to lead a company against the rioters. Sending one of his men disguised as a negro, he learned that they were to enter the town Sunday morning while the people were at church and burn the place. At the head of his little band he went at night near the negro camp and at daylight charged into it with the old-time "yell." The ringleaders were quickly captured. The others were allowed to get away to avoid needless slaughter. These leaders were later executed at intervals along the public highways as a warning. The trouble—and it might have easily been a serious one—with the negro population (about twenty to one) was effectually settled with the one swift blow.

For a number of years he had his family at Blue Mountain, Miss., where Gen. M. P. Lowrey had founded Blue Mountain Female College, one of the best institutions of its kind in the South. Later he moved to Clinton, sending his boys to the Mississippi College. He continued actively in the ministry as pastor of three country Churches, as State evangelist, and as Corresponding Secretary of the State Board up to within two weeks of his death. He died November 30, 1896, on his farm, near Clinton. He never signed the oath of allegiance.

John Moore, of Waco, Tex., writes: "In your August number you inquire about fighting parsons. I enlisted in a regiment in which all the field officers were Methodist preachers. These were George W. Carter, who was to be colonel, F. C. Wilkes, lieutenant colonel, and C. C. Gillespie, major; but so many recruits reported to them that each was placed in command of a regiment of his own. Carter commanded the 21st, Wilkes the 24th, and Gillespie the 25th Regiment—all Texas cavalry. These commands were dismounted, and they were captured at Arkansas Post. After being exchanged, they served in Granbury's Brigade, Cleburne's Division. Captain Veal, a Methodist preacher, had a company in the 12th Texas, Parson Byrd, a Baptist, commanded a company in the 16th Texas, and Rev. C. C. Avent had a company in the 17th Texas."

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

At the October meeting of the Franklin Chapter, No. 14, U. D. C., Miss Susie Gentry, the Chapter's first Secretary and the State's first Registrar, moved that "the anniversary of the battle of Franklin be annually celebrated with historical facts, reminiscences, and Confederate songs."

The motion was enthusiastically received and carried. The first celebration will take place November 30 at 3 p.m. in the

Battle Ground Academy, situated on the historic battlefield. This battle was made famous by the wonderful bravery of the sons of the South and the death of Maj. Gen. Patrick R. Cleburne, Brig. Gen. S. R. Gist, John Adams, Otho French Strahl (an Ohioan, but for some years previous to the war a Tennessean), and H. B. Granbery, and the wounding of Major General John C. Brown, Brigadier Generals Carter, Manigault, Quarles, Cockrill, and Scott, and the capture of the youngest brigadier general of the Confederacy, George W. Gordon (now of Memphis), and the killing or wounding of a multitude of heroes. It was here that General Hood in his official report said: "We captured several stands of colors and about one thousand prisoners. Our troops fought with great gallantry. We have to lament the loss of many gallant officers and brave men."

On this notable battlefield stands the battle-scarred smoke-house at the "Carter" home. Like many of our veterans, it stands to-day as it did during that terrible storm of human wrath and destruction. This old smokehouse is replete with memories of the living and dead who stood like it, immovable in the face of danger and death, a sacred monument to truth, patriotism, and valor!

It was near Franklin, a time which "tried men's souls," that a fearful and awful tragedy and martyrdom took place—the hasty hanging of Colonel Williams and Lieutenant Peters, whose tragic ending has left for forty-five years an unsolved problem and mystery.

At our first anniversary meeting Capt. John W. Morton, General Forrest's gallant chief of artillery, will tell of "the battle of Franklin" in a fine address, and others will tell of their experience when in the "jaws of death." Miss Addine Campbell will waft you back to Dixie in many of the songs that cheered and inspired the "boys" of 1861-65.

Vehicles will meet the trains from Nashville and carry the visitors to the place of meeting, where a "glad hand" of hearty welcome will be extended to all who come.

A LADY WHO WRITES OF THE BATTLE.

There lives in Franklin now a noted and venerable woman, Mrs. John C. Gaut, widow of Judge Gaut, deceased. She has lived much in Nashville, but now resides with her daughter, the wife of Judge Richardson, where she resided during the battle of Franklin. She was then Mrs. Carter.

Her residence was prominent, near the public square, and she was conspicuous by her kindness to the wounded Federal soldiers and by her unstinted hospitality to the Confederates during their stay. In a well-prepared reminiscence of war times she writes in regard to the battle of Franklin:

"On the morning of November 30 two mounted Federal officers came to my house and asked for breakfast. I told them that I would give them breakfast willingly, but I had no flour, that their men had taken my flour as it was being brought from the mill. These men belonged to the commissary department, and offered to sell me a barrel of flour, and I gladly paid their price—ten dollars. They said that their forces would not remain in Franklin, and that my friends would soon be in town. In an hour or so they came and had breakfast, expressing their gratitude and praising Southern cooking. About noon they came again to correct a statement about evacuating Franklin, explaining that the "Rebels" were advancing so fast that they could not get their trains away, and that their men were then making breastworks. Very soon the fighting began, and there was a stampede. Many Federals ran by my house. Several wounded came by. Some

of them asked me for water. One was very weak from loss of blood, and I gave him some whisky. Another was badly shot, and I tore one of my lace curtains for a bandage.

"Soon the brigade was rallied and returned to the front.



FROM FAVORITE PORTRAIT OF MRS. GAUT.

where a terrible battle took place. I took my children and servants to the cellar, and we remained there until the heavy fighting was over. When I went to the front door, four men were standing at my gate. I asked whether they were Federals or Confederates, and they replied that they belonged to the Twenty-Eighth Mississippi Regiment. I was so rejoiced that I could not keep from crying. I invited them to lunch. I had been preparing food for the Confederates all day. In less than thirty minutes my house was filled with hungry soldiers. With General Hood came my personal friends, General Frank Cheatham, Bishop Quintard, Col. John L. House, and my cousin, Charles M. Ewing. I was inviting all who came to lunch when Charles Ewing stopped me and said that it was impossible for me to feed Hood's army. He said that he would stop the soldiers from coming in, but I told him that he must not do it as long as I had anything to eat.

"After the Confederates retreated and my house was cleared of the wounded it was made headquarters for the Federal Provost Marshal. Of the Confederates severely wounded who were cared for until able to be moved were Capt. M. B. Pilcher, of Tennessee, and Capt. John M. Hickey, of Missouri."

SCHOLARSHIP FOR CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY.—In Alabama the sum of twelve hundred and fifty dollars has been raised by Mrs. Mary Pickens, of Greensboro, for the purpose of establishing a scholarship in the Polytechnic College in Auburn. The interest on this sum, one hundred and fifty dollars, will be used to aid worthy descendants of Confederate veterans to receive an education.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE FIRST TENNESSEE.

BY JUDGE W. M. POLLARD, NASHVILLE, TENN.

From 1861 to 1865 I suppose no regiment did more to add to the glory of Tennessee than Maney's 1st Regiment, C. S. A. On July 13, 1861, the regiment started for Virginia. When we reached Lynchburg, we heard of our first victory at Manassas. On July 30 the regiment started from Hillsboro, on the C. & O. Railroad, for the mountains of Northwest Virginia, and went into camp at Big Springs. While at this camp the 1st, under Colonel Maury, the 7th, under Colonel Hutton, and the 14th, under Colonel Forbes, formed a brigade of Tennesseans commanded by Brig. Gen. Sam Anderson. Gen. R. E. Lee, having command of this department, attempted to bring Rosecrans to battle at Cheat Mountain Pass; but, owing to heavy rains, he was foiled in the attempt, and the enemy retreated. General Lee then came up with the enemy again at Big Sewell Mountain, and just as he was in readiness to attack Rosecrans again retreated. From Big Sewell Mountain the command marched back to Huntersville, then up the Valley of Virginia, arriving at Winchester December 25, 1861.

On January 1, 1862, the command, under Stonewall Jackson, started for the enemy. We were ordered on January 3 to cook two days' rations, also to carry forty rounds of ammunition and one blanket to each man. The boys concluded that they would not carry their blankets. On January 4 we came within four miles of Bath Springs, occupied by the enemy, and went into camp. We built our fires and awaited the wagon train to get blankets. But there were no wagons; hence no blankets. It snowed all night, and we had to stand around camp fires; in that way some of us slept. January 5 was spent in line of battle, marching and countermarching in snow six inches deep. About night the enemy fled, and we pursued to Hancock, Md., which place we reached at 11 p.m. and went into camp. This was the coldest night I ever felt. The ice froze six inches thick over the Potomac River; and still without blankets, we had to stand around camp fires to keep from freezing.

On January 7 we left Hancock for Romney. The roads were packed with snow as slick as ice, and men and horses were constantly falling. I frequently saw teams of six horses all down at once. Finally each company was detailed to go with its own wagon to help it along by pushing, and in this way we reached Romney, which had been evacuated by the enemy, leaving a large amount of commissary stores. We left Romney on February 2 and reached Winchester on the 7th. No command ever endured greater hardships than ours during this thirty-seven days from January 1 to February 7.

On the 10th the 1st Tennessee left Winchester, having been transferred to Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston's Army of Tennessee. At Lynchburg we first heard of the evacuation of Nashville. We failed to reach Corinth in time to engage in the battle of Shiloh, but were ordered to the field to cover the retreat.

We reorganized on April 29 by electing the following field officers: Maj. H. R. Fields, Colonel; Capt. John Patterson, Lieutenant Colonel; Capt. John L. House, Major. Thus ended our first year's service.

Bragg's campaign into Kentucky was our next experience. Starting on the march at Chattanooga, we crossed the Cumberland at Gainesboro, then through Kentucky to the battle of Perryville. Here the regiment charged three batteries, capturing two, and drove the enemy from the third. In this bat-

tle it lost two-thirds of its men. Among the number was Lieut. Col. John Patterson. The charges of the regiment were so impetuous and so well executed that a correspondent of a Cincinnati paper, in writing about the battle, said: "The movements of the 1st Tennessee Regiment were of the grace and regularity of the foldings and unfoldings of a coquette's fan."

From Perryville we retreated, crossing the Cumberland River at Burksville, Ky., via Cumberland Gap, on to Knoxville, Tenn., and thence to Murfreesboro, where was fought the great battle known by us as Murfreesboro and by the Federals as Stone's River. The regiment took an active part, capturing one battery and a number of prisoners. Thence to Shelbyville, Tullahoma, Chattanooga, and the battle of Chickamauga, September 19 and 20, 1863, where we were severely engaged on Saturday. On Sunday we were held in reserve till about 4 P.M., then ordered to our extreme right. Up to this time the battle had been raging fiercely, no one knowing who would be the victor. It was a critical moment. Many prominent officers rode to our line before the charge, telling of the situation and urging us to turn the tide. The order to forward was given, the Rebel yell was raised, and the regiment did the work. The enemy's lines began to break one after another, until the field was cleared, the victory ours, with the enemy in retreat. The next movement was toward Chattanooga, which could have been easily taken if the victory of the day before had been closely followed up and the enemy pressed.

Our next engagement was at Missionary Ridge in November, 1863. Our line was on the ridge facing Chattanooga. We could distinctly see every movement of the enemy, their troops landing from boats up the river just in our front. We saw their lines of battle, formed some five or six deep, marched toward us. As they came forward our artillery would plow lanes through them, but they would close up their ranks and come on undaunted. The scene was inspiring, but awful. Soon the skirmishers were engaged, and then the main line. The enemy continued to press forward. We were moved to the extreme right, a little beyond the railroad tunnel just in the rear of our line of battle, as a reserve. As the wounded came back we were informed that the enemy were within forty feet of our lines. At last we were ordered forward. The writer fell within twenty feet of the enemy, shot through the right lung. The lines met in hand-to-hand conflict. One man in our regiment tore off the flag from the staff of a Federal regiment, but the color bearer held to the staff and carried it off as our command drove them down the hill. The victory was ours on that part of the line; but our lines on the left were turned and our forces retreated, losing many pieces of artillery. Then the army fell back to Dalton for the winter.

In April, 1864, the Dalton campaign began, and the fighting from that point to Atlanta and round it was almost of daily occurrence; but among the many, I will mention only the fight at the Octagon house, not far from Cartersville, where the regiment held the enemy in check for many hours, and at what is known as the "Dead Angle," in front of Marietta, when the enemy, some three lines deep, charged and tried to take the point. They succeeded in reaching our works and planting their colors thereon; but they left behind them more of their dead than we had men in our regiment.

In the battle of July 22, 1864, near Atlanta, our regiment charged, drove the enemy from our line of works, followed them to the second, and there both lines were separated only

five feet apart by earthen works. Both lines retreated that night, though we afterwards returned and held the ground.

After the evacuation of Atlanta, Hood came into Tennessee, reaching Franklin in November, 1864, where one of the bloodiest battles of the war took place. We charged through open fields for a mile under a galling fire until we reached the enemy's works, which were stubbornly held till late in the night, when they retreated.

Then came the battle of Nashville, where Hood met his Waterloo; the march out of Tennessee and on up through the Carolinas; the fight at Bentonville, N. C.; then the surrender in April, 1865, when, with ranks decimated, few of the Tennesseans made their way by Asheville, N. C., down the French Broad and across to Greeneville, Tenn., where we took the cars for Nashville.

Many details are omitted that would be of interest. No mention is made of personal bravery shown by many at different times. Suffice it to say, this regiment was composed of many men like our Comrade Sam Davis, for he was at one time a member of the regiment.

RECENT REUNION OF THE REGIMENT.

On Saturday, October 9, 1909, the survivors of the 1st Tennessee Regiment had a reunion and barbecue in the Centennial grounds at Nashville. Conditions were most favorable for the event. Judge Pollard presided, and in his introductory remarks he told about the great fear of some of the boys that the war would end before they could get into a fight.

Dr. Murfree, of Murfreesboro, who was a member of the Rutherford Rifles, was the first speaker. He gave a brief history of his company (C) and expressed his pride in having been a Confederate soldier.

Judge H. H. Cook gave entertaining reminiscences of the regiment and its excellence in drill. He told of a fine supper served at the old Nashville Academy presided over by Rev. Dr. C. D. Elliott.

Col. Thomas Claiborne, who was a staff officer, gave a vivid account of the battle of Perryville. The venerable veteran was in a memorable battle in Mexico sixty-two years, lacking two days, before that day.

When the survivors had assembled after the delicious dinner, it was ascertained that there were present of the companies as follows: A, 6; B, 4; C, 5; D, 6; F, 6; G, 1; H, 2; I, 9; K, 1; total, 40. There were evidently more than a thousand members on the roll of the regiment.

KENTUCKY VETERANS IN REUNION.—The Kentucky veterans held their annual reunion at Pewee Valley in October, 1909. Col. Bennett H. Young was reelected Division Commander. Rev. John R. Deering, of Lexington, delivered a tribute to Mrs. Margaret Howell Davis Hayes, and Col. Thomas W. Scott, of Duckers, gave a talk on "Southern Womanhood." Resolutions of respect to the memory of Mrs. Hayes were passed; also a resolution of thanks to Colonel Young for the active part he had taken in making possible the purchase of the birthplace of President Davis.

HONORS FOR HEROES WHO WORE THE GRAY.—The War Department, U. S. A., has just closed a contract with a prominent firm of Boston for a shaft of granite eighty-three feet high to be erected to the brave soldiers wearing the gray who died in the prison at Fort Delaware. The shaft will be placed in the National Cemetery at Twins Point, on the Delaware River.

ANNUAL STATE REUNIONS OF U. C. V.

More and more the custom of holding annual Confederate Reunions in each State obtains. In some instances these Reunions are for certain regiments, companies, or even Camps, and the mingled pleasure and benefit accruing makes them grow in general favor. The closer personal relations arising from these Reunions aid also in establishing a better knowledge of history which cannot be too highly commended. The General Reunion is too big for friends to meet in close social relations, to exchange reminiscences, or inquiries for mutual rheumatic twinges. These State Reunions are of men from one section with common interests and experiences. Friend meets friend, and the small haps and happenings of family life are the topics discussed, and the personal touch is most in evidence. A veteran leaves these Reunions infinitely refreshed and inspirited by his heart-to-heart meeting with his old comrades in camp and field. The grand Reunion aids the advancement of the cause, the perpetuating of history, and the establishing of a real estimate of Southern conditions, while the State Reunion is the welding iron that fastens closer the bond between soldier and soldier.

In Fannin County, Tex., the Confederate Veteran Association held their annual Reunion in July, 1909, in the Pavilion grounds at Bonham. Eloquent addresses and fine music marked the occasion. The Association protested against accepting the figure of a woman seated in a Greek chair for the woman's monument. They suggested that, following the usual model for the men's monument, the woman's monument should be a woman armed with a Bible.

The seventeenth annual Reunion of Confederate veterans was held in July, 1909, at Fisher's Hill, in the Shenandoah Valley, with a large crowd in attendance. Two G. A. R. men, C. E. Myers, of Pennsylvania, and Dr. Wilson, of Washington, were among the speakers. Senator Daniel was the orator of the day, and in his speech conveyed a message from President Taft saying that only his wife's illness prevented his being present. The Shenandoah Chapter gave a reception to the wife of ex-Gov. A. J. Montague, who made an earnest appeal for assistance in establishing homes for indigent Confederate widows, a work she has been engaged in for some years.

The 22d Georgia Regiment has only twenty-two living members, and these met in August, 1909, to celebrate their Reunion at Silver Creek, the spot on which they were organized in 1861. The chief orators were Capt. A. B. T. Moseley and Capt. H. F. Meikleham, the latter extending an invitation to the veterans to meet with him next year. The day was filled with tender memories, and at parting each soldier clasped hands with his comrade, expressing hearty good wishes for the coming months.

Waco, Tex., gave cordial greeting to the crowds of people that attended the formal opening of Confederate Park in July, 1909, which was one of the special features of the sixth annual Reunion of McLennon County Confederate Association. People were present from all over the State, and Waco won many laurels for her hospitality. Every comfort for the veterans was provided, from a special post office on the grounds to the glorious dinner which was served the old soldiers.

Jim Pearce Camp, U. C. V., held their yearly meeting in August at Kuttawa Springs, Ky. The soldiers were enthusiastic, and the fine speeches were applauded to the echo. An elaborate dinner was served to all present. Capt. W. J. Stone delivered the address of welcome and Hon. J. W. Hollingsworth responded.

George B. Harper Camp met at Bunceton, Mo., in annual

Reunion, and had for their guests old soldiers wearing the blue as well as those in gray. At roll call of the Camp there were four missing in the last year (Rev. R. S. Hunter, W. T. N. Smith, and W. H. Long, of Cooper County, and W. L. Collins, of Oklahoma). Good addresses and beautiful music added to the fine dinner to give charm to the day. The Bunceton matrons and maids formed the choir which sang delightfully. "Dixie" by these fair ladies was much appreciated.

Confederate Camps both of Veterans and Sons in Georgia held their annual Reunion September 16, at which time brilliant speakers were present, and the band of the 7th Georgia Cavalry discoursed sweet music.

At a beautiful grove near Charlestown, W. Va., was held the annual Confederate Reunion in August, 1909. Patriotic speeches and stirring war music added to the pleasures of the day.

The first Confederate Reunion in Texas was held in Bonham. It was the Reunion of the 11th Battery, commanded by Capt. Sylvanus Howell. This was the first Reunion in the Trans-Mississippi Department, and Gen. W. L. Cabell claims that it was the first Reunion of the veterans held in the South.

In August several thousand people, among whom were over five hundred veterans, met in Reunion in Newton, Catawba County, N. C. All who expected to go to the Reunion in Charlotte were requested to give their names to the committee, who assured all who attended a good time and entertainment from the Charlotte Camp and the citizens. "Hickory," the newly organized Chapter of U. D. C., were introduced to the audience and Hon. R. J. Linney was orator of the day.

The Reunion of the 1st and 6th Georgia Cavalry was held at De Soto Park, Rome, August 25. Maj. J. W. Tench, of Gainesville, Fla., was selected as orator of the day, and his brilliant speech, glowing with gems of patriotic thought, will be long remembered by those so fortunate as to be counted among his listeners.

Company G, 13th South Carolina, and Company A, 4th South Carolina, met in their thirtieth annual Reunion at Prosperity, S. C., with their usual good speeches, music, and general enjoyment.

The annual Reunion of the North Carolina veterans was held in Charlotte on the 25th and 26th of August with the largest attendance of any previous meeting. Nearly two thousand veterans were the honored guests of the citizens, who vied in their entertainment. Ex-Gov. T. J. Jarvis and Chief Justice Walter Clark, of the Supreme Court, made brilliant speeches, and the band rendered splendid music. A resolution was passed asking the State Legislature to provide suitable tombstones for the soldiers who died in the Home. The old soldiers enjoyed the recitations of little Ruth Porter, and the fine barbecue especially appealed to all who were fortunate enough to partake.

On August 26 Jasper County, Miss., was the scene of a jolly reunion between old friends who wore the gray. Hon. A. Byrd made a splendid address which the three thousand people present thoroughly enjoyed.

The veterans from Maury and Giles County, Tenn., held a delightful reunion in Culleoka September 4. The average age of those present was three-score and ten, and many went far beyond this. Love feasts of memory were held, as well as more substantial feasts of Tennessee's best viands, speeches made, and the old soldiers greatly enjoyed the moving picture show of the "Passion Play," to which Professor Wilkes so courteously invited them.

At the parade at Utica, N. Y., on September 8 the men of

the G. A. R. and the men of the U. C. V. marched side by side. The occasion was the reunion of the survivors of the battle of Fort Fisher. In the line were carried a number of battle flags and war relics. Governor Hughes, Senator Root, Vice President Sherman, and General Custis made addresses.

With their ranks reduced from six hundred at their first meeting fourteen years ago to two hundred at the meeting held in September of this year the Confederate veterans of East Tennessee and Southwest Virginia met in annual reunion in Bristol, Tenn., under the auspices of Faulkerson Camp. The chief speaker was Judge Samuel W. Williams, the Democratic nominee for Attorney-General in Virginia.

At Terrell, Tex., the Reunion of Ross's, Ector's, and Granbury's Brigade and Douglass's Battery was held in September, 1909. A large and enthusiastic crowd was present, and the day was made memorable by a fine address by Judge W. M. Pierson, his subject being the "Southern Cause." In glowing words he told of the place the South had won in history and of the heroes whose laurel crowns were won on Southern battlefields.

Enjoyment mellowed with tender memories marked the Reunion of the 20th Regiment of Tennessee and Rutledge's Battery, which was held in Centennial Park, Nashville, in September, 1909. About sixty battle-battered heroes and many friends met to keep the anniversary of the battle of Chickamauga, in which this regiment met heavy loss. G. H. Baskette and Judge S. F. Wilson both made strong and patriotic addresses.

THE "WILDERNESS" AS IT NOW IS.

The "Wilderness," which was the scene of one of the hottest-fought and bloodiest battles of the war, is now as peaceful as can be well imagined, the brooding silence of the forest being broken only by the soft steps of some denizen of the woods or the flutter of wings or song of birds. The dense growth of trees seems centuries old and almost pathless. It is made up chiefly of scrubby low-limbed oaks and pines scarcely large enough to use for railroad ties. Here and there are groups of pines of larger growth whose aspiring tops try to reach heavenward; but the trees generally, especially on and near the spot where the battle was fought, are stunted and small and so close together and with such thick growth between as to be almost impenetrable. It seems almost an impossibility that only forty odd years ago great cannon were dragged here by hand and armies met in mighty conflict.

LUDICROUS CONTROVERSY OVER TWO WARS AND ITS RESULT.—A funny story comes from Louisville. Two veterans, a grizzled, battle-scarred hero of the sixties, and a natty veteran of the Spanish-American imbroglio, hoarded at the same house and spent much time when together in "telling moving incidents by field and flood" and in coping with each other in their tales of carnage and courage. This was all very well till John Hudson, the Spanish war soldier, insinuated that the soldiers of the sixties never knew how to fight; that the Spanish veterans were the only soldiers worth the name. That was too much for the old veteran, and he sprang on the young man and beat him into insensibility before the bystanders could interfere. Hudson was carried to the hospital and Hailman went triumphantly to jail, feeling assured that he had vindicated the fighting qualities of the South. Hailman was sixty-nine, while Hudson was not half that number of years.

FLAG OF 33D VIRGINIA REGIMENT RETURNED.

The return of the battle flag of the 33d Regiment Virginia Infantry to the survivors of that regiment and to the Shenandoah Camp was a notable occasion. A procession met at the courthouse in Woodstock, Va., August 11 and, preceded by the Timberville band, marched to the Massanutten Academy grounds. A float of young ladies in uniforms of red and white was one of the special features. These were the choir that sang so sweetly during the ceremonies.

Capt. James Bumgardner, of Staunton, who was formerly adjutant of the 5th Virginia Regiment, Stonewall Brigade, which presented the flag to the 33d Infantry, was orator of the day. He said that the flag had been preserved from capture or destruction by Capt. Charles Arnall, who at the close of the war was either adjutant general of Stonewall Brigade or acting as such. At his death his widow presented the flag to Stonewall Jackson Camp. This Camp, realizing that more survivors of the old 33d Infantry were to be found in the Shenandoah Camp than in their own, presented it to that Camp. It will be one of the most prized and honored relics of the Camp.

THE SWORD OF ROBERT LEE.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Forth from its scabbard, pure and bright,
Flashed the sword of Lee!
Far in front of the deadly fight,
High o'er the brave in the cause of Right,
Its stainless sheen, like a beacon light,
Led us to Victory.

Out of its scabbard, where, full long,
It slumbered peacefully,
Roused from its rest by the battle song,
Shielding the feeble, smiting the strong,
Guarding the right, avenging the wrong,
Gleamed the sword of Lee!

Forth from its scabbard, high in air
Beneath Virginia's sky—
And they who saw it gleaming there
And knew who bore it, knelt to swear
That where that sword led they would dare
To follow—and to die.

Out of its scabbard! Never hand
Waved sword from stain as free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter land had a cause so grand,
Nor cause a chief like Lee!

Forth from its scabbard! How we prayed
That sword might victor be;
And when our triumph was delayed,
And many a heart grew sore afraid,
We still hoped on, while gleamed the blade
Of noble Robert Lee!

Forth from its scabbard! All in vain
Bright flashed the sword of Lee;
'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again,
It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain,
Defeated, yet without a stain,
Proudly and peacefully.

CONFEDERATE DEAD IN NASHVILLE CEMETERY.

THESE MEN WERE MAINLY PRISONERS.

[This list has long been held in the hope of procuring its completion. It was supplied by the wife of Capt. T. E. Steger, daughter of the eminent Mrs. Felicia Grundy Porter.]

- Allen, Henderson, 26th Tenn., C, age 26.
 Anderson, T. P., 8th Ark., H, age 40.
 Abercrombie, John, 2d Tenn., H, age 30.
 Ashwell, L. W., 7th Texas, H, age 30.
 Aycock, B. D., 7th Texas, A, age 29.
 Allen, S. A., 6th Ark., B, age 30.
 Allen, Nathan, 8th Ark., K, age 22.
 Augustine, William, 7th Texas, Raylum's, age 21.
 Alexander, Elijah, 2d Ark., H, age 28.
 Allman, Nathan, 7th Ark., B, age 37.
 Aaron, John B., 8th Ark., D, age 19.
 Akin, John H., 1st Miss., G, age 27.
 Alexander, J. A., 24th Tenn., Thompson's, age 24.
 Aaron, George, 3d Miss. Bat., A, age 35.
 Austin, Stephen, 5th Ark., H, age 38.
 Allsom, R., 1st La. Cav., K.
 Alexander, J. N., 14th Miss., H, age 20.
 Allen, H. C., 36th Va., C, age 20.
 Acton, Albert, 26th Tenn., C.
 Arnold, Eldridge, citizen of Louisiana.
 Boyd, Bransford, — Tenn., age 25.
 Bates, B. M., 24th Tenn., age 40.
 Bancy, Peter, age 35.
 Bates, Adolphus, Allison's Tenn., Easley's, age 20.
 Bowmond, O. B., 7th Miss., B, age 35.
 Bromley, James, Patterson's Ark., Anthony's, age 22.
 Barker, W., 5th Ark., C, age 30.
 Bradley, M., 8th Ark., age 29.
 Boysen, John., 4th Ky., Thompson's, age 24.
 Bush, James H., Terry's Tex. Rangers, Wharton's, age 21.
 Barklett, J. I., 7th Miss., Townes's, age 26.
 Berry, Col. Christopher, 8th Ark., G, age 19.
 Baley, William M., 2d Ky., age 19.
 Binegar, M., 4th Ky., H, age 21.
 Boardman, R., 7th Ark., Deason's, age 21.
 Biles, W. H., 6th Ark., D, age 25.
 Benson, M. R., 3d Ky., E, age 25.
 Booth, Timothy, 8th Ark., C, age 31.
 Bethany, J. F., 1st La., E, age 35.
 Beard, William, 2d Ky., F, age 30.
 Bullard, Joseph, Wert Adams's Miss., Barnes's, age 25.
 Baird, W. H., 8th Ark., K, age 30.
 Barlow, J. T., 2d Ky., C, age 23.
 Bridges, Jacob J., 44th Tenn., I, age 30.
 Bradley, Benjamin F., — Ky., A, age 22.
 Beuregard, J. N., 1st Ark., D, age 40.
 Boyd, Samuel, 1st Miss. Batt., A, age 47.
 Brewer, J. N., 7th Ark., F, age 25.
 Bruton, John R., 7th Ark., A, age 21.
 Barker, F. M., 19th Tenn., C, age 20.
 Black, E. W., Terry's Texas Rangers, D, age 19.
 Beard, Ira W., 32d Tenn., Winston's, age 19.
 Brown, Thomas, 10th Ark., age 18.
 Baker, M. V., Pfeiffer's Ark. Bat., age 27.
 Bordelon, Mr., 1st La. Cav., G.
 Brooks, Emerson.
 Barnes, William, 27th Tenn., H, age 21.
 Black, James, Wright's Ala., D.
 Butler, M. J., 3d Miss. Bat.
 Bruce, James, 1st Ark.
 Baily, James G., 23d Tenn., K.
 Boling, Uriah, 7th Ark., age 18.
 Bishop, W.
 Bays, W. N., 8th Ark.
 Biddle, 26th Miss., H.
 Beaden, A. J., 21st Tenn., E.
 Boaz, John, 1st Tenn., A, age 19.
 Ballard, Lieut. J. E., wounded at Murfreesboro.
 Barnes, W., 3d Fla., G.
 Beard, J. G., 52d Ala., N.
 Barnes, N., McCann's Cav., B.
 Brock, R., 10th Miss., H.
 Brown, J. C., 10th Miss., H.
 Bridge, John, 19th Ala., B.
 Byrd, J. R., 43d Ala., E.
 Baird, P. C., 45th Tenn., H.
 Baird, Miles, 1st Ky., E.
 Barlow, J. J., 38th Ala., I.
 Barnes, I. H., 9th Miss., F.
 Bird, Wiley, 47th Ga., C.
 Bean, Joseph B., citizen of Georgia.
 Berhs, L. N. J., 27th Miss., I.
 Bradford, Andrew, 28th Ala., B.
 Boyter, George M., 25th Ga.
 Bedsane, Elisha, 63d Va., I.
 Benson, Thomas H., 16th S. C., K.
 Bryan, William J., 17th Tenn., H.
 Brigham, Samuel, citizen of Georgia.
 Blaik, B. F.
 Cummings, Maj. N. S., age 35.
 Costenberry, H., 7th Miss., D, age 45.
 Carter, R. Y., 8th Ark., C.
 Cureton, H. T., Terry's Texas Rangers, B, age 19.
 Carlton, Lemuel I., Terry's Texas Rangers, C, age 23.
 Carroll, Alexander, 8th Ark., F, age 22.
 Clark, F. M., 7th Miss., N, age 21.
 Calhoun, R. F., 7th Miss., B, age 21.
 Cypret, W. F., 9th Ark., D, age 30.
 Costello, John, Burns's Tenn. Art., age 24.
 Coker, S. B., 7th Miss., G, age 20.
 Compton, William, 4th Ky., F, age 21.
 Cassely, James, 23d Tenn., K, age 25.
 Curtis, J. W., 5th Ark., Smith's, age 24.
 Carcuff, J., 2d Ark. Bat., I.
 Carraco, John, 3d Ky., B, age 18.
 Cheatham, Lieut. P., Terry's Tex. Rangers, Stroble's, age 28.
 Coats, James, Hindman's Ark. Legion, G, age 20.
 Crinshow, Mr., 1st Miss., I, age 18.
 Clark, R. H., 8th Ark., K, age 30.
 Cooper, F. C., 7th or 8th Ark., C, age 26.
 Campbell, Samuel, 6th Ark., G, age 30.
 Coldwell, J. W., French's Art., age 24.
 Cameron, H., 9th Ark., K, age 25.
 Chambliss, M. H., 16th Ala., K, age 24.
 Coleman, F. M., 2d Ark., C, age 28.
 Collinsworth, T. B., 10th Ark., F, age 23.
 Copeland, J. B., Buckner's Ky. Guide, age 22.
 Clinton, Henry, 32d Tenn., Wharles's, age 45.
 Cclier, E. J., age 26.
 Chamberlain, F. N., 9th Ark., A, age 28.
 Coats, James.

Crose, Joseph, 32d Tenn., E.
 Crone, George, 10th Ark., A.
 Choat, W. V., 26th Tenn., H, age 27.
 Cuff, D. C., age 26.
 Collins, J., 26th Miss., F, age 26.
 Chumbley, L. P., Edwards, age 25.
 Copeland, Anderson, Brown's Tenn., Wade's, age 19.
 Cogbra.
 Claibourn, W. D., 24th Tenn., age 22.
 Cannon, —, — Tenn.
 Craig, I. L. B., 60th N. C., H
 Cartin, J. S., 1st Ark., I.
 Connolly, Thomas, 4th La. Bat., B.
 Clark, Jeff, 16th La., I.
 Collans, R. C.
 Craven, J. C., 8th Miss., G.
 Crosby, William, 5th S. C., E.
 Cunningham, M. L. D., 32d Miss., C.
 Cherry, John R., 35th Ala., D.
 Calhoun, F. J., 4th Fla., B.
 Curtis, James F., 3d N. C., E.
 Dunlap, Capt. W. R., — Tenn., age 29.
 Duff, J. B., 7th Texas, Jones's, age 23.
 Davis, John, 8th Ark., Wright's, age 35.
 Dabbs, Joel, — Tenn., age 35.
 Decker, John F., 9th Ark., A, age 24.
 Dean, Jesse, Terry's Texas Rangers, H, age 35.
 Dafron, A. M., 8th Ark., F.
 Douglass, Lawrence D., Terry's Texas Rangers, A, age 25.
 Dunn, H. V., Terry's Texas Rangers, Evans's, age 21.
 Depriest, W. F., 24th Tenn., I, age 18.
 Diggs, S., 5th Ark., G, age 35.
 Downs, Jesse C. C., 1st Ark. Bat., age 27.
 Davis, M. G., Dearrens's, Jones's, age 18.
 Dalton, G. R., 16th Ala., B, age 24.
 Donnaphin, James, 17th Tenn., A, 27.
 Donouald, George, 3d Miss., E, age 17.
 Duncan, B. H., 7th Texas, D, age 27.
 Dolen, Floyd's La. Brig.
 Dewalt, Mr.
 Dechard, H. B., 7th Texas, Anderson's.
 Duvall, J. P., 31st La., D.
 Duffy, H. H., 47th Tenn., F.
 Davidson, J., 4th Ala., I.
 Drumm, G.
 Davidson, R. W.
 Darby, James, 2d Ky., C.
 Dowling, B. M., 1st Fla. Cav., D.
 Dickerson, S. W., 25th Ga., D.
 Dansmore, William, 37th Tenn., B.
 Drakes, P., 66th Ga., A.
 Dillond, Michael, 49th Ga., A.
 Derrick, George, citizen of Alabama.
 Daningan, Charles, 32d Ala., H.
 Dabridge, R. D., 4th Texas, B.
 Derberay, William, 28th Tenn., E.
 Eskew, James, 8th Ark., Williams's.
 Eskew, Andrew, 7th Miss., Fitches's, age 21.
 Edens, J. P., 8th Ark., C, age 35.
 Estes, Andrew, 3d Ky., A.
 Elliott, E., 7th Ark., H, age 21.
 Ethridge, W. E., 9th Ark., F, age 23.
 Ellis, W. B., 5th Ark., H, age 23.

Ellison, G. R., 9th Ark., B, age 30.
 Elliott, Q. H., 1st Ark., B, age 28.
 Eireland, H. C., 9th Ark., C, age 24.
 Edwards, J. R., Wright's, D.
 Evans, R. C., Stewart's Ala., age 32.
 Ethridge, W. S., 36th Ala., D.
 Edgman, W., 5th Tenn. Cav., B.
 Edison, Edwards, 33d Ala., C.
 Fry, John W., 7th Miss., C, age 18.
 Faulkner, H. J., 2d Ky., age 23.
 Ferguson, John, 6th Texas, Evans's.
 Fields, Samuel, 7th Miss., C, age 17.
 Farrell, Michael, 2d Ark., B, age 30.
 Finley, Maj. S. L., — Tenn., age 43.
 Ferguson, W. F., 7th Ark., D, age 25.
 Flarnery, J. F., 3d Ky., K, 23.

The address of P. D. Cureton, of Easley Station, S. C., is given in the report.

OUR COMRADES IN REUNION.

BY W. W. SLOAN, SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

Well, comrades, once again we've met
 And clasped each other's friendly hand
 And seen each other eye to eye
 Ere passing to the silent land.
 These forty years have left their trace—
 Your manly form old Time has bent;
 His sign is on your soldier face,
 And many a one to his home he's sent.
 Let's sit down here and recall the past;
 As round our camp fire we'd sit at night
 And pass the hours in tale and song
 Sometimes until the morning light.
 We yearned for firesides far away
 And for each form we held so dear.
 Alas! alas! how these have changed!
 Let's brush away the falling tear.

The mother dear who watched her boy
 As he left his home for the field of strife
 And prayed that God in his own good way
 Would keep and shield and spare his life
 Has long since gone to her quiet home
 Away beyond the stars so bright;
 And while he lives 'mid gathering gloom,
 She waits for him where comes no night.

The father and the sisters dear
 And another one who often came—
 Their smiles will greet us here no more;
 On the churchyard stone you'll read their name.
 Those years with many a hardship fraught
 Were not unmingled with pleasure's cup;
 And many a joyous hour we knew,
 As well did bitter sorrow sup.

And here to-night we hear them sing
 Who sang in days of dire distress;
 Their songs are much the same as when
 Our soldiers found no time for rest.
 Their songs recall our hard camp life
 When on the front we met the foe
 And made the fight for the dear old South—
 That time's now forty years ago.

Here's my hand with the parting prayer
 That all the remaining days you live
 May be filled with the best of our country's store
 And all the good our God can give;
 That when you strike your tent down here
 You'll pitch it on the heavenly shore,
 Where foes ne'er meet and friends ne'er part.
 And you're safe from harm for evermore.

JACKSON'S MARCH TO REAR OF POPE'S ARMY.

BY JAMES M. HENDRICKS, SHEPHERDSTOWN, W. VA.

After McClellan's defeat below Richmond, Jackson's Corps marched to the north of Gordonsville and encamped for a few days. General Banks, Jackson's old enemy of the Valley, better known as Jackson's commissary, pushed his forces too uncomfortably near and Jackson gave him battle and defeated him at Cedar Mountain. This sudden check of Pope's forces undoubtedly opened the way and suggested the move around Pope. The daring of this movement was never exceeded by any general. A careful study of the situation will show how hazardous it was.

In the evening of the 24th of August, 1862, orders were received to cook three days' rations and be ready to move at any time. We baked our slapjacks, and this finished our preparation, for at this time we never cooked our bacon, but ate it raw. Early on the morning of the 25th sixty rounds of ammunition were issued with the following orders: "No straggling; every man must keep his place in ranks; in crossing streams officers are to see that no delay is occasioned by removing shoes or clothing."

The morning was bright and the men in the best of humor. The 2d Virginia was in front. There is system in the order of marching as there is in all military movements. The regiment in front to-day is the 2d, to-morrow the 3d, and so on to the last in the brigade. The same rule applies to divisions.

Jackson's force at this time was composed of Ewell's, A. P. Hill's, and Jackson's old division, now commanded by Taliaferro. Two brigades of cavalry accompanied the expedition. I do not believe that there was a man in the corps that knew our destination except Jackson. Our course was toward the north, and as the day advanced you could hear all kinds of rumors. It looked like madness to march away from our supplies and support with only Jackson's forces; but we had learned to obey and to blindly follow. Each felt that something extraordinary was contemplated, and nerved himself for the expected task. We did not always follow roads, but went through cornfields and bypaths, waded streams, and occasionally we marched right through some one's yard.

Our regiment was passing through a beautiful green lawn close to a house when a lady came out. At first she seemed dumfounded, but she soon expressed her thoughts: "Get out of here. Who told you to come through here? You won't leave a spear of grass. I tell you to get out." A lank old Reb in Company B directed her to Jackson, who just at that time was passing. "That old fellow over there with the greasy cap on riding the sorrel 'hoss' is the cause of all of this." She bolted for him. I saw him smile. I do not know what he said; but she carried her point, and we defiled.

We marched about thirty miles the first day and a portion of the night. The men slept on the spot where they halted. At early dawn the march was continued, but not in the same direction. We now headed for the east. As usual, our scant rations had been eaten the first day; but we had plenty of green corn, but no salt, and no old cow ever wanted it as we

did. Now at the end of the second day's march we were near Manassas Junction. A detachment was sent to take it, which was done with little loss on our side. In two days Jackson had marched sixty miles, placed himself in the rear of Pope's army, which had five men to Jackson's one, and in this battle of Manassas Junction captured the whole of Pope's army supplies, five hundred prisoners, eight cannon, and numbers of renegade negroes. This loss alone would have compelled Pope's retreat. We never had rations issued to us so liberally. Men were detailed to carry boxes of crackers and bacon to each company, and then "Help yourself" was the order. Unfortunately what was not used had to be destroyed.

A brigade of infantry from Washington on the way to join Pope came in sight as we were rationing ourselves, and a shell or two from their battery dropped among the negroes. Such yelling and stampeding I never saw. The 2d Infantry was placed in the fortifications and awaited their coming. It was a grand sight to see, for they came in fine order. Though our artillery made gaps in their ranks, they closed up and still came on. However, they were compelled to retreat with the loss of many prisoners, wounded, and dead, including their General Taylor, who was killed. We rested the remainder of the 27th. At dusk we moved silently away toward Sudley Mills. We were marching and halting at intervals all the night. So far Jackson had completely deceived Pope as to his intentions; and if he could mystify him one day longer, Longstreet could join us.

Nearly the whole of the 24th was spent in maneuvering. We would take one position and soon abandon it for another, and we expected an attack at any moment. Late in the evening the enemy appeared in force. Jackson immediately attacked with vigor. Their artillery fire was so severe and destructive that it compelled our guns to take new positions. At this stage the situation began to look critical.

Jackson on leaving the Junction the night before had stayed with his old division, and at this moment was with his old brigade. Instantly he gave the order for it to charge, and the brigade never did better. Under both artillery and infantry fire it moved out into the open in splendid order, and forced the enemy to retreat to an old railroad cut some distance away. There they stood for a time, but were finally driven back. This successful charge of Jackson's old brigade pleased him immensely. Just thirteen months before and only a short distance from this field the old brigade had won for Jackson the title of "Stonewall" and helped him win the name and fame that will live as long as history endures.

The brigade lost heavily in this encounter, and ever afterwards was weak in numbers. A very unfortunate occurrence caused much of this loss. The Federals had been driven from their position, but the firing was still heavy. It was now getting dusk, and with the smoke of battle the exact situation was not known to our commander. The 28th Georgia was sent to our support. They mistook us for the enemy and opened a low and rapid fire; and not meeting with any resistance, they doubled their efforts. We were ordered to lie down, and some even attempted to run to their lines, but were shot before they had gone far. The firing ceased finally, but many were killed and wounded. The regiment rested on their arms on the field, and the enemy were not disturbed in gathering their wounded and dead.

Early on the 29th the brigade was ordered to the left to be held in reserve. But as we were moving slowly along, as we supposed to the rear, with empty guns and very little ammunition, a volley was poured into our ranks, which for a

moment caused some confusion. Hurriedly the regiments were thrown into line and the enemy checked. It proved to be a heavy skirmish line of their infantry. There was no rear, for the enemy seemed to be on all sides except in the direction of Thoroughfare Gap. Wherever the view would permit you could see lines of blue. We knew another day had come for a hard conflict; but we also knew help had arrived, for Longstreet's columns were in sight, and a loud and prolonged cheer arose from both corps.

Longstreet moved into position on the right of Jackson, which was a very strong point, being a disused railroad cut. For hours the enemy concentrated every effort against Jackson, but line after line was hurled back in confusion. The only success gained at any time, and that but temporary, was on Jackson's extreme left, where their lines extended beyond ours.

"Lee's war horse," Longstreet, was not long idle. At the critical moment and when Jackson seemed to be hardest pressed, with all his infantry and every gun in use, Longstreet rushed ten or twelve guns on a gallop to Jackson's aid. They took the best position for artillery I ever saw—right in the rear of the cut, which our infantry were holding. They opened with grape and canister and shrapnel into the columns, advancing for the third time. Our guns fired over our men's heads.

They faced this murderous fire of our guns, and many of them fell. I asked a wounded Yankee soon after the repulse if he knew those men lying about him. He said: "Yes, there lie my captain and our lieutenant, and most of these are of my company." During the war I never saw dead men lying thicker than on the three or four acres of that slope to the railroad cut.

At this moment Longstreet was pushing his lines and driving everything before him. The day was ours, and Pope's career ended as a commander of an army.

General Pope has said somewhere in his writings that if King's Division had stayed in position when he first struck Jackson on the 28th instead of moving on to Manassas he could have crushed Jackson. It was not a matter of privilege with King. He was whipped; and if he had not slipped away in the night, Jackson would have driven him in the direction Longstreet was advancing, and doubtless would have destroyed his entire division.

Again, in his dispatches to Washington at the time and since in his writings on this campaign he talks as though he had Jackson in a trap, and from failure of Porter and others to co-operate and obey his orders the campaign failed. We know that Jackson deliberately put himself in the position with his eyes open, and at no time while in the rear of Pope was he in danger of being crushed or destroyed. He deceived Pope completely and had him marching from one place to another, utterly at a loss where to strike. Jackson's Corps at this time were in excellent condition, full of confidence in themselves and their leader. If the occasion had demanded, he would have concentrated at some point and forced his way through, as Pope's army was not strong enough to surround and hold him. Jackson knew this and the men felt it.

At no time during the war did Jackson's generalship show more conspicuously than in this campaign. If the fine army that opposed him had been ably handled, Jackson undoubtedly would have had to cut his way out, and no one can tell what his loss would have been.

CORRECTIONS OF TWO ARTICLES.

BY M. M. MOORE, SANTA BARBARA, CAL.

Although it is a small affair, permit me to correct one or two inadvertent statements in the article, "Valiant Coleman, Veteran of Two Wars," in the *VETERAN* for May, where it was stated that he (Coleman) raised the 4th Missouri Cavalry and became its colonel, * * * led his regiment in the battle * * * of Hartville, Mo.

It was recruited in St. Louis County August 12, 1862, and two or three weeks later our squad enlisted in the 4th Missouri Cavalry, which was then encamped near Thomasville, near the Arkansas line. Col. John Q. Burbridge was then its colonel, and remained such until near the surrender. At Hartville, Mo., the regiment was led by its lieutenant colonel, John M. Winer, ex-Mayor of St. Louis, who was killed in this, his first battle. Colonel Burbridge was absent from his command on sick leave. Colonel Coleman may have organized, or, as elsewhere stated in the article, he may have assisted in organizing the regiment; but certainly from the time of my enlistment he had no connection with the regiment, unless my memory has completely failed me. Assuredly he did not lead the regiment at Hartville, which battle was fought in January, 1863. The picture printed of Colonel Coleman I could easily suppose to be that of Colonel Burbridge at seventy years.

Also let me correct a misstatement that occurs in the very interesting sketch, "Career of Gen. Joseph Lancaster Brent," in the July *VETERAN*. The article states that "after the defeat of Banks at Mansfield the entire Trans-Mississippi Army remained practically inactive." Not so. After that battle many of the troops (all of the Missouri Infantry, I think, and some Texans) were rushed by forced marches to Arkansas, where the particularly vicious battle of Jenkins Ferry was fought with General Steele, and where our loss in killed and wounded was over a thousand. Gen. Kirby Smith was in immediate command at this battle. Later Gen. Sterling Price made a diverting raid into Missouri with some ten thousand cavalry, where battles and skirmishes were numerous, and in one of which General Marmaduke was captured.



THE GEORGE MOORMAN MONUMENT, NEW ORLEANS.

STATUES OF WASHINGTON AND LEE.

Virginia was allotted space for two figures in the Statuary Hall in the National Capitol. One of these statues by natural suggestion is of George Washington, and is an exact replica in bronze of the marble that stands in the State Capitol at Richmond. This figure is by Houdon, and is regarded as among the finest in the country, and is the only one made from authentic measurements, taken by the sculptor during the lifetime of the colonial chief.

Fearing the animus that might arise from the suggestion of placing a statue of Lee in the Hall of Fame, many of the more conservative Virginians advocated accepting a bust of Thomas Jefferson as their second statue; but the majority opposed this idea. They were very proud of this great statesman; but Virginia felt that her noblest son, her best representative was Robert E. Lee. Few outside of his native State appreciate fully the idolatrous love Virginia (and all the South as well) gives Lee, and the deification is too widespread to accept any substitute for him in the Hall of Fame.

The statue that was sent to Washington is from a model by



WASHINGTON STATUE.



THE LEE STATUE.

Edward V. Valentine, of Richmond, Va., made according to lines and measures taken during the lifetime of the famous general. It is of bronze, in full Confederate uniform, and is indeed a beautiful work of art. Both bronze statues have been placed in the Hall of Fame, Lee standing between Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat, and J. L. M. Curry, of Alabama. Washington was placed in the east end of the hall between Gen. Ethan Allan, of Vermont, and Gen. Peter Muhlenburg, of Pennsylvania. There has been no formal presentation as yet; but the Virginia Statue Commission, with the permission of Congress, will have an elaborate unveiling and presentation at some future date.

THE IMMORTAL SIX HUNDRED.

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.

"Forty-two days under fire of our own guns, Morris Island, Charleston Harbor. Sixty-five days on rotten corn meal and pickle. Eighteen days on Prison Ship Crescent."

I would sing a song of heroes, where grim courage opened wide

The throttle valve of valor with a test past human ken;

I would hang a golden scroll of fame where each Immortal died

And where that ragged line of gray stood forth the kings of men.

They shall troop through History's pages, when eternal truth shall write

The screed of their integrity through agony and grief.

The world shall know the glory and the story of their might—

The might of their endurance through the strength of their belief.

In the fever heat of battle men have died for what they thought,

Have rotted in the trenches or have filled an unknown grave, Have gangrened in the still white wards—but after fields well fought

In the clash of honest warfare for the cause they sought to save.

These are heroes, and we hail them, whether on the road of life

Or sleeping in the low green tents that honor proudly keeps; But grander still the warriors held as captives of the strife,

Who kept their knighthood spotless through the slime the dungeon steep.

Tossed on the crest of hatred, helpless targets of man's rage,

With hope deferred and hunger gnawing through their vitals' core,

With grim starvation stalking where death only could assuage,

These men of battle kept their faith and told it o'er and o'er.

But they lived to tell their story in the sunlight of to-day—

Lived to twine a fadeless garland for their fallen ones bereft,

And with heads bowed low in reverence gentle homage we would pay

To the dauntless old Six Hundred, to the remnant that is left.

I would sing a song of heroes, where grim courage opened wide

The throttle valve of valor with a test past human ken;

I would hang a golden scroll of fame where each Immortal died

And where that ragged line of gray stood forth the kings of men!

Virginia Frazer Boyle was a busy woman during the Reunion, performing her duties with the C. S. M. A., looking after her Drum and Pipe Corps, and reading four poems during the three days. Of course Confederate poems are spontaneous with her. They would make a large book. Some one said she could write one of those when asleep, and in reply she said she would be awake ere it was finished.

The foregoing was read at the luncheon the Harvey Mathes Chapter gave to the "Immortal Six Hundred" at Mrs. Collier's.

Mrs. Boyle in referring to the survivors said: "These brave old fellows, after all they have suffered, have the grit to want to erect a monument to their fellows before they die. So after I read the poem as a member of the Memorial Association I volunteered a subscription, and in less than five minutes nearly \$200 was subscribed as a beginning. I think that the South has produced the greatest people the world ever saw"

BRIEF STRONG HISTORIC FACTS.

Judge H. H. Cooke, one of the "Immortal Six Hundred," in an address to his fellow-sufferers at the Memphis Reunion said:

"*Comrades*: I am indeed pleased to meet you again. Since our last meeting at Birmingham in 1908 we have had cause for sorrow. Comrades George W. Finley, George K. Cracraft, W. H. Frizzell, J. L. Lytton, A. J. Kirkman, W. E. Allen, and U. G. Demas have passed from the trials and sorrows of this world. Since we first met as the Six Hundred on the Crescent City at Fort Delaware more than forty-four years ago many of our number have passed to the land of spirits. About five hundred and forty are on the other side of the river, and only forty-two remain to tell the story of the Six Hundred. May we not say that the Six Hundred are all present with us to-day, for how can the brave, the faithful, the conscientious, and the true ever be separated?

"You ask me to repeat again the story of the Six Hundred; but why repeat it, for we all know it too well? Many of the Six Hundred were cut off from this life by starvation in young manhood. Who can or will say that it is wrong or improper to repeat a true story of 1864 and 1865? The truth must bring good and not evil results. On the 20th of August, 1864, six hundred Confederate officers were selected at Fort Delaware and sent to Charleston, S. C., and placed under fire of the Confederate guns. Our breakfast was four moldy crackers and one ounce of meat, and our dinner was one-half pint of bean soup; we had no supper. This treatment upon Morris Island continued for about forty days. What led up to this cruel retaliation is not very clear. The Washington government did not then inform us, and has not since done so. From the official records such as have been made and preserved we can learn that much credence was given the stories of deserters and negroes and no effort made to verify the truth of these statements.

"There never were any Union soldiers of war under fire of their own guns at Charleston. There never were any prisoners of war treated harshly or cruelly by order of the Confederate authorities. The truth is that the Confederate government was not intentionally responsible for the suffering of Federal prisoners. The Richmond government was at all times willing and anxious to exchange prisoners, and was willing to do and did do all that was possible to be done to feed and care for Federal prisoners. We are indeed rejoiced to make this statement without the fear of successful contradiction. It is love, sympathy, and pity that distinguish men from the brute. It will some day be declared that the South had a much higher and a more refined Christian civilization than did the North. This point will be settled to a great extent by the manner in which the two governments carried on the war and the manner in which prisoners were treated. Which government, the Washington or the Richmond, displayed the highest standard of Christian civilization? Having more provocation, yet we fought and conducted the great war more in accordance with the high and humane principles of Christianity!

"There is one matter about which I feel that I must speak. We were sent to Fort Pulaski and then a portion of the Six Hundred were sent to Hilton Head, and during the months of December, 1864, and January and February, 1865, we were fed upon ten ounces of rotten corn meal and pickles. The corn meal was ground at Brandy Wine Mills in 1861. It was a brutal mind that conceived the corn meal and pickle diet.

On this diet of rotten corn meal with no meat or vegetables scurvy soon came to add to our sufferings. We could not eat the pickles. It took stout hearts to bear the cruelties practiced upon us. But our little band remained true and faithful almost to a man. This will forever be a monument more durable than brass to the honor, virtue, patriotism, and sincerity of the Southern soldier.

"On the 6th of February, 1865, medical officers came from Savannah and inspected our condition and reported that we were in a condition of great suffering and exhaustion for want of food and clothing; but it was sometime after this, and about the 15th of February, 1865, before we received relief. Had this treatment continued two weeks longer, there would not have been one of us left alive. When we left Morris Island, we supposed we were to be treated as prisoners of war, and our treatment was good for about ten days. Why the Washington government ordered, sanctioned, or permitted this cruel and inhuman treatment at this time has not been explained and cannot be justified or excused.

"On August 27, 1864, General Grant ordered that the Six Hundred should not be exchanged. He preferred to feed Southern soldiers to fighting them, even if his own men must suffer in Confederate prisons, where there was not sufficient food to give them. The government at Richmond had made every effort to relieve the condition of the prisoners of war, but the Washington government had rejected every proposition. At this time the Confederate government was offering to return all sick and disabled Federal prisoners without exchange. The Washington government had only to send ships to receive from Southern prisons all of the sick and disabled. I am proud that in the midst of all this suffering we were true and faithful to our ideals; that we were willing to meet death upon the battlefield and from starvation in prison in defense of local self-government and our rights as citizens of the States. We know what has been and we know what is; but we do not know what might have been. It is well with those who have passed over the river to the shades of peaceful rest. 'We know not what the coming hour veiled in thick darkness brings to us.' If we say what is best, then indeed there is no incentive to improve conditions. We submit to what is from necessity, and as good citizens cheerfully accept present results and energetically join in every effort to improve conditions."

GRANDSON OF FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

A tender-hearted woman physician of Mexico City writes the VETERAN of the pitiful condition of the grandson of Francis Scott Key, whose "Star-Spangled Banner" has thrilled the hearts of all true Americans. Mr. Clarence Key was a resident of a foreign country when the War between the States was declared. He was born in Maryland and reared to manhood in Texas, and every instinct of his heart was for the South. He returned to Texas and enlisted in the 2d Texas Cavalry, was transferred to the 23d Cavalry in 1862, and served gallantly to the end of the war. Some years since he was acting as Secretary for the Chinese Legation; but a change in the ministry put him out, and increasing feebleness and ill health have prevented his securing anything else. He had not been able to save anything toward old age, as his invalid wife required all he could make. Some time since he was taken to the American hospital in Mexico City, where he still remains, dependent upon the charity of that institution. This hospital keeps its patients only temporarily, and Mr. Key is helpless, alone, and in abject poverty, having nowhere to go.

One of the conditions for admittance to a Home for Confederate veterans is residence in the State where the Home is situated, and that is required of him by Texas, with whose troops he served. Mr. Key is a gentleman of the old school, polished, courteous, elegant, and his bitter destitution is grievous. Surely there are many in this broad and prosperous land of ours who will be glad to contribute something to his support in Texas for the time necessary to gain admittance to the Home in that State. Remember he gave his best in defense of our country, and now in his old age, sickness, and sorrow he is alone and helpless. Help the grandson of the immortal Key, who while he could helped the South, and even now does not ask your help, as those who know his pitiful condition are taking this means of asking help for him.

The VETERAN departs from its rule in making this appeal for help, but the circumstances of the case are such as to merit the deviation. Ill and helpless in a strange land, with only two friends to minister to his need, he is indeed deserving of our tender solicitude. Any contributions sent the VETERAN for his relief will be properly forwarded.

TWO BRIDGES BURNED NEAR COLUMBIA.

BY CLEMENT SAUSSY, SAVANNAH, GA.

I have read with much interest the article by Dr. John A. Lewis in the September VETERAN in reply to my criticism made in the June issue to certain statements made by Comrade Durden in his book, "Wheeler and His Cavalry." As regards the burning of the bridge at Columbia, it has turned out that both Dr. Lewis and I are correct, for it will be seen by the letter of Comrade U. R. Brooks (which I inclose), who is now living in Columbia, that there were two bridges, Butler and his men burning the one over Congaree and Wheeler burning the other over Broad River.

But as to the statement by Comrade Durden that Wheeler's men were the only defenders of Columbia and the only ones who fought, bled, and would have died in her defense the letter of General Butler (which I herewith inclose) will clear the matter without further controversy on my part. Corporal O'Byrne and Privates Lovell and Tearney, of Wheaton's Battery, as well as fifteen of our battery horses, were wounded by Sherman's sharpshooters while we were shelling his army across the river and preventing him putting down his pontoon bridges. Thomas R. Lovell, of Wheaton's Battery, now living in Bloomington, Ill., bears a long, deep scar on his shoulder received at Columbia February 17, 1865. O'Byrne and Tearney have passed to the great beyond.

U. R. BROOKS, OF COLUMBIA, TO CLEMENT SAUSSY.

My Dear Comrade: In response to your favor of the 15th inst., I would say that there were two bridges at and near Columbia. The one General Butler ordered to be burned about 10.30 P.M. on the night of February 6, 1865 (which I crossed with General Butler at that hour), was at the foot of Gervais Street in the city of Columbia, across the Congaree River, and the other, which General Wheeler had burned at 4 P.M. on the 16th of February, 1865, so graphically described by Mr. Lewis, was across Broad River, and never was in the city limits, and is about one and a half miles from the Congaree River bridge. The Broad River bridge connects the Lexington Fork with Richland County. About halfway between the bridges Saluda River empties into Broad River, and next to it is the Congaree River, over which General Butler crossed on the night of February 6, 1865, and then had the bridge burned, as above stated. On the exact sites of the burned

bridges there are to-day bridges across the Broad and Congaree Rivers. On February 16, 1865, Butler's Cavalry fought the Yankees just below Columbia across the Congaree, and all of that day Wheeler's Cavalry fought the Yankees in the fork of the two bridges, Saluda and Broad, east of the Saluda and west of the Broad. None of Sherman's army crossed either the Broad or Congaree until the morning of February 17, 1865. All day of the 16th of February, 1865, Sherman shelled the city of Columbia, S. C., which was full of women and children, and on the night of the 17th his men burned the city, as Lieutenant McQueen, of the 15th Illinois Cavalry, in Sherman's army at the time, will testify if he is still alive. (See "Butler's Cavalry," pages 418 and 419.) The above is history which should be preserved.

GEN. M. C. BUTLER TO CLEMENT SAUSSY.

My Dear Sir: Replying to your request of the 4th inst., I make this statement. As it was not known definitely whether Sherman would cross the Congaree River at Guenies Ferry or some other point below Columbia, I was directed by General Beauregard, then in command of the Confederate troops, to take a part of my own cavalry division and a part of Wheeler's and make a reconnoissance down the Charleston road on the west side of the river and if possible uncover Sherman's advance. Two brigades of Wheeler's command, commanded respectively by General Dibrell and Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge, reported to me early on the morning of February 15, 1865. With these two brigades and my own division I moved across Congaree Creek and encountered Sherman's advance some miles below the creek. After a sharp encounter, in which I compelled Sherman's column to deploy and disclose its strength, I reported by courier to General Beauregard and retreated slowly across Congaree Creek and the broad plateau on the upper side and reached the Lexington Heights, opposite to Columbia, about dusk. Remnants of Hood's army with some field batteries that were encamped on Lexington Heights were moved across the river to Columbia while my movements were in progress. I crossed the covered bridge over the Congaree after dark, and the bridge was fired by my orders and under my direction. The next morning Wheaton's Battery, being posted at Granby, were shelling Sherman's column moving up the other side of the river. The effect of your fire was to cause Sherman's column to move more rapidly to the hills out of the range of your guns. I recall the gallant action taken by Wheaton's Battery when they had no infantry support and Sherman had lined the west bank of the river with a strong line of infantry; and yet after it had done brave service, there was nothing to do but to withdraw it. The firing of your guns was about the only resistance made to Sherman's advance on Columbia, except the reconnoissance above mentioned. Mr. Dodson in his book where he says, "Thus fell the capital of South Carolina; every gun fired in its defense was fired by Wheeler's command and every soldier who fell in its defense belonged to Wheeler's brave command." must have drawn very extravagantly on his imagination.

FROM ONE WHO HELPED BURN THE LARGE BRIDGE.

W. P. Lake writes from Vidalia, Ga.: "I was one of two from the Jeff Davis Legion detailed to burn the large bridge at Columbia; Dan Leahy was the other. I belonged to Butler's Division. I went rather far in the bridge and was nearly caught in the fire. If any of Wheeler's men were there, I did not see them. I got separated from my command and stayed in Columbia until the last soldier was gone. We halted about

two miles out and gave them a few rounds. I think Wheeler's men left sometime before dark."

FROM SURVIVORS OF WHEATON'S BATTERY.

We, the undersigned survivors of Wheaton's Battery, Butler's Division of Cavalry, C. S. A., hereby corroborate the statements made by Comrade Clement Saussy in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN of June, 1909, pages 267, 268, as regards the shelling of Sherman's army February 16 and 17, 1865, by Wheaton's Battery, for we were there, and that Corporal O'Byrne and Privates Tearney and Lovell and fifteen battery horses were wounded by Yankee sharpshooters stationed on the west bank of the Congaree River, just across from the city of Columbia, on the morning of February 17, 1865.

A. T. GRAY, *First Sergeant*;

F. A. GARDEN, *Second Sergeant*;

A. W. HARMON,

HARRY S. DREESE.

[Other reports on this subject will be of interest.]

TUNNELS TO RELEASE PRISONERS.

BY J. W. MINNICH.

An account of "Tunneling Out of Prison" in the VETERAN, page 114, recalls to mind the many tunnels, successful and the reverse, dug in Rock Island. Scarcely any barrack on either side was without a tunnel, yet only forty-five prisoners all told escaped. Sometime during the summer of 1864 it became whispered in the camp that a tunnel was in process of completion under Barrack No. — on the south side, and that it would be finished the same night and that any who might feel disposed to seek freedom by the underground route were welcome to make the trial.

But for once the boring engineers failed either in properly estimating the difficulties to be overcome or the distance still remaining to be burrowed through, and it was not until daylight—at least, too light to permit of evading the sentries on the wall overhead. So the attempt for that night must be deferred, hoping that the very small hole outside the fence would not be discovered and that the succeeding night would enable them to make full use of the "underground." Vain hope. Sometime during the day a bluecoat, nosing about no doubt for the very purpose of detecting "rat holes" by the fence, put his foot in it, the thin crust giving way under his weight. He of course reported the "rat hole," and the matter was kept quiet and a trap set to catch the Rebs. But word had come to us inside to keep away from it, and so our friends outside had their watching for their pains. Not a "rat" showed himself to be caught. That was one of the few tunnels not "given away" from the inside. But it had some comicalities attached.

After discussing the possibilities of success with "Uncle" Jim Ford, who took small stock in the venture, I went out about eleven o'clock on a voyage of discovery, crossed the avenue, and was surprised at the number who were waiting in the deep shadows between the barracks for the signal to tell them the exodus had begun. But what was more surprising was the "get-up" of some of the would-be absconders. Some came just as they stood in their clothes, while others were rigged out in various degrees of "heavy marching order." One had about all his camp equipage slung to him—blanket, saucepan, tin cup, and all. How they expected to get through the tunnel and make their way through a hostile country in full regalia is more than any one can figure out. It was grotesque, to say the least. Next day it was learned

that more than a hundred, more or less equipped for a long march, were waiting to make the venture. But the most surprising part of it was that, with such publicity on the inside, not an inkling of the project had reached the guards outside.

We had more than a plenty of spies within the inclosure, as was proven by the fact that many attempts to tunnel out were revealed to the guards and punishment in various forms was meted out to the offending tunnelers. Another case on the north side I recall. There the diggers got but a few feet beyond the "dead line" when they found their progress barred by a ledge of rock which rose almost to the surface.

In some way the news was conveyed outside, and the diggers were rounded up (there were three of them) and were made to do a "pas de marche" for nearly a half day in a broiling heat under the cloudless midday sun on the side of the barrack next to the fence, and the sentries were given orders to shoot any of them who for a moment failed to "mark time." If any one wishes to know how that feels, let him walk on the same ten square inches of ground under a summer's sun with the mercury at ninety degrees for four to five hours at a stretch without the solace of a drink of water. There is relaxation in the swinging stride of the march, even though it is fatiguing in the long run. But "marking time" is quite a difficult proposition. No man can stand it for a day at a time unless he is iron, and the fare we were then enjoying (?) was not conducive to continued efforts.

But the "spotter" in this adventure was in turn "spotted," and only prompt action on the part of the officers saved him from stretching a rope made of the inner bark of cottonwood. He was taken out, and I never saw him again. He had never been seen conferring with the guards in daytime, but I had seen him conversing in a low tone with an officer at night near a tree on the main avenue. I came upon the pair suddenly from the rear on my way to my barrack, and they were both plainly startled. I was then firmly convinced that the fellow was a spotter, and from that day he was "trailed" and his guilt established thoroughly.

An incident worth recording was at Jay's Mill September 19, the first day of Chickamauga, when the 1st Infantry came into action through the open field just south of the mill and within two hundred yards of the left of Davidson's hard-pressed brigade. I stood almost alone at the extreme left on our line and saw those men walk into that death trap in the woods, and saw the double line of blue rise seventy-five yards in their front and pour into their ranks a volley which tumbled them one on the other by the hundreds before they had a chance to fire a shot. A moment later I saw dozens of wounded make for the rear. Of these, one from the end of the line started down the road with his gun over his right shoulder and his left arm dangling useless at his side. I could not help noticing what long strides he made for a surgeon. When he reached a stump about two feet high by the roadside near the corner of the fence, he stopped, wheeled about, dropped to one knee behind the stump, laid his gun across the top, and, taking deliberate aim, pulled the trigger. As the Federals were pretty close together directly in front of him, it is very probable his bullet found a billet not of wood. Rising to his feet, he threw his rifle over his shoulder again, and I lost sight of him behind the hill to the rear. I have often thought of what a satisfaction it was to him that he need not carry a loaded gun to the rear. I should like to meet him or at least have word of him if still living.

COL. ANGUS McDONALD.

BY R. D. BEALL.

On the 12th of June, 1864, it was my misfortune to become a prisoner of war, and one of the first prisoners I recognized as an addition to our crowd was Col. Angus W. McDonald, of Winchester, Va. He was colonel of Turner Ashby's command before it was brigaded, and at the time appeared to be about seventy years old.

At the breaking out of the war he was a lawyer in extensive practice and one of the most influential men in his section. His personal appearance was striking, being a man of heroic stature and every inch a soldier. Colonel McDonald had been sick and was getting out of the way of the advancing enemy, accompanied by his son Harry, a youth of scarcely fifteen years, when overtaken by a squad of Hunter's Cavalry between Lexington and Buchanan. Despite the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, Colonel McDonald and his son Harry made a brave resistance, and the former was shot in the hand before surrendering.

When I met him at Buchanan and introduced myself, Colonel McDonald had his wounded hand bandaged and in a sling; but despite his wound and his venerable years, he was uncomplaining, partook of the same fare that was dished out to us, and by his cheery words encouraged others who had become faint-hearted under the depressing surroundings. Rations were scarce and inferior, and at best there was a long and exhausting march before us.

The next day we marched from Buchanan to the Peaks of Otter, Bedford County, Lynchburg being General Hunter's objective point. Colonel McDonald footed it all day, though there was an abundance of conveyances in which he might have ridden had the Federal train master so ordered. The following day was a repetition of the previous one, and we went into camp on Otter River, seventeen miles from Lynchburg. That night I found Colonel McDonald ailing considerably. He was greatly exhausted by the long march and suffering from his wound, but his spirit was as proud as ever.

The next morning bright and early a mounted staff officer rode into the prisoners' camp and ordered us to get ready to march to the rear. Then addressing himself to the venerable Colonel McDonald, this coward in the uniform of a soldier said: "You will go with us, you old scoundrel! General Hunter has not decided what he will do with you—whether he will shoot or hang you."

At this outburst Harry McDonald—as brave and noble a boy as ever lived—advanced a step and begged to be permitted to go with his father, urging his request on the ground that his father was aged and sick and wounded and needed his ministrations. But the Federal officer was obdurate; seeing which, Harry commenced shedding tears. At this point Colonel McDonald addressed Harry in a fatherly but firm tone, saying: "Harry, my son, do not shed a tear, but if necessary shed your blood in defense of your country."

That scene I shall not forget as long as memory performs its office. The Roman firmness of the old Colonel vexed the Federal officer, and he ordered the guard to march him off. But here Colonel McDonald's superb courage again asserted itself, and he said not one foot would he march, that he was foot-sore and exhausted. Then the order was given to assist him to march by an application of the point of the bayonet, whereupon the old Confederate hero threw open his vest, exposed his bosom, and exclaimed: "You may shoot and kill me, but you cannot make me march. Now do your worst!"

The Federal officer quailed under this superb exhibition of

Scotch courage, and he relented to the extent of ordering up "the roughest wagon in the train," into which the guard was directed to throw what he termed "the old scoundrel," but who was in fact one of the bravest of the brave, a Confederate colonel, and one of the most high-toned and respected gentlemen in the State, in whose defense he had enlisted.

I never ascertained fully the reasons for this inhuman treatment, but heard it intimated that one of the members of General Hunter's staff claimed that his father had been unkindly treated by Colonel McDonald while the latter was in command on the northern border of Virginia in the winter of 1861-62. But if such was the reason, I am sure it had no foundation in fact; for while Colonel McDonald was a man of soldierly instincts and bearing, he was a gentleman of genial and kindly feelings, and I know that he was never intentionally harsh or unkind to any one whom the fortunes of war placed in his power.

I never saw Colonel McDonald after parting with him that morning on the Otter River. When Hunter was hurled back from Lynchburg by Jubal Early's veterans, he struck for the Kanawha Valley, taking Colonel McDonald with him. I heard afterwards that this venerable gentleman was subjected to great hardships and cruelties on the march and afterwards in the Federal prisons, and this is partially borne out by a letter received from his son, Capt. William N. McDonald, who resides in Berryville, Va., who writes: "My father died in Richmond a few weeks (not more than four and possibly less) after his return from prison, the cruel treatment of the Federals being the main cause."

The Confederate prisoners left the Otter River in charge of the 16th and 162d Ohio Regiments under command of Colonel Putnam. On the first day of the backward movement Harry McDonald told me that he intended to make his escape if possible, and while making a night march over a mountain in Greenbrier County he succeeded in doing so.

The guards on the lower side of the road were not more than four feet apart, when the cry of "Halt! Halt!" rang out, and glancing back a few feet, I saw Harry's blanket and canteen flying through the air, while he was going down the mountain side at a rate of speed which would have done no discredit to a fast horse, and he disappeared in the darkness.

LINCOLN'S PROCLAMATION OF AMNESTY.

Whereas in and by the Constitution of the United States it is provided that the President shall have power to grant reprieves and pardons for offenses against the United States; and whereas a rebellion now exists whereby the loyal State governments of several States have for a long time been subverted, and many persons have committed and are now guilty of treason against the United States; and whereas with reference to said rebellion and treason laws have been enacted by Congress declaring forfeiture and confiscation of property and liberation of slaves all upon terms and conditions therein stated, and also declaring that the President was thereby authorized at any time thereafter by proclamation to extend to persons who may have participated in the present rebellion in any State or part thereof pardon and amnesty with such exceptions and at such times and on such conditions as he may deem expedient for the public welfare; and whereas the conditional declaration for limited and conditional pardon accords with well-established judicial exposition of the pardoning power; and whereas with reference to said rebellion the President of the United States has issued several proclamations with regard to the liberation of slaves; and whereas it

is now desired by some persons heretofore engaged in said rebellion to resume their allegiance to the United States and to reinaugurate loyal State governments within and for their respective States:

Therefore I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do proclaim, declare, and make known to all persons who have directly or by implication participated in the existing rebellion, except as hereinafter excepted, that a full pardon is hereby granted to them and each of them, with restoration of all rights of property except as to slaves and in property cases where the rights of third parties who shall have intervened, and upon the condition that every such person shall take and subscribe an oath and thenceforward keep and maintain said oath inviolate, and which oath shall be registered for permanent preservation and shall be of the tenor and effect of the following—to wit: "I do solemnly swear in the presence of Almighty God that I will henceforth faithfully support, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States and the Union of the States thereunder, and that I will in like manner abide by and faithfully support all acts of Congress passed during the existing rebellion with reference to slaves, so long and so far as not repealed, modified, or held void by Congress or by decision of the Supreme Court; and that I will in like manner abide by and faithfully support all proclamations of the President made during the existing rebellion having reference to slaves, so long and so far as not modified or declared void by decision of the Supreme Court. So help me God."

The persons excepted from the benefits of the foregoing provisions are all who are or shall have been civil or diplomatic officers or agents of the so-called Confederate government, all who have left judicial stations under the United States to aid the rebellion, all who are or shall have been military or naval officers of said Confederate government above the rank of colonel in the army or of lieutenant in the navy, all who left seats in the United States Congress to aid the rebellion, all who resigned their commission in the army or navy of the United States and afterwards aided the rebellion, and all who have engaged in any way in maltreating colored persons or white persons in charge of such otherwise than lawfully as prisoners of war and which persons may be found in the United States service as soldiers, seamen, or in any other capacity.

And I do further proclaim, declare, and make known that whenever in any of the States of Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, South Carolina, and North Carolina a number of persons not less than one-tenth in number of the vote cast in such State at the presidential election of the year of our Lord 1860, each having taken the oath aforesaid and not having since violated it and being a qualified voter by the election law of the State existing immediately before the so-called act of secession and excluding all others, shall establish a State government which shall be republican and in no wise contravening said oath, such shall be recognized as the true government of the State, and the State shall receive thereunder the benefit of the constitutional provision which declares that the United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government, and shall protect each of them against invasion and on application of the Legislature, or the executive when the Legislature cannot be convened, against domestic violence.

And I do further proclaim, declare, and make known that any provision which may be adopted by such State govern-

ment in relation to the freed people of such State which shall recognize and declare their permanent freedom, provide for their education, and which may yet be consistent, as a laboring, landless, and homeless class, will not be objected to by the national executive.

And it is suggested as not improper that in constructing a loyal State government in any State the name of the State, the boundary, the subdivisions, the Constitution, and the general code of laws as before the rebellion be maintained, subject only to the modifications made necessary by the conditions hereinbefore stated and such others if any not contravening the said conditions and which may be deemed expedient by those framing the new State government.

To avoid misunderstanding, it may be proper to say that this proclamation, so far as it relates to State governments, has no reference to the States wherein loyal State governments have all the while been maintained.

And for the same reason it may be proper to further say that whether members of Congress from any State shall be admitted to their seats constitutionally rests exclusively with the respective Houses, and not to any extent with the executive. And still further, that this proclamation is intended to present to the people of the State wherein the national authority has been suspended and the loyal State governments have been subverted a mode by which the national authority and the loyal State governments may be reestablished within the said States or in any of them; and while the mode presented is the best the executive can suggest with his present impressions, it must not be understood that no other possible mode would be acceptable.

Given under my hand at the City of Washington, the eighth day of December, A.D. one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the independence of the United States of America the eighty-eighth. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

PITIFUL TRAGEDY OF ALFRED LAWRENCE.

A tender-hearted woman of Bellevue, Ky., sends the *VETERAN* a clipping cut from the Kentucky Post, hoping by giving it publication in this magazine that some help may be given a pitiful victim of one of life's tragedies in California. In 1907 and 1908 Alfred Lawrence lost in six months his sweetheart and six close relatives from death. The nervous shock was so great that he was carried to a hospital in Rock Springs, Wyo. He went in a young man of about thirty-five years; he left it fifty years old in appearance, and with his memory gone; he had forgotten even his name and home. His hair is snow-white, and his sea-blue eyes are vacant of all thought; only the strains of "Dixie" can arouse him, and he will say that he used to live there, and mutter of a house with colonial pillars and his mother, who he knows is waiting for him. He plays the piano, and when not engaged with his music he paints strange, weird creations in water colors; he loves the flowers and birds. Mr. and Mrs. Hall, managers of a hotel in San Diego, Cal., have taken in the pitiful waif and are trying to find his friends. If any reader of the *VETERAN* can help trace his relatives, these good people would be very grateful.

Camp "Tige" Anderson, of Atlanta, Ga., recently elected officers, making N. T. Gann Commander and Joseph S. Alford Adjutant; S. Z. Dyer, G. H. Edge, A. C. Bearden, Lieutenants; M. J. Brysock, Treasurer; T. C. Parker, Commissary; Dr. C. R. King, Surgeon; J. M. Bosworth, Assistant Surgeon; J. W. Pearce, Color Bearer; J. D. Binion, Sergeant at Arms; Rev. J. W. Black, Chaplain; J. W. King, Historian.

DUMFRIES ON THE POTOMAC—SPRING OF 1861

BY FRED D. OSBORNE, DUMFRIES, VA.

There is perhaps no place in all the Southland better calculated to bring out from a rapidly fading past pathetic memories of the early days of our war with the North than Dumfries. It is now a straggling village of one hundred and fifty or two hundred inhabitants, with no aggressive business ambitions, but it was once an active competitor with Richmond for the seat of government of the commonwealth of Virginia. While four or five miles from the Potomac, its commerce had attracted the attention of some of the shrewdest men of the country, and it promised to be the center of a prosperous trade. The men who came to push the town to the front and make it a worthy competitor of other bustling places were of that same sturdy blood of the Washingtons and Lees. The pride of ancestry still lingers there—a distinct civilization.

In the spring of '61, at the very beginning of our national conflict, the Confederate authorities undertook to scatter the transports which were piling up great quantities of military stores at the national capital. The 2d and 3d Virginia, Hay's Louisiana Regiments, and the Washington Artillery were sent to the Potomac. Four siege guns carrying the largest missiles, thought to be adequate for any emergency that might arise even with United States gunboats, constituted the equipment. Though at that time but few knew it, Dumfries was the objective point, and upon the approach of the Confederate army the town of Dumfries, which had been asleep for fifty years, was stirred with new life. A frenzied zeal animated everybody. The old men flocked to the military encampments with their wise counsels, the old mothers came with repairs for the damaged uniforms, and the patriotic maidens made haste to welcome the defenders of Southern homes. Contrary to expectation, the garrison had to be encamped and the heavy guns mounted some four miles from Dumfries near the Quantico road and in close proximity to the Potomac River. Then the location of buoys in the river and the establishment of flag stations on the Maryland side where the public highways reached the riparian border line was attended to. This especially dangerous duty was entrusted to three daring, accomplished Confederates—viz., Billy Mead, of Alabama, with his joyous laugh and bright, sparkling eyes, ever ready to do the commands of his superior officer; De Lahousey, of Louisiana, a stanch Creole, with a university education, stalwart in physical make-up, frank and pleasing in manner; and Henry Dillard, a levee engineer, who had served on the Mississippi River, a true Virginian. He was a man of unusual culture and sterling habits, reared at Lynchburg, Va., and educated at the University of Virginia.

Day after day new buoys were placed and the flag stations were renewed. By some occult agency these flags would disappear during the night. The cause of these removals was a mystery. The three soldiers engaged in map-making, distance calculations, projectile courses, and flag stations treated the nightly interference on the Maryland side with indifference, and they appeared delighted in their work. But there was something in the manner of the three soldiers together, including their long delays across the river, that aroused a suspicion among their comrades. Investigation was made, and it was discovered that Idlewild, a lordly estate, with its open doors of hospitality, a cultured family with three rosy-checked maidens of rare accomplishments, was at the bottom of all this mystery. At the head of the Idlewild manor was Dr. B., a Vermonter, who had been attracted to the South by a salu-

rious climate and the blandishments of a rich widow. Night after night the parlors at Idlewild rang with merry laughter, and often during the day the clatter of horses' hoofs roused the wood nymphs along silent bridle paths as the patriotic girls with their Confederate troubadours came in from some tour of inspection.

In the midst of these unalloyed pleasures the boys in gray found out that a squad of Northern cavalry was making reconnaissances in the vicinity of Idlewild, and was often entertained there by the old Doctor and the eldest daughter of the household. An Ohio major, young and captivating in manner, as loyal to the refinements of society as to his flag, had rudely ingratiated himself into the good will of the family, and so an impending catastrophe appeared imminent. The threatened peril which the Confederates "sniffed in the breeze" developed that a plot had been made to capture the Rebels. The scheme was concocted by the Vermont financier, the Federal major, and the elder girl.

This disloyal girl, either pricked by the consciousness of hypocrisy or from a sense of duty to her mother and younger sisters, revealed the plot just before its execution, and of course it was immediately conveyed to Confederate headquarters. To the surprise of the household, which was in the secret, Dillard, Mead, and De Lahousey made their appearance at Dr. B.'s, as previously agreed upon, and before any conference could be held the Ohio major and twelve soldiers clad in blue adroitly entered the parlor and surprised the boys from the Confederate garrison. Everything for a moment was confusion, but in another moment a company of Confederate soldiers stealthily entered and took charge. Of course it was a counterplot arranged at Confederate headquarters.

Soon the forces there were ordered to Manassas Junction. The belligerent atmosphere about the garrison and Dumfries had vanished and the prisoners were turned loose. How and for what special reason this was done was never explained, and there is but one man, if he is living, who could open the secret and tell why such an unusual proceeding resulted. Of all that evidence of defiance to Federal aggression but one gun remains, and there it is to this day in its rust and ruins.

As the beauty of a narrative is frequently in the sequel, the reader will want to know what became of all these characters. The old Doctor and his lovely wife, the idol of Confederates, sleep in the St. John Episcopal Cemetery, in the vicinity of Idlewild. The girls moved to congenial environments at Washington City during the war and there took upon themselves matronly responsibilities. The Federal major was killed at Manassas. Mead passed over the river at Harper's Ferry, and his truest friend wrote in his epitaph: "The brave never die." De Lahousey became a Parisian, and Dillard became a civil engineer in the land of the Montezumas, but finally became a cattle man in West Texas, where perhaps he is still living and spending the twilight of an eventful but beautiful life among the lowing herds.

RETURN OF A SWORD DESIRED.—During the seventies Dr. James Addison Nash resided in Jefferson, Tex., for about four years. He went to Jefferson from Mississippi. While living in Jefferson some one took from his residence a sword presented to him by Company K, 5th Mississippi Infantry. Dr. Nash was captain of that company. His name was engraved on the sword. His relatives are anxious to find this sword and if possible have it returned to their address. [Inquiry by P. A. Blakey, Mount Vernon, Tex.]

HOW JEFFERSON DAVIS WAS SHACKLED.

Rev. J. W. Kaye, now the minister of one of the Episcopal Churches in Philadelphia, tells of his connection with the shackling of President Davis in words whose depth of feeling shows the hold the distinguished prisoner took upon the hearts of all who came in contact with him. Mr. Kaye says he also wants to show to the South exactly where the blame lies for one of the greatest indignities ever perpetrated on a military prisoner. Held under the terms Mr. Davis was, he should have been protected and not have been handcuffed and chained.

Mr. Kaye was lieutenant in the 157th Pennsylvania Volunteers, which command had charge of President Davis during his incarceration at Fortress Monroe, and he was present when the manacles were placed on the great Southerner.

Mr. Kaye said: "I never would speak of my connection with the matter except that I want to keep history straight and to exonerate General Miles from the charge that Southern people have made against him that he was to blame for the indignity that was heaped upon the leader of the Southern Confederacy. General Miles had no more to do with the putting of irons on Jefferson Davis than I did, and I was nothing but a lieutenant. Charles W. Dana, who was Assistant Secretary of War under Stanton, came to Fortress Monroe and examined the prison and the way Mr. Davis was kept. On his return to Washington General Miles received orders to put irons on the distinguished prisoner, and there was nothing he could do but obey, as any soldier should. I had charge of the detail that went to Mr. Davis's cell to put the irons on him. Mr. Davis knew that not a man in that party was acting from his own desire. He resisted strongly, and cried out that he would rather die than submit. Mr. Davis was thrown on his back on his cot in his cell and the blacksmith welded the irons on his hands and on his ankles, and not till this was done did he break down. He threw himself on his bed and cried like a baby and begged some one to give him a gun to shoot himself. There was not a man in that detail who would not have gladly given his life to save Mr. Davis from the great indignity to which he had been subjected. The irons were kept on Mr. Davis only a few days, and after that he was allowed to receive gifts, and shortly afterwards his wife was allowed to see him. We all knew it was a mistake to put irons on Mr. Davis, but there was nothing else to do but to obey orders."

Mr. Kaye told a touching story of something that occurred during Mr. Davis's imprisonment that was well illustrative of his great and tender heart and his consideration for others: "It was my duty to take Mr. Davis on his daily walks around the fort. One night late Mr. Davis was very restless and unable to sleep, and he and I went for a walk around the fortress. It was my custom to rattle my sword as loudly as possible so as not to catch a sentry asleep at his post; but this night even my rattling sword did not serve to arouse a man whom we found asleep fully ten feet from his gun. The man sprang to his feet and saluted, and as we passed on Mr. Davis said that the war was over and enough blood had been shed, and that if the man was reported most possibly he would lose his life, and as a great favor to him he would beg me not to report the sentry, to forget that I had seen him. Of course I knew that I should have reported him; but I could not find it in my heart to do so after Mr. Davis's earnest appeal. I always wished I could tell this story to his children, for it showed so well the great and tender heart of the man and that courteous consideration for others that was his marked characteristic and which never left him even in prison."

TO A DRUMMER BOY.

BY R. W. GRIZZARD, LOUISVILLE, KY.

The robins nest in fair Cave Hill
And gentle zephyrs blow
Where sleep both braves of blue and gray—
Soldiers of long ago;
The slabs are white, the sunshine's bright,
The turf is light and green—
Nobler sires nor braver soldiers
The world has never seen.

Hard by Louisville's gay, bustling streets,
Where grim Death bears his own,
Where dwell the dead in their long sleep,
The Reaper has his throne;
And there upon a cloudless day
I paused beside a tomb
To dwell in thought on life and death
In that lone place of gloom.



Many deep-wrought inscriptions there
On serried grave stones gleamed;
But of them all none held my eye
Nor to my fancy seemed
So fraught with love's tender tribute,
So tense with woe to come,
As that which simply told but this:
"Boy, we miss thee at home."

Long years have flown since he went forth
To live a soldier's life;
The stone that marks his resting place
Tells he fell in the strife.
Gone now the friends who vigils kept
Where his young feet did roam,
But biding through all the years this—
"Boy, we miss thee at home."

A GAMBLER AT CARDS IN DALTON, GA.

BY S. R. WATKINS.

A thrilling event occurred during our stay in winter quarters at Dalton, Ga. Having to keep indoors much of the time, the boys got to playing cards—poker and chuck-a-luck. A few men would read their Bibles and hymn books, but not many.

One day a regular "blackleg" came into camp prepared to clean up everybody who would gamble. He first fleeced the officers, next the sergeants and corporals, and then got what money that class of privates had. The man was about thirty-five years old. He had mild blue eyes, was of fair skin and freckled. He looked like an honest fellow, but he seemed to have the best of "luck." He soon became popular and played for large stakes.

At these places when the gambling was going on Tom Tuck and Jim Morton supplied the whisky desired. One day "blackleg" tackled old Tom Tuck. On being seated at the gaming table old Tom pulled out his Bowie knife and put it on one corner of the table and his pistol, already cocked, on the other corner. "Look here," said he to the professional gambler, "you have been getting everybody's money, and I have been watching you, and I am satisfied that you have been cheating; but I'll tell you now that if I catch you cheating me I'll put my Bowie knife between your ribs as sure as h—." "Certainly," said the gambler; "I will play a fair, honest game." "Well, deal the cards," said old Tom.

They began playing. One would win or lose large sums and then the other. I watched the game, and would frequently see both hands. Sometimes I would see the professional when he had four aces throw up his hand and not bet, as if he had no hand. I became very much interested and excited. Old Tom was my friend, and I was going to stand to him. Occasionally the gambler would call for treats of whisky and was very liberal with his money. After a while the "luck" began to run all to the gambler. I heard old Tom say: "Well, here goes my last dollar; I'm busted." And that gambler raked in the stakes.

I quickly grabbed up the deck of cards and, running them through my hands, saw that they were marked. The gambler sprang to his feet from the table, when I said: "Hold, these cards are marked." "Where?" said old Tom. "Look there on the left-hand corner."

Old Tom grabbed up the cards and said with an oath: "I see the marks, and I told you if I caught you cheating what I would do. Now I am going to keep my word." He took his knife in one hand and his pistol in the other, and the gambler broke for the door, with old Tom right after him. They made a terrible racket. They were soon on the streets, and I heard two pistol shots in quick succession, then a shriek of mortal agony. I approached and saw old Tom bending over the prostrate form of the gambler. Soon he and I went off in the darkness.

The Chattanooga Rebel, then published in Dalton by Henry Watterson (now of the *Courier-Journal*), had a notice of a man found dead with his throat cut and two pistol holes in his body. He was found lying dead near the depot the next morning. Many old soldiers now living remember the dead man found near the depot in Dalton.

WHERE A GENERAL IS BURIED.—Gen. John Dunavant, who was killed at Vaughan Road, Va., is buried in the family burying ground three miles northeast of Chester, S. C. General Dunavant was a native of Chester.

BURNING OF CHAMBERSBURG—RETALIATORY.

An interesting contribution to war literature is an account of the burning of Chambersburg, Pa., by a Baltimore lawyer who was present at the destruction of the town as a member of the 1st Maryland Cavalry. For twenty-five years this narrative has been tucked away in archives, and now appears in a Baltimore paper. It is a letter to Mr. Ephraim Hiteshew, of Chambersburg, Pa., and is a reply to some reminiscences compiled by a Mr. Hoke, of Chambersburg. The letter tells of the destruction.

Fielder C. Slingluff, of Baltimore, wrote on August 1, 1884, to Mr. Hiteshew at Chambersburg, Pa.:

"My Dear Sir: I have received the papers sent me by you containing Mr. Hoke's reminiscences of the burning of Chambersburg and have carefully read them. At your request I give you my recollection of the events which immediately preceded and followed that occurrence. I write from the standpoint of the private soldier, having had no knowledge of the reasons which dictated official orders at the time, nor had my associates. We simply obeyed orders. * * *

"Mr. Hoke's articles are as temperate as possible from one whose house was burned by an enemy and, as he thinks, without justification. It is true he calls us 'villains' occasionally, and says we seemed accustomed to the business from the expert way in which we proceeded to the task. I will not quarrel with him for this, but will take a look at these villains to see who they were then and what they are now. I had just left college when I joined the Confederate army. When we went to Chambersburg, I belonged to the 1st Maryland Cavalry. This regiment was composed of the very first young men of our State. If they were not guided by the strongest instincts of principle in going into the Southern army and staying there, they were certainly a very peculiar set of young men, for there was anything but pleasure and comfort in our lives. We were generally hungry, slept winter and summer in the open air on the ground, got no pay that we could buy with, were scantily clad, and were apt to be killed in battle. I believe the unbiased man must say this was patriotism, although he can if he wishes reconcile his conscience by calling it 'misguided' patriotism. And you may be surprised to know that these young 'villains' have generally developed into good citizens and successful men. Go where you will through our State, and you will find them respected and at the head of the communities in which they live. In business I can name you a dozen of the leading houses in this city whose members were with Johnston and McCausland. The bar throughout the State is full of them, and they are in many cases among the leaders of their circuits. They are doctors in good standing in their profession; and many of the most thrifty farmers in this State, whose fine farms attest devotion to duty and to home, especially in such counties as Howard and Montgomery, were also present on that occasion.

"In addition to our regiment, there were five or six other regiments in the brigade, most of them from Southwest Virginia and the Valley of Virginia. The men who composed these regiments were the substantial citizens of their respective counties, and would compare favorably with the like number selected from any agricultural community in our country.

"Now you would like to know if the men whom I have described justified the burning of your town in their individual capacity irrespective of the orders from headquarters under which they acted. I must say to you frankly that they did, and I never heard one dissenting voice. And why did we justify so harsh a measure? Simply because we had come

to the conclusion that it was time for us to burn something in the enemy's country. In the campaign of the preceding year, when our whole army had passed through your richest section of country, where the peaceful homes and fruitful fields only made the contrast with what he had left the more significant, many a man whose home was in ruins chafed under the orders from General Lee, which forbade him to touch them; but the orders were obeyed, and we left the homes and fields as we found them, the ordinary wear and tear of an army of occupation alone excepted. We had so often before our eyes the reverse of this wherever your army swept through Virginia that we were thoroughly convinced of the justice of a stern retaliation.

"It is no pleasure to me to have to recall the scenes of those days, nor do I do so in any spirit of vindictiveness, but I simply tell the truth in justification. We had followed Kilpatrick (I think it was) in his raid through Madison, Greene, and other counties, and had seen the cattle shot or hamstrung in the barnyards, the agricultural implements burned, the feather beds and clothing of the women and children cut in shreds in mere wantonness, farmhouse after farmhouse stripped of every particle of provisions, private carriages cut and broken up, and women in tears. I write of what I saw myself. We had seen a thousand ruined homes in Clark, Jefferson, and Frederick Counties—barns and houses burned and private property destroyed—but we had no knowledge that this was done by 'official orders.' At last when the official order came openly from General Hunter and the burning was done thereunder, and when our orders of retaliation came, they met with the approbation, as I have said, of every man who crossed the Potomac to execute them.

"Of course we had nothing personal against your pretty little town. It just so happened that it was the nearest and most accessible place of importance for us to get to. It was the unfortunate victim of circumstances. Had it been farther off and some other town nearer, that other town would have gone and Chambersburg would have been saved.

"And now, having given you the feelings and motives which actuated us, permit me to give my views of how your people felt about the affair. I must be frank enough to say that I think the reason the tribute demanded of you was not paid was because you people had no idea that the Rebels would carry out their threat to burn; nor was this confidence shaken until the smoke and flames began to ascend. I know that this is directly in the teeth of Mr. Hoke's tribute to the patriotism of his fellow-townsmen, that sooner than pay money to the Rebels they saw their homes laid in ashes; but he is himself a little illogical, for he gives greater condemnation to a cruel enemy for burning out a helpless people after they had shown to them that the banks had removed their deposits, and it was impossible for them to get the money demanded. Had your people believed that the town was actually in danger, I think they could have raised enough money to have avoided the catastrophe.

"Why this confidence of security? It grew out of the position taken by your people during the war—that we were Rebels, soon to be conquered; and that whatever cruelties were inflicted upon the homes of these Rebels were in the nature of penalties for rebellious conduct; and that such like acts would never dare to be attempted against loyal men. It was further strengthened by the fact that when the whole of Lee's army was in your State no atrocities were committed. I saw this confidence, almost amounting to contempt, on our march to your town itself, when the negotiations preliminary to the

fire were in progress. I happened with a comrade or two to get behind the command on the march to the town, and in passing through a village of some size (I think it was Mercersburg) the knots of men on the corners poked fun at our appearance and jeered us, and never seemed to consider that the men upon whom they expended their fun had pistols and sabers in their belts and might use them. The strange part of the matter to us was to see able-bodied young men out of service—a sight never seen in the South during the war. In Chambersburg itself it seemed impossible to convince your people that we were in earnest. They treated it as a joke or thought it was a mere threat to get the money, and showed their sense of security and incredulity in every act.

"When the two brigades of Confederate cavalry marched to your town, the order came for certain regiments and portions of regiments to enter and burn it. Our regiment as a whole, according to the best of my recollection, was not sent in; but there were several detachments from it on different kinds of duty sent there, and I was with one of them. It was afterwards a source of congratulation to our men that they had not been detailed for the purpose; for although they regarded it as a proper measure of retaliation, they did not seek the unpleasant task. The men who actually applied the torch may be classed in three divisions: First, those whose own homes had been ravaged or destroyed or whose relations had suffered in that way. These men were anxious for the work to begin, and the spirit of revenge which actuated them made them apparently merciless. There were many such in the brigade. Second, the far larger portion who simply obeyed orders as soldiers and who saved what they could and to whose humanity and liberal construction of the orders given them no doubt you must be thankful for the portion of the city that was saved. Third, the men to be found in all armies who looked upon the occasion as an opportunity to plunder and who rejoiced in wanton destruction. This last element was, I am glad to say, small; but I have no doubt to those who unfortunately came in contact with them they were but types of the whole command.

"As I had never seen the town before and did not know the names of your streets, I can give you no detailed account of the burning. After it began, it was quickly done. Men pleaded to have their houses saved; but the women acted in a much calmer manner after they understood the thing was inevitable, and in some cases excited our admiration by their courage and defiance. I saw a number of houses fired, but I saw no abuse of the citizens. Through the scenes of terror which your people passed I have read Mr. Hoke's annals in vain to find mention of an unarmed citizen injured or a woman insulted. Some of the men became inflamed with liquor, but I believe they were few. The most usual method of burning was to break the furniture into splinters, pile it in the middle of the floor, and then fire it. This was done in the beginning; but as the fire became general it was not necessary, as one house set fire to another. Most of the houses were vacant when fired, the occupants having fled.

"When the command was given to retire, it was quickly done. One little incident which happened after we left the town will illustrate all I have said about the feeling which actuated many of our soldiers. I think it was two or three miles from town (it may have been more or less) that some of us halted for a few minutes for water and perhaps something to eat. A brick farmhouse with a porch was located on the road with a pump to the side of it. Not far off was what we called a Pennsylvania 'Dutch barn,' larger than the house.

It was full of the recently gathered harvest, and bore all the evidence of a plentiful yield to a good farmer. I hitched my horse to the lightning rod on the side of the barn next to the house, and was returning to get him when some one cried: 'Fire!' In an instant the barn was in flames. I had hardly time to unhitch my horse. Some of our party demanded in angry tones of two troopers who came from the barn and mounted their horses what they meant by such uncalled-for vandalism. The reply was, 'Why, d— it, they burnt our barn,' and on they rode. * * *

"We recrossed the Potomac with some little opposition from an iron-clad car in our front on the track of the B. & O. Railroad, which was struck by a ball fired by the Baltimore Light Artillery and immediately left. We also had quite a severe little fight in the Blue Ridge Mountains, near Cold Spring, on the advance, in which several from our regiment were killed and wounded, and in which a body of your cavalry showed great spirit and determination; but aside from this we had no fighting at all. Hoke says that when Averill came up to us in the Moorefield Valley and captured and scattered our command they charged us with the cry of 'Remember Chambersburg,' and cut us down without mercy. The fact is, we were down when he charged us. I will give you the plain, prosaic facts, of which I was an unfortunate witness and victim.

"After we recrossed the Potomac, we marched to the Moorefield Valley to rest and recuperate after a severe campaign. There is no lovelier spot in all Virginia than this little mountain-locked valley; and as it had escaped the desolation of war, it was the very spot for rest. Our regiment was camped nearest the river, and the company to which I belonged was nearest the river of all. My messmate and I had crossed the fence from the field in which the regiment was camped to make our bed in a soft green fence corner, so that I believe we were the nearest of the whole brigade to the enemy. We had camped quietly for a day or two, when in the middle of the night the order came to 'saddle up.' We were soon ready for a reported advance of the enemy; but after waiting an hour or two with no further orders the men gradually got under their blankets and went to sleep. Just at the break of day I felt a rude shock, which I supposed came from the careless tread of a comrade, and I made an angry remonstrance. This was followed by a kick which I thought came from a horse. I, furious, threw the blanket from over my head and found a couple of Averill's men with cocked pistols at my head, one of whom said: 'Get up, you — Chambersburg-burning —!' I got up at once, and mildly intimated that I had nothing to do with the burning of Chambersburg, and considered it altogether wicked and unjustifiable.

"As soon as I collected my thoughts I took in the situation. I saw the blue-back column of Averill winding down the road and breaking off into the fields where our men slept. I saw them, to my utter humiliation and disgust, dashing in among the men and waking them up from their sleep. Some of our command who had heard the rush of the charge succeeded in mounting their horses and escaping. With such some shots were exchanged, but the greater part of our regiment was caught asleep and captured without firing a shot.

"As soon as the comrade with whom I was sleeping (a cousin of mine) and I had given up our arms the usual and almost invariable compliments which pass on such occasions took place. 'I want them boots,' said trooper No. 1. I had just gotten them in Hancock a day or so before; and as they were regular cavalry boots and worth, with us at least,

\$150 to \$200 in Confederate money, it nearly broke my heart to part with them. But the occasion was pressing, and they were soon exchanged for a very sorry-looking pair. My hat, which was also a recent Maryland acquisition, with a martial black plume, was appropriated by trooper No. 2. My pockets were carefully investigated, but that part of the raid was a complete failure. I had myself paid the same compliment to my guests when the situation was reversed.

"And how was it that the burners of Chambersburg were thus ignominiously routed, scattered, and captured by a foe whom I have said they despised? The answer is a simple one. It was through the carelessness of our commanding officer, and was inexcusable. It happened in this way, and I am again in position to give the exact facts: When we camped in the little valley, a detail was called on for picket duty. That duty fell to the lot of Lieut. Samuel G. Bonn, of my company. No truer man or more charming gentleman ever wore a saber. After the war he settled in Macon, Ga., became a prosperous merchant, and died some years ago. He went out on the picket post with about ten men some two or three miles from our camp. This was the only guard between Averill and our sleeping men, and it must be remembered that when this little band went on the outpost they were worn out with the fatigue of the nearly incessant marching for the four or five previous days and nights. So wearied were the men that after their first night's duty Lieutenant Bonn sent word back to camp and begged to be relieved, stating that his men were absolutely unfit for duty. I take it for granted this message was sent to headquarters; but whether it was or not, it was an unjustifiable piece of cruelty to keep those wearied men on duty. His appeal was unheeded. He told me after the surprise was over that the men on the outpost actually went to sleep upon their horses, and that in addition to all this no provision was made for their rations.

"While in this condition just before the dawn of day they heard the welcome sound of what they supposed was the relief picket coming from our camp, and soon they welcomed twenty or thirty troopers in gray (?) in their midst. Their rejoicing was short-lived, for as their supposed friends surrounded them they quickly drew their revolvers, and in an instant our men were prisoners. To run down the outpost of two men was the work of a moment, and then there was nothing between Averill and the men who burned Chambersburg but a few moments of darkness and a couple of miles of dusty road. These men in gray were what in those days were known as 'Jesse Scouts.' They were familiar with the country, knew the little mountain roads, and had clothed themselves in the Confederate gray. They slipped in between our main body and the picket post and then played the part of the 'relief.'

"As we were captured, we were gathered together in a circle, and soon poor Bonn and his pickets were brought in looking unhappy and dejected. He felt keenly the responsibility of his position, but after his story was told no one ever attached any blame to him. About five hundred of our brigade were captured and taken to Camp Chase, Ohio, where for eight long, miserable, weary months we bewailed the day that Chambersburg was founded, builded, and burned."

U. D. C. CHAPTER AT DENVER, COLO.—There are many Southern women at Denver, Colo., some transient, some permanent, and these have organized the first U. D. C. Chapter of Colorado. Mrs. A. J. Emerson, formerly of Virginia, and Mrs. J. M. P. Ockenden, of Alabama, are the leading spirits in this movement.

RARE CONFEDERATE RELICS.

BY R. D. STEUART, STAFF OF BALTIMORE SUN.

I am collecting data for an article on arms and equipment used in the Confederate armies, of which I have a large and interesting collection. Perhaps you or some of the *VETERAN's* readers may be able to give me the desired information.

One of the gems of my collection is a revolver (forty-four caliber) made on the Colt's model, so popular in both armies. It was used by Col. Henry Gilmor. On the barrel is stamped "Leech & Riccon, C. S. A." I understand that Leech & Riccon were a private firm working under government contract, but I have been unable to learn where their factory was.

Another interesting relic is a well-made musket, sixty-nine caliber. On the lock plate is "Dickson, Nelson & Co., C. S. Ala. 1865." The gun is brass-mounted, as are most Southern-made weapons; but all the other metal parts, even the barrel, show a brassy grain. Brass was used because it was easier to manipulate, skilled mechanics being scarce in the Confederacy.

A sword in my collection bears on the bronze guard: "C. S. A." and "Nashville Plow Works." Can you tell me anything of its makers?

One of the largest private arms makers in the South was S. Sutherland, of Richmond. Sutherland also worked under government contract, most of his work consisting of repairing and remaking weapons from parts gathered from battlefields by ordinance officers. I have a fine specimen of his work in a pepper box pistol, the parts of which bear the names of the original makers, with "S. Sutherland, Richmond, Va.," on the barrels.

I also have a rifle lock made on the Enfield model which is stamped "Texas Rifle, Tyler. C. S." I know there was an arsenal at Tyler, Tex., but I have been unable to learn whether only the gun locks were made there or the entire gun made and assembled. I have never seen any of these locks mounted, and would like to know if a complete Tyler gun is preserved in any Southern museum or by any individual.

On a blockade runner captured near the close of the war were a lot of belts with lion head buckles which had been shipped from England. I have never met a Confederate soldier who saw any such belt plate in use in the Southern army, which leads me to believe that the lot captured was the only cargo sent to the South.

If you can give me any information relating to the relics I have mentioned, it will be very much appreciated by a subscriber to the *VETERAN*.

CORRECTIONS IN REGARD TO THE "MEN OF THE RANKS."—Rev. P. D. Stephenson, of Woodstock, Va., whose address at Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, begins on page 43 September issue, calls attention to two errors in the *VETERAN's* report. One of them states that the ages as a rule were from eighteen to twenty-five, not eighteen to twenty, and the other near the close should have been, "O let me sink into the preacher," instead of "breach."

A SILK HANDKERCHIEF—WHAT IS ITS HISTORY?—Mrs. E. D. Potts writes from Lexington, Ky.: "Will some reader of the *VETERAN* give the history of a curious war relic that is supposed to have been made in South Carolina? It is a large white silk handkerchief, upon which there is in the center a picture of President Davis and around it pictures of Mason, Slidell, Admiral Semmes, and Gen. J. E. Johnston. Then in the corners there are pictures of Lee, Beauregard, Morgan, and Jackson. There are engravings of cotton plants on the

four sides; each picture is in a wreath, each wreath being different from the others. One of these handkerchiefs was displayed lately at the meeting of the Lexington (Ky.) Chapter, U. D. C., for the purpose of learning its history and negotiating its conversion into money for the family possessing it. It was shown by a Miss Potts, whose uncle was a Confederate soldier and with whose effects it was found. Another of these handkerchiefs is in the possession of Mr. C. F. Gardner, of Rhode Island, who received it in Florida during the war upon the occasion of an exchange of prisoners."

MEN DISMISSED FROM CONFEDERATE HOMES IN TEXAS AND ARKANSAS.—It seems that admissions have been made to Confederate Homes in Austin and Little Rock of men who were not entitled by the law to their benefits. Report from Austin September 11 states: "It was announced to-day by J. H. Holmes, State Pension Commissioner, that he will drop from the Confederate pension rolls of the State all pensioners who took the oath of allegiance to the United States following General Grant's proclamation of amnesty. Similar action will be taken as to the inmates of the State Confederate Home." From Little Rock on the same date it was announced that the Board of Trustees of the Arkansas State Ex-Confederate Home had let out fourteen inmates for having accepted General Grant's offer of amnesty before the Civil War closed, and six others are on the list ready to go. Charles F. Martin, Secretary of the Board, in explaining said: "We have sent to Washington and secured copies of the amnesty rolls. We found the names of the men who have left our Confederate Home upon these rolls and gave them permission to withdraw after having an opportunity to show their papers and failing.

FLORIDA, MY FLORIDA.

[Written for the United Daughters of the Confederacy of the Florida Division, assembled in fourteenth annual Convention in St. Augustine, Fla., and dedicated to them by Sister Esther Carlotta, Historian Florida Division, who was elected President to succeed Mrs. Loulie Hayes Lawrence.]

The sunlight sparkles on thy shore,
Florida, my Florida,
And falls thy dimpling waters o'er,
Florida, my Florida.

It brightens many a lowly bed
With pall of brilliant blossoms spread
Where slumber our heroic dead,
Florida, my Florida.

Thy towering palms keep watchful ward,
Florida, my Florida,
When soldiers sleep beneath thy sward,
Florida, my Florida.

Thy restless pines a requiem sigh,
Thy soft, sweet winds go whispering by,
And birds low sing thy lullaby,
Florida, my Florida.

Thy daughters' hearts beat high with pride,
Florida, my Florida,
For glorious sires who proudly died,
Florida, my Florida.

On shaft and shield each holy name
The homage of thy sons shall claim,
And memory guard immortal fame,
Florida, my Florida.

AN EVENING WITH A "COPPERHEAD."

BY MAJ. BEN C. TRUMAN.

One day in 1862 President Lincoln sent word to Andrew Johnson, then military Governor of Tennessee, that Clement L. Vallandigham, the noted Copperhead of Ohio, would be sent into the Confederate lines via Nashville, and requested the military Governor to attend to his further transportation after his arrival at the Tennessee capital. And it devolved upon me to escort Mr. Vallandigham through the lines, partly because it would have been my duty to do so and because I desired to do so, knowing the parents or other relatives of many of the Tennessee boys at the front. I had been kind to everybody in Nashville who was not too terribly "secesh," and expected therefore to be properly treated at the Rebel line. Besides, the fathers of Generals Maney and Rains, commanding Rebel brigades, Mrs. James K. Polk and Mrs. Aaron V. Brown, of Nashville, and Mrs. Carter, of Franklin, had provided me with letters to Forrest, Morgan, and Breckinridge, to be used in case of emergency.

There were several pikes running south; so upon the arrival of the distinguished Copperhead I asked the Governor which way I should take him.

"Just as near to the smallpox hospital as you can," answered Johnson ferociously. "But," he added, "not near enough to endanger your escort."

"When shall we take him?"

"This very night, confound him. We don't want him here in Nashville; the Rebels would lionize him. Take him to old Riddleburger's and give him some Robertson County whisky and a good supper and then set him a-going."

It was after dark when Mr. Vallandigham arrived. I shall never forget the impression he made upon me. I had pictured him as ugly, mean, lunk, and generally repellent. I had a good deal of respect for the Rebels and their families; but a Copperhead! Ugh! How we men at the front hated Copperheads! And here was the rankest one of all. But my charge was as handsome as Col. Thomas A. Scott or Col. John W. Forney. He had a nose like a hawk, an eye like an eagle, and the handsomest teeth I had ever seen in a man's head. His voice was so resonant that it fascinated me. He addressed me as follows: "My young friend, what are you going to do with me?"

"I am going to give you a good supper and then take you out on the Granny White Pike and turn you adrift in the South."

"You are going to hand me over to the Rebels?"

"Such are my instructions."

"How far are the Rebels away?"

"Just a little distance. See their camp fires all around?"

When at the restaurant I asked for Robertson County whisky, he said: "But, my dear young friend, I don't know what whisky is. I never drank any. When I started for college, my mother told me never to touch liquor, and I have never disobeyed my mother. In 1843 I wrote down some rules for myself as follows: 'Always prefer my country and the whole country before any and all considerations of party; to harmonize the conflicting interests and sectional jealousies of the North and South, and always to support religion, morality, and the cause of education.'"

"Great God!" I exclaimed, "I thought you were a Copperhead." I did not mean to say it disrespectfully, and he knew it; but he made no reply nor took offense at my exclamation.

I gave him a good supper, and in an hour or so thereafter I delivered him into the safe-keeping of Maj. Dick McCann,

whose mother I knew in Nashville and who was indebted to me for many passes.

Vallandigham was the son of a preacher, but his habits were better than those of preachers' sons in the average. His morals were so pure for his youth and his life so exemplary that people wondered he was not a preacher. At college labor and thought were his amusements, and his only relaxation was to take long walks, thinking intensely. A good many Southern students were at his college provided with spending money and of spending habits; but he would not go with them. Strange that this man should have become the principal defender of the South in the North!

At twenty-five he was sent to the Ohio State Legislature as a Democrat. He had a set of rules to guide him in the Legislature; and, indeed, appeared to be a young man of hard, regular, cast-iron pattern who regarded everything as if it were important. He seemed constantly afraid that he would be misinterpreted. His temperament was too much his guide. His first speech was in defense of common schools. His first client was a Quaker who had been cheated in a horse trade and who employed him before he was a member of the bar. The case came on at Salem in a carpenter shop. Vallandigham denounced the horse trader with such fury that the latter got up and threatened to whip him then and there, but was defied in kind and crawled out of the controversy.

Strange as it may seem, the distinguished exile was not lionized or cared for in the South. Indeed, General Bragg suggested his departure, and so Vallandigham went to Canada. That country also had no use for him, so he took chances on returning home to Ohio; and as Copperheadism was on the downgrade, he was not deemed a further disturbing element. But the Ohio Democrats put him up for Governor in 1863, and Brough, the Union candidate, defeated him by 102,000 majority. Some years afterwards Vallandigham accidentally killed himself in court while attempting to show to the jury how his client had accidentally shot himself a few months before.

There were many strange characters brought to the front during our four years of civil war, and one of the strangest was Clement L. Vallandigham, the distinguished Copperhead of Ohio, who was exceedingly troublesome for nearly two years, or until absolutely squelched in the fall elections of 1863.

[The Confederate soldiers in the army at the front entertained for Vallandigham the most profound esteem, and will not concur in what our entertaining correspondent writes as to his loss of esteem so far as they were concerned.—EDITOR.]

AN ERROR CORRECTED.—W. Marion Seay, Adjutant of Garland-Rhodes Camp, U. C. V., Lynchburg, Va., calls attention to an error in the advertisement for C. S. A. markers where an offer of a 6x10 foot battle flag was made to a purchaser of these markers. Comrade Seay says no such battle flag was ever used in the Confederacy, the flag used there being square. He says all the flags made by Northern manufacturers have this mistake, and advises some Southern firm to take up the matter, so that a correct flag can be obtained.

WISHES TO FIND PICTURE OF FORMER GOVERNOR.—Mr. William J. Cummins, 115 Broadway, New York, wishes to secure a picture of Hon. Joseph McMinn, who was the Quaker Governor of Tennessee from 1815-21. In the Southern Room of the Carnegie Trust Company they have all the Tennessee Governors except Governor McMinn. They will have the picture copied and will return original to its owners and pay for the privilege of using it.



SIDNEY BORDER AND H. M. SANDERS.

A committee composed of R. M. Brown, J. W. Lackey, and J. V. Belton, acting for Buchel Camp, Wharton County, Tex., reports resolutions on the death of two members, both of whom served the Confederacy most loyally. Sidney Border was a member of the 2d Kentucky Cavalry, and M. H. Sanders served through the war in Terry's Rangers.

CAPT. CONLEY T. LITCHFIELD.

From a tribute by a friend who followed him and shared the hardships and trials of the war period the following sketch of Captain Litchfield is given:

"After many years of suffering from a wound received in the battle of Winchester, Va., Capt. Conley T. Litchfield died at his home, in Abingdon, Va., on August 6, 1909. He was the last commissioned officer of the Washington Mounted Rifles, a company of mountaineers from Washington County, Va., organized in April, 1861, and led into the service by Capt. William E. Jones, who gave up his life at Piedmont, Va., in June, 1864, as colonel of his regiment, the 1st Virginia Cavalry, to which he had been promoted in the fall of 1861.

"Conley T. Litchfield was elected to the captaincy of his company in April, 1862, when reorganization took place, and remained in command to the end of the war. He was of a genial nature, a favorite with superior officers, and idolized by his men, with whom he was always ready to share whatever his store afforded. He was three times wounded during the four years, one of which caused him much suffering until his death. In the battle of Winchester he was struck in the face with a pistol ball just under the left eye, the ball lodging in the heavy muscles of the head, where it remained for thirty-two years. During a paroxysm of suffering the ball was dislodged and dropped from his mouth; yet the trouble was not overcome, and the result was total blindness in his last months. Through it all, however, the cheerful, kindly spirit of early years was maintained. He died in his eighty-first year and was laid to rest by his comrades at Abingdon. His casket was draped with the old battle flag of the 1st Regiment of Virginia Cavalry, brought home from the surrender by the young trooper, David Lowry, the flag bearer, who concealed the flag when captured.

"Captain Litchfield was a son of George V. and Rachel Trigg Litchfield. A brother and two sisters are now left of the family, noted for its generous hospitality and charity."

MISS W. E. S. TISON.

After a severe illness of typhoid fever, Miss Willie E. S. Tison died at her home, in Baldwyn, Miss., on July 17, 1909. In her passing the community lost a leader in good works and her family a solace and comfort. She was the eldest daughter of the late Col. W. H. H. Tison, and her characteristics followed closely those of her distinguished father. Her ideals were high, and her superior advantages in education enabled her to have the leading part in whatever she undertook. She

was active in all matters pertaining to the Confederacy, and through her efforts the local Chapter was organized. She was an ardent Christian as well, and used her influence to the uplifting and betterment of humanity.

CAPT. P. H. LYON.

Capt. Pat H. Lyon, Commander of Camp Skid Harris, U. C. V., Canton, Ga., died at his home, at Ballground, in September. He was successor to Col. John D. Attaway, who was for many years the able Commander of this historic Camp. Its first Commander was Capt. Howard W. Newman, a Tennesseean.

GEN. FRANK C. ARMSTRONG.

Gen. Frank C. Armstrong, of Philadelphia, Pa., was one of the most brilliant soldiers of his rank among the cavalry commanders of the Confederacy. "It was my good fortune to be in his brigade from August, 1862, to May, 1863," writes Mark W. Searcy, of Memphis. "During that time he captured Courtland, Ala., Iuka, Miss., and played a conspicuous part in the three days' fighting at Corinth and Hatchie's Bridge in October. He was with the Van Dorn raid on Holly Springs, and later in all the fighting in Middle Tennessee—Spring Hill, Thompson Station, Franklin, and Brentwood. His movements on the field were an inspiration to his men; he was a perfect horseman, and in battle was a most fearless man. It was my fortune to see him in all these fights, and in my judgment we did not have a cavalry commander his superior. His splendid military education and superior courage as a soldier made his services indispensable to his ranking generals. He deserved to be honored with a major general's commission. He was a modest man, but had the courage of a lion. Peace to his ashes. I served in Company A, Sanders's Battalion."



GEN. FRANK C. ARMSTRONG.

DR. LEWIS BROYLES IRWIN.

After an illness of twelve days, Dr. Lewis B. Irwin, of Savannah, Tenn., died at his home on September 29, aged seventy-five years and seven months. He leaves his widow (Mrs. Mary Bailey Irwin), two brothers (John Sevier and Capt. James W. Irwin), and four sisters (Miss Sue Irwin, Mrs. Hettie Irwin Hardin, Mrs. Edgar Cherry, and Mrs. D. A. Welch).

Dr. "Lute" Irwin, as he was familiarly known, was the oldest physician in his town, and had practiced medicine in Hardin County for about fifty years. His paternal ancestry was from Pennsylvania; his mother was Nancy Sevier, a grandniece of John Sevier and granddaughter of Col. Henry Conway, of Virginia.

In the spring of 1861 he and fourteen other impetuous young men, not waiting for the raising of a company in his own county, went to Columbia, Tenn., and joined Capt. George Campbell's company, which was assigned as Company G to Colonel Maney's 1st Tennessee Regiment. The regiment was ordered to Virginia, and during the winter of 1861 was in that arduous campaign in the mountains of West Virginia under the command of Gen. Robert E. Lee. At the reorganization of the regiment in Virginia Lute Irwin, although enlisted among strangers as a private, was elected captain of his company. In April, 1862, the regiment was transferred to Tennessee. Colonel Maney with five of his companies, including Capt. Lute Irwin's, arrived on the field of Shiloh in time to participate in the two days' gigantic struggle, April 6 and 7, in that memorable battle. The regiment was in the desperate battle of Perryville, Ky., October 8, 1862, in Cheat-ham's Division. Captain Irwin entered this engagement with his company, which had been reduced to forty men, and only thirteen came out unhurt. Every officer in his company was either killed or wounded. Captain Irwin was severely wounded, and was left in charge of the surgeon with hundreds of other wounded to be surrendered to the enemy. Their bed was straw spread upon the ground in a lot inclosed with a rail fence, their covering the canopy of heaven, which constituted the field hospital.

After Dr. Irwin had recovered from his wound and was exchanged, he reported to his command; but being no longer fitted for further field service, he was assigned to post duty until the close of the war. Returning home after the war, he resumed the practice of his profession. His few surviving comrades and numerous friends and many families to whom he ministered in their affliction lament his taking off. His funeral was conducted in the Methodist church, of which he had long been a member, by the pastor, Rev. W. T. S. Cook, a large number of friends and relatives attending. His Masonic brethren in a short, beautiful ceremony participated in the service at the grave in Savannah Cemetery.

JOHN J. FELPS.

John J. Phelps, a Confederate veteran, Commander of J. I. A. Barker Camp, No. 1555, U. C. V., died at his home, near Jacksonville, Tex., on September 1, 1909. He was born in Lincoln County, Tenn., December 11, 1841, and went with his parents to Cherokee County, Tex., in 1849.

He was mustered into the Confederate army as a member of Company C, 3d Texas Cavalry, in June, 1861, and was a valiant member of that gallant old regiment until the end, ever loved and trusted by his officers and comrades for his bravery and patriotism. He was in all the battles and hard marches engaged in by his regiment from Oak Hill, or Wil-

son's Creek, in Missouri, August 10, 1861, to the last fight in General Hood's retreat from Nashville, at Sugar Creek, except the time in which he was disabled by wounds. He was severely wounded and captured in the battle of Iuka, in September, 1862.

As a citizen after the war he was one of the best in his section of Texas, commanding the respect of all who knew him. A man of strong convictions, a loyal, consistent Democrat, he was frank and bold to advocate what he deemed to be right on all questions touching the interest and welfare of his fellow-citizens of the community and the State in which he lived.

In 1865 he was married to Miss Amanda Ruth Kendrick, who preceded him some years to the beyond. He leaves four sons and four daughters.

[Sketch sent by S. B. Barron, of Rusk, Tex.]

HENRY C. EDMONDSON.

Among the papers left by the late Henry C. Edmondson, who died at his home, near Brentwood, Tenn., was the following sketch of his military career: "I enlisted in April, 1862, in Dick McCann's squadron. We acted as scouts in Bragg's army till the fall of 1862, and then were scouts for Forrest until the battle of Murfreesboro. While in camp at Laver-gne we were detached and put in the commissary department, under Major Bridgewater, of Martin's Division. After the battle of Murfreesboro we were pickets for four months for Bragg's army, during which time we had control of all the mills between Shelbyville and Columbia. A few days before Bragg fell back we were ordered to Columbia to recruit the command, and after a few days we were ordered to report at Tullahoma. The command advanced and left me in charge of the cattle with no orders. Leaving Columbia, I went to Fayetteville, and from there to New Market, and crossed the Tennessee River at Fort Deposit with one hundred and seventy-five head of cattle. These I left and reported to my command at Chattanooga, which I found destitute of food and the cattle one hundred miles away. I went up on Lookout Mountain and found the finest lot of cattle we had during the war. The command left me at Bridgeport, and I returned for the cattle, taking them to Alexandria, Va., where they became diseased and all died. We had a hard time to feed the army at Alexandria. From there we went to Cartersville, Ga., for a few days until ordered to the front. We were in the battle of Chattanooga, after which we were ordered to Knoxville with Longstreet to capture Burnside, who, however, was reinforced, and made our way through the mountains to North Carolina and Virginia with Burnside in pursuit. Later from Cartersville, Ga., we became rear guard for Bragg's army back to Ken-nesaw Mountain. Major Bridgewater died while there, and Captain Bird took command. Then I was transferred to Hume's command, and we were ordered to Mississippi, remaining but a short time, and were then ordered to report to Coffeeville to get out ties from the Mississippi bottoms. Shortly afterwards the war closed. I was sent to Senatobia, and from there to Memphis, where I was paroled and given transportation home."

HENSON.—G. H. Henson was born in Rockingham County, N. C., in 1832; and died near Stantonville, Tenn., July 26, 1909. He enlisted in Company D, 20th Mississippi Infantry, and served faithfully throughout the war. He was a member of Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, U. C. V., of Shiloh Battle-field, Tenn., and a citizen esteemed by all who knew him. His Church membership extended over nearly fifty years.

JOHN R. WILLIAMS.

John R. Williams, who died at his home, in Mobile, Ala., on June 28, 1909, was a Scotchman by birth and went to Mobile as a young man. From that city he enlisted for the Confederacy as a member of the "Garde Lafayette," organized in Mobile, and was assigned to the 12th Alabama Regiment and served in the Army of Northern Virginia. For conspicuous bravery he was made lieutenant of his company. He was in charge of the brigade sharpshooters, and always at the head of his men in their many perilous engagements. He served to the close at Appomattox.

Comrade Williams possessed unusual histrionic ability, and often used this talent for the benefit of charity, and in other ways as well he gave his time and money for the benefit of others. He was harbor master of Mobile for a number of years, discharging the trying duties of that office with wonderful ability. He was well known throughout the city, and "Jack Williams," as he was affectionately called, is sadly missed.

COL. MARCELLUS POINTER.

On July 10 at the old Atlantic Hotel in New York a man was found dead in one of its rooms, and investigation showed that he had died in great poverty. Beside him on a table was a package of letters which showed him to be Col. Marcellus Pointer, of Holly Springs, Miss., an honored member of the staff of Gen. Joe Wheeler. Several letters from General Wheeler showed the high personal esteem he gave Colonel Pointer and the respect he awarded him for his bravery and brilliant military career. In the pockets of the worn coat were found several pawn tickets. Among them and the latest in date was one for his Confederate cross for distinguished gallantry, showing that he clung to this cross to the very last, and only gave it up when driven by direst necessity. The U. C. V. Camp took the body in charge and gave it military burial.

R. W. TRIBBLE.

Camp N. B. Forrest, of Cedar Bluff, Miss., sends memorial to its late Adjutant, R. W. Tribble, who died on August 24, 1909. He was born in Lowndes County, Miss., in 1847. He served the Confederacy under General Forrest as a member of Capt. Bill Robinson's company, Colonel Duff's regiment, from January, 1864, to April, 1865, receiving an honorable parole at Gainesville, Ala. The community has sustained a distinct loss in his death. He was a consistent Christian and a devoted husband and father.

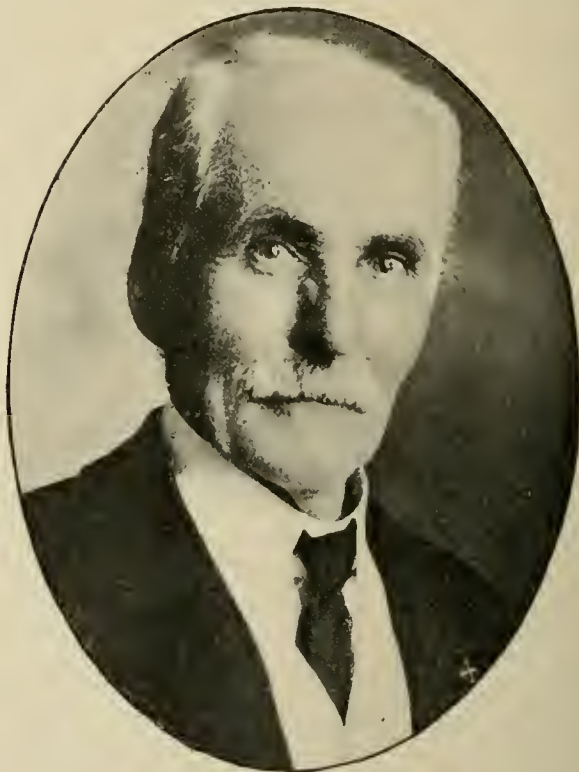
RITCHIE.—James Brown Ritchie was born in Marion County, Tenn., in 1830; and died in McMinnville, Tenn., in August, 1909. He began life as a blacksmith, devoting every spare moment to his education. Later he taught school in his native State. He served during the entire time of the war in the medical and quartermaster departments of the 16th Tennessee Regiment. Afterwards he engaged in business in McMinnville, where he had a large drug store. He was connected with the produce business, and was one of the organizers of the National Bank and the People's Bank of McMinnville. He was big-hearted and generous, and helped many young men to attain a business footing. He leaves a wife and two children.

MITCHELL.—John Mitchell, a leading farmer of the county, dropped dead on the streets of Roanoke, Va., September 17, 1909. He was a Confederate veteran aged seventy-three.

SERGT. H. C. CANTRELL.

H. C. Cantrell was born at Gallatin, Tenn., July 4, 1836; and died at Fort Worth, Tex., April 16, 1909. He was of a prominent family of Gallatin, and he and his three brothers, one of whom was his twin brother Charles, served the Confederacy with creditable records. In 1862 Comrade Cantrell assisted in organizing a company of Confederates at Canton, Miss., known as the Semmes Rifles, with Hugh Love as captain. In March of that year they reported to Gen. A. S. Johnston at Corinth and were assigned to the 9th Mississippi Regiment, becoming Company H. Shortly afterwards Cantrell was appointed ordnance sergeant of his regiment, in which position he served most creditably until the surrender under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

Comrade Cantrell was a resident of Madison County, Miss., until after the war, when he returned to Tennessee for some years, then removed to Texas, settling in Tarrant County.



H. C. CANTRELL.

About five years ago he became a resident of Fort Worth. He was twice married, and leaves a wife, five sons, and four daughters. Faithful to duty in all things, his reward awaits him.

LAST CALL TO S. C. WIGGINS.—As the bugle call rang out for the veterans to fall in line for parade at the Reunion in Charlotte, S. C. Wiggins, a battle-scarred warrior of Whiteville, started to leave the home of his son and join the line. As he did so he fell, and was dead before help reached him. He was sixty-nine years old, and had served with distinction throughout the war.

CHILDRRESS.—Dr. W. A. Childress, one of the pioneers of Atlanta and a brave and faithful soldier of the Confederacy, died in Atlanta in October, 1909. He leaves a wife and three sons.

FREDERICK H. HONOUR.

Frederick H. Honour, sergeant Company A, Washington Light Infantry, 25th South Carolina Infantry, Hagood's Brigade, Hokes's Division, A. N. V., was a native of Charleston, S. C. In early manhood he became a member of the historic Washington Light Infantry, which was organized in 1803, with William Lowndes as captain, whose ranks furnished many officers and men in the several wars since its organization. In 1812 this command was ready for service, as it was in the Seminole War in Florida. It sent some of its best soldiers to the war with Mexico in the Palmetto Regiment. In the war for Southern independence three fully equipped companies were formed from its members—Company A, Hampton Legion, and Companies A and B, 25th South Carolina Volunteers. One major general and two brigadiers were promoted from its ranks and many brave officers of field, line, and staff, and well they served the Confederacy. Four Honour brothers enlisted, and all bore prominent parts from Fort Sumter to the surrender of Averysboro, N. C.

Fred H. Honour rose to the grade of sergeant, and was true to every patriotic duty. The war over, he returned to civil life, and for about thirty years held a responsible position in the Clyde Steamship service. When the State troops were reorganized after the horrors of reconstruction had done their worst for the prostrate State of South Carolina, he again became an active member of the company, and bore in all parades the historic Eutaw flag of Col. William Washington's Revolutionary command, given by his widow to the keeping of the Washington Light Infantry. He was for forty years the treasurer, and three years ago he was presented by the company with a gold medal to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of his membership. Active in all organizations, he was a devoted member of Orange Lodge, No. 14, A. F. M., Treasurer of Camp Sumter, No. 250, U. C. V., and Treasurer and Vestryman of St. Paul's Church, Radcliffeboro, until his death.



FREDERICK H. HONOUR.

Ready to meet his Maker, he died suddenly on August 7, 1909; and as the shades of a beautiful summer evening lowered and the songs of the mocking birds resounded through the deep vistas of live oaks and magnolias, the beautiful promise of resurrection from the dead was declared in the committal service, and with the drooping colors of the Eutaw battle flag and the Confederate colors of Camp Sumter draped and at rest taps, which had so often called this war-worn soldier to rest, again sounded through the cloistered arches of the oaks in Magnolia Cemetery, a fit and solemn requiem over the true Confederate veteran, who will calmly rest with his kindred until the last trump shall sound the reveille to summon him to the presence of his God, whom he served so well.

MAJ. MOSES WADDELL MCKNIGHT.

Maj. Moses W. McKnight, a distinguished officer of Forrest's Cavalry, was born in Cannon County, Tenn., in June, 1833; and died in Waxahachie, Tex., in July, 1900. He was the son of Alexander McKnight and grandson of Moses Wadell, the founder and President of North Carolina University. He practiced law till the beginning of the war. Being of old Whig stock, he opposed secession; but said in the last Union speech made in Nashville before the secession of Tennessee that he would follow his State whatever she did and would fight for her to the end.

He enlisted as a private in Capt. T. M. Allison's company of the 1st Battalion and was elected sergeant major, and when his company reenlisted he was made captain, his company becoming C of the Tennessee Regiment of Cavalry, which was part of the brigade of General Bell. Leading his regiment as temporary commander in the battle of Okolona, Miss., he was shot in the breast, but did not leave the field. He was again wounded by having his head crushed by a chimney falling on him, the chimney being knocked down by a shell from the enemy. He had his leg shattered in the battle of Harrisburg, and was so disabled that he could not accept his promotion as colonel of his regiment.

CAPT. W. H. HARGROVE.

Capt. W. H. Hargrove was born in Davidson County, N. C., in 1844. He enlisted in Knoxville, Tenn., as a private in Company H, 26th Tennessee, and was transferred to the 1st Georgia, Company K. He was elected second lieutenant, and served till the surrender. He was wounded twice at Chickamauga and once at Atlanta, and was paroled from prison in June, 1865. He assisted in laying out Chickamauga Park, and donated the ground on which stands the monument to the Tennessee cavalry. He died May 9, 1909.

EAST.—Thomas J. East was born in 1843, and died at the Old Soldiers' Home in Tennessee in September, 1909. In 1861 he enlisted in Company C, 32d Tennessee Infantry. He was wounded and captured at Fort Donelson in February, 1862, and held in prison at Camp Morton until his exchange in September of that year, when he rejoined his regiment. He was in many of the hottest battles of the war.

JOHNSON.—George W. Johnson died at Locust Grove, Ga., in August, 1909, aged seventy-one. The funeral was conducted by the pastor of the Baptist Church from Atlanta, and his pallbearers were selected from his comrades in service in the Civil War. He served with distinction in Cobb's Legion, Company C. He was twice a member of the Georgia Legislature. He leaves a wife and three children.

GEN. M. C. BUTLER.

Gen. Mathew C. Butler, of Edgefield, S. C., was elected to the Legislature of his native State at the age of twenty-three; at twenty-five he left for the seat of war in Virginia as captain of the Edgefield Hussars. A year later he was made colonel of the 2d Carolina. At the head of this regiment he lost a leg at the fight at Brandy Station. As soon as he could ride he returned to the army and was made brigadier, and at the age of twenty-seven he won his spurs as major general. He was at the head of the First Division, with Gen. Wade Hampton in command of the Second Division, which made the celebrated coup which prevented Sheridan from cutting off Lee's army from their supplies at Gordonsville and Charlottesville, and the purposed destruction of Lynchburg East was prevented by this division.

General Butler was in command of the division which attacked the camp of General Kilpatrick, surprised and put them to rout, and took a number of prisoners. After the war he did noble work through the dark days of reconstruction. He went as major general of the Second Army Corps to Cuba in the war with Spain. On the death of General Butler, in 1909, the Confederate Memorial Association of the District of Columbia passed the following resolution of great respect:

"Resolved, That in the death of General Butler South Carolina has lost a devoted son, faithful in weal or woe, one chosen by nature for the courage which in whatever danger scorns to fly; that the societies of Confederate veterans have lost from their rolls a distinguished captain of their cause, and that the members of this Camp share the general sorrow for one so fitted to command in war or peace."

NEAL.—Robert B. Neal was born in Choctaw County, Miss., in August, 1834; and died at the Tennessee Soldiers' Home in 1909. He enlisted in the Confederate army in May, 1861, and served faithfully till May, 1865. He was wounded in the battle of Chickamauga. He was buried at the Home. He leaves three children.

REED.—Monroe Reed was born in December, 1839; and died in September, 1909. He served in Company D, 1st Georgia. He was wounded in the battle of Chickamauga and captured in the battle of Nashville, and was held as a prisoner till the end of the war. He ever continued faithful to the cause he served.

BILBO.—Thomas Bilbo was born in Heard County, Ga., in 1822; and died August 5, 1909. He served throughout the war in Company B, 66th Georgia, and was imprisoned at Camp Douglas, near Chicago, and paroled at the surrender. He was a good soldier and a faithful citizen.

COL. R. B. SNOWDEN.

Robert Bogardus Snowden was born in New York in April, 1836; and died in the St. Charles Hotel, Atlantic City, in October, 1909.

The home of Gen. Robert Bogardus, the father of Robert Snowden's mother, was situated on Broadway, New York, on the site where the St. Nicholas was afterwards built, and it was here that Robert Snowden was born, who was legally a Tennessean, as his father was of that State.

He was reared and educated in Tennessee till large enough to enter the Military Academy in Kentucky, where he was under that strict disciplinarian, Gen. Bushrod Johnson. He was in business in Nashville when the war began, and he at once enlisted, being made adjutant of the 1st Tennessee Regiment in 1861. In 1862 Gen. Bushrod Johnson made him assistant adjutant general of his brigade, and in 1863 he was

made lieutenant colonel in the 25th Tennessee Regiment, in which he did valiant service, leading his regiment into the hottest of battles with dauntless courage. He made a brilliant record in the battle of Chickamauga, where by an expert maneuver he took a Yankee battery in the flank and captured it and its guard of a regiment of infantry. He was publicly complimented by his commanding general for this daring feat.



COL. R. B. SNOWDEN.

Colonel Snowden was with General Johnson in Virginia, and assisted in all the arduous service around Petersburg.

After the war he went into a very successful business venture in New York. In 1868 he married Miss Annie Brinkley, one of the richest heiresses in Tennessee. She was a granddaughter of Judge John Overton.

Colonel Snowden was very successful in all his business affairs, which he conducted on the strictest principles of honesty and carefulness to detail. At his death he was estimated to be worth from four to five million.

His home life was as successful as his financial career, and it was brightened by several children, who survive him. As a boy, young man, soldier, and business man Colonel Snowden amply filled every requirement, and his life was rounded out by his beautiful Christian death. His body was interred in Elmwood Cemetery, Memphis.

MRS. SUSAN WINTER LYON.

The sad and sudden death of Mrs. Susan Winter Lyon in Nashville, Tenn., on April 8, 1909, caused by fire, was a great shock to her family and to a wide circle of devoted friends.

She was the daughter of the late William Hooe Winter, of Grenada, Miss. Near this little city on one of her father's cotton plantations she was born, but was removed to Grenada in infancy and was reared there.

She was descended from Virginia and Maryland colonial

stock. Her father's mother was a daughter of Henry Washington, son of Baily Washington, and a brother of William Augustine Washington, renowned in the War of the Revolution, who was awarded a silver medal by Congress for gallantry in the battle of Cowpens as captain of troopers. He was later a brigadier general. Her paternal great-grandfather Winter, of Maryland, was also captain in General Washington's army.

Her father, W. H. Winter, was a half-cousin of Admiral Raphael Semmes, the mother of the Admiral being a half-sister of Mr. Winter's father. Capt. Isaac Newton Brown, of the Confederate States navy, who built the ram Arkansas on the Yazoo River and, descending, wrought single-handed great consternation in the Federal fleet at Vicksburg in 1863, was an own uncle of Mrs. Lyon. Her oldest brother (half-brother), Col. Samuel B. Elliott, was a member of Gen. Joe Wheeler's staff, and his sister was the wife of Gen. Walter S. Statham, the first colonel of the famous 15th Mississippi Regiment. A younger brother joined Gen. N. B. Forrest when in his sixteenth year and faithfully served till the end of the war.

With this martial ancestry and militant home environment it was but natural that this spirited young girl, then in her early teens, should have been thoroughly imbued with the cotton belt sentiment of the sixties. She was therefore intensely Confederate in every aspect, and as long as she lived refused to be entirely "reconstructed."

In December, 1874, she was united in marriage to Dr. A. A. Lyon, of Columbus, Miss., later of Shreveport, La., and now of Nashville. To them five children were born, three sons and two daughters, all of whom survive the mother except the youngest, a daughter, who died early in 1906 in the eighteenth year of her age. Dr. Lyon, her husband, entered the Confederate service in the medical department in September, 1861, was a surgeon in the Army of Northern Virginia, and was with General Lee at the surrender at Appomattox.

Mrs. Lyon was a woman of rare refinement, of vigorous intellect, and great strength of character. She was a conscientious Christian, a close Bible student, an active Church worker, and a special friend of the poor. She was a faithful and devoted wife and a most watchful, painstaking, and self-sac-



MRS. SUSAN WINTER LYON.

rificing mother. She was a member of the Bate Chapter, U. D. C., and of the First Presbyterian Church of Nashville.

The untimely death of this good and useful woman is not only a grievous stroke to the bereaved husband and children, but a loss to the entire community in which she lived.

JOHN B. REAGAN.

John B. Reagan, a member of Ross-Ector Camp, U. C. V., No. 513, of Rusk, Tex., and Superintendent of the Confederate Home at Austin, Tex., died at the home of his son, Dr. John H. Reagan, in Nacogdoches County, Tex., September 24, 1909.



JOHN B. REAGAN.

He was buried in the City Cemetery at Rusk, Tex. He was born in Blount County, Tenn., on March 13, 1843, and came with his father, Richard B. Reagan, to Cherokee County, Tex., in 1855.

He was mustered into the Confederate army as a private in Company C, 3d Texas Cavalry, at Dallas, Tex., in June, 1861, in which command he served faithfully and gallantly, being in many hard battles until the surrender. The regiment served successively in the brigades of Gen. Ben McCullough, Gen. J. W. Whitfield, and Gen. L. S. Ross.

John B. Reagan was a nephew of Judge John H. Reagan, Postmaster General of the Confederate States. After the close of the war, the first public service in which he engaged was as deputy sheriff, and as such he collected the taxes of Cherokee County under his father, who was Sheriff and Tax Collector, after which he was elected Sheriff of his county, and served in that capacity altogether for fourteen years. He was the superintendent of the penitentiary at Rusk for four years during Governor Lanham's administration, and from the beginning of Governor Campbell's administration had been Superintendent of the Confederate Home at Austin, which office he held at the time of his death. He was married to Miss Mary Ann Dossett on October 27, 1868, and is survived by his wife and two sons, Dr. John H. and Forrest Reagan, both of Nacogdoches, Tex., and both worthy sons of a noble sire.

[Sketch by James R. Gibson, of Rusk, Tex.]

CONFEDERATE REUNION AT CLARKSVILLE.

The Association of Confederate Soldiers in Tennessee, Bivouacs and Camps, met in reunion at Clarksville October 13, several hundred being present. The city was handsomely decorated in honor of the event, and everything imaginable was done for their pleasure.

Reports were made by special Pension Examiner Capt. Frank Moss, giving the number of applications for pensions during the last year and the vacancies on the roll made by death. A most satisfactory report from the Old Soldiers' Home was also made. The election of officers followed: J. T. Williamson, Columbia, President; J. P. Hanner, Franklin, and Judge C. W. Tyler, Clarksville, Vice Presidents; J. P. Hickman, Nashville, Secretary and Treasurer; Rev. J. H. McNeilly, Nashville, Chaplain; J. B. Armstrong, Sergeant-at-Arms.

United States Senator James B. Frazier addressed them in the afternoon, and his speech contained many beautiful tributes to the noble dead who died in the cause—thought gems for the casket of memory.

In the afternoon the Camps held their reunion, and the utmost harmony prevailed. After the business several able addresses were made. Gen. George W. Gordon, Commander of the Army of the Tennessee Department, U. C. V., and now a member of Congress, was a leading speaker. His expression of regret that the South failed in its contention during the sixties was approved most heartily. He declared that it was an outrage upon the South to assume that her statesmen and people would have failed to make proper advance in the civilization and elevation of mankind and that the slavery question and adjustment of sectional differences would not have been properly made.

Both days of the Reunion elaborate dinners were served to all present, and the last day of the meeting was marked by a large entertainment, the offering of the hospitable Daughters of the Confederacy in Clarksville.

KENTUCKY DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY IN CONVENTION.

—In October the Kentucky Division, U. D. C., assembled in convention in Hopkinsville, and in harmonious deliberation attended to the business of the body and elected officers for the ensuing year, the roster being: Mrs. L. M. Blakemore, President; Mrs. Andrew Broadus, Mrs. J. D. Sory, Mrs. James Koyer, Vice Presidents; Miss Mamie Geary, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Charles Meacham, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Peter Thornton, Historian; Miss Lena Benton, Registrar; Mrs. Mattie Bruce Reynolds, Chaplain; Mrs. E. H. Marriott, Vice Chaplain; Mrs. W. N. Escott, Treasurer. The local chapter were hostesses, and gave delightful entertainment to the visitors. Louisville was chosen as the next place of meeting.

CONFEDERATE REUNION AT BRISTOL.—Bristol, Tenn., in September was the jolly scene of a reunion between two hundred old veterans and their friends. They had several interesting addresses, much inspiring music, and such a dinner as was never pictured even in the dreams of these same men in war times. This is the fourteenth reunion of the local Camp, and the spirit of good comradeship seems to grow with every meeting.

TEXAS DIVISION, U. D. C., TO MEET IN CONVENTION.—The Texas Division, U. D. C., will meet for the fourteenth annual convention at Brownwood December 6.

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MONTH ENDING SEPTEMBER 30, 1909.

Receipts.

Junius Daniel Chapter, No. 600, U. D. C., Weldon, N. C., \$5. Mrs. Thomas S. Bocoek, Director for Virginia, \$2. Contributed by Warren Rifles Chapter, No. 934, U. D. C., Front Royal, Va.

Mrs. J. B. Gantt, Director for Missouri, \$30. Contributed by Sterling Price Chapter, U. D. C., St. Joseph, Mo., \$5; M. A. E. McLure Chapter, No. 119, U. D. C., St. Louis, Mo., \$25.

Mrs. Clementine Boles, Director for Arkansas, \$5. Contributed by J. F. Fagan Chapter, No. 1209, U. D. C., Benton, Ark.

Mrs. J. W. Tench, Director for Florida, \$3. Contributed by Gen. William Loring Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, St. Augustine, Fla.

Mrs. J. B. Roberdean, Chairman State Committee Texas Division, \$41. Contributed by Baylor College Chapter, No. 726, U. D. C., Belton, Tex., \$5; Carrie Hancock Chapter, No. 935, U. D. C., Oakwood, Tex., \$1; May West Chapter, No. 26, U. D. C., Waco, Tex., \$10; Emma Gray Cobbs Chapter, No. 1062, U. D. C., Engleton, Tex., \$10; Navarro Chapter, No. 108, U. D. C., Corsicana, Tex., \$10; Mrs. Fannie Halbert, Corsicana, Tex., \$5.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocoek, Director for Virginia, \$29.82. Contributed by Scottsville Chapter, No. 1167, U. D. C., Scottsville, Va., \$3.82; Kirkwood-Otey Chapter, No. 10, U. D. C., Lynchburg, Va., \$25; sale of ribbons, \$1.

Brooksville Chapter, No. 71, U. D. C., Brooksville, Fla., \$5.

Mrs. J. W. Clapp, Director for Tennessee, \$95. Contributed by Joe Wheeler Chapter, No. 1077, U. D. C., Stanton, Tenn., \$5; W. B. Bate Chapter, No. 245, U. D. C., Nashville, Tenn., \$10; M. C. McCory Chapter, No. 5, U. D. C., Jackson, Tenn., \$10; Baker Lemon Chapter, No. 51, U. D. C., Covington, Tenn., \$5; R. E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Humboldt, Tenn., \$5; Sarah Law Chapter, No. 110, U. D. C., Memphis, Tenn., \$50; Ab Dinwiddie Chapter, No. 613, U. D. C., McKenzie, Tenn., \$10.

Fincastle Chapter, No. 797, U. D. C., Fincastle, Va., \$5.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, \$23. Contributed by Blackoak Chapter, No. 73, U. D. C., Pinopolis, S. C., \$1; Abbeville Chapter, No. 62, U. D. C., Abbeville, S. C., \$5; Wade Hampton Chapter, No. 29, U. D. C., Columbia, S. C., \$5; R. A. Waller Chapter, No. 687, U. D. C., Greenwood, S. C., \$5; Michael Brice Chapter, No. 1029, U. D. C., Blackstock, S. C., \$2; Pickens Chapter, No. 656, U. D. C., Pickens, S. C., \$5.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocoek, Director for Virginia, \$12. Contributed by W. R. Terry Chapter, No. 580, U. D. C., Bedford City, Va.

Mrs. Helen M. G. Paul, Acting Director for Minnesota, \$15. Contributed by R. E. Lee Chapter, No. 1131, U. D. C., Minneapolis, Minn., \$5; Mrs. F. L. Burnett, Minneapolis, Minn., \$3.75; Mrs. C. L. Bouton, Minneapolis, Minn., \$1; Mrs. Robert Fitch, Minneapolis, Minn., \$3; discount from the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, \$1.25; a Virginian, \$1.

Mrs. J. D. Roberdean, Chairman State Committee Texas Division, \$19. Contributed by Capt. E. S. Rugely Chapter, No. 542, U. D. C., Bay City, Tex., \$5; X. B. DeBray Chapter, No. 303, U. D. C., Lockhart, Tex., \$14.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, \$30. Contributed by Calvin Crozier Chapter, U. D. C., Newberry, S. C., \$25; Ellison Capers Chapter, No. 70, U. D. C., Florence, S. C., \$3; Mary Ann Buie Chapter, No. 61, U. D. C., Johnston, S. C., \$2.

Mrs. J. B. Gantt, Director for Missouri, \$65. Contributed by Kansas City Chapter, No. 149, U. D. C., Kansas City, Mo., \$25; Cape Girardeau Chapter, No. 629, U. D. C., Cape Girardeau, Mo., \$10; McDonald Chapter, No. 630, U. D. C., Sedalia, Mo., \$5; Mrs. E. D. Hornbrook, Kansas City, Mo., \$25.

Mrs. Elijah Conklin, Director for Nebraska, \$1.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Director for Virginia, \$236. Contributed by Mary Custis Lee Chapter, No. 7, U. D. C., Alexandria, Va., \$30; Carolina Chapter, No. 166, U. D. C., Croxton, Va., \$5; sale of ribbons, \$2; Mrs. T. R. Hardaway, member State Committee, \$46; miscellaneous collections, \$53; Seventeenth Virginia Regiment Chapter, No. 41, U. D. C., Alexandria, Va., \$100.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, \$16. Contributed by Cheraw Chapter, No. 84, U. D. C., Cheraw, S. C., \$11; Lancaster Chapter, No. 462, U. D. C., Lancaster, S. C., \$2.50; John Braxton Chapter, No. 929, U. D. C., Wimbisboro, S. C., \$2.50.

Mrs. I. W. Faison, Director for North Carolina, \$122.11. Contributed by Guilford Chapter, No. 301, U. D. C., Greensboro, N. C., \$1.41; J. L. Carr Chapter, No. 355, U. D. C., Durham, N. C., \$20; Albemarle Chapter, No. 1023, U. D. C., Albemarle, N. C., \$2.50; Faison-Hicks Chapter, No. 539, U. D. C., Faison, N. C., \$5; W. A. Allen Chapter, No. 936, U. D. C., Kenansville, N. C., \$1; Hertford County Chapter, U. D. C., Winton, N. C., \$1; Anson County Chapter, No. 357, U. D. C., Wadesboro, N. C., \$1.09; Mrs. I. W. Faison, Charlotte, N. C., \$6; Cleveland Guards Chapter, No. 443, U. D. C., Shelby, N. C., \$2; Mecklenburg Camp, U. C. V., Charlotte, N. C., \$25; Graham Chapter, No. 944, U. D. C., Graham, N. C., \$1; Jackson Chapter, No. 220, U. D. C., Charlotte, N. C., \$28 (collected by Miss Dixie Alexander, \$18; collected by Mrs. Burkheimer, \$10); J. B. Gordon Chapter, No. 211, U. D. C., Winston-Salem, N. C., \$25; Brierfield Chapter, U. D. C., Brierfield, N. C., \$1.11; Julia Jackson Children's Auxiliary, Charlotte, \$2.

Mrs. J. A. Rounsaville, Director for Georgia, \$170. Contributed by Rome Chapter, No. 28, U. D. C., Rome, Ga., \$10; Charlotte Carson Chapter, No. 1140, U. D. C., Tifton, Ga., \$5; Newnan Chapter, No. 599, U. D. C., Newnan, Ga., \$2.50; Ida Evans Eve Chapter, No. 137, U. D. C., Thomson, Ga., \$5; C. A. Evans Chapter, No. 138, U. D. C., Brunswick, Ga., \$1; Conyers Chapter, No. 760, U. D. C., Conyers, Ga., \$1; McIntosh County Chapter, No. 438, U. D. C., Darien, Ga., \$4; O. C. Horn Chapter, No. 282, U. D. C., Hawkinsville, Ga., \$2; Liberty County Chapter, No. 480, U. D. C., Hinesville, Ga., \$2; LaGrange Chapter, No. 121, U. D. C., LaGrange, Ga., \$1.50; R. E. Lee Chapter, No. 1157, U. D. C., College Park, Ga., \$2; Mitchell Kidd, a Georgia grandson living in Alabama, \$1; Mrs. W. S. Coleman, Cedartown, Ga., \$5; Rosemont Chapter, No. 1147, U. D. C., Chamcey, Ga., \$1; C. D. Anderson Chapter, No. 658, U. D. C., Fort Valley, Ga., \$10; Henry County Chapter, No. 921, U. D. C., McDonough, Ga., \$2.50; Gen. Joe Wheeler Chapter, No. 980, U. D. C., Stockbridge, Ga., \$1; Statesboro Chapter, No. 100, U. D. C., Statesboro, Ga., \$1; Stonewall Jackson Chapter, No. 1026, U. D. C., Cuthbert, Ga., \$2; Vienna Chapter, No. 1097, U. D. C., Vienna, Ga., \$2.50; Phil Cook Chapter, No. 451, U. D. C., Montezuma, Ga., \$1; Savannah Chapter, No. 2, U. D. C., Savannah, Ga., \$10; R. E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Milledgeville, Ga., \$2; two veterans, Brunswick, Ga., \$1; Alice Beale Matthews Chapter, No. 576, U. D. C., Talbotton, Ga., \$1; John B. Gordon Chapter, No. 778, U. D. C., Louisville, Ga., \$2; Ladies' Memorial Association, Atlanta, Ga., \$10; Sarah E. Hornaday Chapter, No. 884, U. D. C., Ellaville, Ga., \$1; Newnan Chapter, No.

28, U. D. C., Newnan, Ga., \$2.50; Helen Plane Chapter, No. 711, U. D. C., Canton, Ga., \$10; Cordele Chapter, No. 793, U. D. C., Cordele, Ga., \$5; Margaret Jones Chapter, No. 27, U. D. C., Wayne, Ga., \$5; Wayside Home Chapter, No. 1030, U. D. C., Millin, Ga., \$5; Laura Rutherford Chapter, No. 88, U. D. C., Athens, Ga., \$5; Agnes Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Pelham, Ga., \$2.50; Atlanta Chapter, No. 189, U. D. C., Decatur, Ga., \$5; Sereven County Chapter, No. 1086, U. D. C., Atlanta, Ga., \$10.

Mrs. J. W. Tench, Director for Florida, \$1. Contributed by Sister Esther Carlotta, St. Augustine, Fla.

Mrs. Chappell Cory, Director for Alabama, \$91.76. Contributed by Cradle of the Confederacy Chapter, No. 94, U. D. C., Montgomery, Ala., 12; Tusculumbia Chapter, No. 201, U. D. C., Tusculumbia, Ala., \$5; Tuskegee Chapter, No. 419, U. D. C., Tuskegee, Ala., \$2; R. E. Rhodes Chapter, No. 64, U. D. C., Tuscaloosa, Ala., \$5; Florence Chapter, No. 309, U. D. C., Florence, Ala., \$7.76; Mildred Lee Chapter, No. 894, U. D. C., Sheffield, Ala., \$25; James Canty Chapter, No. 548, U. D. C., Seale, Ala., \$2; William L. Yancey Chapter, No. 722, U. D. C., Birmingham, Ala., \$13; Dixie Chapter, No. 20, U. D. C., Montgomery, Ala., \$20.

Percy S. Edmunds, Washington, D. C., \$3.

Mrs. Thomas Ashby Blythe, Director for Pennsylvania, \$50. Contributed by Philadelphia Chapter, No. 972, U. D. C., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Florence D. Johnston, Director for California, \$5. Contributed by Jefferson Davis Chapter, No. 540, U. D. C., San Francisco, Cal.

Capt. John M. Hickey, Chairman Arlington Memorial Day (1909) Exercises, balance after payment of expenses, \$616.40.

Balance on hand September 30, 1909, \$13,140.94.

Expended nothing.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENTS.

Since publishing the lists of Confederate monuments in the October VETERAN several letters have been received giving information of additional ones. This was expected, and it is desired that all be reported. There should be a report of every monument erected to Confederates in existence. There is a monument at Port Gibson, Miss., one at Greenville (report of which awaits a photograph), and one at Clarksdale. All of these are handsome shafts, erected by the U. D. C. of the respective counties. Chester, S. C., has a sixty-two-foot granite shaft, surmounted by cannon balls, erected on the Public Square by the Chester Chapter, U. D. C. Cartersville, Ga., has two handsome monuments, costing several thousand dollars. One was erected by the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the other by the Ladies' Memorial Association before the U. D. C. was organized. Both are in the cemetery near Cassville. Cartersville has a new cemetery in which is located the monument to Maj. Charles H. Smith ("Bill Arp"). Tuskegee, Ala., has a monument to the Confederate dead, which was unveiled October 6, 1909, with appropriate ceremonies, including fine speeches, good music, and a luxurious dinner. Wadesboro, S. C., has a monument of stone, surmounted by a figure of the typical private soldier. The three thousand dollars for this monument was raised by general subscription.

The annual reunion of Co. G, 32d Tennessee Regiment, was held at Lewisburg, Tenn., with a number of this gallant band in attendance. An interesting program of exercises was observed.



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Confederate officer, containing the letter of his
lawyer, a full account of Andersonville Prison,
and a letter published at time of the trial by a
Federal officer, a prisoner at Andersonville,
completely exonerating Wirz.

This compilation deserves to be preserved in
permanent form. It will be read with breath-
less interest.—*The Christian Observer*, Septem-
ber 2, 1908. Price, 35 cents. Address
S. W. ASHE, 628 Hillsboro St., Raleigh, N. C.

H. H. Russell of Orange, Tex., is
anxious to hear from his old army com-
rade, Frank McDonald, who enlisted in
Company B, 4th Texas Cavalry, of Gen.
Tom Green's brigade, from DeWitt
County, Tex.

Mrs. E. A. Barbee, of McClenny, Fla.,
desires to secure some information of
Isaiah Barbee, who was in the Confed-
erate army, and in the summer of 1864
was at Camp Jackson, near Mary's
River, from which place he was sent to
Georgia, South Carolina, and then into
North Carolina, and died near Rocking-
ham, N. C.

H. H. Moore, of Waynesboro, Miss.,
seeks information of his brother, P. P.
Moore, of Company C, 21st Mississippi
Regiment, who enlisted at Brookhaven,
Miss., in 1861 with Captain Brooks's
company. When last heard of he had
left Point Lookout Prison. He was a
son of Robert and Sarah Moore, of
Brookhaven, Miss.

M. Tebbitts, Company H, 15th Maine,
Bangor, Maine, has a New Testament
that he picked up near a dead Confed-
erate in the battle of Pleasant Hill, La.
On a fly leaf of the little book is writ-
ten: "Alfus L. Robertson, Co. D, 12th
Ga. Regt. If I am found dead on the
battlefield, you will confer a favor on
Mrs. Frances Robertson, my mother, by
notifying her of the same. Address her
at Cuthbert, Randolph Co., Ga." Com-
rade Tebbitts has written as the inscrip-
tion suggests, but gets no response. He
would like to place the book with some
relative who would value and preserve it.

J. B. Beck, of Center, Tex., inquires
if there are any comrades living who
knew Harrison Childs, of Company C,
2d Arkansas Cavalry, Elliott's Company,
Cockran's Regiment, and Benjamin Bul-
lard, of Company A, 46th North Caro-
lina Regiment. Charlie or C. S. Baker,
whose first year's service was under E.
Kirby Smith, reenlisted under John H.
Morgan, and served with that command
to the close of the war. Comrade Baker
is dead and his widow wishes to estab-
lish her claim to a pension, as do the
other two comrades mentioned. Any in-
formation of their service will be ap-
preciated.

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Act, June 30, 1906. Serial number, 1093.

Mrs. M. E. Lear, of Poplar Bluff, Mo.,
wants to know if there are still surviv-
ing any of the soldiers who left Pal-
myra, Mo., with the first company which
left there. She is the widow of Jere-
miah J. Lear, who was a member of
that company—perhaps a lieutenant—
and was in Price's command, though
later he went into the artillery. She
will appreciate hearing from any com-
rades who can give information of his
life as a soldier.

C. W. Trice, of Lexington, N. C., Box
25, makes inquiry for an old Confed-
erate soldier named Painter, who belonged
to a North Carolina regiment (thinks
it was the 49th) and who was wounded
in the battle of Resaca, Ga., in July,
1864, and was in the hospital at Greens-
boro, Ga. These comrades were in the
hospital together, where Comrade Trice
had been sent after losing his left hand
in the battle of Kennesaw Mountain.
He belonged to Company A, 7th Texas
Regiment.



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O. H. STOKES,

Mohawk, Florida.

Mrs. Sarah F. Kendrick, of Clayton, Ala., inquires for any survivors of the war who knew her husband, Maj. John W. Kendrick, who was inspector general of General Anderson's brigade, Hardee's Corps, Smith's Division, and was paroled at Macon, Ga., in June, 1865. She needs two witnesses to prove his service.

Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, of West Point, Miss., Historian of the Mississippi Division, U. D. C., writes as to the value of the VETERAN as an advertising medium, saying: "We have had great results from our advertisement. Orders have come from twenty States, and all say: 'We saw the advertisement in the VETERAN.'"

M. C. Rownd, of Springfield, La., wishes to locate the sword of his uncle, William George Richardson, who was sergeant major of the 16th Louisiana Volunteers. He was wounded at Shiloh and died the next day. Lieutenant Staggs assisted him off the field. Mr. Rownd would be glad to hear from any one who may know anything of the sword.

William Gay Harris was aid-de-camp to Gen. Gustavus W. Smith, commanding the 1st Georgia Reserves, of which Dr. William F. Holt was surgeon. They were in the battles of Griswoldville and Lake City. The daughter of Comrade Harris, who enlisted from Macon, Ga., is anxious for further information of her father's service, especially as to his company and regiment. Address Mrs. C. J. O'Farrell, 178 Childs Street, Athens, Ga.

E. B. Dorris, of Huckaby, Tex., Rural Route No. 1, Box 5, wishes to hear from any surviving comrades of his command. He says he enlisted at Jefferson, Tex., under Captain Cameron; went to Bowling Green, Ky., and joined the 9th Kentucky Infantry, Company H; served two years with the Kentucky troops, and was then transferred to the 32d Texas Regiment of Dismounted Cavalry, Company I, Ector's Brigade of French's Division, Army of Tennessee. He was in the battles of Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Baton Rouge, with Johnston at Atlanta, Hood into Tennessee, and fought in the battles of Franklin and Nashville. He was then sent to Mobile, Ala., and was captured at Fort Blakeley and sent to Ship Island, where he was kept a prisoner until the close of the war.



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Those who love the South and her brave old veterans have desired for many years to have their courage, their devotion, their unmatched heroism, and the home life of their families crystallized on canvas. After nearly a half century this has just been done. Gilbert Gaul, of New York, was employed several years ago, and has now finished the series. It is called **With the Confederate Colors, 1861-5**, and consists of six paintings, as follows:

No. 1. Leaving Home.—Shows a typical Southern interior of the period. A lad is telling his home folks good-by. One sees the newspaper fallen to the floor, the favorite bird dog pleading infinitely with his eye, the father, mother, sister, slaves—all done as if a photograph had been magically turned into colors.

No. 2. Tidings.—A pretty Southern girl is reading a letter from the front to the groups of women and slaves. A grandfather bends forward eagerly to listen, and a wounded soldier on furlough forgets his bandaged arm as he hears tidings from the firing line. A beautiful and touching picture.

No. 3. Waiting for Dawn.—A camp fire scene. The snow covers the ground. A farmhouse burns in the distance. The "enemy's" battle line glows on the horizon. A masterpiece.

No. 4. The Picket and the Forager.—Companion pieces sold as one picture. The first shows a lonely picket on duty. The second presents a bread- and chicken-laden forager returning to camp after a day's excursion.

No. 5. Betting on the Flag.—The boys in blue are backing their cause with a pile of coffee in a social game of cards between the lines. Southern tobacco is the bet of the "Johnny Rebs" that the bars will be victorious. One of the most popular of the series.

Mr. Gaul's strong brush has portrayed with much realism, not their bitterness and recriminations, but their magnificent motive, their magnanimous courage, their unmatched devotion. Those who love the real values of the Old South will prize these pictures beyond price, and indeed they should appeal to every intelligent American, man or woman.

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D. B. Flowers, of Lone Oak, Tex., writes that he is anxious to establish his identity as a member of the 1st Arkansas Brigade, also known as Humphrey's Battery. His company, Battery A, was organized at Fort Smith, Ark.

W. A. Jones, of Gorman, Tex., Rural Route No. 5, wishes the address of any survivors of Company G, 10th Confederate Cavalry of Georgia, as he needs to prove his army service in order to get a pension.

Mrs. A. L. Vucovich, 204 Intendencia Street, Pensacola, Fla., wishes to secure information of Alexander L. Vucovich, or Alex O'Neill (after his stepfather), who presumably enlisted in Hood's Cavalry.

A. S. Bennett, of Paris, Ark., would like to get in communication with some members of the 6th Georgia Infantry, especially of Company B, which company was from Dade County, Ga., under Capt. John G. Hannah.

C. C. Fraser, of Alachua, Fla., Box 152, would like to know of any surviving members of his company, which was H. Capt. John Bradford, of the 1st Regiment Engineering Troops. The company was made up of men from different States.

Thomas Boyd, of Decatur, Tex., who served as captain of Company B, 1st Mississippi Infantry, and was one of the "Immortal Six Hundred," would like to hear from any survivors of that brave body of men, and makes special inquiry for F. W. Basonett, who was lieutenant of a Mississippi regiment.

Mrs. Margaret Hill, of Elizabeth City, N. C., wishes to secure information of her husband's service for the Confederacy. James R. Hill enlisted in Arkansas and was captain of a company of cavalry which fought along the lines of the Western frontier. She does not know under whose command he fought.

W. R. Hale, of Hector, Ark., makes inquiry for some of his prison comrades. He was a member of Company I, 3d Arkansas Cavalry, and was captured on the 29th of December, 1863, near Morristown, Tenn., and taken to jail at Knoxville, where he was kept for ten days. He was then sent down to Loudon, put on the boat and taken to Bridgeport, Ala., thence to Nashville, Tenn., to Louisville, Ky., and to Barrack No. 1 at Rock Island, Ill. He was released from prison and taken to Richmond in March, 1865. While in prison at Knoxville he became acquainted with a Mr. Dodd, from Texas, who was under sentence as a spy, and of whom he wishes to learn something.

Is afflicted with SORE EYES Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

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Gen. George A. Woodward, U. S. A., of Washington, D. C., wishes to get the address if living of the chief quartermaster of Gen. D. H. Hill or perhaps Gen. A. P. Hill, whose name was either Roberts or Rogers and who ranked as major. When General Woodward was severely wounded at Seven Pines, this quartermaster was very kind to him, and he would like even at this late day to thank him or his family.

M. W. Moore, of Dunedin, Fla., wishes to secure the war record of his father, George W. Moore, who, he thinks, may have been mustered in at Fincastle, Va., and who served in Pickett's Division. He entered the service late in the war, and probably belonged to the Virginia Reserves. He may be on the record as George W. M. Moore. Any information will be appreciated.

If any members of John B. Clark's 9th Missouri Infantry or of Company D, Buster's Battalion of Arkansas Cavalry, can testify that S. F. Duffie served in the Confederate army, please notify his widow, Mrs. Rebecca A. Duffie, of Gatesville, Tex.

John P. Perkins, now living at Hasse, Comanche County, Tex., desires very much to hear from some old comrades who served with him during the war, with a view of establishing his Confederate record so as to secure a pension. He enlisted in Living Parish, La., in 1862, in Company G, 9th Louisiana Regiment, under Captain Singletary. He was in the second battle of Manassas and in the Seven Days' fighting about Richmond, and was at home on sick furlough when the war ended. Comrade Perkins is now seventy-nine years old and nearly blind.

Dr. A. B. Gardner, of Denison, Tex., writes that the widow of John L. McDade, who enlisted, she thinks, at Knoxville, Tenn., in 1861 and served to the end, wishes to secure a pension, and will appreciate hearing from any surviving comrades who can give some information of his service. It is thought that he was in the Virginia Army.

B. C. Oberthier, of Company D, 14th Texas, Ector's Brigade, French's Division, Stewart's Corps, now at Henderson, Tex., Rural Route No. 4, makes inquiry for a pair of saddlebags lost during the war. They were of red leather and had his name on the seat. When General Hood started into Tennessee, the order was to put the crippled men to driving the ambulances, and the man who took Comrade Oberthier's place as driver threw away the saddlebags which he now seeks to locate.

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Vol. XVII.

DECEMBER, 1909.

No. 12.

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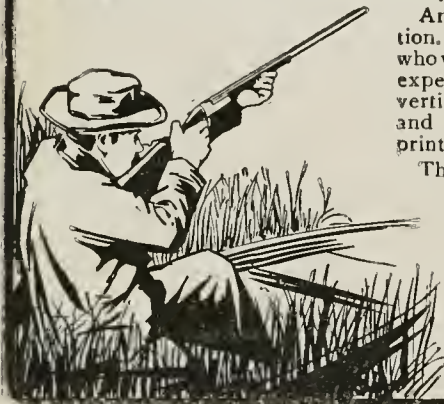
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Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.

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The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

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VOL. XVII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1909.

No. 12

J. S. A. CUNNINGHAM
PROPRIETOR.

THE SONS OF VETERANS IN COUNCIL.

IMPORTANT ACTIONS COMMENDED TO THE ORGANIZATION.

The Executive Council, United Sons of Confederate Veterans, met in Montgomery early in November. Several important matters were considered and acted upon. The Council, the supreme business head of the organization, was constituted by action of the Memphis Convention of 1909.

Memphis was made the permanent headquarters. The Confederation will have quarters in the new, magnificent courthouse in that city. It will be used also as a museum for the preservation of documents and relics of the war.

Nathan Bedford Forrest, the grandson of Lieut. Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest, was elected the permanent Adjutant General. "The development of the plans of the Council thereby is in good hands.

The Commander in Chief and the Historian General were authorized to endeavor by congressional action to have the Jagersoll inscription removed from the walls of Arlington. It is repugnant to Southern people and those who love the truth of history.

The practice of members of the organization riding in parades at Reunions is disapproved, and it is advised that only the Commander in Chief, the Adjutant General, and one aide appear on horseback in parades. Officers of the veteran organizations are asked to discontinue the practice of selecting numerous aides from the ranks of Sons.

Dr. Thos. M. Owen, Montgomery, is Historian General.

Gen. C. Irvine Walker addressed the Council on the activity of the Women's Memorial Committee. The Council signified its intention to uphold the work of the memorial committee.

A proposition for secret organization features was made, but it was the opinion of the Council that the U. S. C. V. should never be a secret organization.

It was decided by the Council that hereafter the Sons will meet at 4 P.M. in business session on the day prior to that on which the U. C. V. meets, and a night session of that day be devoted to addresses, the next day to be devoted entirely to business, and no speeches other than those incident to debate will be allowed.

REUNIONS IN ARKANSAS.

Visits by Gen. Clement A. Evans, Commander in Chief of the U. C. V., to Arkansas are reported briefly. He was attended by the editor of the VETERAN to Camden and thence to Little Rock, at both of which places he made able addresses.

A committee from Camden composed of Comrades J. R. Thornton and W. K. Ramsey, Mesdames M. P. Watts, J. T. Sifford, M. E. Lockett, and Virginia Stinson met him at Pine Bluff and accompanied him to Camden, where on arrival he was met by a large number of old soldiers, citizens, and school children with open ranks, and the train party marched between and entered carriages. Shouts of welcome were



MISS MARGARET VIRGINIA RAMSEY,
Sponsor at the Camden Reunion.

MISS ANNA CHESTER WATTS,
Maid of Honor.

MISS MARTHA VIRGINIA MARKS,
Maid of Honor.

GEN. CLEMENT A. EVANS.

Miss Marks is from Thornton, Ark., while the other young ladies are from Camden.

heartily given, and the school children gave their college yell. At the hotel an informal reception was given, at which a large number of people gathered to greet and welcome him, although it was raining. The next morning General Evans was escorted to the courthouse through open ranks of old soldiers. At the courthouse there were songs by school children, and "Dixie" was played on the piano by a daughter of the Confederacy. The General was introduced by Colonel Thornton in a very happy manner, after which he delivered a very fine address.

After dinner the crowd assembled at the courthouse and formed procession and marched through the principal streets of the city, after which General Evans reviewed the procession from a stand erected for that purpose. At the conclusion of the parade a real jollification occurred. The next day General Evans attended the State Reunion at Little Rock, where he made a fine address. Men, women, and children pressed around the stand to shake hands with the General.

The parade was headed by the band, then came an escort of ten young girls on horseback, then carriages containing General Evans with prominent Confederates, and next were the sponsor and her maids of honor, followed by ten young ladies and old soldiers on horseback. The Sons of Veterans marched on foot, a fine body of men.

At Pine Bluff Gens. R. M. Knox and Tom Greene with a large automobile met their guests at the railroad station, and with the Camden ladies gave them a delightful excursion about the city. The ladies "stole a march" on their escorts.

A brief report of the State Convention U. C. V. at Little Rock, at which General Evans was guest and principal orator, is to appear later.

LOYAL LEGION IN REGARD TO GEN. R. E. LEE.

[The Commandery of the Loyal Legion of New York State goes on record as irrevocably for—"the shame of it!"]

Whereas one of the fundamental principles of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States is "true allegiance to the United States of America, based upon paramount respect for and fidelity to the national constitution and laws, manifested by discountenancing whatever may tend to weaken loyalty, incite to insurrection, treason or rebellion, or impair in any manner the efficiency and permanency of our free institutions;" and whereas unswerving loyalty to the national government, at the sacrifice if necessary of property, family, and life itself, should stand as the highest duty in the heart of every American; and whereas the growing commercial interests which deprecate patriotic condemnation of disloyal acts and expressions, the proposed appropriation by Congress of public moneys for the erection in the National Capitol of a statue to Gen. Robert E. Lee, late commander of the Confederate forces, and the permitting of the inscription on monuments erected in national cemeteries of the record of service in arms against the national government indicate diminishing appreciation of this sacred duty, possibly owing to changes in population and the birth of new generations during the forty-four years since the war of the rebellion closed; and whereas if those to whom the war of the rebellion is history only, including our own young generation, do not learn from us the conceptions of true patriotism, we shall fail in one of our highest and noblest duties; and whereas for the reasons set forth we deem this an appropriate time to reassert the basic principles of national loyalty and to draw the line clearly between loyalty and disloyalty, no matter how the latter may be manifested or how coupled with exalted character or admirable personal attributes, to the end

that those who come after us may know and, knowing, teach their children that conception of duty to their country upon which the perpetuity of our government and nation must for all time depend; therefore be it

Resolved: 1. That it is the sense of this Commandery that no statue, monument, or memorial to any one for whom distinction is claimed because of treasonable service against the nation should be permitted in the National Capitol, and no insignia or record of any such service should be permitted on any monument in any national cemetery.

2. That the wearing by any officer or employee of the national government while on duty of Confederate insignia or uniforms should be prohibited.

3. That a copy of this preamble and resolutions shall forthwith be sent by the Recorder of this Commandery to the Commander in Chief and each Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, to the President and Vice President of the United States, to the Speaker of the House of Representatives, and to each member of Congress from the State of New York, and that he furnish a copy thereof to the daily press of this city and such portion of the press of the country as the Commander may designate, and that the Recorder shall at the next meeting of this Commandery report the execution of this order.

4. That all organizations, military or civic, which prize loyalty to the national government be requested to aid in carrying out the intent of the preamble and resolutions.

By order of Brevet Brig. Gen. Anson G. McCook, United States Volunteers, Commander.

A. Noel Blakeman, Acting Assistant Paymaster late United States Navy, Recorder.

They may call President Taft to account for permitting a Southern woman to pin a Confederate badge to his coat.

The general organization of the Loyal Legion, composed of officers of three years' active service in real war, will hardly indorse the action of the New York Commandery.

MEMBERS OF THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESS.

In the October VETERAN J. A. Orr says that to the best of his knowledge Judge Campbell and he are the last members of the Provisional Congress and he is the last of the second Congress. Thomas H. Hays, of Louisville, sends the VETERAN the names of two other of these Congressmen who are still surviving. Col. Theodore L. Burnett, who is one of the most highly esteemed men in Louisville, was a member of the Provisional Congress, also a member of the first and second Congress. He is now in his eighty-first year, but is hale and hearty. After the war he returned to Louisville, where he is one of the city's brightest legal lights. Recently Colonel Burnett made an address before the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, U. D. C., of Louisville, that was an able exposition of the questions that agitate Confederate circles.

Col. Robert J. Breckinridge, of Danville, was another member of the Confederate Congress. He is strong and robust and well worthy of the distinguished name he bears.

JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION.—Suggestions by R. J. Hancock, Charlottesville, Va.: "Instead of building a memorial to Mr. Davis I would have memorial windows in the Baptist Church, one to President Davis and one to his father, Mr. Samuel Davis. Then I would build a monument of the best Tennessee granite a suitable distance from the church in

case of fire and a statue of President Davis something like the one recommended in the August VETERAN. The granite monument should be either round or three-cornered like a pyramid, not less than fifty feet high. Then I would suggest that each Southern State furnish two or three of its hardiest young trees or bushes to be transplanted and cultivated on the twelve acres of land around the church. For instance, suppose Louisiana would furnish the magnolia and the live oak, Texas the pecan, etc., Virginia the holly and maple or elm, etc."

ONE UNION ARMY COMMANDER LEFT.

Widespread circulation was given to the statement in connection with the death of Gen. O. O. Howard, which occurred recently, that he was the last of the Union army commanders in the War between the States. Believing that this was an error, Gen. G. M. Dodge was addressed on the subject, and his reply is here given (he has returned to Council Bluffs, Iowa, after residing a long while in New York): "There is one army commander, Maj. Gen. Grenville M. Dodge, and five corps commanders, Maj. Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, New York, Maj. Gen. Julius Stahl, New York, Maj. Gen. James H. Wilson, Wilmington, Del., Maj. Gen. Wesley Merritt, Washington, D. C., and Maj. Gen. B. H. Grierson, Jacksonville, Ill. The last three were commanders of cavalry corps."

In the Confederate government higher rank was given than in the United States. Samuel Cooper, Albert Sidney Johnston, Joseph E. Johnston, G. T. Beauregard, Braxton Bragg, and Robert E. Lee were full generals. E. Kirby Smith was made full general on February 10, 1864, with temporary rank. These generals are all dead. There were sixteen lieutenant generals, all of whom are dead except Gen. Simon B. Buckner.

General (Oliver Otis) Howard in his last very kind letter (dated April 6, 1909) to the VETERAN wrote: "I sincerely mourn the death of Gen. Stephen D. Lee, my classmate and friend. I was in hopes that he and I might have an abiding influence for some years to come in helping on many public efforts in the interest of permanent peace and good fellowship without regard to geographical lines."

GRATITUDE OF VETERANS.

BY E. G. WELDER, SOCUM, FLA.

There are many things that I am thankful for. I am in reasonable health, can walk a short distance to church and back again, and enjoy the gospel message and a blessed hope of life beyond the grave. I am thankful that the God of heaven has permitted you to regain your health, so as to keep the VETERAN coming and otherwise in giving us true history of our beloved South and the principles for which our forefathers stood in the formation of our glorious government. May he preserve and keep you, so that you may continue your work until some one is qualified, in a measure at least, to fill the very important place that you have so long filled!"

T. A. Morris, of Batavia, Ark., who served with Company B, 18th Virginia Battalion Artillery, writes that he is "thankful to have been born and reared a 'Johnny Reb' and to have had the privilege of being a Confederate soldier." He enlisted when sixteen years old, and was in the Federal prison at Newport News three months after the war closed. He arrived home July 7, 1865. He served the Confederacy eighteen months before reaching eighteen years of age.

BY JAMES W. ELLIS, OZAN, ARK.

In responding to your request for us old veterans to write you about the things we feel grateful for, I will say that I

was a private in Company E, 4th Arkansas Infantry, McNair's Arkansas Brigade, Army of Tennessee.

In the great battle of Murfreesboro, or "Stone's River," as the Yankees called it, I was severely wounded just before sunrise December 31, 1862. I was taken to the hospital in Murfreesboro. So many wounded soldiers were there that I received no attention. One of the surgeons said: "Don't fool with him now. In the morning we will take that arm off." "In the morning" I was not there, for soon after dark I crept out, took up an empty bucket, put my blanket over my wounded arm, and passed the guards as if I were going to the pump out on the street. With much difficulty I reached the depot and left on the first train going southward. I had relatives, my mother's people, at Shelbyville, to which place I made my painful, weary way. My mother's uncle, Joseph Green, an aged farmer three miles from Shelbyville, although he and his good wife, Aunt Amy, had never seen me, received me as if I had been their own son.

I am truly thankful that a good, kind Providence guided me to their hospitable home. The ladies of the neighborhood, hearing that a wounded soldier from Arkansas was at Uncle Joe Green's, came to see me, and by their kindness and by the care of a country doctor and my dear old aunt my arm was saved. The uncle and aunt have been in heaven many years, but their kindness to a poor, sick, and wounded soldier will never be forgotten.

I am now sixty-nine years old and nearly half a century has passed away since I received the kindness of my Tennessee friends and relatives; and although I never have seen any of them since I left them a well boy to rejoin my command, I never have ceased to be grateful to them.

SUGGESTED THAT PELLAGRA CAUSED DEATHS AT ANDERSONVILLE.—Dr. G. W. Kerr, of Corsicana, Tex., at a Southern medical convention in New Orleans recently, made the assertion that many deaths in Andersonville Prison in 1864-65 were due to pellagra instead of yellow fever, as has been presumed through these many, many years. This view was further strengthened, Dr. Kerr said, by the fact that musty or spoiled corn, generally accredited by the medical fraternity as being perhaps the cause of pellagra, constituted the main diet of the prisoners because of inability to furnish them other supplies. The consensus of opinion among the physicians who presented papers on the subject was that pellagra is attributable to spoiled corn.

JEANETTE'S SIGNAL CORPS.—J. R. Finley, of Marion, Ky., writes: "The last two years of the war I was a member of Captain Jeanette's company of Major Milligan's signal corps, with our headquarters in the customhouse at Petersburg and our signal lines on the Appomattox and James Rivers. Sometimes when the bombardment of Petersburg was in progress we had to send messages from the roof of the customhouse. It was not a very safe or desirable service. Since we left Appomattox C. H. I have never seen or heard from but one member of the corps. I would be very glad if any member would write to me."

It is very much regretted that many articles prepared for this issue are necessarily held over for the January issue. One with fine illustrations in regard to the Georgia Division, U. D. C., at West Point leads in the list. In the effort to advance the publication day the first forms with articles that might have been deferred were sent to press. The January issue is expected to be unusually attractive.

PRESIDENT TAFT IN REGARD TO SOUTHERNERS.

President Taft took occasion at Columbus, Miss., to pay tribute to Secretary of War Dickinson. In his speech at Jackson the President said of Secretary Dickinson:

"Now I have got 'Mack' Dickinson in the Cabinet. He did not come because he wanted to. He came because he knew why I wanted him. I wanted him because I wanted to give an earnest example to the South of the truth of my declaration that I was anxious to bring you closer to the government at Washington, and I also took him because I wanted one of the ablest men of the country who does things, and I wanted that Panama Canal built, and I knew if he took hold of it it would go.

"One of your great heroes of Mississippi is Jefferson Davis, and I am glad that the administration at Washington has wiped out the evidence of that extreme partisan bitterness of Cabin John Bridge and that his name is restored there as Secretary of War, and I am glad because I know and can testify from my experience in the South that the same joy that they experience at that act on the part of the administration is the joy of a common country and loyalty to a common flag.

"I am glad to be in the city of your great General Lee. I am indeed sorry that it was not given me to meet him in person and receive that kindly, gentle influence that he shed wherever he moved. I am especially sorry not to have been able to come into his presence and to talk in regard to the relations of the South to the rest of the Union, because he represented that spirit which I would invoke on the part of every Southerner with respect to the whole country.

"My friends, one cannot come before a Southern audience, being a Northern man, without having a memory of that which is in the past, and he cannot come in the capacity in which I come, as your President, without thanking God that the past is over—not that we are attacking what the past is, but that we have passed through that awful trial on both sides that certified to the world the fiber of our natures and the strength of the American people in order to show that we were equal to any in the world. * * * Now that is what I know the Southern nature to be and that is why I come and appeal to you, if appeal is necessary, and I don't believe it is, and I hold the hands of an administration that is not seeking your votes but is asking your support and sympathy during an administration already begun.

"I cherish your cordial reception, and I cherish it more because it had so little to do with putting me where I am. That is what gives flavor to your cheers, that is what gives an extra grip to your hand, and that is what makes me value the kindly look in your eyes."

TAFT'S TALK IN THE CONFEDERATE CAPITAL.

Referring to his avowed policy of showing his respect and consideration for the South by appointing to Federal offices in the South men whose appointment would commend themselves in the communities in which they live, President Taft said he had been carrying out that policy as far as he had been able and would continue to do so.

He is quoted by the Associated Press as follows:

"We have reached a point in this country when we can look back, not without love, not without intense pride, but without partisan passion, to the events of the Civil War. We have reached a point, I am glad to say, when the North can admire to the full the heroes of the South and the South admire to the full the heroes of the North.

"There is a monument in Quebec that always commends itself to me, a monument to commemorate the battle of the Plains of Abraham, and on one face of that beautiful structure is the name of Montcalm and on the other side the name of Wolfe. That always seemed to me to be the acme of what we ought to reach in this country, and I am glad to say that in my own *Alma Mater* of Yale we have established an association for the purpose of erecting within her academic precincts a memorial not to the Northern Yale men who died, not to the Southern Yale men who died, but to the Yale men who died in the Civil War.

"And so it is that I venture to hope that the project suggested by my predecessor, President Roosevelt, may be alluded to by me with approval and the expression of the hope that it is coming to fruition—to wit, that there should be a great memorial in honor of Gen. Robert E. Lee in the establishment of what he himself would value more highly—a great school of engineering at Washington and Lee University—and I take this opportunity to express my deep sympathy in that movement and my desire to aid it in every way possible and proper."

MONUMENT TO HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE.

At the annual meeting of Hood's Texas Brigade Association held in Jefferson, Tex., in June, 1909, Capt. F. B. Chilton, of Angleton, was reelected president of the committee having in charge the erection of a monument to Hood's Texas Brigade on the State Capitol grounds at Austin. Captain Chilton went into the war before he was sixteen years of age as a member of Company H, 4th Texas Regiment, and rose to the rank of captain before he was eighteen. He was born in Alabama, but has lived in Texas since he was six years old, and is thoroughly identified as a native of that State and having its good much at heart. The crowning work of his life is the building of this monument to Hood's Brigade, and its dedication in May, 1910, is assured through the generous contribution of the McNeel Marble Company, of Marietta, Ga., who have the construction in hand.

At the last meeting of the Association in Jefferson, Tex., in June designs were submitted by the McNeel Company with specifications and plans, together with their generous offer to erect a \$15,000 monument for \$10,000, the difference in cost being their contribution to the monument. The two McNeels composing the firm are natives of Texas, but now adopted sons of Georgia, and it was to honor their native State and in memory of the 18th Georgia Regiment, which was a part of Hood's Texas Brigade, that they made this handsome donation toward the monument.

NEW OFFICERS OF THE NEW YORK CAMP.—The following were elected as officers and executive committeemen of the New York Camp for the coming year at the annual meeting in October: Commander, Edward Owen; Lieutenant Commander, R. W. Gwathmey; Adjutant, C. R. Hatton; Paymaster, W. S. Keiley; Chaplain, Rev. G. S. Baker; Surgeon, Dr. J. Harvie Dew; Executive Committee, Powhatan Weisiger, E. Selvage, F. C. Rogers; associate members, Thomas B. Gale, Carroll Sprigg.

It is unattached to the general organization of the U. C. V., but steps were immediately taken to form a Camp in New York to be attached, and Gen. Clement Evans was so notified. A regular Camp in the United Confederate Veterans in (not of) New York is well on its way and will soon be heard from in the general organization of the U. C. V.

WHY IMMIGRANTS SHUN THE SOUTH.

Dr. J. G. B. Bulloch sends from Washington, D. C., letters from Capt. James D. Bulloch, uncle of former President Theodore Roosevelt, who was with Admiral Semmes on the Alabama and later naval representative of the Confederate government in England. A quotation is as follows: "You say in your letter that I missed a good thing by not acting upon your information in regard to Florida land some years ago. When I wrote for information, I was inquiring on behalf of some capitalists who wished special details as to quality of lands, proximity to market, probable increase of population, etc. When your reply was received, I submitted the statements to them at once, and they did not think the prospects of a safe investment sufficiently apparent. English capitalists have been thus far deterred from venturing upon enterprises in the Southern States because, as they allege, politics are unsettled and the 'race question' has a dangerous look. Capital as a rule will only flow in what are thought to be safe channels, and I fear that it will be some years yet before there will be much chance of inducing British investors to go largely or steadily into Southern enterprises depending upon increasing population and quiet politics for success. If I did not act upon your information, it was not for want of interest in the subject or lack of confidence in your statistics, but because I had no money to invest myself and I could find no capitalists willing to join in any land speculation so far South."

E. Speer writes from Chattanooga to the Nashville American of the "hookworm" and the "pellagra" hoax—the first gotten up to deter Northern farmers from coming South and the last fabricated to aid wheat speculators!

A Dr. Stiles asserted that there were four millions of Southern people afflicted with hookworm; the Carter woman lets us off with two million! All our Southern doctors are ignoramuses! This is the natural inference! And all Southland is so polluted, according to Stiles's article in the World's Work, that to walk upon it is to become corrupted! Some flying specials from anywhere have reported some cases of pellagra—none believable—and if Dr. Stiles were called upon to produce a hookworm, he would show the larva of a horsefly, which he can obtain in the open.

English farmers are looking to our country for homes. Will they come in the face of such monstrous slanders that traveling writers are circulating and that Southern editors are allowing to stand undisputed? Their supineness is as amazing as the impudence of our traducers.

Captain Bulloch's letter was written October 8, 1891, and it explains, although a mere reference, more fully perhaps than does any prepared paper on the subject the reason why foreigners have not been induced to come to the South.

GEN. MILES'S PART IN SHACKLING MR. DAVIS.

BY MINOR MERIWETHER, ST. LOUIS.

The November VETERAN, page 558, contains an article from Rev. J. W. Kaye in which he endeavors to exonerate General Miles from the infamy of shackling Jefferson Davis. He states that Miles did it in obedience to orders from Washington. Kaye says he was a lieutenant and had charge of the detail that shackled Mr. Davis. It is evident that Mr. Kaye knows nothing of Miles's motives or the orders under which he acted.

General Miles must ever wear the brand of infamy for that cowardly act. Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War,

was at Fort Monroe the day Mr. Davis and Clement C. Clay were brought into the fort from the steamer Clyde, May 22, 1865. In a report made that day by Dana to Stanton, Secretary of War, he describes with great detail the precaution to prevent Mr. Davis's escape. Dana writes, "The arrangements for the security of the prisoners seem to me to be as complete as could be desired. Each one occupies the inner room of a casemate. The window is heavily barred. A sentry stands within before each door leading into the outer room. These doors are to be grated, but are now secured by bars fastened on the outside. Two other sentries stand outside these doors. An officer is also constantly on duty in the outer room, whose duty is to see his prisoners every fifteen minutes. The outer door of all is locked on the outside and the key is kept exclusively by the general officer of the guard. Two sentries are also stationed without that door. A strong line of sentries cuts off all access to the vicinity of the casemates. Another line is stationed on the top of the parapet overhead, and a third line is posted across the moats on the counterscarp opposite the places of confinement."

The casemates are of solid stone masonry five feet or more thick, and the moats are sixty feet wide, filled with water ten feet deep.

Dana concludes his report, saying: "The casemates on each side and between those occupied by the prisoners are used as a guard room, and soldiers are always there. A lamp is kept constantly burning in each of the rooms. I have not given orders to have the prisoners placed in irons, as General Halleck seemed opposed to it; but General Miles is instructed to have fetters ready if he thinks them necessary."

Thus it was left to Miles's discretion, and the next day he shackled Mr. Davis, though he well knew Mr. Davis could no more escape than the prisoner of Chillon.

Five days later, May 28, Stanton on hearing that Mr. Davis had been shackled telegraphed to Miles to know why it had been done and instantly to remove the irons from him.

MONUMENTS FOR LOUISIANA SOLDIERS IN VICKSBURG PARK.—An effort is being made by the Vicksburg Military Park Commission and others interested in the work to erect monuments or markers to the different Louisiana commands, members of whom fell in the defense of Vicksburg. The commission has requested the Times-Democrat of New Orleans to receive all contributions toward these monuments, the estimated cost of which will be \$1,700 for the thirteen which it is proposed to erect.

It is the desire of the commission that the regimental and battery monuments be erected from contributions from the veterans of the respective commands, in which case it would be possible to use all the appropriation the commission expects to get from the Louisiana Legislature for a central monument to be erected to the entire forty-one regiments and batteries engaged in the siege. The commands to whom the monuments are to be erected are: Baldwin's Brigade, Herbert's Brigade, Shoup's Brigade, Stevenson's Division, Forney's Division, Waul's Texas Legion, Mark's company, and 1st Regiment. The inscriptions will detail all the engagements of each and the names of the dead who were in the battles.

Pensacola, Fla., has a tall shaft of granite surmounted by a figure of a private soldier standing with folded arms. At the base of the shaft are large mounds of piled-up cannon balls. This is situated on R. E. Lee Square, the highest point in Pensacola, and was erected by the local U. D. C. at a cost of about \$7,000.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

Recently the VETERAN expended about two hundred dollars in reminding subscribers of time to renew, and responses are most gratifying. There is less of complaint by delinquents than at any former notice, and the response in sending for three years (\$2.50) is quite general. A Pennsylvania letter states: "I thank you for the offer of three years for \$2.50, but since 1861 I have never cut my Confederate dues." A venerable comrade declines to pay for three years because he "don't expect to live that long," but expects to pay as long as he lives. The three years' payments are earnestly sought, as it saves considerable expense in typesetting for renewals and is really more convenient to subscribers. The three years for \$2.50 or five years for \$4 include any back dues.

Now a word to every patron about the date by your name. *It means the time to which you are paid!* If you would be governed by that, you could save about \$1,000 to the publication each year. Instead of writing, "Please send statement of what I owe," look to that date, and you will know. Please look to that now. Time is remorseless and current expense of about \$30 a day will not down. Then in equity remember that, while the expenses of nearly every kind have largely increased, the VETERAN remains at \$1 a year. Various publishers have increased their prices; but the VETERAN will continue at \$1 a year and be as good as possible for the money.

The editor of the VETERAN is puzzled that many personal friends who live in luxury and would cheerfully spend the price of subscription for several years for his entertainment do not order the magazine. When they read copies, they are very complimentary in regard to it. Let all such order the VETERAN. Friends could afford to expend \$1 a year.

Supplemental articles about the U. D. C. Convention and an interesting report of the Georgia State Convention U. D. C. are held over for the January issue.

MEETING OF U. C. V. CAMPS ON SUNDAYS.

A few years ago the Sunday meetings of the Fort Worth Camp of Confederate Veterans were discussed at length, and the action was criticised by ministers. The meetings were, and are, continued just the same, however. Recently the editor of the VETERAN was in Dallas, Tex., on Sunday morning when tens of thousands of people burdened the street cars for the Dallas Fair. It seemed shockingly sacrilegious, and it was. Later in the day he went to Fort Worth, and on the journey he meditated upon the propriety of the R. E. Lee Camp having its meetings on Sunday. In contrast to what he had just witnessed it seemed a refuge, and he was gratified to anticipate seeing many comrades and friends upon arrival at the courthouse in Fort Worth, which was realized far more joyously than was expected. See next page for the report of that meeting by Judge Cummings, the Historian.

The meditation of the subject, the consideration of our comrades' purposes of the organization, their advanced years, and all they can have for motive in their gatherings made Sunday meetings seem most appropriate in every way. Their purposes are wholly patriotic and religious. Their meetings are entirely public; committees have special charge of busi-

ness matters, and only reports are made at these meetings. It furnishes occasion for all persons interested in their affairs to associate with them, and there is so much of worship in them whereby comrades who do not go to church—often because they are so poorly clad—are led to higher ideals. Then there is singing of the finest kind, while services are always opened and closed with prayer and benediction by the Chaplain or a minister.

If every Camp of Confederates would have its meetings at three o'clock every Sunday in the year with open doors, there doubtless would be an amazing revival of interest in Confederate organizations. By this means even two or three veterans of Camps that have surrendered their charters could resurrect an interest that would be of lasting benefit. Daughters of the Confederacy might take this matter in hand and by their presence electrify every man who was faithful in the greatest struggle of mankind. Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, one of the foremost bankers of Texas and an eminent citizen, as Commander of the Fort Worth Camp inaugurated this movement and stands by it, although he is Commander of the great Texas Division and would make an honored Commander in Chief. Gen. Van Zandt has ever stood for the best moral and most devout Christian principles.

Such meetings should be held in the best places practicable. Where Camps have not suitable quarters, court rooms, public halls, or desirable churches could doubtless be procured.

Cheerful as we may be with surroundings, it is a fact that Confederate veterans are all growing old, and such a revival of interest might be had by the plan to meet every Sunday and discuss matters to their interest—necessary deeds of charity and attention to the sick, the recital of stories of camp and battle—as would create an interest for good beyond anything that could be done. Such meetings, animated by the presence of Daughters with their smiles and songs, the songs of children, songs of veterans, by young men quartets, would tend more than anything yet undertaken to interest the sons and grandsons of veterans, who must begin soon, if ever, to stand for their ancestors in their contention for the principles which meant "the greatest good to the greatest number." Such an undertaking would ere long induce many comrades who never before "talked in meeting" to tell in their simple way stories of the war that would be entertaining and profitable to their hearers and revive the spirit of the veterans as nothing else would.

Comrades, give the matter a trial. Daughters of the Confederacy, you could not do more for the veterans than to bring about such action in localities where veteran organizations are waning. The Sterling Price Camp at Dallas and perhaps many others are meeting on Sunday afternoons.

Why not use Sunday for the best that can be? There is a sacredness of the day that would tend to the best of influences. Such meetings would strengthen the social relations between the men, the women, and the children who instinctively like to know each other and would create friendships of lasting benefit. They could not be too clannish. Much would be gained and nothing lost by such association.

All well persons are on trial every day and every second. Such associations would tend to moral uplifting, and an incidental feature should be to decry profanity. Young men and boys should be taught the loathsomeness of profanity. Indeed, there ought to be laws established and executed making profanity punishable by the courts.

The VETERAN would like the views of comrades and Daughters concerning the foregoing suggestions.

STORY OF R. E. LEE CAMP, FORT WORTH, TEX.

BY C. C. CUMMINGS, ITS HISTORIAN.

S. A. Cunningham, editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, dropped in on this Camp at its three-o'clock meeting Sunday, October 24, on his way home to Nashville from the annual Convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy held at Houston. His apparition was so sudden and unexpected and his many years' labors for true Southern history are so fully known and so highly appreciated by this Camp that he was given an ovation, every member of the large audience, including Sons and Daughters, gathering about him, glad of the privilege of taking him by the hand.

For the nineteen years of the life of this Camp Comrade Cunningham had watched its phenomenal growth from a small beginning to its present size as among the largest in the Federation. He said that at first he was dubious of the propriety of its meeting on Sunday; but as its management under this condition had proven so beneficial, and seeing its practical operation, its opening and closing with prayer, its reports of its various committees (cemetery, mortuary, relief committee for the helpless), its musical feature as a valuable adjunct, and the large audience every Sunday afternoon, and no doubt being inspired by the warm welcome he received as the exponent of the objects and purposes of our cause, he requested the Historian of the Camp to write its history for the VETERAN, that others, seeing the good this Camp had done, might be encouraged to follow its splendid example; and this is how the story of our Camp comes to be told.

Just twenty years ago at New Orleans the federation of the various Confederate organizations in the South by many names were merged into one as the United Confederate Veterans. The year following the first General Reunion was held at Chattanooga, October 14, 1890. Nineteen years ago the Lee Camp, Fort Worth, was organized, and it has met every week since that date. For some time the attendance was slim and the interest lagged. The veterans were busy on week days and many had not time to attend. Then Maj. K. M. Van Zandt, of the 7th Texas Infantry, one of the original organizers of the Camp, was elected Commander of the Camp, and a happy idea occurred to him to change the time of meeting to Sunday at three o'clock.

The general constitution prescribing a few officers for the Camp, leaving others to be created by the members, our Camp added a Chaplain to open and conclude the services and officiate at funerals. The Confederate simple burial formula was adopted, in which a sprig of evergreen dropped in the grave by each member attests the hope of a life everlasting. The general constitution made no provision for the office of Historian, annual reports of a historical committee being the means of perpetuating historical events by the general body. Lee Camp created the office of Historian, and calls for that officer at each meeting to present such current matters of historic interest as well as pertinent events in our past history as he should deem of special moment. From this example of Lee Camp thus early adopted the Historians of all other Camps have sprung.

During all these years Lee Camp has had but one Historian, who was also chosen Historian of the State Division on the staff of the commanding general, Maj. Gen. K. M. Van Zandt. The VETERAN has kindly published a brief of his annual reports to the State Division in several numbers.

The necessity for the organization of these Camps was made manifest on the death of our noble leader, Jefferson Davis, December 6, 1889. As our vicarious sufferer he had endured

crucifixion in mind and the deepest humiliation in body by the shackles of ignominy placed on him in his casemated cell at Fortress Monroe by "the best government the world ever saw." He was to the end barred from the full privileges of an American citizen by this unjust discrimination.

Comrade Cunningham was not alone in doubting the propriety of meeting on Sunday. There came certain fresh importations in ministerial garb of a sort that imagines Texas to be a field of missionary exploitation, and thus their mission was like Pat's at the Donnybrook Fair. These thundered at the R. E. Lee Camp for desecrating the Sabbath. Following the words of the apostle, that "pure religion and undefiled before God" is to visit the fatherless and widows in their afflictions, the Camp issued to the public a statement of its objects and purposes, quoting the fifth clause in Article II. of its constitution: "To see that the disabled are cared for and that a helping hand be extended to the needy and that Confederate widows and orphans are properly protected; to instill into our descendants a proper regard for these aims and to bring them into association with our organization that they may aid us in accomplishing these ends, and finally to take up our work whenever we leave it."

The records of the Camp show that during the nineteen years of its life it has expended nineteen thousand dollars through our relief committee to the worthy objects indicated and in relieving destitute comrades. The funds for these purposes came from lectures by prominent men friendly to our cause, such as Bob Taylor and the peerless Gordon, W. J. Bryan being pledged for a lecture this winter. Other resources have been from various kinds of exhibitions. The people of Fort Worth, without regard to political or religious creed, have given freely to our canvassers, the Daughters of the Confederacy being most active in this respect.

Now when it became known that our Commander, Van Zandt, one of the staunchest and most orthodox Churchmen and of the strictest sect, was heading this Sunday movement, when he would come from his Sunday school class in the morning and sit at the head of this Camp in the afternoon, they, the doubters, marveled greatly and said: "After all, some good has come out of Nazareth." With Van Zandt there are two sorts of people that command his tender consideration—old Texans and Confederate soldiers. These Sunday meetings with their quasi-religious trend, though politics and religious creeds are especially eschewed by our charter, have a most salutary tendency in heartening the depressed who have no creed but God overhead and the brotherhood of man—with fine clothes left out. This Camp is a pure democracy, and, like the son of the Green Isle, they regard one as good as another.

When a comrade makes application for membership, he must file what we call a descriptive list of his service in the army, stating when and where born, his company, regiment, and army, what battles he was in, and not only how he got in, but also how he got out, and he must refer to two witnesses for corroboration. We have a memorial committee to report on the death of a comrade, giving a brief sketch of his services in the army and as a civilian, with words of condolence to his surviving kindred and friends, to be kept in the archives.

Our membership stands at about four hundred, which gives us twenty votes in State and General Federation. We allow no public discussion over the wants of a dependent member. Following the example of the Churches, we refer all cases of want and destitution to the Relief Committee. We allow no corporate agents on the floor. Each year when the time arrives for our annual Reunion we appoint a committee to

select a route and arrange terms of transportation for all who desire to travel over that line. We shut off all excitement incident to the choice of officers of the Camp in our annual elections by a simple nomination without any speeches. This forces an examination before. Electioneering by a candidate is tabooed, it being a post of honor without emoluments. We judge the man without boosting aid. We have thus far conscripted our commanding officer by selecting a soldier of prominence in the community whose life has been generally approved for good works in his calling and who has executive ability as a presiding officer. He is notified that no excuse will be received, that he is to be ours for a year at least, and endeavor to retain him as long as possible. Small Camps can afford to pass the honor around; but a large Camp needs to hold on to a good officer when he is discovered, for the tact of commander belongs not to every good man. Given a good commanding officer and an adjutant to keep the minutes, and you have a foundation to build upon.

The oldest Camp in Texas is the Eastland Camp, named after Dr. S. H. Stout, Bragg's medical director of the Army of Tennessee. This Camp was founded in 1886, and has had but two Commanders in all its twenty odd years of service—Dr. Stout and Capt. June Kimble, of the 14th Tennessee, Archer's Brigade. They have a fixed time for their annual Reunion, July 21, commemorating the South's first great victory, which the Federals aptly term Bull Run, for the creek (?); we name it Manassas, after the railroad station. Eastland County and Eastland City each year put on their best appearance and turn out in full force to hear a rehearsal again of "the story of the glory of the storm-cradled nation that fell."

After routine business with the Fort Worth Camp comes a half hour of music, readings, and recitations by the young folks under the direction of our gifted musical director, Comrade J. E. Gaskell, of the 17th Louisiana Infantry. He lines up the old boys ever and anon in Camp at our Reunions, State and General, and each year at the Dallas Fair on Confederate Day; and after singing the old-time Southern airs, with "Dixie" at the beginning and in the middle, he brings in little Star Redford, the mascot of the Camp, a little bundle of nerves and not larger than a Celtic brownie, whose enunciation and gesticulation and aptness at oratory have never been excelled in our two decades of Camp history. In the Camp is an organization of Confederate Grays.

The editor of the *VETERAN* has sought a history of our Camp that we may be inspired as United Confederate Veterans to keep alive that spirit of chivalry that puts the man above the dollar and to let this sordid, crafty, grafting age know that it is not in this "god" we trust; to keep burning on the altars of our country the truths of history and to show who the true revolutionists were; that our good old mother of States and statesman, old Virginia, bred a Washington, who led us to a successful protest against the tyranny of the mother country, and a Lee, who manned the six hundred thousand men in gray as their chief against more than four to their one in the efforts to maintain the integrity of the charter of American liberty. For four years we battled till overwhelmed by forces recruited largely from Europe. By our surrender the cause was not lost, but simply held in abeyance, and the archives of these Confederate Camps will demonstrate that the real revolutionists were the men who denounce us as such.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.—The Mary Walker Price Chapter, U. D. C., of Lancaster, Ky., passed resolutions of respect on the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Leavell Doty, who had been an earnest worker in the Chapter since its organization.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES AT REUNIONS.

Rev. D. B. Strouse, of Salem, Va., writes: "It is too bad that, since we the old veterans are so near the grave, we are not given one religious service at night in the program of each great Reunion."

Comrade Strouse was introduced to an audience of veterans at Danville by Col. Vincent A. Wichter, who said that he had been in numerous battles with Lieutenant Strouse, and in all his knowledge of Confederate soldiers he knew none truer or braver.

Rev. Mr. Strouse took for his subject Isaiah i. 18: "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord." The speaker in part said: "Our immortal spirits are for a while placed in mortal bodies for testing trial and development for the life and work of eternity. Every one here is either living for the gratification of the flesh or for his immortal soul, God and heaven. Your soul is of more value than the whole world. Your life in eternity will exceed the combined lives of all who ever lived. If you are saved, your pleasures in heaven will exceed the aggregate of all the pleasures of all the men and women who have ever lived. It is not brave to live in sin. You may have many virtues; but all thieves and blasphemers and debauchers of innocence and the most common coward reject Christ. Queen Victoria on the day she was crowned, while all branches of the army marched by the palace with hundreds of thousands of the people, and a hundred bands played and the multitude sang and shouted songs and anthems of loyalty and honor to their virgin queen, withdrew from the balcony and spent more than an hour in her chamber in prayer that God would bless the people and help her as their queen."

The speaker asked: "Would any lady here refuse to live for God and walk the golden streets on the arm of Queen Victoria?" The speaker paid tribute to England's great General Gordon, who loved and worshiped his God. He then took Stonewall Jackson and pictured him walking from camp into the woods with his hands behind him seeking a secluded place to pray his earnest prayer that God would have mercy on the multitude of souls that were being sent in platoons to the bar of God. Mr. Strouse paid his great tribute to the pure, godly life of the immortal Lee, whose life challenged forty millions of bitter foes to find in him one word of malice, one act of hatred or sin, one unholy ambition.

"Comrades, you followed Lee and Jackson. No man would dare call you cowards. Lee and Jackson are with God anxiously awaiting to give each and every one of you a hallowed grasp of the hand and a royal welcome to the armies of the skies. Comrades, I ask you in the name of God, has the time come when you intend to refuse to follow Lee and Jackson? Are you willing to take from the hands of Lee and Jackson the banners of the cross with which they are waving you to glory and to God and trail them in the dust of sin? God forbid."

An exchange quoting from the sermon concluded: "Mr. Strouse said that the devil's means of damning souls is to get them to put it off; that if we could take the census of all hell to-night we would find that men would not tell us that they were damned on account of sin of which they could have repented, but just because they put off their coming to God till too late. Mr. Strouse then held up Christ and showed from the word of God that there is no escape from eternal death except through Christ and his blood and that only they who give up all sin and consecrate themselves to an eternal service of God can be saved."

At the close of the address about one hundred of the veterans came up and gave the preacher their hands as loving Christ and determined to go through with him. Among them was one old Federal veteran who was warmly received, Mr. Strouse putting his arm tenderly around his shoulders.

Our old veterans are rapidly approaching their graves, and why can there not be religious service every night as a part of the program in every annual meeting of the veterans, both Confederate and Federal?

MONUMENT AT MULBERRY, TENN.

On the 27th of September there was unveiled at Mulberry, Lincoln County, Tenn., a uniquely beautiful monument to "the three hundred unconquered Confederate veterans" who went from Mulberry. Not only is the inscription unique, but the marble figure is that of a young man in his teens, the round, strong young face full of the confident assurance of Victory. The veterans standing around were telling ages. "I was seventeen when I went out, mustered at this very spot," said one. "I can beat that," said another. "I was sixteen." "Our boys were men," said a gentle-faced old lady softly. "My sweetheart was eighteen, and he never came back. I shall see him soon now," she added with trembling voice. "He was like that," and her wrinkled old face was raised in adoration to the marble emblem of youth, strength, and beauty. The listener knew that when the approaching reunion came a young spirit would fly from the prison house of an old body to meet the young soldier.

The monument was veiled in two battle-scarred flags, and the folds of one of them was blood-stained; but never were those flags conquered or captured. One had belonged to the 41st Tennessee and one to Forrest's escort. Thirteen dainty little girls in red and white drew aside the flags and raised their sweet young voices in song and story. Little Gaynelle Boone charmingly gave a Dixie reading. They had marched to the monument, led by Mrs. Ada Shofner, the able President

of the Mulberry Chapter, U. D. C., and Mrs. Carrie Whitaker. The veterans came in long double line, led by Comrade Morgan, and the hearts of all the crowd marched with the whole procession to the music of "Dixie." After the unveiling the crowd of two thousand went to the Mulberry schoolhouse for the speeches.

Rev. A. Morgan called the house to order and invoked the blessing of God on the assembly. Mr. W. J. Williams happily welcomed the people for the village, for Mulberry bears to this day the sweet name of Mulberry Village. Mrs. Ada Shofner delivered a beautiful address of welcome for the Mulberry Chapter, U. D. C., of which she is President. This Chapter of thirty-six women, who have just unveiled this lovely monument, has not been organized quite three years. Mrs. Loulie Zollicoffer Sansom, State President U. D. C., was a guest of honor, and in her dignified, gracious way spoke beautifully of the U. D. C. Mrs. Felicia Zollicoffer Metcalfe spoke in eulogistic terms of graceful compliment of the Mulberry Chapter. Afterwards every veteran present came up and shook hands with these two daughters of General Zollicoffer.

Dinner was served on the grounds, and the crowd of two thousand found that Mulberry was true to her reputation and could feed as well as she could fight. This village among the beautiful hills gave evidence of the fatness of the valleys and the succulence of the hill-pastured lambs and calves.

In rare good humor the crowd again gathered in the commodious hall and listened in rapt attention to a splendidly stirring speech by Mr. Jim Bean. Mrs. Sallie B. Moore rendered with touching pathos a reading of soldier life, accompanied by Mrs. W. J. Williams singing. Mrs. Eleanor Molloy Gillespie gave a patriotic address full of interest, eloquence, and beauty. With handshaking all around, mutual good will in reverence to a common heritage of glory, the crowd scattered over the thousand heaven-kissing hills, disappearing like the descending dews of evening, and Mulberry was left alone with her memories and her monument.



MONUMENT AT MULBERRY, TENN., A VILLAGE REMOTE FROM RAILROAD.

GENERAL U. D. C. CONVENTION.

HOUSTON ENTERTAINS THE DELEGATES MOST HOSPITABLY.

Texas is a big State, big in area, in coast line, in rivers, prairies, and forests, big in agriculture, manufactures, and minerals, and especially big in its brainy men and noble women; so a General U. D. C. Convention within its borders must of necessity be big in all its arrangements and successes.

The day before the convening date, October 18, delegates began arriving from the thirty-three States and the City of Mexico which were represented and were met and welcomed by Mrs. Seabrook Sydnor, Chairman of the Reception Committee, and her able corps of assistants. Rice's Hotel was headquarters for the delegates. Soon there was a busy scene with committee meetings and caucuses which were preliminary to the Convention work and for the most interesting feature of the Convention, which was the election of officers for the ensuing year.

Houston was in gala attire, and in flags and bunting bloomed out in welcome to these Daughters who, actuated by the spirit of the sixties, had traveled hundreds and even thousands of miles to report on and discuss the work done during the last year for the beloved South and to plan the work for the ensuing year.

OPENING OF THE CONVENTION.

Beach's Auditorium, which was used as the Convention hall, was beautifully decorated. The walls were covered with bunting and flags, and everywhere the masses of evergreen showed against the glowing color, and large portraits of the best-loved generals of the Confederacy looked down upon the scene. On the platform of the auditorium were numbers of flags and many stands of palms and ferns, while the opera boxes at each side were gay in flags, evergreen, and bunting, which framed splendid pictures of President Davis and Gen. R. E. Lee.

The opening meeting consisted of many brilliant speeches of welcome from State and city officials, Veterans and Sons of Veterans, and other organizations of Houston. The hostess Chapter, Robert E. Lee, assisted by the Oran M. Roberts Chapter, through beautiful addresses made by their respective Presidents, assured the visitors of a cordial welcome, and Miss Katie Daffan, President of the Texas Division, threw wide the gates of Texas to all the loved Daughters of the Confederacy, and in glowing words bade them all welcome. Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, the President General, replied in behalf of all the visitors and delegates, and her words of appreciation well conveyed the thanks of the entire Convention in their polished diction.

The Confederate Choir of young ladies under the leadership of Mrs. Hirsch, of Philadelphia, rendered very fine music. Especial enthusiasm welcomed "Our Southland," which was composed by Miss Adelia Dunovant, one of Houston's talented Daughters, and "Dixie" was sung amid wild applause and waving of flags. Mrs. Hutchinson's rendering of the "Old Folks at Home" filled many eyes with the tears of tender memories.

The very dainty luncheon served by the hostess Chapter on the opening day of the session was equaled or surpassed on all subsequent days. The hall where service was made was exquisitely decorated, and the artistic surroundings added an increased attraction even to so delicious a menu.

The special feature of that afternoon was the unveiling of the monument erected to the Terry Rangers by the E. Bennett

Bates Chapter, U. D. C., an auxiliary of the Oran M. Roberts. This shaft is of rough Texas granite surmounted by piled-up cannon balls. The ceremonies were very impressive and the music very attractive, especially the chorus of one hundred school children who sang appropriate selections. After the conclusion of these ceremonies, the visitors were carried for an auto ride over "Beautiful Houston."

BUSINESS PROCEEDINGS.

The second morning found the Convention ready for business. A roll call of officers showed all present save the First and Second Vice Presidents, Mrs. Martin S. Willard and Mrs. John P. Roe. Upon the platform were Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, President; Mrs. L. C. Hall, Third Vice President; Mrs. Andrew L. Dowdell, Recording Secretary; Mrs. R. C. Cooley, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. L. Eustace Williams, Treasurer; Mrs. James B. Gannt, Registrar; Mrs. J. Enders Robinson, Historian; Mrs. L. H. Raines, Custodian of Crosses; Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke, Custodian of Flags and Pennants. In the hall the delegates were seated by States, large placards showing the placing of each. The business sessions were ably handled by Mrs. Stone, who from her legal knowledge and acquaintance with all parliamentary rulings is well called the "Lawyer of the Convention."

BESTOWAL OF CROSSES OF HONOR.

Mrs. Virginia Faulkner McSherry, chairman on rules for bestowal of crosses, made her report, which contained a suggestion that the time limit of 1910 as made by the Convention at Atlanta in 1908 should be increased to 1912. After careful discussion the amendment was accepted. The question of bestowing crosses on any save the veterans themselves led to much animated discussion, as there were ardent advocates for both sides, many feeling that the father, mother, sister, or brother of an unmarried soldier should have his or her cross. Some advocated that this broadening of the lines should extend as far as nephews and nieces. After much debate, the question was referred to a committee, on whose report a motion was carried that the crosses of honor should only be given the veterans themselves and could be worn only by them.

EDUCATIONAL REPORT—MUCH BEING DONE.

The Educational Committee having only been established in Atlanta in 1908, this report of Miss Poppenheim was the first of the committee, and in the absence of the chairman the work was reported by the vice chairman, Mrs. B. B. Ross, of Alabama. It showed that very fine work was being done in many States along educational lines hitherto unclassified or tabulated. There are thirty-three scholarships already established for the sons or daughters of Confederate veterans, and much increased interest in the work was reported. The committee urged that each State endeavor to secure at least one scholarship in its State institutes, and would endeavor to establish a fund for the support of the incumbents during their terms of tuition. The committee strongly urged the establishment of State educational committees to work in unison with the General Educational Committee in the selection of beneficiaries and their appointment to suitable colleges.

CONCERNING SCHOLARSHIP IN TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

The report showed that the scholarship offered by Dean Russell at Columbia Teachers' College to daughters of Southern soldiers and which was to be given to each State in the order of their secession had been given twice, Miss Moses, of South Carolina, having graduated with honor and Miss Timberlake, of Mississippi, the present incumbent, being prepared to graduate next spring. The report also stated that Florida was

privileged to make the next appointment. Later on in the session Florida declined to use this privilege because the girl sent to the college would have to receive her education along the same lines and in the same classes as negroes. Many other States, agreeing with Florida on this question, withdrew their subscriptions to a fund for the support of the incumbent which had been made earlier in the session.

The Educational Committee in its report urged that the one-hundred-dollar prize for the best essay upon Confederate subjects now offered to Columbia University alone shall be allowed to be competed for by four other colleges which shall be selected by the Committee of Education assisted by the President General, as by this means a truer Southern estimate could be obtained, since from the nature of things Columbia students are circumscribed in their knowledge of the South.

Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, chairman on the awarding of the prize for the best essay on the subject of the "South's Part in the War between the States," reported that the essay on "Jackson vs. Calhoun," written by Miss Jessie Guernsey, of New Britain, Conn., was selected by unanimous vote of the judges, who were Chancellor B. L. Wiggin, University of the South, Sewanee, Prof. Edwin B. Craighead, Tulane University, New Orleans, and Prof. Marshall S. Brown, head of the Department of History, New York, and that their decision was approved by the President General. Mrs. Schuyler said that these judges, who had served in the previous contest, had all resigned on account of the pressure of business. In her report Mrs. Schuyler paid beautiful tribute to Chancellor Wiggin, whose last work was upon the selection from the essays submitted. She strongly recommended the continuance of the prize offered by Columbia University, as it was a teachers' college, and the teachers sent out by it would have a widespread influence for Southern advancement.

Miss Adelia Dimovant, of Houston, spoke against continuing the prize, basing her argument on the unconstitutionality of the offer and the want of facilities of the university for obtaining correct history in regard to the South. She also condemned the previous essay on Lee written by Miss Boyson. Much discussion followed, and a motion was made to condemn the essay as an insult to the memory of General Lee. Many able speeches for and against this motion were made; but the more conservative element prevailed, and the matter was referred to a committee.

The President appointed as this committee Mrs. D. A. Nunn and Miss Alice Baxter, of Georgia, Mrs. B. B. Ross, of Alabama, and Mrs. Roy McKinney, of Kentucky, who reported: "The essay of Miss Boyson contains statements that do not convey the truth; and as it is the purpose of this organization through the prize offered to stimulate the research regarding Southern leaders, and as Robert E. Lee was a noble exponent of the Confederacy, we regret the awarding of the prize of the U. D. C. to an essay which, while expressing admiration of the subject, fails in true conception of the principles for which General Lee and his soldiers fought, betrays lack of information as to the conditions in the South prior to the War between the States, and fails in its comprehension of the love of Lee's army for its commander. We, United Daughters of the Confederacy, express ourselves in no spirit of unkindness, but simply to declare the truth." This report was accepted by the Convention without discussion.

THE ARLINGTON MONUMENT.

During 1906 the Arlington Monument Association was formed through the efforts of Mrs. Magnus Thompson for

the purpose of erecting a monument at Lee's old home to the Confederate dead who lie in Arlington Cemetery. Every State has contributed toward this noble work, and great efforts have been expended to increase the amount collected; but the forty thousand dollars hoped for is yet far off, as the report of the committee shows only fourteen thousand dollars in the treasury. Mr. Louis Potter, of New York, sent to be exhibited to the Convention a design for this monument which was very handsome and artistic and appropriate not only in conception but in inscription as well. On motion from the floor a committee, of which Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone is chairman, will be appointed to consider a design for the Arlington Monument.

SHILOH MONUMENT.

Mrs. Alexander B. White, of Tennessee, read the report of this monument committee, showing that over two thousand dollars has been contributed to the fund this year. The treasurer's report showed a balance of over five thousand dollars for the erection of the monument.

Subscriptions to both Arlington and Shiloh funds were requested and were being liberally responded to, when Mrs. White arose and moved that the Convention make an appropriation from funds now in the treasury of \$1,500 to be equally divided between the two monuments. Before this motion could be acted upon Mrs. Dowdell, the Recording Secretary, moved to amend the motion to read \$1,000 for each. This amendment was unanimously carried amid great applause.

HISTORICAL EVENING.

Mrs. J. Enders Robinson, Historian General, prepared a splendid program for Historical Evening which was ably carried out. Original poems, historical papers of great value, and some fine selections were read; and the musical program was very attractive, both the vocal and instrumental numbers being remarkably well rendered and heartily applauded. The Historical Evening was the most delightfully entertaining event of the Convention. Incidentally in connection with Historical Evening attention may be called to the collections of old songs which is being made by Mrs. S. H. Watson, of Waxahachie, former Historian of Texas. These songs are suitable for use at all meetings of the U. D. C. They will be attractively bound and can be purchased by any Chapter writing to Mrs. Watson.

THE SOCIAL SIDE OF THE CONVENTION.

That business was not everything in the Convention was well exemplified by the many attractive social functions that had been arranged. Some of these were in personal compliment to the President General, and were charming in plans and completion, and others were tendered to the entire Convention. One of the most delightful of these was the reception given by Mayor and Mrs. Rice, who were assisted in receiving by the officers of the General Division and the officers of the State Division of Texas. Every detail of this entertainment was well carried out. The house was elaborately decorated with red and white, and made beautiful with cut flowers, palms, and ferns. Many handsomely gowned women added to the kaleidoscope of color, and, added to the stirring Confederate airs rendered by the orchestra, made a scene of whole-souled hospitality long to be remembered. The reception and dance at the Thalean Club was indeed charming.

Another function that was very much enjoyed was the trip to Galveston, which was made by special train. The party was met by a committee from the Business Men's Club and a delegation from the Veve Jefferson Davis Chapter, who

escorted them to the wharf, where four launches carried them for a trip down the bay. On their return a delicious oyster luncheon was served by the Galveston Daughters. An especially pleasant episode of this trip was the dainty boutonnieres of fern tied with red and white ribbon which were presented to each lady in the station by a Union veteran.

ATTRACTIVE FEATURES OF THE CONVENTION.

Among the many attractive features of the Convention was one observed on opening day. At the roll call of States the State President, or some one representing her, went to the platform and presented to Mrs. Walke, Custodian of Flags and Pennants, the flag of her State. Many persons may not realize that each State has its special flag and emblem; but this presentation showed the wide divergence of design, yet the great beauty of each. At the close of the Convention the Custodian presented these flags to the hostess Chapter, Robert E. Lee. Mrs. M. E. Bryan, the President, receiving them in a pleasing speech.

Another beautiful feature was the great number of flowers presented to the officers, each receiving so many that the platform was a veritable bower of bloom. Beautiful also in its sadness was the tribute to Mrs. Basil Duke, of Louisville, Ky. At three o'clock, the hour when all that was mortal of this grand woman was laid to rest, the delegation stood with bowed heads, and in the great hall stillness reigned as the beautiful memorial resolutions were read by Mrs. Andrew Broadus, of Kentucky.

A motion was carried to erect a memorial to Mrs. Addison Hayes, last child and oldest daughter of President Jefferson Davis, who died in Colorado Springs July 18 and was buried in Hollywood, Richmond, on October 29. The memorial will be placed in the church at Biloxi, Miss., which the family of Mr. Davis attended for many years. Telegrams were sent to many members of the Association who were kept from attending by sickness or the pressure of great sorrow.

HONORARY PRESIDENTS.

The number of Honorary Presidents may be fourteen. The first to receive the honor was Mrs. Jefferson Davis, and the list was closed by the election of Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, of Virginia, a woman widely known for the great work she has done for the advancement of the South, and Mrs. John W. Tench, of Florida, than whom the South has no nobler daughter. Mrs. Tench's popularity was well evidenced by the profusion of flowers sent to her, and even more shown by the sweeter tribute of loving words of praise from many members of the Convention, the best coming from her home State, where she is best known and most loved. Mrs. Daisy Hampton Tucker, of Virginia, and Mrs. John B. Richardson, of Louisiana, were elected Honorary Presidents. The office of Honorary President General has been filled only by Mrs. Varina Howell Jefferson Davis, and it was voted at the Houston Convention to leave this office vacant for one year longer as memorial to Mrs. Davis. There are fourteen Honorary Presidents, four of whom were elected at this Convention and filled the number.

MRS. CORNELIA BRANCH STONE.

Mrs. Stone, the retiring President, is a Texas woman with a wonderful breadth of thought and a wide grasp of intellect. In her two years of office she has shown the magnanimity of character that would not allow personal prejudice to sway any decision. Her rulings have been just, as her enterprise has been far-reaching. Her hold upon the hearts of those she

fondly called "her Daughters" was exemplified in the beautiful gifts showered upon her. Mrs. Wheeler in behalf of the Texas Division presented her with a pin bearing her initials, "C. B. S.," in diamonds. Depending from this was the battle flag of the Confederacy in enamel and diamonds. Following the presentation of the medal, a beautiful wreath was given Mrs. Stone by the R. E. Lee Chapter. The Daughters of the Republic gave a Texas battle flag in roses; a wreath from Lady Washington Chapter of the Daughters of the Republic was very handsome, as was the design from the E. R. Bate, auxiliary to A. M. Roberts Chapter; and Hood's Texas Brigade, the children's Chapter, showed their love in flowery tribute. Mrs. Murdock Moore, of the C. S. A. Chapter of Dallas, Tex., presented a silver tablet, and her words also bore a eulogy to Mrs. Stone, who has been so long identified with the Confederate work in Texas.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

The climax of the Convention was reached in the election of officers. A divergence of opinion had been started when Mrs. W. L. Kline, Chairman of the Rules Committee, submitted a rule calling for an election of officers by secret ballot instead of the usual manner—by a roll call of States. After some discussion, the vote was taken, and the roll call of States was preferred.

The two candidates for President General were Mrs. I. W. Faison, of North Carolina, and Mrs. Virginia Faulkner McSherry, of West Virginia. It soon became evident that the capability of the two women was so equally matched and the personal following so equally divided that the question of State preference of the voters alone would be the decisive point in the election. State after State as its name was called cast its ballot, very few splitting their vote, only Texas and Tennessee dividing the vote cast to any appreciable extent. The result of the ballot showed 854 votes for Mrs. McSherry and 446 for Mrs. Faison. Mrs. Faison moved to make the vote unanimous, which was seconded by North Carolina. This was done and Mrs. McSherry was escorted to the platform by Mrs. Tate amid cheers from the audience, who rose to their feet and stood while she expressed her thanks for the great honor given her. The other officers were nominated in quick succession, and, as in most instances, only one nominee went up for election. Many were elected by acclamation with the result of the following roster: President General, Mrs. Virginia F. McSherry, West Virginia; Vice Presidents General, Mrs. L. C. Hall, Arkansas, Mrs. M. E. Bryan, Texas, and Mrs. Thomas T. Stevens, Georgia; Recording Secretary General, Mrs. Andrew L. Dowdell, Alabama; Corresponding Secretary General, Miss Katie Tyler Childress, Louisiana; Treasurer General, Mrs. C. B. Tate, Virginia; Registrar General, Mrs. James B. Gannt, Missouri; Historian General, Mrs. J. Enders Robinson, Virginia; Custodian of Crosses of Honor, Mrs. L. H. Raines, Georgia; Custodian of Flags and Pennants, Mrs. F. A. Walke, Virginia; Honorary Presidents General, Mrs. N. V. Randolph, Virginia, Mrs. J. W. Tench, Florida, Mrs. Daisy Hampton Tucker, Virginia, and Mrs. John B. Richardson, Louisiana.

Miss Daffan nominated Mrs. R. C. Cooley to succeed herself as Corresponding Secretary General, but Mrs. Cooley felt that she could not accept the position with justice to herself. The retiring Corresponding Secretary has given her almost undivided time to the work for the last two years, and the splendid character of the work done was amply exemplified by her report, which when read was much applauded.

and she received a rising vote of thanks from the Convention for her invaluable services. Mrs. Cooley was ill during the Convention and took but little part in the proceedings.

PLACE OF NEXT MEETING.

Many States made most hospitable claims for the next meeting of the General Convention, Virginia especially telling of the many reasons why that State should have the honor. Arkansas also offered her wide expanse in welcome to the Daughters, and the vote showed that her invitation won the approbation of the delegates, who will meet and greet each other in 1910 at the fair city of Little Rock.

LAST SCENES OF THE CONVENTION.

The last scenes of the Convention were tinged with the sadness of parting. Mrs. Stone called all the newly elected officers to the platform and graciously presented each to the Convention with some courteous words of introduction. She introduced the new President General, Mrs. McSherry, with well-chosen words, laying in her hand the gavel, her badge of authority. If there were tears in the eyes of many in the great audience, they found companion tears in her tender eyes, for in the two years of close companionship she had learned to love her "dear Daughters very dearly."

The delegates sang the solemn long-meter doxology reverently standing, and the great Convention was over—one of the most successful of the sixteen that had gone before.

UNION SOLDIERS ABOUT DAVID O. DODD.

BY J. R. MARTIN, BOX 17, NEW HARTFORD, IOWA.

It was my unpleasant duty during the winter of 1864 (in February, I think) to be present as one of the guards at the military execution of young David O. Dodd as a spy. It was only our great respect for military discipline that prevented a very serious demonstration at the time in his favor. His quiet and heroic bearing stamped him as not only one of the bravest of the brave, but not one of us doubted that he met his fate with the same lofty feeling of patriotism that sustained in his last hours Nathan Hale, the immortal spy of the Revolution.

As the sad fate of young Dodd has become a part of the military history of that unfortunate struggle, it seems to me that a tribute to his memory is due from one who was then looked on as an enemy, but who recognized to the fullest the personal nobility of a character that refused to purchase life by betrayal of those who helped him procure the information found on him when arrested.

A Mr. Brugman, a schoolmate of Dodd's, witnessed his execution. He stated that by carelessness the rope used at the execution was too long, so that after the drop the dying boy's feet touched the ground. An officer thereupon detailed two soldiers to ascend the scaffold with orders to hold up the rope, so that the body swing clear until the victim slowly strangled to death. Mr. Martin in a second letter endeavors to remove the impression that Dodd strangled to death. He states: "We soldiers always spoke of it as his murder. His quiet yet undaunted demeanor filled the hearts of all with admiration for his grand courage and grief for his awful fate. Yes, I remember the apparent and bungling accident with the rope. However, I was informed by our surgeon, Dr. Charles H. Lathrop, that in spite of the fact that his feet touched the ground the shock was sufficiently strong to break the spinal cord and that his death was painless. Let us hope so at least.

'You will find a handkerchief in my coat,' were the last words I heard from his lips. The provost marshal, it seems, had forgotten to provide one with which to cover his face. I have seen death in almost every form, but David O. Dodd met the king of terrors with a perfect coolness I never saw equaled; and while of course I believe he was mistaken, as were all who sought the dismemberment of the Union, yet no one could doubt his honesty and his lofty patriotism. I am aware that General Steele, who did not believe him capable of drawing the maps found upon him, offered him his life if he would divulge the names of his accomplices. His reply showed his innate nobility of character: 'General, I can die, but I cannot betray confidence. I am alone responsible for those papers.' War with all its horrors is truly but a relic of barbarism. Might is not always right. I think of going South this fall to remain."

Mr. Martin was at that time Commander of the Shell Rock Post, No. 262, G. A. R., New Hartford, Iowa.

The foregoing is from letters to the Little Rock Gazette.

There is a most remarkable similarity between the careers of David Dodd and Sam Davis. It is so strong, in fact, that the VETERAN did not give equal prominence to the two at the same time. It seemed incredible.

The Gazette mentions that the General Convention of the U. D. C. has voted to erect a bronze tablet to David O. Dodd, the young martyr to the Confederacy, who was hanged as a spy. This is of peculiar interest to Little Rock, because it was in this city, on the campus of St. John's College (then on Barber Avenue, but long since gone out of existence), that the seventeen-year-old boy was executed on January 8, 1864. His body lies in Mount Holly Cemetery with a neat shaft above the grave containing, besides the inscription, another in the telegraphic code, as he was an operator when captured.

COMMENT UPON THE GEORGIA REUNION

Gen. Louis G. Young, re-elected Commander of the Georgia Division, U. C. V., writes after expressing congratulations that the editor had recovered from his severe illness: "We had a most successful and delightful Reunion in the beautiful city of Athens, where we were treated with the most refined and courteous hospitality. There was not a flaw to be found anywhere. The business of the Division was speedily and satisfactorily done, and such order prevailed that the gavel was out of order and not used once. Our pamphlet copies of proceedings, minutes, and speeches are in course of preparation, and when published I will send you one."

BY A. J. WEBB, LAWRENCEVILLE, GA.

The Georgia State Reunion held at Athens, Ga., September 28 and 29 was one in deed and truth. All the old "vets" of the bloody battles from 1861 to 1865 that came were received with open arms, and it was clearly demonstrated to us all that we were welcome, and continued to be welcome during our stay. When we grew weak from fatigue and even stumbled and fell, there was a kind hand ready to lift us up; when we needed rest, there was a good place prepared for us; when we desired to sleep, nice beds were ours; when hungry, a bountiful feast was spread. In fact, nothing was left undone to make a soldier happy and to fill his old tired heart with praise.

It was said of one of old: "She hath done what she could." Likewise we say this of the city of our stay, and she did it freely and spared no pains. Everything in the city belonged to the old boys and every door was opened. There were many

together at Athens, and they all behaved and acquitted themselves as well, and their good, moral, sober conduct was highly commended by all.

This Reunion will be remembered with great pleasure many days, for the memory of it is written in our minds and printed in our hearts indelibly, and we thank the people of Athens from the very center of our hearts.

REUNION OF VIRGINIA VETERANS.

The Reunions of the Virginia Division, U. D. C., and U. S. C. V. took place in Danville October 22, and were notable events both in size of the gathering and in the enthusiasm manifested. About two thousand veterans were in the parade, and were met at the triangle by many hundred school children waving Confederate flags. Sixty young girls dressed in white and wearing gray caps took part in the parade, and afterwards gave a very fine drill. It is estimated that six thousand people greeted the orators of the day at Ridge Street Tabernacle and listened to eloquent addresses from E. Lee Trinkle, J. Boyd Sears, and Governor Swanson. The sponsors and speakers were introduced to the audience by McDonald Lee, and the speech of welcome for the Sons of Veterans was made by Eugene Withers.

The roster of officers for Veterans elected for the ensuing year is: Commander, John C. Ewell, of Lancaster; First, Second, and Third Lieutenant Commanders, W. C. Whittle, Micajah Wood, Harry Wording; Inspector General, Tipton D. Jennings; Quartermaster General, David A. Brown; Grand Chaplain, Rev. J. P. Hyde; Surgeon General, Dr. R. M. Nash.

The roster for the Sons of Veterans is: Grand Commander, Thomas W. Spindle; First and Second Lieutenant Grand Commanders, W. McDonald Lee and John S. White.

NORTH CAROLINA U. D. C. CONVENTION.

The North Carolina Division, U. D. C., assembled in convention at Wilmington October 13. Mrs. I. W. Faison, Division President, presiding. From all over the State came hundreds of patriotic women, who were given royal welcome by the Cape Fear Chapter, the hostess of the occasion. The meetings were held in the commandery rooms of the Masonic Temple, which were beautifully decorated in flags, bunting, and gray moss.

Speeches were made by Mayor McRae, Mrs. W. M. Pearsley, President of the local Chapter, Mrs. I. W. Faison, State President, Col. Walker Taylor, and Mrs. Eugene Little, State Treasurer, all of which were highly enjoyed. A portrait of Randolph A. Shotwell was presented to the Division, and when it was unveiled the audience stood with bowed heads. This portrait will be placed in the Museum in Richmond.

Many delightful social pleasures were given, notably a luncheon by the Elks, a boat trip up the Cape Fear River, and a big reception by the home Chapter of the U. D. C.

A PLEASANT EPISODE OF PRESIDENT TAFT'S VISIT.—When President Taft visited Houston, Tex., Mayor Rice introduced him to his audience on behalf of the men, then presented him to Miss Katie Daffan, President of the Texas Division, U. D. C., who in turn presented him on behalf of the ladies of the city. Miss Daffan pinned to the coat of President Taft a bunch of ribbon in red and white, the colors of the Confederacy. In his speech President Taft paid a high compliment to the women of the South, and said he was proud to wear their colors. About the time that Miss Katie Daffan

was placing upon President Taft's coat lapel the badge of the U. D. C. a sensation occurred on a near-by street in Houston. A messenger on a bicycle, having right of way, had his wheel decorated with two Confederate flags, and was on his way with orders when accosted by a policeman, who said: "Get out of there with them flags." The order was resented by the public, and there were threats of mobbing the officer.

A FUNNY STORY ABOUT YOUNG JEFF (HAYES) DAVIS.

Young Jeff Davis is taking a course in mining engineering at Columbia College, New York, and he is giving practical study to it in every branch, devoting much time to its chemistry, laws, and advancements. Last summer with a couple of his classmates he went to the mines to see and understand their workings at first hand. These college boys doffed all the toggery dear to the hearts of most youths, put on the blue overalls, the cap with its light in front, and went hard to work in the mines, carrying their lunch in a tin pail, sleeping at the cabins, and keeping the hours with the other miners.

A German and his family lived near the mines, and evidently ranked miners and tramps in the same category, with very little use for either. One day Jeff Davis and his friends decided to go to the home of the old German and see if the "housfrau" would not sell them some of her famous bread or "kukens." When the German saw them enter his gate wearing their rough mining clothes, he rushed out and angrily ordered them off. He would not allow them to explain, but said he would send his dog after them if they did not leave at once. The boys left full of laughter at their unique experience, as one of the three was the son of a railroad magnate, one the petted heir of a multi-millionaire, and the third, Jefferson Davis, the grandson and name bearer of the South's loved President.

Later when the Germans learned whom they had turned so peremptorily from their doors they were very apologetic, and the boys, appreciating the joke on themselves, were very glad to receive both the apology and the fine bread which accompanied it. Young Davis graduates next spring, and bids fair to thoroughly understand his chosen work in all its bearings.

A WEDDING IN CONFEDERATE COLORS.—Miss Lodi Will Byrd, a daughter of a Confederate officer, was married to Mr. George E. Morgan at the Second Baptist Church in Atlanta, Ga., October 27. The ceremony had a unique charm in that it was all in Confederate colors. The church and altar were elaborately decorated in red and white; the bride and bridesmaids all wore Confederate gray and carried bouquets of red and white flowers. Gen. Clement A. Evans, Commander in Chief U. C. V., performed the ceremony, wearing his full regimentals, and the father of the bride and all the ushers also wore the Confederate uniform. Confederate airs were played during the ceremony, and the bridal couple left the church to the ringing notes of "Dixie."

TEXAS CONFEDERATE VETERANS REUNION MINUTES.—Commander Van Zandt, of the Texas Division, has sent the VETERAN a copy of the minutes of the Reunion held in Mount Pleasant. In style and finish the booklet is excellent and its contents show that this Division is filled with the true Southern spirit and that the hearts that kept time to the whistling of bullets in the sixties are just as much in tune to "Dixie" now as they were then.

FEDERAL OFFICER'S TRIBUTE TO CONFEDERATES.

The following letter from Gen. Charles King, so well known as a writer as well as a soldier, will be of interest to readers of the *VETERAN*. He acknowledges receipt of some copies of the *VETERAN*, one of which contained the article on "Hood's Failure at Spring Hill," and says:

"What fatalities hung about that 'slip' at Spring Hill! What stories have not come to me as to its cause or explanation!

"A Union man and soldier to the core, I have long been a lover of the South, and it was a source of keen pleasure to me in 1898 when the 1st Tennessee was assigned to my brigade. A friendship sprang up between us at San Francisco that seemed even warmer at Manila, where dear old Colonel Smith spent much of the last afternoon of his life in chat with me,



GEN. CHARLES KING.

That night the insurgents sprung their mine. Next morning we were in the thick of the resultant battle, and the gallant spirit that had followed the colors of the famous 'Light Division' (A. P. Hill's) to the bitter end at Appomattox and lived to lead an adoring regiment into action under the old flag went up in the smoke of their Springfield far across the Pacific.

"What an array of gentlemen (I use the word advisedly) came to us among the officers of that one Southern regiment in our entire corps! Gracey Childers, Smith's loyal 'second in command,' Bayless, Cheatham, and McGuire, three model majors; Polk, of the historic name and lineage, an adjutant whom I was glad to make adjutant general; Whitthorne, our veteran captain, like every other man of his rank 'commanding company,' the only full regiment in all the Philippines in January, 1899, of which that could be said except the 1st Mon-

tana. I recall with almost tender regard the faces, the names (how typical of Tennessee were those—McLester, Ragsdale, Gillem, Pilcher, Dismukes, etc.), the welcoming light in the eyes of officers and men when, after a separation of several months, I rode into their lines on the Santa Lucia. Who but a Tennessee sentry would have supplemented the 'Present arms' with 'Mighty glad to see you ag'in, General?'

"If any of these fellows should ever turn up in your sanctum, give him, or them, a word of affectionate remembrance from 'The Old Man of the Brigade.'"

INQUIRIES FOR AND BY VETERANS.

Judge Henry A. Melvin, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of California, writes from San Francisco: "I desire to know whether or not the Rev. Mr. Melvin, my great-uncle, who served as a chaplain in the Confederate army, is still alive. I understand that he was a member of a Tennessee regiment, and that after the war he preached in Tennessee for some years. Any information about him would be very gratefully appreciated."

James M. Jones writes from Griffin, Ga.: "I desire the address of Sergeant Standifer. He enlisted, I think, in the 8th Texas Cavalry (Terry's Rangers); but at the close of the war he was orderly sergeant of White's Battery, Hamilton's Battalion of Artillery, Wheeler's Cavalry Corps. I want the roll of the battery if Sergeant Standifer has one."

Will some good Confederate who remembers James Forster Jackson or J. F. Jackson kindly write to his widow, Mrs. S. J. Jackson, 807 Branch Street, Brownwood, Tex.? His father's name was Asher Jackson, and he lived in Marion County, Ga. J. F. Jackson joined the army from some school he was attending in the early part of the war. He was wounded in the right hand in the battle of Shiloh. He had a brother who died of wounds received in this same battle. Mrs. Jackson wishes to establish his record in order to apply for a pension. [Request by H. A. Morse, Adjutant pro tem of Stonewall Jackson Camp.]

Rev. W. W. Morrison, D.D., inquires about a Confederate soldier who was sent to a hospital in Atlanta during the summer of 1864. He belonged to Armstrong's Brigade or Regiment. The young man was shot through the left eye, the ball going through the head. Dr. Morrison writes: "I thought he would die, of course, but did what I could for him. The next day I found, to my surprise, that he was still alive and rational. He asked first for water, then for milk. The latter it was impossible to obtain, but we gave him soup and took all the care of him possible. Later all the wounded were ordered to leave. This one was sent to Columbus, Ga. I went with him to the train and told him there was only one danger to be avoided—that of blood poison. If this man is still alive, I should like to hear from him, or to learn of him if dead."

Jesse C. Graves, of Sparta, Bell County, Tex., wants a pension. He writes the *VETERAN*: "I enlisted in 1861 from Montgomery County, Tex., in Company K (Captain Clipper), 20th Texas Regiment (Elmore's). Our company was made up of men from Montgomery, Walker, Harris, and Grimes Counties. We were in heavy artillery at Galveston and also at Sabine Pass. After we captured Sabine Pass, we were placed on the boats; was at recapture of Galveston. Our regiment and Cook's Regiment stayed at Galveston nearly all

the time. Cook's Regiment was heavy artillery; Cook was commander of the forts. General Hall was commander of the post when General Magruder succeeded Hall." Comrade Graves desires to locate comrades who can identify him.

Fred R. Shipman, of the Llano (Tex.) Sanitarium, enlisted as drummer boy at Bridgeville, Pickens County, Ala. He was mustered into the Confederate service on March 22, 1861, at Mobile, Ala., in the 2d Alabama Regiment, Company B, and was stationed at Fort Morgan eleven months. The regiment was then sent to Fort Pillow, Tenn. In February, 1862, he reenlisted at Fort Pillow for the war, and got sixty days' furlough. In May, 1862, he was sent to Columbus, Miss., and there organized the 42d Alabama, Company B. William R. Best was made captain, Lanier lieutenant colonel, and Prentiss colonel. Mr. Shipman is now getting old and could get a pension if he could make proof of his service. If any of his company or regiment see this and can testify for him, please write him. [This inquiry is made by Dr. G. W. Baskett, of Llano, Tex.]

RECOLLECTIONS OF GEN. J. C. BRECKINRIDGE.

BY H. E. HORD, HERMITAGE, TENN.

I cordially agree with Comrade Cunningham in what he says in the February number of the good old VETERAN on "A Talk with the Boys." We have the rare opportunity of having our yarns published, and thousands of the rising generation will have the pleasure of reading them, thereby learning something about the experiences of their fathers or grandfathers. Then there is another consideration. The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is our magazine, and has done more than any one thing or person to keep alive our fraternity. We ought to do our part toward making it as interesting as possible.

I see they are trying to raise the necessary funds to buy Mr. Davis's birthplace. It is a good idea, and I hope it will go through. I used to know the place before the war, and will tell you about the last time I was there and the distinguished company I was in. When the war commenced I was living at Hopkinsville, Ky., with my guardian, Judge H. J. Stites, judge on the Kentucky Court of Appeals. He was a very warm friend of Gen. John C. Breckinridge. The Judge had no children, and his wife had been an invalid for several years. I was early trained to do a good deal that belongs to housekeeping, though we had plenty of good servants.

Tennessee had seceded, and Kentucky was to vote on the question in a few weeks. General Breckinridge, Mr. Johnson, Col. Henry Bennett, and several others were making a tour of Kentucky making speeches to induce Kentucky to secede. They came to Hopkinsville, and Judge Stites had the entire party at his house. His wife was not at home at the time. So it was up to old Aunt Ellen, with my assistance, to do the commissary act for our guests. The Judge gave a dining and invited some of the prominent men of Hopkinsville to meet his guests. Mr. James Jackson was one of them. He joined the Union army, and was killed at Perryville, Ky., after he became a brigadier general.

General Breckinridge spoke twice at the Fair Grounds and once in the courthouse at night. At one of the speeches so many flowers were thrown on the platform that I had to make a special trip in a double-seated rockaway to haul them home. Among them I found a large wreath and in the center a small Confederate flag, the first one I ever saw. I took the flag out and preserved it.

Old Aunt Ellen fed the crowd so well for several days that they had her summoned to the dining room and each guest made a little speech thanking her for the splendid way she had entertained them. The old negro was badly rattled. None of them thought of tipping her. It was not considered good form to tip another's servants in those days.

The Judge sent the party to Tate's Station, on the L. & N., in his buggy, and I was the driver for General Breckinridge. Several young men volunteered to take the others of the party. I was delighted to drive General Breckinridge. I was a boy and was afraid General Breckinridge would prefer to ride with some of the others who were older. I drew up my rig in front of the yard gate, and Judge Stites said to the General: "Henry is a fair driver, but you may prefer going with some one else older. Take your choice." General Breckinridge looked at me, and I think saw how anxious I was to go with him, for he smiled and said: "I'll go with Henry, but first I'll take this flag down." Then he walked up to my horse's head and removed the little Confederate flag from the headstall; then to me: "Wait, my boy, till Kentucky adopts that flag and then we'll do our best to keep it flying."

I got to hear him talk for thirty miles, and I remember a good deal of that conversation yet. Before we reached Fairview the party discussed stopping there for dinner. They could not decide among themselves; so General Breckinridge asked me what I thought of it. Who else would have thought to consult a fifteen-year-old boy about his plans? I told him I thought it took smart men to be Vice Presidents and Senators. General Breckinridge winked at the others and said: "It does." Then I said: "You have a fine roast beef, old home-cured ham, beaten biscuit, whisky older than I am, wine, cake, pickles, etc., and consider going to an old wayside inn where you will get only 'yellow' soda biscuit, etc." The crowd laughed, and Colonel Bennett said: "It was a convincing argument." So they concluded to drive on past and have our lunch later.

When we reached Fairview, we found an immense crowd there, having gathered to see and hear General Breckinridge. He had to stop and make a speech. Sure enough, they did have soda biscuit. From Fairview to the station we were escorted by Capt. Ned Merriwethers's company of cavalry. They had not yet joined the Confederate forces. Captain Merriwethers was a brother of our good friend, Mrs. C. M. Godett. He was killed at the Sacramento fight not very long afterwards. At the station we found another crowd to whom General Breckinridge had to make a speech. He found time to come over to the buggy and tell me good-by. I asked him what I should do with our lunch; it would kill old Aunt Ellen to take it home. He said, "Don't take it back home; give it away to some one," which I did.

I afterwards ran away from home and joined a regiment in General Breckinridge's command, and served with them till just before the battle of Corinth, Miss. I used to see General Breckinridge nearly every day, but never was at his headquarters nor made myself known to him. Mr. Johnson was elected Governor of Kentucky; but he was a soldier, and was killed in the battle of Shiloh fighting in the ranks as a private. Colonel Bennett represented Kentucky in the Confederate Congress. They are all dead but me, and I am in the Tennessee Confederate Soldiers' Home.

INFORMATION WANTED.—Mrs. J. J. Beavers, of Benton, Ark., would like information as to the Confederate record of her father, S. H. Whitthorne, who enlisted at Shelbyville, Tenn.

HOW JIM MALCOM SAVED THE STEER.

BY JAMES W. ALBRIGHT.

When the siege of Petersburg was growing monotonous and rations were very scarce, a scout brought the glad tidings that the Yankees had several hundred fat Texas steers grazing on the Blackwater River, some miles east of Petersburg, in Surry County. A council of "rations" was held, and it was decided to be a good idea to get a few of these steers. To accomplish this feat seemed to be a hazardous undertaking, for the Yanks liked beef also.

The scout said it would be an easy task to flank the steers, capture the guards by surprise, and drive them into Petersburg. A few select men were called for as volunteers; for if they were to be had, it was by strategy, not force. The accepted volunteers were soon on the raid. With light hearts and nothing but canteens and trusted guns these brave boys started for the swamps of Surry after Texas beef. The raid was a huge success. Not a gun was fired, so completely was the guard surprised and captured. Driving the beeves to Petersburg was not an easy task. But several hundred were driven into our lines just after sunrise, to the delight of the raiders and the rest of the Army of Northern Virginia who were lucky enough to be included in the "divide."

One clever fellow from Greensboro, James Malcom, however, came near losing his life on the return. A bridge had to be crossed, and the steers attempted a stampede, and a few made good their escape. In trying to beat them back on the bridge several jumped off into the stream, carrying Malcom with them. He could not swim, and in floundering around in the water he seized a large steer by the tail. But for this Malcom would have been drowned. When the big steer got ashore and came plunging up the hill with the 150-pound Confederate clinging to his tail, a good shout went up from the scouts who had failed to take a bath on that occasion. Jim Malcom rubbed his hands, spit out a little tobacco and a good deal of water, and said very gravely: "Well, boys, I had a hard tussle with that steer; but I was bound to save him, for you know beefsteak is scarce."

LOSSES IN BATTLES.

BY B. H. KING, ATLANTA, GA.

As Bill Arp used to write: "I have been ruminating over the bloody days of the sixties." It is strange that in so short a time the rising generation knows so little of the happenings in that great epoch. Let us consider a few figures.

The 1st Minnesota Regiment at Gettysburg lost 215 out of 263 men, 82 per cent; the 9th Illinois Regiment at Shiloh lost 366 out of 578 men, 63 per cent; the 1st Maine Regiment at Petersburg lost 632 out of 950 men, 67 per cent; Caldwell's Brigade, made up of New York, New Hampshire, and Pennsylvania troops, in Hancock's attack at Fredericksburg lost 949 out of 1,947 men, 48 per cent.

Now let us turn to the Confederates and see how they fared in comparison. Let us take the 1st Texas at Antietam, where 186 out of 226 men fell, 82 per cent; the 26th North Carolina at Gettysburg lost 588 out of 820 men, 72 per cent; the 8th Tennessee at Murfreesboro lost 306 out of 441 men, 68 per cent; Garnett's Brigade of Virginians while in Pickett's charge lost 941 out of 1,427 men, or 65 per cent. These figures are from "Regimental Losses in the American Civil War," by Col. William F. Fox, of Albany, N. Y. One company of the 6th Kentucky, Lewis's Brigade, Hardee's Corps, at Jonesboro, Ga., lost fourteen men out of fifteen, over ninety-three per cent. Well may this be called the "Orphan Brigade."

Again let us compare these figures with losses in the European contest or the Napoleonic struggles. The Light Brigade, rendered immortal in song and story by Tennyson, lost but thirty-seven per cent at Balaklava. The guards at Inkerman lost but forty-five per cent. and the heaviest losses of the Franco-Prussian War were but forty-six and forty-nine per cent. These figures show how well our soldiers fought and how faithful to their duty. All honor to the American soldier, be he Yank or Reb!

Let us look to the Southern soldier, now old, feeble, and gray. Comrades, we of the old guards, who stuck to the bitter end, were never whipped! Ask the survivors of Five Forks; ask the remnant of the skeleton corps of Ewell, who held the ford at Sailors' Creek on that dark and bloody day, April 6, 1865; ask the survivors of Bentonville; take the sieges of Richmond and Charleston, and you will find that history fails to show their equals. Finally let us look to the memory of the women of the Confederacy. Spartan mothers were not truer. Yes, God bless you, little comrades of the gray, we bless and revere your memory!

Life's sands are slowly running out, our work is nearly done; but may oblivion's dark wings never shadow our glorious past high up on the scroll of fame! And I hope that when we reach the mystic river we shall hear old "Marse Robert" calling the countersign as we pass over.

MINUTES OF NINETEENTH ANNUAL REUNION, U. C. V.—Gen. W. E. Mikle, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, has issued the minutes of the nineteenth U. C. V. Reunion, which was held in Memphis June 8-10. The pamphlet contains quite elaborate reports of all the proceedings. The leading speeches are given entire, together with the official proceedings, the new officers for every division, with their addresses. General Mikle's reports are given first. His statement of disbursements and receipts sets forth in detail the condition of the order in a brief summary. This is followed by the report of Surgeon General C. H. Tebault, which includes several very interesting letters. The minutes constitute a very valuable book of reference, and can be obtained for fifty cents by applying to Adjutant General William E. Mikle, New Orleans.

IN MEMORY OF THE DEAD AT CAMP MORTON PRISON.—J. Duncan Holliday, of the 1st Light Artillery, C. S. A., writes the VETERAN that work is being rapidly pushed forward upon the monument which the government is erecting at the cost of fifteen thousand dollars in honor of the dead of Camp Morton Prison. It was intended to mark each grave; but they could not be identified, and the names will be placed upon one large shaft instead. When the monument is dedicated, Mr. John Klee will make an address, and it is hoped that Confederates from many States will be present.

HOW GENERAL MORGAN ESCAPED FROM PRISON.—A story is going the rounds of the press stating that General Morgan escaped from prison through the bribery of his jailers by the Southern women, who paid thirty thousand dollars for the liberation of the distinguished prisoner. Charlton Morgan, a brother of General Morgan, denies the story, saying that he was with General Morgan in prison, and that they escaped by tunneling out, as is told in history.

MONUMENT FUND GROWING FAST.—The committee in charge of raising funds for a monument to mark the position of the Tennessee troops in the battle of Vicksburg are very jubilant. The response to the call has been both quick and generous.

GEN. GRANT'S "MAGNANIMITY" AT APPOMATTOX.

(Author's name sought. It may have been mislaid.)

Much has been written and more declaimed concerning the magnanimity of General Grant shown in the terms that he made to General Lee for the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia. It seems to me that a false estimate of that event is made whenever a sentimental motive is attributed to it. Magnanimity literally means greatness of mind, and in that sense I have no objection to bestowing the term "magnanimous" on the character of General Grant's act on that occasion. But in its ordinary acceptation the word "magnanimous" is taken to mean generosity with charitable tendency on the part of the person whose act is under consideration. In that sense it belittles the great event in question to call it a magnanimous act.

Men have a right to be generous with what is their own and with what concerns themselves only, but it is not generous or magnanimous to give that which is not your own. When men hold in their keeping a great trust involving the lives and happiness of millions of people, compromising by yielding to a sentiment of personal generosity is, to the extent of a compromise, a betrayal of the trust.

When General Lee and General Grant met at Appomattox in the residence of Mr. McLaine on the morning of April 9, 1865, each had in his keeping a sacred trust, the magnitude of which cannot be overestimated. General Lee held not only the remnant of the Army of Northern Virginia, whose achievements theretofore had been and always will be the wonder and admiration of the world, but he held also the last hope of a nation composed of ten States and 8,000,000 Anglo-Saxon people, who, believing sacredly in the Declaration of Independence, trusting not only in their own strength, but trusting also in the sincerity of the 28,000,000 of the people of the other States who had always theretofore professed to believe in those same principles. The lives and honor of that remnant of the Army of Northern Virginia and the last hope of that then crushed nation were in General Lee's keeping, and it was with that trust that he was dealing.

General Grant had in his hands the lives of many thousands of men composing the great army he commanded, and he held also in his hands the fate of the Union that that army had been enlisted to maintain. He knew what the result would ultimately be if the strife between the two greatly disproportioned armies should be continued; but he also knew and appreciated what a continuance of that strife signified, and he sincerely desired to avoid the loss of life and the suffering that would ensue before that inevitable result would be reached. If he could without further bloodshed and suffering and without the sacrifice of a single honorable principle obtain all that he and his army were fighting for, he was bound by his duty to God and man to do so.

On the other hand, General Lee and his army, even after the last hope for the independence of their country had disappeared, had much else to fight for which was dearer to them than life—their honor as men and patriotic soldiers. For this they were ready to die, and both generals knew it and both measured up to the full height of their respective responsibilities. No petty sentiment of personal generosity or charity entered into the mind of either. It was a matter of sublime duty, and each performed his duty to the full limit.

What did General Grant concede? Nothing that was in issue in the case. Not the slightest impairment of the authority of the United States over the Confederate States, not the slightest concession on any question in dispute; but he conceded

only that the officers and enlisted men were to be treated as prisoners of war under parole, the officers to retain their side arms and both officers and enlisted men their private property. Aside from mere sentiment of soldierly compliment the United States suffered no injury to allow the officers to retain their side arms; and as to the little personal property of officers and enlisted men, it was not worth altogether the life of one good soldier, much less the lives of many on both sides, that further fighting would have destroyed. General Lee never consented to meet General Grant to discuss the question of surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia until General Grant in his letter of April 8, 1865, stated that the only condition he would insist on was "that the men and officers surrendered should be disqualified for taking up arms against the government of the United States until properly exchanged." On the receipt of that letter General Lee invited General Grant to a meeting on the 9th of April to discuss the subject. That meeting was held, and the result was as above stated.

Suppose at that meeting General Lee had proposed to surrender, reserving only the right to have his officers and enlisted men treated with the honorable consideration that was in fact accorded to them, and suppose General Grant had refused to accept the surrender on those terms and as a consequence the meeting had dissolved and the battles had been renewed, what then could General Grant and his army have said they were fighting for? The supremacy of the United States conceded, what else remained for that army to fight for which was enlisted only to preserve the Union? Nothing unless it was revenge. The United States could not have faced the civilized world and justified themselves for continuing the war for such a purpose. But with the army of the Confederacy the case was different.

After all hope for the independence of their country was gone, the officers and soldiers of the Confederate army still had their honor as soldiers and their right to be accorded recognition in honorable warfare to maintain.

In my opinion the man underestimates General Grant who sees anything in his act on that occasion except a full appreciation of his responsibility and a strict compliance with his duty.

General Grant in his "Personal Memoirs" has said: "I commanded the whole of the mighty host engaged on the victorious side. I was, no matter whether deservedly or not, the representative of that side of the controversy."

And as to General Lee, who, though well knowing the inevitable result of a battle-to-the-end in the unequal contest, gave no intimation of an intention to surrender until he had received the assurance of the terms contained in the letter above mentioned, one fails to appreciate his conduct if he does not see in it the noble resolve of a great leader to die with his men after all else is lost rather than surrender their honor and submit to personal ignominy.

SOUTH CAROLINA'S WOMAN'S MONUMENT.—South Carolina has collected sufficient money to have the work on her woman's monument put in hand for prompt accomplishment. Mr. A. K. Henderson, of Aiken, sends the *VETERAN* a copy of the State containing a list of the contributors to this fund. Looking over this, it is seen how widespread was the interest which could insure such big results from such small individual contributions. South Carolina has the right idea—not to wait for some large donation before beginning this work, but to let it be a strong pull all together. Small contributions are easier attainable, and many small contributions promptly given and added together reach a large sum and in a very short time.

"RUFFIN DRAGOONS" WITH A. S. JOHNSTON.

BY I. B. ULMER, DEMOPOLIS, ALA.

When this company of cavalry was first regimented, it was Company C, Wirt Adams's Cavalry. Afterwards, about the 1st of July, it was known as Company A, 3d Alabama Cavalry. This company was organized in the summer of 1861 and left for the seat of war September 25 via Memphis, Tenn., where it was sworn in for service, and without frills or stipulations enlisted for the war. It was sent thence to Bowling Green, Ky., where Gen. A. S. Johnston confronted the Federal General Buell.

Its first battle of any importance was Shiloh, where it was detailed as escort to General Johnston. In this battle not very long before he was killed the company was obstructing the front of a regiment of infantry, then advancing to the attack; and turning to our company commander, F. Y. Gaines, General Johnston ordered him to move the company into a ravine close by, which afforded a partial shelter from the hail of bullets assailing the line at every point. General Johnston, saluting the infantry regiment as it marched up, immediately turned in front of it and at once disappeared in the smoke that covered the field as a sulphurous shroud. We were left in this ravine probably two hours awaiting orders, when some officer rode up to the captain announcing the death of Johnston.

After the spring had passed and the campaign in Kentucky under Bragg had been determined upon, the cavalry, which had been under Van Dorn in a few expeditions in Mississippi, was reorganized for this service and not long afterwards placed under the command of General Wheeler. Our company had been returned as Company A of the 3d Alabama Cavalry. Its first colonel who saw any service at its head was James Hagan, of Mobile, a truly admirable man and brave officer.

The battles and skirmishes of this company with the enemy were in excess of one hundred, some of which I will from memory name. To the few surviving comrades scattered along the thorny path of life these reminiscences will be both sad and comforting. To each survivor I send loving greeting. Some of the battles I will name in sequence, though many others hard and furious leave but "vacant vaporings." First, Shiloh, Farmington, Green River, Ky. (Vinegar Hill), Perryville, Crab Orchard, Ky. Between the two last named there were several whose localities and names are forgotten. In our advance into and retreat from Kentucky we were almost continually in the saddle and were under the enemy's fire for nearly thirty days. After arriving in Middle Tennessee, we picketed the front on the Nashville and Murfreesboro Pikes, stationed for some time at Lavergne. Then came the Cedars and Stewart's Creek. From the latter, after five days' fighting, we were at Murfreesboro. Taking position on the extreme right of our line late in the evening of the 20th of December, 1862, we unsaddled and prepared for a night's rest. At midnight the mellow note of a bugle roused the slumbering soldier and in haste bade him saddle and mount. The rest of that December night was devoted to hard riding. Early morning brought a sharp skirmish, and then without a stop we struck the railroad at Lavergne, which was then the depot of supplies for the Federal army. Destroying this, we set out for the left wing of our army, then engaged with the enemy in the great battle of Murfreesboro.

At the beginning of Bragg's withdrawal from Murfreesboro a portion of our cavalry, including our regiment, was sent to the Cumberland River to destroy stores and if possible gunboats. The weather turning severely cold, this expedition

was a failure. We had hard work and severe suffering for both man and horse. Returning, we were stationed at Foster-ville, ten or twelve miles from Shelbyville (eighteen miles by rail), where the bulk of Bragg's forces were camped.

Bragg's retreat being resumed during the summer, our next severe contact with the enemy was at Shelbyville, where our company was badly crippled, losing many as prisoners, when we were again assigned to escort and courier duty.

The next important affair was Elk River, then McLemore's Cove and Chickamauga. After the last battle, General Wheeler made his first noted raid through Middle Tennessee. Crossing the Tennessee River at Cotton Port, the 3d Alabama was in the lead and Company A at the head of the regiment. Its gallant conduct at this crossing elicited unstinted praise from our gallant general.

For ten days and nights we were beset, front, flank, and rear; but we repelled attacks and fought our way through, taking stockades, destroying railroads, capturing and paroling prisoners. Wheeler's movement was sudden, rapid, and persistent. In one attack we burned upward of nine hundred wagons loaded with supplies of all kinds. With difficulty we recrossed the Tennessee River at Muscle Shoals.

After resting a short time, we were sent to East Tennessee, where we went through the hard campaign under General Longstreet, who was opposed by the Federal Burnside. That winter of '63 and '64 was very severe, and a great many of us were clad in summer tatters. Here we fought the battle of Mossy Creek and many other smaller engagements. Maj. Gen. Will T. Martin commanded in this campaign, General Wheeler having been recalled to the main body of the army near Dalton, Ga. If this officer is still living, the writer on behalf of this company sends affectionate greetings. After hardships hardly possible to endure, we emerged from the struggle in the spring of 1864 to resume our place in line before Sherman, the Federal commander.

The part sustained by General Wheeler's cavalry in this noted struggle on the flanks of our infantry is of thrilling interest for pages of Confederate history. I cannot remember all the battles we engaged in until our command was again detached. Under Wheeler we again swung around the rear of the Federal army, doing much damage. We recrossed the Tennessee River, but I do not remember the place or date. It is strange that such momentous events should escape the memory. A short rest after this, and we were in front of Sherman on his bloody, devastating way to Savannah.

After crossing the Savannah River into South Carolina, our next important affair was at Aiken, when we utterly scattered Kilpatrick's Cavalry and drove it back on its infantry supports. Our government by this time was sadly depleted in infantry troops and necessary munitions after Hood's disastrous defeat in Middle Tennessee, and it devolved again upon the cavalry arm of the service to keep Sherman's advance north as compact as possible. We attacked and drove in repeatedly upon his main body and pillaging parties.

After crossing the Great Pedee and not far from Fayetteville, N. C., we attacked General Kilpatrick's cavalry camp about daylight, taking his artillery and about four hundred prisoners. Our next was Averysboro, then Bentonville.

A few more skirmishes after this, and all was over. The lines of the Army of Northern Virginia had been broken, men were paroled, muskets stacked, and nothing was left for Gen. J. E. Johnston's army but to surrender.

I would appreciate a letter from any of my old comrades of the Ruffin Dragoons.

THE BATTLE AT CLOYD'S FARM.

BY PROF. MILTON W. HUMPHRIES, UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

The military operations that culminated at Lynchburg on the 18th of June, 1864, constituted a very important episode of the Civil War, leading, as they did, to the Valley campaign. According to Grant's original plan, simultaneously with his move upon Lee two columns were to advance, one from Western Virginia, the other up the valley, capture Staunton, and proceed against Lynchburg. This plan was afterwards modified so as to include the destruction of the salt works in Washington County at Saltville and the railroad bridge over New River, in Pulaski County. The further move against Lynchburg by the two converging columns was to be determined by the issue of the other operations.

On May 2, 1864, two days before Grant crossed the Rapidan, Brig. Gen. George Crook left the Kanawha Valley, and for several days marched by way of Fayetteville, Raleigh C. H., Princeton, Rocky Gap, and Walker's Creek, his objective points being Dublin Depot and New River bridge. He sent Brig. Gen. William W. Averell with a division of cavalry by way of Logan C. H. against Saltville. One regiment of infantry was sent up the James River by the Kanawha Pike toward Lewisburg to draw their attention in that direction. On this march Crook encountered only small Confederate scouting parties, whom he reported as having "fled precipitately."

Simultaneously with these movements Maj. Gen. F. Sigel commenced slowly to feel his way up the Valley of Virginia, his immediate objective point being Staunton. The authorities at Richmond were loath to believe that Crook was south of New River, so loath that it seemed probable that Grant's original plan for Crook to move from Beverly and join Sigel at Staunton had been found out. Accordingly Maj. Gen. J. C. Breckinridge was ordered to concentrate about all the forces of the Department of West Virginia at Staunton. The movements to this end began by Col. John McCausland with the 36th Regiment and Col. Beuhring Jones with the 60th Regiment and Bryant's Battery, who marched from Princeton May 5. On the 8th the artillery was being placed on a train of flats at Dublin Depot when McCausland in person ordered the battery to prepare at once to march and to be ready for action. The brigade retraced its steps some five miles and went into line of battle on the farm of a Mr. Cloyd, about one thousand yards from the base of Cloyd's Mountain.

The Ringgold Battery of four pieces and Beckley's Battalion of Virginia Infantry joined the force here. At night Crook camped at Shannon's at the opposite base of the mountain; the enemy's camp fire illuminated the air above the mountain top. Next morning the 45th Virginia Regiment (Col. W. H. Brown) arrived from Saltville. In the meantime Brig. Gen. A. G. Jenkins had arrived and assumed command. He and McCausland disagreed as to the best plan of battle. The result was that the line was materially changed. It has sometimes been said that McCausland wished to occupy the Pass in the mountain, which would have been absolutely fatal; but this is not true. He wished to keep the line where he had formed it. Another error has also become current by neighboring residents pointing out a certain hill as having been occupied by the Confederate artillery. If it had been on that hill, the result would have been different, for that hill commanded the valley in front of the infantry. The ground occupied by the Confederates was very undulating, and terminated

in a bluff, which was separated from the base of the mountain by the valley of Back Creek, which ran northward past the left flank and eastward along the front.

The left wing, consisting of the 36th Virginia, Bryant's Battery, and three guns of the Ringgold Battery, was about a quarter of a mile back from the prolongation of the line occupied by the rest, and the extreme left faced the mountain pass. Seven guns were to the left of the road, with the infantry behind them. Two guns were just to the right of the road. The remaining gun was four hundred yards in front of these, and was on the extreme left of the advanced part of the line. Then from left to right came the 60th Virginia, a company of reserves, the 45th Virginia, and on the extreme right Beckley's Battalion. The total Confederate strength was about 2,400, with ten pieces of artillery; Crook's force was 6,555, with twelve pieces. The Confederate commanders expected Crook to march through the pass, while Crook supposed the Confederates were posted in the pass. He accordingly sent half his force directly up to attack in front, while he, as was his custom, led the rest (guided by a negro) by a path through the woods to the west over the mountain top, so as to descend upon the Confederate right and rear.

In the meantime a strong picket in the pass became engaged with the Confederate advance, and while all eyes were fixed in that direction Crook crossed the summit and discovered the true situation. He formed a line along the mountain near its top over a mile away, and as soon as this was discovered the long-range guns opened upon it, and the line soon disappeared, one brigade moving into ravines toward the Confederate right and the rest moving into the pass, from which the other half of the army was now descending. Occasional glimpses of the Federal line were instantly followed by discharges from the Confederate guns. Crook says: "The enemy kept up a graveyard whistle with their artillery everywhere we made our appearance."

The base of the mountain being nearly level and covered with many small pines, Crook formed his line without exposing it to view. The second brigade (which was the strongest) was on the Federal left, under Col. C. B. White, the first brigade on the right and chiefly to the right of the road, under Col. H. B. Sickles, and the center of the first brigade was under Col. Rutherford Hayes. The right wing of this brigade was the 23d Ohio, in which was serving First Lieut. William McKinley, afterwards captain and brevet major. Both wings extended far beyond the Confederate flanks. The second brigade in two lines, one of veterans some seventy-five yards behind the other, concealed by Kalmin rhododendron and other brush, approached the Confederate flank unseen and unexpected. The Confederate right curved toward the front and the Confederate left swung inward toward it, so that the latter was covered and was almost perpendicular to the former. Beckley's Battalion, however, and three detached companies were in a position to prevent a complete turning of the flank. The whole Confederate line was moderately well intrenched. The Federal artillery descended the mountain by the road and was shelled by some pieces on the left. Attempts were made to put the guns in position; but "the enemy's fire became so active and rapid," says Captain Glassie, "I was compelled to retire after having three men wounded slightly and one limber pole broken by shell."

The field was then for a short time quiet except that an occasional musket was fired, and a howitzer on the extreme left of the Confederate line slowly but steadily shelled a

timber hollow in which some Federal guns had taken refuge, and they had set the woods on fire to conceal themselves in smoke. At last all of a sudden there was a terrific roar. The Federal 2d Brigade had struck the Confederate right, and this was a signal for the advance of their whole line. Their center was dispersed by volleys from the 60th Virginia and their right wing by a rapid fire of all the artilleries. The Confederate right adjusted itself to the situation and compelled a most daring and persistent assault of the 20th Ohio and 14th West Virginia, the latter standing a few minutes within twenty yards of the Confederate line. The attacking line at last gave way, and most of it did not rally in time to take any further part, and the Confederates considered the day won.

Part of the right wing closely pursued the retiring Federals; and when they had themselves lost all organization, they ran upon the reverse line of the veterans posted in the bush seventy-five yards behind the attacking line. Being met by a volley in their very faces and a countercharge, they in turn retired to their line, and a deadly conflict ensued. Two regiments of Virginians, the 9th Federal, and the 45th Confederate, fought hand to hand. The former lost one hundred and forty-five killed, one hundred and twenty-six wounded, and fifteen missing, more than one-third of the whole regiment; the latter lost twenty-six killed, ninety-five wounded, forty-six captured, and six missing, many of the captured no doubt being wounded. One gun from each battery and reinforcements from the 60th Regiment were brought to the aid of the right wing; but the confusion of the Confederates was irremediable, and they continued to yield. Part of Hayes's Brigade climbed the bluff and broke through between the 60th and 45th. The howitzer on the extreme left and the 36th Regiment were moved at a double-quick toward the right wing. Bryan's Battery changed front to fire to the right, and the Federal artillery rushed out into a good position and opened on Bryan's left flank, enfilading the battery, and it again wheeled to the front. The Federal center and right had formed again and now rapidly turned the Confederate left.

The 36th Regiment before it could render any service on the right was ordered back to the left; but before it could arrive the Federal infantry had come around the left under the cover of the hill, were very close to Bryan's guns and almost behind them, and the guns were being withdrawn, some of them from the very presence of the Federals. Two pieces of the Ringgold batteries were captured, one of them firing its last round when the nearest assailants were ten paces away. The mass of the infantry left the field in confusion.

General Jenkins having been mortally wounded, Colonel McCausland took command. A slender line of heroes retarded the Federal pursuit, and all the guns of Bryan's Battery and two of Ringgold's were carried off. McCausland and other officers remained with the heroic few who protected the Confederate rear. About two miles from Dublin four hundred of Morgan's men (dismounted), under Col. D. H. Smith, met the retreating army, forming line across the road in the edge of the grove, and rendered great service by forcing the pursuers to stop and form a line. Being flanked right and left, this command and the other men who had rallied to it were compelled to retire. A section of the Kentucky battery (Federals) here displayed wonderful bravery, pushing forward into close musket range and firing ten shells and thirty-five rounds of canister. The infantry retreated by country roads and the railroad track to New River bridge,

six miles east of Dublin, while the artillery proceeded by the macadamized road, crossed on Ingal's Bridge, and descended the east bank of the railroad bridge.

The losses were lighter than could have been expected. This was due to the short duration (about one hour) of the fighting. The Confederates lost seventy-six killed, two hundred and sixty-two wounded, and two hundred captured and missing; the Federals lost one hundred and eight killed, five hundred and eight wounded, and seventy-two missing. The severely wounded Federals afterwards fell into the hands of the Confederates. General Jenkins's wound proved fatal, and Lieut. Col. G. W. Hammond and Maj. J. N. Taylor, of the 60th, and Lieut. Col. E. H. Harman, of the 45th, and several officers of the lower rank were killed, and many officers were severely wounded, including Lieut. Col. Thomas Smith, of the 36th, and Maj. Thomas L. Broun, quartermaster at Dublin, acting as volunteer aid to Col. Beuhring Jones, of the 60th Regiment.

SUPPLEMENTAL TO THE FOREGOING.

The day after the battle a Federal surgeon with a squad of cavalry came to Guthries House and paroled General Jenkins and Colonel Smith. Upon examining Major Broun's wound the surgeon directed his clerk to enter "Killed in battle," and it was so published in the newspapers. Major Broun was shot in the abdomen, the Minie ball striking him near the joint of the right hip bone and coming out sideways at the left hip joint, lacerating at that point the lining of the bowels, which there protruded. General Jenkins's left arm was amputated near the shoulder by the Federal and Confederate surgeons, and it was thought he would recover; but on the tenth day at Guthries House he bled to death in a few minutes from a secondary hemorrhage. On Sunday following the battle Major Broun was by the kindness of Mr. David McGavock removed on a litter to his residence, one and a half miles distant, where he was critically ill for some four months.

THE BEAUTIFUL LIFE OF GENERAL LEE.

[Prof. Geo. S. Bryant to the U. D. C., Independence, Mo.:]

Tapestry is woven from the underneath. The artist designs, but the worker knows not his figures. When the work is finished, the weaver is surprised at the beauty brought out above. His colors have disappeared in their blending. And as with tapestry so in history we work on the underside. Unconsciously the beautiful figure is developing above. We work ignorantly, but ideals gradually take shape and remain as the permanent possession of the race.

The history of every great movement is summed up in the name of one man. Alexander stands for the Macedonian Empire, Copernicus for the discovery of the solar system, and John Milton is an epitome of the Puritan Revolution, representing every phase of thought from Satan in rebellion to God overruling. Nowhere is this thought better illustrated than in our own history, where George Washington is one mighty compendium of the American struggle for independence.

In the company of the world's greatest men, worthy to represent the dignity of man, of men who sum up in themselves the meaning, the purpose, and the spirit of great movements, I wish to place the name of R. E. Lee. His life was gentle, the elements so mixed in him that nature might well say: "This was a man—a man true to himself, to his country, and to his God." The glory of fame did not tempt him; kingdoms vanished from his vision when he stood before his own conscience as before his God and in the sacred words of

old said: "Whither thou goest, I will go; and whither thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people: . . . Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

Before open hostilities began the struggle with his conscience was as intense as was afterwards that with the armed enemy. It began when the question of secession came up for decision. "The South, in my opinion," Lee said, "has been aggrieved by the acts of the North. I feel the aggression and am willing to take every proper step for redress. It is the principle I contend for, not individual or private benefit. As an American citizen I take great pride in my country, her prosperity and institutions, and would defend any State if her rights were invaded. I can anticipate no greater calamity for the country than a dissolution of the Union. It would be an accumulation of all the evils of which we complain, and I am willing to sacrifice everything but honor for its preservation." He closed with these words: "If the Union is dissolved and the government disrupted, save in defense of my native State, I never desire again to draw my sword."

In February, 1861, the Confederate States of America had been organized from the seven cotton States, the border slaveholding States still adhering to the Union. In April, 1861, Virginia joined the Confederacy. Lee had to decide, and his final decision was not reached without severe mental struggle nor without efforts on the side of the government to preserve his valued services to the Federal army, they making no less an offer than supreme command if he would remain.

But his conclusion was reached, and it is given in his own words, which are characteristic: "If I owned the 4,000,000 slaves, I would cheerfully sacrifice them to the preservation of the Union; but to lift my hand against my State and people is impossible." This decision of Lee's made and unmade the fame of many men. This man sums up the spirit of the Confederacy. If he must have a complementary soul, let that one be Jackson.

Though Lee received his commission from men in higher authority, yet he always esteemed his commission as a man—his divine commission—to be supreme. On that he stood. "I am compelled" are his words. They are similar to those of Luther in the great crisis of his life: "Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise."

Daughters of the Confederacy, you are building a beautiful temple. Every time you meet and pour your hearts together you polish up some column built into the structure; you erase some word carelessly written and substitute a truer sentiment born out of love. Did you ever think how few things have been said concerning Lee that needed to be purified of their dross? Whether friend or foe, all recognize the stamp of God's image upon him and bow to the simplicity of his greatness as well as to the greatness of his simplicity.

The heated mass of ore, you know, yields up its globule of gold and man feels repaid for his effort to obtain it, for value has come out of the flame; and so when the human mass becomes white-hot from passion, golden characters stand out on the surface. It is worth the fiery experience of many years to have left to us a character like that of Lee! The world is richly repaid when it can see after its mighty conflagrations that such gold as this remains. How much of beauty and of truth and of goodness came out of the fiery ordeal that you represent here to-day!

The Confederacy did not die! It lives! It lives in the heart of its former enemies as well as of its friends! Garfield once

said: "I love to believe that no heroic sacrifice is ever lost; that the characters of men are molded and inspired by what their fathers have done; that treasured up in American souls are all the unconscious influences of the great deeds of the Anglo-Saxon race from Agincourt to Bunker Hill.

This whole country is proud of the Confederacy, and growing more and more proud as the years flit by—proud of the spirit that made it, of the devotion that upheld it; proud of the men that it produced, and prouder still of its women, and proud to-day of the Daughters that watch with zealous eye over the graves of the dead heroes. This whole country is proud of R. E. Lee. The loftiest minds speak his worth and the purest hearts aspire to his company. A soldier, a statesman, and a Christian, he loved all the way from nature through man up to nature's God. He considered the lowly and worked for the best interests of his race. Criticism has found few points of attack.

Able to stand the batteries of Gettysburg, he was sensitive to the slightest reflection upon his country, and this sensitiveness to his country's good led him shortly after Gettysburg to offer his resignation as commander in chief to President Davis. The beautiful sincerity with which he did this is on a par with the high level of his life. He had no complaints to make of any one; he only hoped that a younger and an abler man might succeed where he had failed. There were no jealousies; success achieved by another would only make him happy. But President Davis knew the greatness of General Lee. He returned the resignation, telling him that his demand was impossible. No one could be found to take his place.

Let us couple these words of Mr. Davis with those of a man of another country. They are from a Fellow of Oxford on the presentation of his translation of Homer to "General Lee, the most stainless of living commanders:"

"An angel's heart, an angel's mouth,

Not Homer's, could alone for me

Hymn well the great Confederate South,

Virginia first and Lee!"

One pertinent quotation and I will close. This one is from an officer in the British army in 1880: "The day will come when the evil passions of the great civil strife will sleep in oblivion and North and South will do justice to each other's motives and forget each other's wrongs. Then history will speak with a clear voice of the deeds done on either side, and the citizens of the whole Union will do justice to the memory of the dead and place above all others the name of the great chief [Lee] of whom we have written—in strategy mighty, in battle terrible, in adversity, as in prosperity, a hero indeed. With the simple devotion to duty and the rare purity of the ideal Christian knight, he joined all the kingly qualities of a leader of men. It is a wondrous future indeed that lies before America; but in her annals of years to come, as in those of the past, there will be found few names that can rival in unsullied luster that of Robert Edward Lee."

Daughters of the Confederacy, I congratulate you on being associated together to preserve stainless the names of such heroic characters. It is the fire, the stake, the cross that tests true manhood. I congratulate you that you celebrate a cause where all was fire and stake and cross and yet was so prolific of heroes and heroism.

"Not all who seem to fail have failed indeed,

Not all who fail have therefore worked in vain,

For all our acts to many issues lead;

And out of earnest purpose pure and plain,

Enforced by honest toil of hand and brain,

The Lord will fashion in his own good time
Such ends as to his wisdom fittest shine
With his vast love's eternal harmonies.
There is no failure for the good and wise."

We do not see the latent forces that bind the worlds together nor see the secret springs that send forth the water of life to a growing world. The ages take no backward step. They may stumble at times, but they always stumble upward. The smoke of battle has disappeared, the vaporings of passion are also gone; but devotion and love will ever be counted as an asset of heaven. Lee was the type of this in the South. The Confederacy produced Robert E. Lee, therefore it is justified to the end of time. In view of these high ideals, again I congratulate you. I congratulate you because you are in the constant service of that which is noblest and purest and best.

"DEAD ANGLE" TUNNELED.

In a series of interesting articles on the Dalton campaign written for the Southwest Times, Pulaski, Va., Mr. A. L. Jordan says: "Returning from the Atlanta Exposition, my son and I stopped off at Marietta for the purpose of visiting the scene of the battle. On reaching the nearest point—known as the 'Dead Angle'—we met two gentlemen who had just walked a quarter of a mile from the place. One was a former Federal officer and the other a soldier. They asked me if I had been in the battle. I told them that I had. Said the officer: 'If you will walk back with me, I can show you something of which perhaps you don't know.' I replied, 'With pleasure,' for I desired all the information I could get. He pointed out to me a tunnel twenty yards in length which had been cut with the design of blowing up the Confederate works. At this point was a hollow running north and south, or at a right angle to us, which afforded a shelter from the Federal position to within twenty yards of our intrenchments. Taking advantage of this, the enemy massed their forces and made desperate efforts to break our lines. This is why the place was called the 'Dead Angle.' They planted their flag on our works three times and called on their soldiers to defend it, but each successive time the color bearer was shot down. We kept turpentine balls burning all night long in front of our works. These were strongly constructed of head logs and the ditch was covered with rails, so that our reserve line could do no damage to our troops in the trench. They finally gave up the attempt to break our lines by direct assault and prepared the mine to blow up the works. Just as this was made ready the Confederate army moved away."

A "LAST SURVIVOR" OF THE ALABAMA.

With the ceremonies of Semmes's centenary fresh in the public mind, unusual interest attaches to the history of Robert Scott, a last surviving member of the crew of the Alabama, who at seventy-two years of age is still living in Nevada, Tex. He lived about thirteen miles from Baltimore, and when twenty-four years old crossed the Potomac and joined Imboden's Cavalry. He had served with these only a short time when a call came for sailors for the navy. Robert Scott volunteered and was placed upon the unfinished Alabama, and the vessel sailed in this condition and was fitted out at sea.

Robert Scott was made quartermaster, and remained with the Alabama during all her adventurous cruise. He was with her when she was sunk by the Kearsarge, sprang into the sea at the same time that Semmes did, and was rescued with the great admiral by the Deerhound and landed at Ports-

mouth, England. Scott served in the Confederate army at Fort Fisher, and was in that desperate fight, escaping capture by taking forcible possession of a small boat owned by a Dago.

Since the war Scott has lived in Nevada, Tex., supporting himself by doing work by the day when he could get it. He lost his papers and cannot qualify for a pension. He is now very weak and feeble, and not able to do longer the work by which he earned his daily bread. If some way could be found to help the old man, it would be a most noble charity. Capt. Roland Gooch, the Postmaster of Nevada, Representative T. J. Bowles, and Judge Church, of the County Court of McKinney, Tex., will all vouch for Mr. Scott.

GETTING A HORSE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

BY L. R. RILEY, DREWRY, ALA.

There was an unwritten law among the cavalymen of the Southern army that if one lost his horse he had to procure another within a week or join the infantry. This law was the one that affected J. C. Parham and another whose name has been forgotten and whose identity will have to be represented by X. They had both lost their horses in a skirmish while the Southern and Northern armies were facing each other in the mountains of Tennessee.

The country had been utterly denuded of anything even resembling a horse, and the two soldiers felt that they were "up against it" when they were given seven days' leave and told to replace their lost steeds. They wandered through a dense forest all day, and at sunset came out upon a clearing in which was a white farmhouse. The weeds grew high in the far-off fields, but nearer the house was a big field of ripe corn. As the Confederate soldiers looked toward the house they saw three mounted Yankees ride into the clearing leading a large mule. They alighted and fastened their horses and tied their mule. The soldiers, watching them, were about to make a dash for the horses when the riders returned and rode off, leaving the mule under the trees. A mule was better than nothing; so the two soldiers mounted it and rode off, taking with them as much of the green corn as they could carry.

They camped in the woods, and X told Parham he could have the mule; that he had seen in his scouting around a Yankee major riding a magnificent horse, pure white in color, and that nothing less than this horse would ever make him happy. He left Parham to await his return, and, hiding his revolvers under a suit of shreds and patches, he made his way to the Yankee camp.

X assumed the character of a half-witted country bumpkin. He danced and sang for the Yankees, ran their errands, and was allowed to roam at will over the camp. But nothing of the major and his beautiful white horse was seen.

By this time his leave had almost expired, and X had given up hope of getting his admired horse and had decided to take the best he could get and escape to the little camp in the woods, where his friend awaited him; but fortune favored him. The morning of his last day's leave, as X lolled beside the little spring half a mile from camp and hidden by trees, he saw the major ride into the little dell alone, tie his horse, and kneel beside the clear stream to drink and fill his canteen. X stole up behind him and, putting the mouth of his revolver in the major's back, said quickly: "If you move or cry out, I'll shoot you dead." He then told the major to untie his horse and take him up behind him. He then ordered his captive to ride on as if he were only out on duty with the half-witted man as guide. They met a

squad of soldiers and X said: "Remember, my pistol is touching you, and I'll fire if you say a word or call for help." They passed the picket, the major giving the password. In this fashion they made their way to the place where his comrade waited, and together they took the prisoner and the horse and mule back to the Confederate camp, arriving triumphantly just in time to answer to roll call on the last evening of leave.

LAST SOLDIERS TO LEAVE RICHMOND.

BY COL. CLEMENT SULIVANE, ON STAFF OF GEN. G. W. C. LEE,
NOW OF CAMBRIDGE, MD.

A communication in the September VETERAN reads, "There seems to be some dispute as to what soldier or command of soldiers was the last to leave Richmond on the morning of April 3, 1865," and information is asked. There should be no question or dispute about it. It was a fragment of Gen. G. W. C. Lee's command, known as the Local Defense Brigade and attached to his division, placed under my command, then assistant adjutant general of Lee's Division, by Lieutenant General Ewell on the morning of April 2. This was immediately after receipt of the news that our lines had been broken below Petersburg. The last bridge over the James, Mayo's, at the foot of Fourteenth Street, was guarded by this command from about 4 A.M. on April 3 until Gen. M. W. Garey's cavalry brigade crossed over at 8 A.M., and at 8:15 (in pursuance of instructions from Lieutenant General Ewell given me just before daylight) I burned the bridge with my own hands, assisted by an engineer officer, who had placed barrels of tar along it at intervals from shore to shore for that purpose. I never knew his name, simply found him there to await my orders. This was in the face of the cavalry of General Weitzel's army, who had poured down Fourteenth Street in pursuit of Garey. I then marched on and overtook my division on the road to Amelia Courthouse about 2 P.M. that day.

An account of the same was published in the "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," issued by the Century Magazine some twenty-five or thirty years ago. That magazine, having learned in some manner that I was the last soldier of Gen. R. E. Lee's army to leave Richmond, wrote to me for a narrative of the circumstances of my retreat.

WEST VIRGINIA DAUGHTERS IN CONVENTION.

BY R. W. DOUTHAT, MORGANTOWN, W. VA.

Allow me to give you a brief account of the meeting of the West Virginia Convention of the Daughters of the Confederacy here in Morgantown on September 29 and 30.

Our good Presbyterian friends tendered the free and full use of their splendid church for all the sessions, and our local Chapter provided bountifully for every want of the delegates from over our State.

Every detail of business was fully met and carried out by our brilliant and exact and careful State President, Mrs. Virginia Faulkner McSherry, than whom none is more dignified or intelligent or ladylike in all the South as a loyal Daughter or an earnest worker for the Chapters.

It fell to my lot to welcome the Daughters in the name of our Confederate Veterans, and I took the opportunity to tell them why I considered them the noblest of all women.

After our President, Mrs. Anderson, had delivered her excellent address of welcome on the part of the local Chapter and organization had been effected, Mrs. McSherry made her address to the assembled Convention, an address full of wisdom and love, for she felt, as she said, that, while she was

willing to serve in any sphere for the good of the cause in which the Daughters were engaged, she did not think one woman should act as State President during a lifetime; and as she had been President for eleven years, she believed it best for some other Daughter to take up the work and responsibility of further advance.

Miss Jennie S. Price, of Lewisburg, W. Va., one of our most excellent ladies, was selected as Mrs. McSherry's successor, and we doubt not will carry forward with earnestness and success the work that is fallen to her hands.

Gen. Bob White, State Commander of the U. C. V., came from Wheeling to deliver an address to these noble women, and grandly he spoke and beautifully complimented their successful achievements in the past, bespeaking for them our helpfulness and predicting a more blessed future.

God bless these and all our U. D. C.'s and make them a blessing more and more to all the world!

MISSOURI U. D. C. CONVENTION.

The Missouri Division, U. D. C., assembled in convention at Springfield, and much business was accomplished which was calculated to advance the cause of the U. D. C. not only in the State, but in the general Convention. The Historian's report showed a notable advance in the work within the year, and prizes were given for the best essay on the status of "Education in the South before the War" and on the "Personnel of Missourians in the War," which were won by Mrs. Britz, of Clinton, and Miss Whielis, of St. Louis. These prizes were Confederate pins set in rubies and diamonds.

Many splendid speeches were made, notably the ones by the State President and the President General, who was the guest of the Division. Mrs. Stone is as bright, charming, and vivacious as she is intellectual, and made many friends during her visit. At one of the large entertainments while the band was playing "Dixie" Mrs. Stone danced the minuet with another lady, and the charming exhibition of the grace and courtesy of this dance of olden days was highly applauded.

VIRGINIA DIVISION, U. D. C.—At the Virginia Convention of the U. D. C. State officers for the year were elected: President, Mrs. Nathan Eller; Vice Presidents, Mrs. E. V. White, Mrs. Samuel Griffin, and Mrs. Campbell Smith; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Charles W. Black; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Elsie Fleet; Treasurer, Mrs. C. B. Tate; Registrar, Mrs. Thomas R. Hardaway; Historian, Miss Mary N. Pendleton; Custodian of Crosses, Mrs. J. H. Timberlake; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. J. E. Alexander; Custodian of Badges, Mrs. James M. Garnett.

FLAG FROM THE RAM ALBEMARLE.—Dr. Thomas A. Warrell, Company B, 97th Pennsylvania Volunteers, presented to the Confederate Museum at Richmond the flag of the ram Albemarle, which was sunk off the coast of North Carolina. The flag was removed by G. T. Ford just as the vessel sank.

MUSTER ROLL OF COMPANY G RETURNED.—Daniel Bohannon, of the Pennsylvania troops, gave to the Secretary of Military Records in Richmond the muster roll and history of Company G, 3d Virginia Infantry, which was captured during the war.

MISSISSIPPI REUNION AT McNAIR.—The Confederate veterans held a very successful meeting and reunion at McNair, Miss., October 7. Music, speakings, feasting, and a good time generally marked the occasion.

NORTHERNERS ON SHERIDAN'S DEPREDACTIONS.

The burning of Chambersburg was a "reprisal" measure. Such measures are essential in warfare as necessary to mitigate its savagery. Otherwise war would be worse than it is.

That "war is hell" is a vivid fact as illustrated by General Sherman. It was not that in the Cumberland Valley in 1863 when General Lee's army marched through and back.

After the burning of Chambersburg, there was no more burning in the Valley. General Custer hung some of Mosby's men at Aldie. Mosby then hung some of Custer's men, and the hanging ceased. If there had not been reprisal in both cases, the burnings and hangings would have gone on to the everlasting disgrace of the United States as a nation.

Sheridan commenced it. Not quoting from any Southern statement, the following from Bache's "Life of Gen. George G. Meade, Commander of the Army of the Potomac," published by H. T. Coates & Co., is given: "On February 27, 1865, Sheridan moved up the Valley of the Shenandoah with his cavalry. * * * There was one blot upon his escutcheon and on Grant's in Sheridan's late military achievements in the Shenandoah Valley. If Marshal Turenne, as long before as 1674, had awakened the horror and protest of Europe by laying waste the Palatinate, the progress of humanity in two hundred years ought to have witnessed an amelioration in hostile practices instead of a renewal of an obsolete form of warfare. There can be no excuse now for the consumption or destruction in time of war of anything but that which has relation to the immediate needs of the armed victors or to the immediate detriment of the armed vanquished. To destroy crops, barns, mills, instruments of husbandry in one indiscriminate ruin as possibly helpful to the enemy is inhuman from the present standpoint of civilization. Sheridan executed some of it with barbaric ruthlessness."

Some idea of the pitiless and wanton devastation wrought in the Valley may be gathered from the report of a committee appointed just after the close of hostilities by the county court of Rockingham to estimate the havoc inflicted on the property of noncombatants under Sheridan's orders in that county alone: "Dwellings burned, 30; barns burned, 450; mills burned, 31; fences destroyed (miles), 100; bushels of wheat destroyed, 100,000; bushels of corn destroyed, 50,000; tons of hay destroyed, 6,233; cattle carried off, 1,750 head; horses and hogs carried off, 3,350 head; factories burned, 3; furnace burned, 1. In addition, there was an immense amount of farming utensils of every description destroyed, also household and kitchen furniture, and money, bonds, plate, etc., pillaged."

RELICS OF ADMIRAL SEMMES AT SAVANNAH.

BY CLEMENT SAUSSY, SAVANNAH, GA.

The Confederate Veterans' Association of Savannah, Ga., Camp No. 756, as well as this city, is most fortunate in having on the rolls two comrades who served with the great admiral: Edward M. Anderson, who was midshipman and aid, and served on the Alabama from the day the Confederate flag was hoisted to her peak until she went down off the coast of France, when he was wounded and was picked up in the same boat with Semmes by the yacht Deerhound, and A. F. Marmelstine, who served with the Alabama for ten months, when he was promoted and assigned to the Tuscaloosa.

Comrade Anderson prepared a very interesting paper which was read before an appreciative audience. We also had some songs appropriate to the occasion. A very interesting part of the entertainment was the display of some priceless relics

shown by Mr. W. P. Brooks, whose father was chief engineer of the Alabama. There were pictures of the various officers, a whale's tooth with a fine engraved representation of the Sumter on one side and the Alabama on the other, the flag of the ram Stonewall, said to have been the last Confederate flag displayed afloat, and a small Confederate flag such as was used by cutters and boarding launches; and when the Alabama was sinking, Engineer Brooks placed this flag in his inner pocket and saved it from a watery grave. It is tattered and has to be handled with extreme care. Tears came to the eyes of those who handled these priceless gems of the long ago.

A NEW STORY OF GEN. R. E. LEE.

BY DR. J. R. HODGKIN, IRVINGTON, VA.

Private J. M. Wrenn, Company H, 17th South Carolina Volunteers, tells a characteristic story of Gen. R. E. Lee for the truth of which he vouches. It shows the gentle-hearted Lee in large letters and exhibits a phase of his character indicating a cause for the devotion of his men to him. Private Wrenn states that he and three others of his regiment had gotten leave of absence for twelve hours from the lines below Petersburg, and were returning to camp in the late afternoon. The road was heavy and they were foot-weary, and while still far from camp they met in the road General Lee with some of his staff and couriers. The men filed up on the side of the road and saluted, and the General reined his horse to look at them. Speaking to one of the party, he asked where they were going, and the reply was made that they had been on leave and were on their way back to camp, but that the roads were so bad they were afraid they might not be back in time for roll call and would be marked absent without leave.

"That is so," remarked the General; and pausing, he turned to his staff and said that it would be a pity for them to be late, and added: "Cannot some of you take the poor fellows up behind you on your horses and carry them to camp?" And they did. The couriers and one of the staff took the men, muddy and bedraggled as they were, behind them on their horses and landed them in camp in time for roll call, much to the delight of the men on leave.

[In a personal note Dr. Hodgkin writes: "Private Wrenn told me this story about a year ago, and I am sure it is so."]

A WARTIME ROMANCE.—The Pennsylvania Regiments held their Reunion in Richmond, Va., and incidentally a wartime romance was discovered. In the lobby of a hotel one of the veteran Pennsylvania officers, Captain Roach, met Capt. E. D. Christian, of Richmond. The two men had last met where in the heat of the battle at Cold Harbor they fought a desperate hand-to-hand duel with swords, only being separated by the rush of the charging columns of Federals. The recognition was mutual, and the one-time enemies, now friends, clasped hands and went off together to tell each other the history of their lives since this momentous meeting.

REUNION OF ORR'S REGIMENT OF RIFLES.—The reunion of the survivors of Orr's Regiment took place at Abbeville, S. C., in September, about one hundred being present. The children of the high school marched, escorting the veterans to the City Hall, where the meeting was held. A chorus of ladies sang "Dixie" to tumultuous applause, and the welcoming address was made by Hon. William Graydon, and was responded to by Mrs. Sylvester Bleckley, of Anderson. Memorial services to Gen. R. R. Hemphill followed, and Mr. J. C. Hemphill, editor of the Charleston News-Courier, made a fine address.

CAPTURE OF BLOCKADER, WATER WITCH.

BY JOHN R. BLOCKER.

[Much has been written about the big battles of the war, but many deeds equally as brave and gallant as any that distinguished these great events have been and still are unchronicled. The following story was obtained from Comrade Amos Sherritt, who is one of the few survivors (not the only one) of this courageous capture of the United States boat. I have tried to tell it just as he told it to me.]

I have forgotten the exact date, but it was sometime in 1863. The Water Witch was anchored in Ossaban Sound, below Savannah. A squad of seventy-five men volunteered from the ram Savannah and the Floating Battery (known also as the "Ladies' Gunboat") to capture the Water Witch. We took with us, besides our men, two engineers and a negro pilot. An Englishman who had had eight thousand dollars taken from him by the Yankees volunteered to go with us. Possibly he thought he could get his dollars back, for he kept on saying: "Boys, remember my money."

The expedition was under the command of Captain Pilote, who said that the affair would be attended with great danger, and that if any one wished to withdraw he could do so, but not one man withdrew. We had seven boats, with about fifteen men to a boat, and we pulled down to an island near which the Water Witch was anchored, and as silently as possible made camp. I and three others were detailed to row to the island and get the exact location of the boat we were after. On our return the captain assigned to every man the exact station he must take and what duties each must perform.

It was a dark night, with a fine drizzling rain falling that almost hid us from each other, an ideal time for such an enterprise as that in which we were engaged. Our men were divided between seven boats. Six came in double columns of three each with about thirty feet between the columns, as we wished to board the ship at both sides at once. The seventh boat was to be stationed at the rear, so as to aid either side where there was the most need.

Notwithstanding all our precautions, the lookout on the ship heard us and called out: "Ship ahoy! Who goes there?" One of our men answered, "Contraband," which meant refugee negroes or some one with contraband goods. The outlook again hailed us, and again we answered: "Contraband." All this time we were doing all we could to get close to the ship, and at the third hail we were right beside her, and Captain Pilote answered the "Who goes there?" with "Rebels, d— you." The guard fired instantly, and the shot killed one negro pilot, and the second shot killed Captain Pilote.

Throwing our grappling hooks in the ship's netting, we climbed up. Using our guns and cutlasses, we cleared our way across the deck, where the fight had now become general. Tom Muller and I took our station at the head of the hatchway just in time to intercept the bluejackets, who were crowding up. Muller said, "Stay down there, or I'll cut your d— noses off," and his order was obeyed. King, who had taken charge of the cabin, struck Captain Pendergrass over the head with his cutlass, and would have killed him if his weapon had been sharper.

When first getting on deck our engineers had invaded the engine room. The men there showed fight; but our men said they did not come there to fight but to run the ship, and they were going to do it in spite of the Yankee engineers. When we first got alongside the boat, they started the engines and tried to sink our boats by running ahead and backing; also

men ran to the big guns, but could not depress them to reach our boats, which were close at their sides.

The fight lasted only a few moments, as the Yankees were taken by surprise and could make but little resistance. The Water Witch was soon in our control, and we began to help the wounded and secure the prisoners. We handcuffed them two by two; and when the handcuffs gave out, we used yarn rope. One of our men was so excited that he let them fasten him up with the prisoners, where we found him next day. The boat under the command of Rasler, a midshipman, failed to board the Water Witch, but retreated to the Isle of Wight, where Rasler sent a telegram saying that our expedition had failed and all our men were killed. A half-breed Indian who was on this boat jumped overboard and swam to the Water Witch and took part in the fight. I don't believe the men in Rasler's boat retreated willingly, but had to obey his commands. Rasler died of grief a few months later.

The prisoners and wounded were sent ashore, and at the same time a telegram of our complete success was sent. The Water Witch lost two men killed and Captain Pendergrass wounded, and we had three killed and two wounded.

As our pilot was killed, we forced the Yankee pilot to act for us, and he ran us on a sand bar. We would have been captured here by the blockade steamers, who had been notified by one of the men from the Water Witch who had jumped overboard; but the rising tide carried us off till we floated again, and we reached the battery, where the Water Witch was tied up. I and one or two others were left in charge of the steamer and the rest went back to their command. Four others besides myself from Apalachicola, Fla., were in this expedition—John A. Lucas, George Smith, Anton Williams, and Elisha Powell.

A FAITHFUL WATCH AND ITS HISTORY.—George W. Parks, of Irving College, Tenn., has in his possession a silver watch with a unique history. In 1860 I. M. Parks bought the watch at McMinnville, Tenn., for \$48, carrying it with him when he went out as captain of Company H, 16th Tennessee Regiment. In May, 1861, Captain Parks was killed in the battle of Chickamauga. Captain Etter took charge of the watch and turned it over to Captain Tipps, who was soon afterwards killed. Captain Etter again secured the watch and placed it in General Shelley's trunk, from which it was stolen by a negro boy who joined the Federal forces. General Shelley's command captured the boy and watch, and again Captain Etter took charge of the watch, kept it until the war was over, and brought it home with him to the father of Captain Parks. After the death of the father, it was bought by George W. Parks, and it is still a good timekeeper.

LOUISIANA VETERANS DIFFER AS TO MEMORIAL DAY.—The Louisiana Confederate Veteran Association decided to have Memorial Day on April 6, changing to this date from June 3, which has hitherto been observed. The Washington Artillery, of New Orleans, refusing to subscribe to this change, by resolutions announced their intention to keep sacred the birthday of President Davis.

REFUSE TO WEAR THE BLUE.—The Savannah Volunteer Guards refuse to don the blue uniform. They do not draw the uniforms provided by the government, but purchase their own, which are of gray much like those used by the cadets at West Point. The Guards give a dramatic entertainment every year, and it is from these proceeds that uniforms are purchased.

BATTLE AT ROANOKE ISLAND.

A press dispatch from Washington says that the veterans who participated in the capture of Roanoke Island celebrated the anniversary of one of the most important Federal victories of the war by a grand reunion. The dispatch further gives an account of the capture of the island, which they had regarded as practically impregnable.

John H. Burgess, Sr., second sergeant of Company I, 7th Regiment Infantry North Carolina Volunteers, writes in the Independent of Elizabeth City, N. C., under recent date a full account of this battle and a refutation of many of the statements contained in this dispatch. He says the island was never considered impregnable. There were only eight thirty-two-pound smooth-bore guns and one improved shell gun, nine in all. Three of these were parapet guns and six truck embrasure guns. This was the equipment of Fort Bartow, and of these only three could be used, as the rest did not range. The companies that defended the fort were two troops of one hundred men each.

There was another fort farther up the river, but they were unable to use their guns on account of Commodore Goldsboro's fleet being too far off. The Confederate flotilla was commanded by Commodore Lynch, and consisted of six old tugs mounting one thirty-two-pounder each, and one side-wheel steamer mounting two thirty-two-pound guns. These boats, not being able to range with the enemy's guns, retired the first day of the engagement. General Burnside disembarked his troops at Ashly's Landing, out of range of the guns at Fort Bartow.

Though under constant fire from the enemy, there was an astonishingly small casualty list in Fort Bartow—so small indeed that Commodore Goldsboro, inspecting the fort after the surrender, said: "These men must have been made of iron."

There was one short redoubt thrown up across Roanoke island which was held by Lieutenant Seldon with two smooth-bore six-pound brass guns. Back of this redoubt were about eight hundred of the 8th Regiment North Carolina Infantry. This redoubt was under constant fire, and only evacuated when it was flanked by the enemy, who came through an almost impenetrable marsh at the right. Here too the casualties were very few on the Confederate side.

Colonel Green, of the North Carolina Infantry, landed upon the island, and, not knowing the terms of surrender were being arranged, attacked the Federal columns with considerable loss in killed and wounded on their side, for they, having received the white flag of surrender, were not prepared for the attack. This was a sad mistake and deeply regretted by all the Confederate army.

There were 1,609 Confederates in the engagement on Roanoke Island and 12,000 Federals. Sergeant Burgess says they were well treated as prisoners after the surrender.

A KANSAN DENOUNCES THE U. D. C.

J. M. Dunsmore, of Thayer, Kans., who is known as the "Bald Hornet of Neosho," made a speech at the annual Reunion of the G. A. R. October 2 in Erie, Kans., in which he criticises the Daughters of the Confederacy, whom he declares "are fostering a spirit of rebellion in the South." He said that President Taft had been forced to address an audience from a platform on which was a Confederate flag, that such a flag as this would not have been permitted in any Kansas town, and that whatever would "offend a Kansas audience is not fit to be displayed at any public place." He then bit-

terly denounced the Daughters of the Confederacy for erecting a monument to Wirz, whom he characterized as "an atrocious murderer of helpless captives." He heartily indorsed the action of a Kansas organization which is offering a reward "to any one who can show the name of any Southern sympathizer who suffered any molestation, indignity, or loss through any act of the Union army during the war."

Dunsmore was heartily applauded, and many of the G. A. R.'s went on the platform to shake his hand and indorse what he had said.

This account of a Kansas meeting needs no comment. Like decaying matter, it calls attention to itself and in much the same way. "Fraternity and Equality" was the rallying cry of the bloodiest revolution France has ever known, and the "sans culotte" shouted it as they watched the heads of beautiful women fall into the baskets at the guillotine. Some Federals through their orators echo this war cry, and yet do all they can to push all Southerners into the tumbrils for the ride to the executioner's block.

ONE OF BISHOP WILMER'S STORIES.

Bishop Wilmer, of Alabama, was a very straightforward man, with a faculty for saying good-naturedly sharp things to, rather than about, people, and the Washington Post prints the following anecdote in this connection:

"Soon after the Civil War Bishop Wilmer went to a Northern city to ask aid for a Confederate Orphans' Home in which he was interested. There was a dinner in his honor, and after dinner the Bishop was begged to tell a story. He replied that he hadn't a story. 'But,' he added, 'I've got a conundrum: "Why are the Southerners like Lazarus?"'

"The guests, who were all Union men, suggested many answers. The Southerners were like Lazarus because they were poor, because they ate the crumbs from the rich man's table, because—because of everything anybody could guess.

"No," said the Bishop; 'you're all wrong. We're like Lazarus because'—and he smiled blandly—'because we've been licked by dogs.'

"A roar of laughter went round at that, for the Bishop's utter unreconstructedness was always one of his charms. Everybody laughed but one man, who became indignant. 'Bishop,' he said, 'if you think we're dogs, why have you come up here for our money—for the money of dogs?'

"The Bishop chuckled. 'My friend,' said he, 'the hair of the dog is good for the bite. That's why I have come.'

PRESENTED A BEAUTIFUL FLAG TO CAMP ZOLLIFFER, OF FLORIDA.—Mrs. J. W. Cole, of St. Petersburg, Fla., presented a handsome flag to Camp Zollicoffer, of that city. The occasion was marked by beautiful music and eloquent addresses. Mrs. Cole's speech of presentation was much applauded. Mrs. Carrie Rushton read a dramatic poem.

OLDEST OF ALL CONFEDERATES DEAD.—Isaac Brock died in Waco, Tex., in September, 1909, aged one hundred and twenty-one. He was born in Buncombe County, N. C., March 1, 1788, twelve years after the Declaration of Independence and one year before the Constitution of the United States took effect. He was a veteran of three wars—1812, the war with Mexico, and was on the Confederate side in the War between the States. He also fought in the war of Texas against Mexico and fought Indians on the frontier. He was a blacksmith, but spent most of his time in hunting and trapping. He married twice, having sixteen children, four by the first marriage and twelve by the last.



THERE'S A BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

[The body of Marcus B. Allmond, A.M., LL.D., of Louisville, was laid to rest in Cave Hill Cemetery recently. The following unpublished poem, says the Courier-Journal, by Professor Allmond was read during the funeral service.]

There is a beautiful river that leads to the sea—
To the sea of the great over-yonder,
To the boundless realms of eternity
That are waiting for you and waiting for me,
To the blessed shore
Of the far evermore,
Where the loved and the lost now wander.

Some day there will come unto you, unto me,
The cry: "All aboard. Be steady."
And the bark will glide up and we'll look, and we'll see
The old pilot there, and the light of his e'e
Will shine with the sparkle of infinite glee
As he calls us o'er
To the far evermore
With his cry: "All aboard. I'm ready."

As we get then aboard and make ready to go
There'll be partings of hearts that are breaking;
There'll be friends who will weep when they see us asleep
On the bark that is going to sail the great deep.
And o'er and o'er
They'll cry from the shore
As the leave of the land we are taking.

But beautiful dreams will come to us then
As the bark goes down the river,
And we leave the daily haunts of men
To meet with our loved and lost again
On the blessed shore
Of the far evermore
In the land of the Master giver.

And when we are come again to our own
On the shores of the boundless ocean
And gather in joy about the great throne,
There'll be never a tear and never a groan
On the joyful shore
Of the far evermore
In the home of the heart's devotion.

And there with the lost now found we shall be
Awaiting the vessel's new starting,
When the friend we have left shall sail the great sea—
Come over the waters to you and to me
And 'bide on the shore
Of the far evermore
In the land that knows no parting.

O ho! for the river that leads to the sea—
To the sea of our great unknowing,
To the boundless realms of eternity

That are waiting for you and waiting for me—
To the blessed shore
Of the far evermore,
Where the loved and the lost are going.

JOSEPH BRYAN.

Since the death of this celebrated soldier, statesman, philanthropist, journalist, and financier much has been written of him and much may still be written, for it is indeed hard for mere words to do justice to such a man.

Joseph Bryan was the eighth child of John Randolph Bryan and his wife, Elizabeth Caulter Tucker. He was born August 13, 1845, at Eagle Point, his father's plantation in Gloucester County, Va.; and died at his country seat, Laburnum, near Richmond, November 20, 1908. Through both father and mother he was connected with the highest aristocracy of the State whose proud boast is that it has a native nobility inferior to none in this country or in the Old World. This "gentle blood" dominated his entire life, and his every act was influenced by its refining touch.

Elizabeth Caulter Tucker, a notable flower from the most cultured stock, was herself a beautiful, broad-minded, highly cultivated woman whose gentle dignity impressed itself upon all who came in contact with her. Devoted to husband and children, her society was their inspiration, and Joseph Bryan's after years bore the coloring given it by her dying words of advice. Though tested by both the extremes of poverty and of great wealth, he proved himself equal to all demands, guided as he was by her remembered influence.

After his mother's death, "little Joe" entered the Episcopal high school, under the charge of Rev. John McGuire, and remained there till the beginning of the war. Though not sixteen when the call for troops came, young Bryan insisted upon enlisting; but as he was a very delicate lad, his father persuaded him to wait. In October, 1862, he entered the Academic Department of the University of Virginia under promise of being allowed to "go to the front" the July following. However, he broke his arm, and, impatient of the delay, entered the "Niter and Mining Bureau" to serve till the arm was strong.

In May, 1864, he had leave of absence and volunteered with the Richmond Howitzers, and with them was in the battle of Spottsylvania C. H.; later he took arms in Mosby's command, under Captain Mountjoy. He was wounded twice and sent home, returning each time as soon as healed, and from that time on was in all the daring raids and encounters of Mosby's campaign. He loved the cause devotedly, and steadfastly believed it worthy of all the pain and sacrifice made in its name.

The end of the war found Joseph Bryan not twenty and with no money to complete his education. Like many Virginia boys, he was a fine equestrian and a good judge of horses. A friend, Capt. William Glassell, of the Confederate army, suggested that they should buy government mules, Captain Glassell to provide the money and young Bryan the experience. This mule trade netted them both enough to give Bryan his academic education; later he entered the law school. Allied by blood to many of the prominent families and possessing engaging manners and a fine presence, he soon became very popular and established a lucrative practice, which was the beginning of his very successful financial career. He married Miss Isobel L. Stewart, and gradually became one of the potent factors of the money world, his success being almost phenomenal.

His hands were very full, for he had not only control of a

big manufacturing plant, but he shared the control of many large corporations, owned and ran the Times (now Times-Dispatch), was president of several industrial companies, and director in life insurance and railroad companies. Then he was actively engaged in promoting all scholastic advancement, and was a director and manager of the Jamestown Exposition. His interest in the Historical Association was very close, and he aided in every way in establishing it in Virginia. His charities were very widespread and unostentatious. It is said that he gave thousands of dollars to the veterans who were in need and thousands more for Churches and schools without distinction to sects. He loved to assemble around him in gracious hospitality his many friends, and his intimates held his home as their own. Fond of a joke, he delighted in the badinage and the quick play of wit and repartee. Having seen only the best aspect of slave life, he was still opposed to slavery, and only the fact that he thought his care to be for their good kept him a slave owner, for on his plantation the master was the friend, supporter, and defender of his servants. It was from these servants that his pallbearers were selected, and eight of them bore him to the grave.

HON. J. D. C. ATKINS.

John DeWitt Clinton Atkins was born in Henry County, Tenn., near Paris, in 1825, son of John Atkins, a successful farmer and prominent citizen. He was educated at the "Academy" at Paris under the direction of David Cochrane, an alumnus of the College of Belfast, Ireland, a famous teacher of West Tennessee. At eighteen years of age Mr. Atkins entered the then University of East Tennessee, and was graduated in 1846. Soon thereafter he entered upon the study of the law, and in due time was licensed to practice. But his tastes were in another direction. His farming interests received attention,

and in a few years he was elected and reelected a Representative in the House of Representatives, State Legislature, followed by an election to the State Senate. He was a vigilant legislator and an influential one. His next service was on the presidential electoral ticket, followed by his nomination by the Democratic party as a candidate for a seat in the Federal Congress. The opposing candidate was the Hon. Emerson Etheridge, who was already famous as an orator and canvasser. The canvass between these gentlemen attracted State-wide attention. They were alike gifted as orators and debaters, and their friends were alike active and enthusiastic. Atkins was elected by a very small majority. Two years later the contest was on again with new energy and enthusiasm. The vote was reversed, and Etheridge was elected by a majority of seven.

Two years later Atkins was elected a member of the Congress of the Confederate States, and served during the existence of that government. He was a conspicuous member of that Congress, and was undoubtedly the leading member of the House from Tennessee. Before his election to the Confederate Congress he had enlisted in the service, and was made lieutenant colonel of the 5th Tennessee Infantry.

After hostilities ceased he retired to his farm, near Paris, and patiently waited for fortune to turn in his favor. In due course he was elected (and reelected six times) a Representative in the Federal Congress, and was one of its noted leaders, serving for years on the Committee on Appropriations and for a term of two years as its chairman, where he exhibited the capacity of leadership in a way to command the applause of the country. After his last term in Congress, President Cleveland appointed him Commissioner of Indian Affairs. During his term of four years the affairs of the office were conducted with rare ability and to the satisfaction of the eminent citizen then at the head of the government.

In early life he married the charming Miss Elizabeth Porter, of Paris. She was the mother of his children. He survived her for many years, and died in 1908 at the age of eighty-three. The following inscription appears on the monument erected by his children in the cemetery at Paris: "He was so clean in his great office."

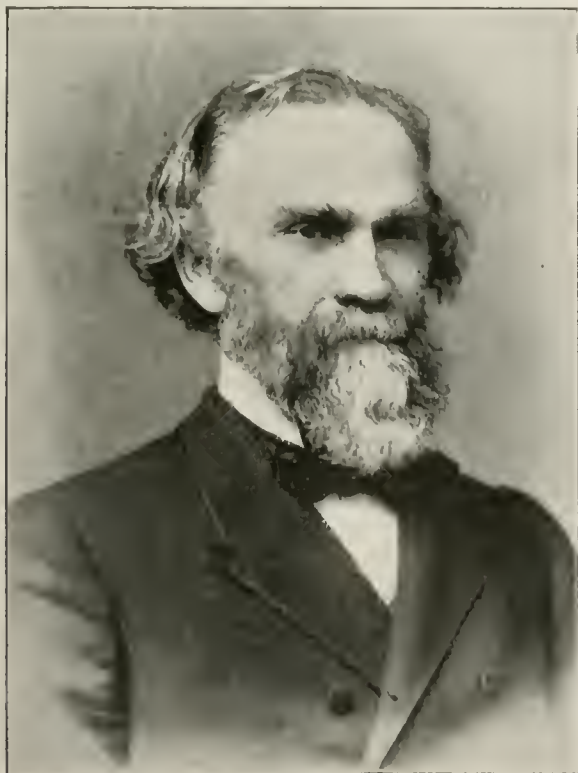
[Sketch by his neighbor and friend, Hon. James D. Porter.]

EDWIN G. BUCK.

Edwin G. Buck was born in 1840 in Warren County, Va.; and died (of cancer) August 23, 1909. At the breaking out of the war he was engaged in a successful mercantile business at Pembroke, Ky., which he relinquished and returned to the defense of his native State. In the spring of 1861 he enlisted in Company E, 7th Virginia Cavalry, of which he was orderly sergeant, and as such participated in the many engagements of that famous regiment, serving with distinction until the close of the war. He received a bullet wound in the head during the battle of the Wilderness. He was an honored member of the Masonic Lodge and William Richardson Camp, U. C. V., of Front Royal. Members of both organizations assisted at his interment in the City Cemetery on August 24.

[Data from W. E. Grayson, Commander of William Richardson Camp, No. 804.]

CARPENTER.—Samuel S. Carpenter died in Covington, Va., October 21, 1909, in his sixty-eighth year. He was first lieutenant in the celebrated Carpenter Battery, of which his brother was captain. He was assistant in the County Court Clerk's office and a respected citizen of Covington. He leaves a wife, two daughters, and three sons.



GEN. J. D. C. ATKINS.

ALEX. D. WOOD.

Lieut. Alex D. Wood died in his seventieth year at his home, in Columbia, Ala., March 24, 1909. He enlisted in Company E, 57th Alabama Regiment, under Capt. Horatio Wiley, and surrendered with Johnston's army at Greensboro, N. C.

He was a man of strong convictions and unflinching courage, and never faltered in his love of the Confederacy. He had many thrilling experiences and narrow escapes during the war, and often marched when sick, weary, and hungry.



ALEX. D. WOOD.

He was wounded in the battle of Peachtree Creek, and his brother was killed while fighting at his side in the battle of Nashville. His father gave four sons to the Confederate army, and himself served as long as his health permitted.

Lieutenant Wood was sick-furloughed home and married Eliza West, leaving her almost at once to return to the field. After the war he went into business, where his upright dealings and fairness in management made him very successful. His word was his bond, and the trust and honor of all his associates marked his business career and social life.

HENRY FREDERICK WEGNER.

Henry F. Wegner was born in 1837 in Baltimore, Md., where he received his early training and education. At the commencement of the struggle between the States he left his home and went to Richmond, Va., enlisting in Company D, 1st Maryland Infantry, which was being organized by that gallant Marylander, Capt. James D. Herbert, and who afterwards became colonel of the 2d Maryland Infantry. Comrade Wegner was always in the front where danger was at hand, and was never absent from his place on the firing line. When his term of service expired in June, 1862, without a day's delay he enlisted in Stuart's Horse Artillery, commanded by the gallant Capt. John Pelham, and received his baptism of fire as an artilleryman at Cedar Mountain, Va., on August 9, 1862. In the fall of the same year, when Capt. Pelham received his well-earned commission as Major and Chief of Horse Artillery on the staff of Maj. Gen. J. E. B.

Stuart, commanding the cavalry in the Army of Northern Virginia, it became necessary to divide the battery into two four-gun batteries to form a battalion for Major Pelham, when Lieut. James Breathed became captain of one battery and Lieut. William M. McGregor of the other. Comrade Wegner attached himself to the Breathed Battery because ninety per cent of the men in that command were from his native Maryland. On August 14, 1864, Wegner, with other Marylanders in the battery, was transferred to the Maryland Line, commanded by the late Brig. Gen. Bradley T. Johnson. After several weeks, however, finding it impossible to obtain a mount, he secured a transfer to Gilmore's Battalion (the 2d Maryland Cavalry), where he secured a horse and remained with them until paroled at the close of the war.

A comrade who served with Wegner while in Breathed's Battery mentions him as being "always the same cool, intrepid, gallant soldier, who seemed to be perfectly fearless amid the death and carnage around."

Comrade Wegner died at the Maryland Line Confederate Home at Pikesville, Md., on October 5, 1909, and was buried in his family lot at Greenmount Cemetery.

W. F. SUMMERVILLE.

W. Frank Summerville, who served in the 14th Tennessee Infantry, C. S. A., died in Crittenden County, Ky., September 20, 1909. He served in the Army of Northern Virginia under Gen. Robert Hatton. From what is ascertained, although he kept no record of his service, he was in the battles of Bull Run, Gettysburg, and in that hand-to-hand contest after the mine explosion near Petersburg.

After the war was over he went to Crittenden County, Ky., and did well his part as a citizen. For years he was recognized as a most public-spirited citizen.

In a personal tribute to Comrade Summerville J. R. Finley writes: "Soon after coming to Kentucky he married Miss Minerva Moore, a noble woman, who lovingly and faithfully stood by and helped him make a success as a citizen. They were blessed with one child, J. R. Summerville, a worthy successor to his father. Both wife and son survive him."

GRIMES.—Capt. Cornelius Grimes was born in Maryland in 1841; and died of paralysis on September 30, 1909. He first enlisted in Company C, 2d Maryland Infantry, but was subsequently transferred to Company D, 1st Maryland Cavalry, C. S. A., with which he served until the close of the war, after which he had resided in Front Royal. His funeral was attended by his old comrades of William Richardson Camp, U. C. V., of which he was long the efficient Adjutant.

MULLIGAN.—Hon. John T. Mulligan, Attorney-General for the Third Judicial Tennessee District from 1870 to 1878, died in October, 1909. He was born in Scottsville, Ky., in 1839. He enlisted in the Orphan Brigade, and served throughout the war. He began the practice of law in Gallatin, Tenn., then moved to Nashville. He won distinction at the bar. He was highly educated, having been the first graduate from Bethel College, Russellville, Ky.

FANNIN.—Col. James H. Fannin, of the 1st Regiment Georgia Reserves, died in Savannah, Ga., October 23, 1909, of heart failure while riding on the street cars. Colonel Fannin was in command of the post at Andersonville and a close friend of the ill-fated Wirz, appearing for him at his trial. In 1863 he saved Father Whelan, of Macon, Ga., from death in the stockade, and was thanked by the pope for his aid to the Catholic Church.

DR. R. L. C. WHITE.

Dr. R. L. C. White was born in Lebanon, Tenn., in 1844; and died in Nashville in October, 1909. He began his education at Cumberland University in his native town. In 1862 he enlisted in the Confederate service under Col. Paul Anderson. His company, famous as the "Cedar Snags," served for a time as escort to Gen. N. B. Forrest and Gen. John B. Hood, and did some of the hard fighting of the war.

After the surrender Dr. White finished his literary course at Cumberland University and began the study of medicine, attending the University of Nashville and later the Jefferson Medical College at Philadelphia. He began the practice of medicine, but it was uncongenial to him. Soon afterwards he began his career as a writer through contributions to the Nashville Banner, using the pen name of "Paul Crimson." He became editor of the Lebanon Herald, where his beautiful use of pure English and critical faculty won him high reputation which his subsequent work along literary lines increased. He was much interested in fraternal orders, was a Thirty-Second Degree Mason, a Shriner and Odd Fellow, and was the Grand Keeper of Records and Seal for the Knights of Pythias for twenty-two years in succession.

He was the leading spirit of the Tennessee Press Association for many years. He was a charter member and wrote the constitution of the Nashville Press Club. He was a trustee both of the Howard Library (afterwards the Carnegie) and the University of Nashville. He possessed so accurate a memory that he could detect the slightest divergence in a quotation. He had decided poetic gifts, and the small volume of verse he published for his friends possessed great merit. His wife and five children survive him.

The editor of the VETERAN is grateful to the memory of Dr. White for his most distinctive prominence in the press of Nashville. Dr. White was not conspicuously popular with the masses. He did not cater to that sentiment; but he was just and a stickler for the truth in all things. The sorrow in his death was widespread, however, and a multitude who had never manifested interest in him personally realized by the shock at notice of his death the public loss. He was not active in Confederate association matters, but kept for many years framed conspicuously in his library the original flag of his company, the "Cedar Snags."

CAPT. JOHN T. WIGGINS.

A valued member of Ross-Ector Camp, U. C. V., was lost in the death of Capt. John T. Wiggins at Rusk, Tex., on May 6, 1909. He was born in North Carolina in 1834, and removed with his father's family to Rusk, Tex., in 1856. He enlisted in the Confederate army as a second junior lieutenant in Company I, 10th Texas Cavalry, in September, 1861. In March, 1862, he was elected captain upon the resignation of that officer, and upon the reorganization of the regiment at Corinth in May, 1862, he was reelected; but his health became impaired, and he resigned in June, returning home. After recuperating for a time, he reenlisted in September, 1862, as captain of Company F, 35th Texas Cavalry, in which he served until the end.

After the war Captain Wiggins was elected Tax Assessor of Cherokee County, serving for sixteen years, and it is considered that he was the best assessor the county has ever had. He was known as one of the most active Confederates of the county in preserving the history of Confederate organizations. Through his untiring efforts and with the assistance of the Frank Taylor Chapter, U. D. C., a monu-

ment stands in the Courthouse Square to the memory of the Confederate soldiers of Cherokee County. In late years he collected as far as possible the rosters of all the companies that volunteered from Cherokee County and enrolled the names in a well-bound book which was deposited in the County Court Clerk's office at Rusk and which is now frequently consulted in establishing pension claims.

Captain Wiggins was twice married, and is survived by two sons, Dr. John Wiggins, of Oklahoma, and W. N. Wiggins, of Dallas, Tex., and a sister, Mrs. D. B. Martin, of Shreveport, La. He was an officer in his Church and superintendent of the Sunday school. He faithfully performed the duties of life in all lines and has gone to his reward.

THOMAS G. CHEAIRS.

On September 15, 1909, Thomas G. Cheairs died at his home, near Spring Hill, Tenn. He was born April 11, 1843, in Maury County, Tenn.

He enlisted in Forrest's escort in February, 1863, and served until he was paroled May 18, 1865. He was General Forrest's ideal of a good soldier. Ever near his chief, he was ready to go and do whatever ordered, however dangerous it might be.

Comrade Cheairs joined Leonidas Polk Bivouac and William Henry Trousdale Camp in 1897, and was a most faithful member, always at the meetings of the Bivouac and Camp, and he never failed to attend the Reunions unless sick. He was charitable and liberal to all the Confederate associations. The Church and the community will miss him; but it was in his home and immediate family where he served best and did most. He was the companion of his aged father, Maj. N. F. Cheairs, and cared for him in declining years most beautifully. No one had more friends with the old comrades. We laid him to rest in Rose Hill Cemetery on September 17, after performing the Confederate burial service.

[From sketch by Comrade J. T. Williamson, Columbia.]

PERSON.—Maj. Richard J. Person died in Nashville in October, 1909, and was buried in Elmwood Cemetery, Memphis. Major Person was a gallant member of Cleburne's Division, having enlisted at the age of eighteen as second lieutenant in the 21st Tennessee Regiment, and was promoted to major in the 5th Confederate, a regiment which is said to have done an immense amount of heroic fighting. He was in Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Mission Ridge, and Atlanta. He was captured here and held prisoner till the close of the war. He was an honorary member of Camp A, Confederate Veterans, Memphis, also of the Confederate Historical Society of that city.

CASTLEBERRY.—Charles C. Castleberry was born in Tishomingo County, Miss.; and died suddenly in New Albany, Miss., in September, 1909. He was very young when he enlisted in the Confederate service; but he was a brave soldier under Col. W. A. Johnson, and he surrendered with General Forrest at Gainesville, Ala. His six brothers were also in the Confederate army. At the close of the war he returned to Iuka Springs, where he made a good citizen, serving his county several times as sheriff.

OXFORD.—J. L. Oxford, a member of Joseph E. Johnston's Camp, U. C. V., died in Dalton, Ga., in October, 1909. He was one of the substantial citizens of the county, a consistent member of the First Baptist Church, and an honored member of the Camp of Confederate Veterans. He leaves a wife, two daughters and three sons, and many friends to mourn his death.

MRS. BASIL W. DUKE.

Henrietta Morgan Duke, daughter of Henrietta and Calvin Morgan, was born in Lexington, Ky., April 2, 1840; and died suddenly of heart failure in Louisville October 20, 1909.

During her young life she lived in Lexington, where her bright, vivacious character, added to her wide family connection with the best people of Kentucky, made her a social power. When the war came she threw herself whole-heartedly into the cause of the South, aiding in every way the organization of hospital corps and the furthering of the South's interests. Six of her brothers wore the gray, and one, the eldest, became famous. Gen. John H. Morgan was as feared by the North as he was loved in the South.

General Morgan's chief officer and main reliance was Gen. Basil Duke; and when the marriage of this officer to his sister, Henrietta Morgan, took place in June, 1861, the tie between the two men became closer. After the war General Duke removed to Louisville, and Mrs. Duke became at once not only a social favorite but a leader in all that pertained to the Confederate cause. She was untiring in her efforts for the poor or infirm veteran. She was the founder and President of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, U. D. C., was Vice President of the National Division, and was very active in the raising of funds for our monuments, notably the one in Louisville.

She took an active part in the recent State Convention of the Kentucky Division, U. D. C., and on her return home seemed in the best of spirits. She retired seemingly in good health, but passed away in her sleep. Mrs. Duke was a woman of many lovable traits of character, and her refinement and engaging personality, added to her charity of thought and deed, made her universally beloved. In her Church, the U. D. C., in society, as well as among the poor, she was useful.

Mrs. Duke is survived by her husband (Gen. Basil Duke), her sons (Basil Duke, Jr., of the Geographical Survey, Washington, Calvin Duke, a civil engineer, and Dr. Henry Duke, of Louisville), and her daughters (Mrs. Wilbur Mathews, of New York, Mrs. Samuel Henning, of Louisville, and Mrs. Charles Ray, of Franklin, Mass.). Two brothers and a sister also survive her.

Fitting resolutions of honor and respect were adopted by the U. D. C. of Louisville, and they sent handsome floral tributes to Lexington, where Mrs. Duke was buried beside her famous brother, General Morgan.

The President of the Kentucky Division of the Daughters of the Confederacy finds it her sorrowful duty to make official notice of the sudden death in Louisville on October 20 of Mrs. Basil Duke, Honorary President of this Division and former National Vice President.

The organization at large suffers an incomparable loss, and this Division mourns with profound grief the passing of such a leader. The magnetic qualities Mrs. Duke possessed to a marked degree made easily understood the enthusiasm her brother, General Morgan, aroused in the hearts of "his men."

Mrs. Duke's grace of manner and grace of spirit, combined with a most regal bearing, made her alike the admiration and joy of all who knew her. Her knowledge of humanity, its strength and its weakness, her sureness of judgment, her loyalty and devotion, her gentleness and sweetness, her potency of influence seemed to combine all that is most desirable in woman, and her going away has left a void there is not one to fill. She has herself erected in the hearts of Kentucky women a monument to her gracious virtues that no marble of the future to her name may rival.

It is only left us to be grateful to God for the gift of such Southern womanhood to strive to emulate the many beautiful examples she has given and to carry to completion the good works that we know lay close to her heart.

[Sketch by L. McF. Blakemore, Pres. Ky. Div., U. D. C.]

A few days before Mrs. Duke's death at the Kentucky U. D. C. Convention in Hopkinsville the editor of the *VETERAN* spoke to her of the desire by Daughters that she become President General, when she promptly said that she had endured too much sorrow and had not the spirit for such responsibility.

RESOLUTIONS FROM THE RICHMOND CONFEDERATE MUSEUM.

Twice within the past month has the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, in charge of the Confederate Museum, Richmond, been called to pay tribute of respect to two prominent members outside of Virginia who as regents of their respective rooms have been identified with our work.

In the sudden death of Mrs. Henrietta Morgan Duke, wife of Gen. Basil W. Duke and sister of the late Gen. John H. Morgan, the Confederate Museum loses one of its most valued coworkers, one who exemplified in the highest degree the best type of the Southern gentlewoman, and who was ever loyal to the cause so gallantly defended by her husband and brother.



MRS. HENRIETTA MORGAN DUKE.

Living, as she did, in times that tried to the utmost the souls of all true Southerners, there was never a time when she was not ready to give herself and her gracious influences for the good of the cause which she so dearly loved.

Richmond knew her best as Regent of the Kentucky Room, and through her influence and zeal much interest has been awakened in Kentucky. The Morgan collection, which is one of the most valuable in the Museum, was donated by Mrs. Duke, and will ever be treasured as a sacred memorial of herself as well as of her noble brother, General Morgan.

Therefore be it resolved that we hereby extend to her husband and family our sincere sympathy and that this tribute of respect and love be sent to her family, spread upon the minutes of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, published in the daily papers, and in the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*.

M. P. HARRIS, *Chairman, Vice Regent for Kentucky.*

MRS. PILCHER AS REGENT OF RICHMOND MUSEUM.

It has also become our sacred duty to express our sincere sympathy to the family of Mrs. M. B. Pilcher, of Nashville, Tenn., former Regent from that State.

Taking up her work, "leading a forlorn hope" (?)—Tennessee establishing her place in the White House of the Confederacy—in two years she placed Tennessee where she belonged: in the front rank with her sister States. Indefatigable in her zeal, she had the reports of Tennessee placed in the proceedings of State Conventions of the U. D. C. When

elected President of the Division, she ably filled her place with the present Regent, Mrs. T. M. Baker. After the death of her husband, less than a year ago, she wrote: "I must not give up my work for the Confederacy, for in doing it I honor my husband, and I will work on to the end." Little did we think how soon that end would be. God blessed her in that she worked to the end; and when the summons came, it found her with duty done to God, to family, and her Southland.

Resolved, That the Confederate Memorial Literary Society tender their sympathy to her bereaved family, and that their expressions of regard be placed on the records of the Society, published in the local papers, and sent to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, our tribute to one who has faithfully served her State in the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va.

Respectfully submitted, Mrs. N. V. Randolph (Vice Regent), Mrs. John Teeffey, Mrs. W. R. Vawter.

MRS. JUDITH WINSTON PILCHER.

Mrs. M. B. Pilcher, of Nashville, who was before her marriage Miss Judith Winston, was born in Bardstown, Ky.; but the family removed in her early girlhood to Nashville, where she ever lived afterwards. As the wife of Capt. M. B. Pilcher, who was an ardent Confederate and a good citizen, prominent in business and in Church work, she was a strong help to him. Indeed, she was talented in many ways.

As agent of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association before the VETERAN was started the editor selected Mrs. Pilcher to head a chrysanthemum fair for the monument fund, which netted more than eleven hundred dollars.

She was prominently identified with U. D. C. interests in Tennessee, and was President of the State Division the past two years, until the recent election, when Mrs. Sanson, of Knoxville, daughter of General Zollicoffer, was elected.

Mrs. Pilcher was Regent for the Tennessee Room in the Confederate Museum at Richmond for some years, and Mrs. N. V. Randolph, the Vice Regent—and who has done incalculable work for Tennessee in that way—paid high tribute to her work. She was prominent in the State's best social circles.

During the Tennessee Centennial Exposition at Nashville, which will ever remain of high credit to the State and the South, Mrs. Pilcher was Chairman of the Committee on Space and Reservation in the Woman's Department. She aided in many ways the higher development of women. She was President for twelve years of the Monteagle Ladies' Association, and the reading room there was largely the result of her efforts. She was an active worker in the First Baptist Church, of which she was long a member. She is survived by three sons and a daughter, who is the wife of Hon. Beau E. Folk, Treasurer of the State of Tennessee.



MRS. M. B. PILCHER.

TAYLOR.—Dr. J. N. Taylor died at Shelbyville, Tenn., September 8, 1909. At the reunion of the Forrest Cavalry and Staff special resolutions of esteem and reverence for his memory were adopted. He was a brave comrade, a faithful husband and father, an upright citizen, an eminent physician, and a devout Christian.

BAKER.—Capt. David E. Baker, of Hampton, Carter County, Tenn., who was captain of the 3d Tennessee, was killed at Knoxville, Tenn., in September, 1909, by the explosion of dynamite used in blowing up stumps. A flying piece of wood struck him and death was almost instantaneous.

UNTO SUNRISE.

BY W. W. PINSON.

[In memory of Bishop Seth Ward, of the M. E. Church, South, who became fatally ill on a journey to Japan—"the Far East"—and died after his arrival.]

"Why sailest west?" the watchers cry.

"To reach the East," he makes reply.

The anchor weighed, the canvas spread,

The ship fares seaward, straight ahead,

Till hull and topmast sink below

The rimmed horizon's saffron glow.

"Alas! he saileth west," Love sighs.

"To win the East," Hope quick replies.

"The twilight lies that way," we said.

"'Tis dawn," the pilgrim hailed, "instead!"

Nor further parleyed, slack'd, nor veer'd,

But toward the chosen harbor steer'd.

Through mist and midnight, unafraid,

His course no storms nor surges stay'd:

Love saw the twilight coming on;

Hope smiled and whispered: "Morning dawn."

"You steer for sunset shores," we pled.

"Nay; sunrise lures me on," he said.

His calm, grave eyes with courage flamed

That all our fond misgivings shamed,

The while with eagerness he burn'd

And o'er the waste of waters yearn'd.

Love, dim-eyed, watch'd him from the shore;

Hope joy'd that morning lay before

O brother brave and prophet wise,

Thou sailor 'neath uncharted skies,

For thee nor space, nor dawn, nor night

Could swerve the needle point of right;

Nor friends, nor home, nor native land

Could duty's pilot wheel command.

Love knows thy course was chosen true;

Hope cheers that thou hast held it through.

Grief-dumb, we gaze as one that dreams

Adown the sunset lane of beams,

Aghast that darkness falls so soon,

Like sudden midnight come at noon;

When, lo! a signal flashes far,

Beneath the calm of evening star,

Of Harbor, Home, and Morning fair

For storm-beat sailors anchored there:

Whereat Love's muffled minor dies,

And Hope, exultant, shouts: "Sunrise!"

BURIAL OF MARGARET DAVIS HAYES.

Beautiful with all the solemnity of simplicity were the ceremonies of October 30, 1909, with which the ashes of Margaret Davis Hayes were laid under the sod of Hollywood, where the restless river James will sob her perpetual requiem. One by one the sleepers have been gathered in this burial plot till now the list is closed, and all the family of the South's great chieftain are in this "Bivouac of the Dead."

Mrs. Margaret Hayes died in Colorado Springs July 18 and her urned ashes were placed in a vault there till now, when, accompanied by husband and children, she has made the long journey to be sorrowfully laid in the city she loved.

The funeral car was met at the station at Richmond by delegations from the Veterans and Sons of Veterans, and by them the casket was carried to St. Paul's Church, where she had worshiped as a child.

The dark velvet of the bier was hidden by the draping battle flag of the Confederacy, against which shone a huge cross of blue violets and snowy lilies of the valley. The altar was a mass of bloom in the significant red and white, gifts of individuals who loved her for her own sake, and of Camps and Chapters who loved her for the cause she represented. The "Davis Memorial" was also sweet with blossoms, and on the Winnie Davis tablet rested a beautiful wreath, and the Davis pew, in which the family sat, was marked with a large cluster of white flowers tied with the red and white.

The beautiful Episcopal ritual for the dead was read by Rev. Robert W. Forsythe, rector of St. Paul's. He was assisted in the service by Archdeacon John W. Moncure, Rev. John D. Gravatt, of Holy Trinity Church, Rev. Landon R. Mason, of Grace Church, Rev. Gilby C. Kelly, of Broad Street Methodist Church, Rev. J. Calvin Stewart, of the Presbyterian Church, and Rev. George W. McDaniel, of the First Presbyterian Church.

The processional was "For all the saints who from their labors rest," and "How firm a foundation," which was the favorite hymn of Mr. Davis and which was sung at all the funerals of his family, was beautifully rendered by sweet-voiced singers, and as the sorrowful procession passed down the aisle the choir softly sang "Abide with Me," which has marked every interment in the Hayes family.

On leaving the church the officiating clergy were followed by the long line of honorary pallbearers, who were from the highest and noblest of Richmond's manhood, then the white-haired veterans of R. E. Lee and George E. Pickett Camps, next the family and the active pallbearers in charge of the flower-hidden casket, the Daughters of the Confederacy, the Memorial Association, and the Historical Association.

At the cemetery many hundreds stood with sorrowfully bowed heads as the last child of the Confederate President was reverently lowered into a grave made beautiful with evergreens and sweet with a wealth of fragrant flowers.

"Now the laborer's task is o'er;
Now the battle day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping."

MALONE.—J. M. Malone, a Confederate veteran and for forty years a resident of Brownsville, Tenn., died in that city October 11, 1909, aged seventy-one. A widow and five children survive him.

CAPT. WM. A. CAMPBELL.

On October 27, 1909, in Columbus, Miss., after a long period of declining health, William A. Campbell answered the last roll call and joined the ranks of those faithful soldiers who have won the crown.

Comrade Campbell was a true soldier of the Confederacy and also of the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ, and his life was devoted to the defense and upholding of truth and right. He was born in Franklin County, Tenn., near Winchester, in 1836. He was a descendant of the noble clan Campbell of which the Dukes of Argyle are the hereditary head and which has stood in Scotland for the crown and covenant of Jesus Christ and against the encroachments of kings and priests. His immediate ancestors were Lairds of Dennaboden House in the North of Ireland, so that he came legitimately by his fighting blood. His father was Arthur Campbell and his mother Virginia Young, a typical Southern lady.

His family moved to Memphis when William was a child, and after his father's death moved to Columbus, Miss., in 1851.



WILLIAM A. CAMPBELL.

There he was in business until 1861. When the call to arms in defense of the South was made, he responded with enthusiasm. He enlisted in Captain Fort's company of Muldrow's Regiment of Cavalry. He was made orderly sergeant of the company, and under Generals Forrest and Wheeler he served to the end, never missing a roll call of his company.

After the war he went into business in Columbus; but in 1871 he removed to Memphis, where he engaged in business until 1879. He was there during the terrible epidemic of yellow fever in 1878, and as a member of the Howard Association he rendered service as valiant as any when a soldier in battle.

In 1879 he returned to Columbus and engaged in business until his failing health forced his retirement. In 1891 he was married to his cousin, Miss Alicia Campbell, of Nashville. She was a true-hearted sympathizer with him in all his aims and ideals. Her death in October, 1908, was an affliction which hastened his own death.

For many years he was a ruling elder and clerk of session of the Presbyterian Church in Columbus. It could be truly

said that his highest aim in life was to make his Church a true exponent of the gospel and a blessing to the entire community. He was a consistent Christian.

His devotion to the Confederacy never wavered, and he strove to keep fresh in the hearts of the Southern people the memory of those great principles for which he fought and of those heroic souls who gave their lives for the cause.

[The foregoing is from a sketch by James H. McNeilly, D.D. In all of Comrade Campbell's articles for the *VETERAN* there was a vein of humor which was ever pleasing. There are sketches by him yet to be published.]

H. C. THRUSTON, "TALLEST MAN IN THE WORLD."

The "Texas giant and the world's tallest man" died at the home of his son Edward in Mount Vernon, Tex., soon after his return from the last Confederate Reunion in Memphis, Tenn., at the age of seventy-nine years.

In 1832 there migrated from South Carolina and settled in the western portion of Morgan County, Mo., then sparsely settled, a family remarkable for its uplifting and moral influence and for the physical stature of its men. Five sons ranged in height from six feet six inches to seven feet seven and a half inches. When the great war began, the family espoused the cause of the South, and its members never faltered until the end came. In the spring of 1861 George Butler, who married a Miss Thruston, organized the Morgan County Rangers, and was elected its captain, with Sid Thruston as a lieutenant, Hal Thruston a sergeant, and H. C. Thruston as a private.

When the Federal General Lyons invaded Missouri, he broke up the Legislature and drove the Governor, Claiborne F. Jackson, from the Capitol. He also took prisoners a company of State Guards in St. Louis, shot down women and children in the streets, and proclaimed that the blood of women and children should run as water before Missouri should go out of

the Union. Jim Lane and Jennison, the noted Kansas Jay-hawkers, were commissioned officers of the United States army, although the government had pursued them all over Kansas, and their leader, John Brown, had been captured at Harper's Ferry, Va., and executed. These outlaws advanced at the head of the United States troops, and plundered and burned as they went.

The Morgan County Rangers, eighty strong, went forth under Captain Butler to defend their homes and property. Mrs. Butler upon a cot was carried into the streets of Versailles, Mo., to say farewell to the company; and when our gallant captain, with streaming eyes and frame quivering with emotion, parted with her, she was calm as a summer's evening, caressed him, and told him to go and fight for his country and remember he was from South Carolina. She soon passed away. Somewhere in the South in an unmarked soldier's grave is Colonel Butler. It is "Fame's eternal camping ground."

H. C. Thruston remained with the State Guards until after the battle of Pea Ridge, in which Joe Thruston, a nephew, was killed. The Missouri troops, under Generals Van Dorn and Price, were ordered east of the Mississippi River. In one of the fights after this H. C. Thruston was well in advance. The enemy was camped near a house from which a woman ran out shrieking: "Run, boys, run; the woods are full of them." Tom Tipton, a noble boy who was shortly afterwards killed, called out to her: "Go in the house and get under the bed, or you will be killed." About that time Thruston caught sight of their major running, and fired upon him. The major lived long enough to tell that he saw the man who shot him while "standing upon a stump." After that we were transferred to the 4th Missouri Cavalry, Marmaduke's command, then at Batesville, Ark., and soon we started the Cape Girardeau raid. John Q. Burbridge was lieutenant colonel under Col. W. I. Preston. The next day we were on dress parade; and when Colonel Preston gave the command, "Attention!" he ordered Thruston to "get off that stump." He gave this command the second time; but as nobody moved, he drew his saber and declared: "I will make you obey orders." He came running right at Thruston and said: "What are you standing on?" Thruston replied: "I am standing on the ground." Thruston was afterwards wounded in the side at Poison Springs, Ark., and, strange to say, a bullet grazed the top of his head on Price's Missouri raid.

Our command surrendered at Shreveport, La., on June 7, 1865. I had lost sight of Thruston until the Reunion at Dallas in 1902. When I saw him, I ran up to him and grabbed his hand, unable to speak. He looked down and said: "Old fellow, I am sure glad to see you." We last met at the Abilene Fair in 1907 with our old comrade, Joe W. Eubanks.

J. M. Chism, of Albany, Tex., sends the above in some reminiscences of his company, the Morgan County (Mo.) Rangers, in which he served with Comrade Thruston, who bore the title of colonel after the war. At a Confederate Reunion in Jefferson City about thirty years ago, when Gen. George W. Gordon, of Memphis, Tenn., was a member of Congress from Memphis, he was the orator of the day. There was not a Confederate flag to be seen in the city; but Comrade Thruston marched at the head of the long, long column carrying the stars and stripes, escorted by Harvey W. Salmon, of Clinton, Mo., and S. A. Cunningham, of Nashville, Tenn.

With Thruston's arms extended straight from the shoulders these medium-sized men could stand under them erect with their derby hats untouched.

It is perhaps due to the vicious methods of reconstruction



H. C. THRUSTON.

in Missouri after the war that there is even now a scarcity of Confederate flags in St. Louis, to which the Republic referred some time ago with the mistaken idea that Confederates in Missouri were indifferent to them.

THE "STARS AND BARS" WILL BE CHERISHED.

The St. Louis Republic of September 19 has an editorial about "the stars and bars," in which it asserts that a man from Mexico, Mo., searched the stores of St. Louis in vain to find a Confederate flag. From this fact the editor concludes that the loyalty of the South is waning. He says that the South continues true to the individual heroes, but has grown less than lukewarm to the Confederate government; that now if a veteran wishes to purchase a flag he buys not the stars and bars, but the stars and stripes; that to the veteran the cause he fought for is as vague as the memory of the love of his youth "hid in Death's dateless night."

A man does not stand upon the street corner and cry aloud to every passer-by to listen to the dearest inspirations of his heart; but when with friends these memories, which are his precious heritage, are fondly talked over and the dear dead past is the link that binds them closer together. Forget the Confederacy? forget the cause for which they suffered and under like conditions would suffer again? The cause is not "lost" to the South any more than the child who has passed to the beyond is "lost" to the mother's heart.

ADDITIONAL U. D. C. PROCEEDINGS.

GREETING TO DAUGHTERS BY JUDD MORTIMER LEWIS.

The daughters of the men who wore the gray,
Who yesterday—it seems like yesterday—
Went charging to the belching cannon's mouth
And cheered and died for their beloved South!
Who flung aloft their banners with a cheer,
And, scorning shot and shell and death and fear,
Charged on and on, and with their latest breath
Flung loud defiance in the face of death!
We greet you here, you daughters of brave men.
When shall the world look on their like again?
When shall the world look on their like again?
Where are the lips to speak or where the pen
To tell the glory of the deeds they dared,
To tell the roughness of the roads they fared,
To tell the veneration of the South?
For them, her heroes, grief may droop the mouth
For a short moment for our heroes dead.
The while we twine a wreath to deck the bed
They rest in now, then memories arise
Of their brave deeds and brighten in our eyes.

Daughters of heroes, it is yours to lay
The twined wreaths above their voiceless clay;
To sing their deeds, so that the sons of men
Shall know their greatness, so that when again
The clarion call shall send its swift alarm
Across the South our sons shall wake and arm
Themselves and swiftly rush to front the foe,
Spurred by the deeds their sires so long ago
So nobly dared, war's tide to meet and stem!
We honor you, and thus we honor them.

There were personal tributes made to certain prominent Confederates. One of them was most opportune to the late Colonel Dickinson, who lay desperately wounded in the hospital at Houston.

TRIBUTE TO COL. ANDREW G. DICKINSON.

"Ladies, as Mrs. C. A. Norris, of New York, I do not feel that I have any right to 'time' on this floor; but as the daughter of Col. A. G. Dickinson, chief of staff to his cousin, Gen. Bankhead Magruder, and my mother, Sue Marshall Coleman, daughter of Nicholas D. Coleman and great-grandniece of Chief Justice Marshall, I have. My father was the only officer of rank wounded in the battle of Galveston. By his gallantry an entire convent of nuns in the line of fire was protected and saved from violence. It was by them (aided by my dear mother, who rode in a mule wagon over the swamps from Vicksburg, Miss., to Houston, Tex., with her baby—my brother, born in camp at Williamsburg, Va., with the roar of cannons as his cradle song—in her arms) that he was nursed back to life. After many years had passed, for this act of gallantry to the Catholic nuns the Queen of Spain decorated my father with the Cross of Honor. Isabella Catolica, an honor never before conferred upon a Confederate officer, and which he prized on that account.

"It was at my father's suggestion and through his influence that there is a burial place for Confederates in New York; that the Charles Broadway Rouss Camp gave the beautiful monument at Mount Hope. It was he who secured the land upon which it stands in the cemetery, and he got up the entertainment which made possible the mortuary fund which enables the veterans to be laid to rest in that beautiful spot.

"At the unveiling of Lee's monument in Richmond, Va., it was my father, the first Commander of the Confederate Camp of New York, who made it practicable for the veterans of New York to attend this ceremony by paying the expenses of all who could not afford to pay their own way and entertaining them while in Richmond. Never did I know my father to refuse help to his comrades when in need.

"My mother followed my father through the war, her children, three of them, born under the shot and shell of battle. I myself was born at San Antonio, Tex., at the surrender. My father fought from the beginning to the end of the war, surrendering San Antonio to General Merritt.

"The other day in New York City when Mrs. Parker, our President, honored my mother by making her the Second Vice



COL. AND MRS. A. G. DICKINSON.

President of the New York Chapter, she said: 'I do not accept this honor as mother or daughter of the Confederacy, but as a veteran.'

"So loyal was my father's love for his comrades that he bought his last resting place as close as possible to that of the Confederate burial plot, and to-day he lies with them at Mount Hope. When taps are sounded on Memorial Days, they are sounded between the two plots.

"Ladies, I could not let this occasion pass without letting the United Daughters of the Confederacy know, although living in the North after the war, what a loyal, true, generous son of the Southland my father always was."

After Mrs. Norris's eulogy to her father, the President General said: "Ladies, this is the praise of a loyal daughter to a loyal father who is dead, and very beautiful and to be commended. I hope more of you will follow her example."

Then Sister Esther Carlotta, of Florida, told the Convention how she had been in Richmond at the time of the unveiling of Lee's monument and heard all over Richmond of Colonel Dickinson's generosity to his Camp. Mr. S. A. Cunningham asked the privilege of the floor to pay tribute to his dead friend for whom he owed gratitude as to his own father. Mrs. Parker, President of the New York Chapter, addressed the Convention, saying she would offer the name of Mrs. A. G. Dickinson as Honorary President at the next Convention, and hoped it would be made unanimous.

THE SHILOH MONUMENT COMMITTEE U. D. C.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER, MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY,
PADUCAH, KY.

ALABAMA.—Union Springs Chapter, Union Springs, \$2.50; R. E. Rhodes Chapter, Tuscaloosa, \$2; Tuskegee Chapter, Tuskegee, \$2; Tuscumbia Chapter, \$5. Total, \$11.50.

ARKANSAS.—Lee pictures sale, \$2.50; James F. Fagan Chapter, Benton, \$1. Total, \$3.50.

CALIFORNIA.—Mrs. Pratt (personal), Sacramento, \$10; Oakland Chapter, Oakland, \$10; John B. Gordon Chapter, \$3; Gen. E. Kirby Chapter, \$5; Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, \$25; Mrs. Albert M. Stevens, \$20; Los Angeles Chapter, \$10; Wade Hampton Chapter, \$5; Mrs. Voories (personal), San Francisco, \$5. Total, \$93.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—District of Columbia, \$10.

FLORIDA.—Twelve members of Martha Reed Chapter, Jacksonville, \$3; Lee picture to Booksville Chapter, \$2.50; sale of picture to Miss Hart, \$2.50; Stonewall Jackson Camp, Gainesville, \$10; Kirby Smith Chapter, \$5; contribution from Mrs. Wilson, \$2; General Loring Chapter, C. of C., St. Augustine, \$3; contribution from State President, \$1; interest, 56 cents. Total, \$29.56.

GEORGIA.—Vienna Chapter, Vienna, \$2.50; McDonough Chapter, McDonough, \$2.50; Mrs. John W. Clark, Augusta, \$10; Mrs. L. C. Chevis, Montezuma Chapter, \$1; Augusta Chapter, Augusta, \$5; Atlanta Chapter, Atlanta, \$2.75; Mrs. John K. Ottley Chapter (personal), \$25; Charles D. Anderson Chapter, Fort Valley, \$10; two veterans through C. A. Evans Chapter, Brunswick, \$1; Ellaville Chapter, Ellaville, \$1; Louisville Chapter, Louisville, \$2; Talbotton Chapter, Talbotton, \$2.10; Mrs. John K. Ottley, Atlanta, \$2.40; C. M. Killiom, Cordele, \$5; Cordele Chapter, Cordele, \$5; Newnan Chapter, Newnan, \$2.50; Mrs. L. J. Bradley, Cartersville, \$2.50; Waynesboro Chapter, Waynesboro, \$10; Laura Rutherford Chapter, Athens, \$10; Pelham Chapter, Pelham, \$2.50; Atlanta Chapter, Atlanta, \$25; Rome Chapter, Rome, \$5;

Agnes Lee Chapter, Decatur, \$5; Marshallville Chapter, Marshallville, \$1; Sidney Lanier Chapter, Macon, \$10; Mrs. Oren Gatchell, Tifton, \$1; Cedartown Chapter, Cedartown, \$5; Longstreet Chapter, Gainesville, \$2; Millon Chapter, Millon, \$2; Screven County Chapter, Sylvania, \$10; Augusta Chapter, Augusta, \$10; John B. Gordon Chapter, Thomasville, \$1; Fort Tyler Chapter, West Point, \$1. Total, \$181.75.

ILLINOIS.—Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Chicago, \$25.

KENTUCKY.—F. B. Tilghman (check presented Mrs. R. W. McKinney), \$100; personal contribution from Mrs. R. W. McKinney, \$6; E. M. Bruce Chapter, Covington, \$5; by cash Mrs. R. W. McKinney, 25 cents; Lady Polk Chapter, Columbus, \$1; Frankfort Chapter, Frankfort, \$1; Lawrenceburg Chapter, Lawrenceburg, \$1; Mayfield Chapter, Mayfield, \$1; Mrs. W. C. Gray (personal), Paducah, \$1; Mrs. James Koger (personal), Paducah, \$1; Mrs. Mattie Bruce Reynolds (personal), Covington, \$1; Mrs. Sallie Bruce Morris (personal), Covington, \$1; Jefferson Davis Chapter, Guthrie, \$1; Mrs. Charlton Duke (personal), Hopkinsville, \$1; Mrs. Pearce, Earlington Chapter (personal), Madisonville, \$20. Total, \$141.25.

LOUISIANA.—Mrs. J. Hearsey, New Orleans, \$5; New Orleans Chapter, New Orleans, \$5; Louisiana Division, U. D. C., \$25. Total, \$35.

MARYLAND.—Mrs. John T. Poe, Baltimore, \$10; Baltimore Chapter, Baltimore, \$25; Annapolis Branch of Baltimore Chapter, \$5; Maryland Division, U. D. C., \$10. Total, \$50.

MISSISSIPPI.—Mississippi Division, \$100; Corinth Chapter, Corinth, \$20; Tupelo Chapter, Tupelo, \$10; J. Z. George Chapter, Greenwood, \$10; Chickasaw Guards, Houston, \$5; Private Taylor Rucks, Greenville, \$10; Kosciusko Chapter, Kosciusko, \$6; John M. Stone Chapter, West Point, \$5; College Rifles Chapter, Clinton, \$5. Total, \$170.

MISSOURI.—Independence Chapter for Lee pictures, \$20; St. Louis Chapter, St. Louis, \$138; Carleton Joplin Chapter, Caruthersville, \$20; Mrs. Anna Petee (personal), St. Joseph, \$5; Emmett McDonald Chapter, Sedalia, \$5; cash, \$5. Total, \$193.

MINNESOTA.—Robert E. Lee Chapter, Minneapolis, \$10.

NEBRASKA.—Post office order from Miss Conklin, \$1.25.

NEW MEXICO.—Joe Wheeler Chapter, Roswell, \$5.

NEW YORK.—New York Chapter, New York, \$25; Mrs. L. R. Schuyler (personal), \$5. Total, \$30.

NORTH CAROLINA.—North Carolina Division, U. D. C., \$30.60.

OHIO.—Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Cincinnati, \$10; Robert E. Lee Chapter, Columbus, \$5; proceeds of whist tournament, \$14.30; sale of picture, 50 cents; interest, \$1. Total, \$30.80.

OKLAHOMA.—Mrs. Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Purcell, \$5; Gen. Joe Wheeler Chapter, Wagoner, \$5; Stephen D. Lee Chapter, Enfanla, \$5. Total, \$15.

OREGON.—Oregon Chapter, \$20.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Philadelphia Chapter, \$15; Mrs. Elizabeth O. Lewis (personal), Philadelphia, \$5. Total, \$20.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—Eugene Opdebeeck, Charleston, \$5; Winthrop College Chapter, Winthrop, \$5; Edgely Chapter, Edgely, \$1; Mrs. C. E. Graham, Greenville, \$5; John D. Kennedy Chapter, Camden, \$5; Mrs. A. T. Smythe, Charleston, \$10; William Lester Chapter, Prosperity, \$2; Robert A. Waller Chapter, Greenville, \$5; S. D. Lee Chapter, Clinton, \$5; Charleston Chapter, Charleston, \$15; Dick Anderson Chapter, Sumter, \$5; Black Oak Chapter, Pinopolis (sale of Confederate banner), 37 cents; Drayton Rutherford Chapter, Newberry, \$5; Elliston Capers Chapter, Florence, \$5; Abbe-

ville Chapter, Abbeville, \$5; Edgefield Chapter, Edgefield, \$5; John Hames Chapter, Jonesville, \$7; Michael Brice Chapter, Blackstock, \$2; William Wallace Chapter, Union, \$5; Dixie Chapter, Anderson, \$10; St. George Chapter, St. George, \$1.35. Total, \$108.72.

TEXAS.—Mrs. Vallery Edward Austin, Galveston, \$25; Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, Galveston, \$5; check from Mrs. Austin for 1908 collections, \$213.26; check from Mrs. Austin for 1909 collections, \$30.71. Total, \$273.97.

TENNESSEE.—William B. Bate Chapter, Nashville, \$10; Mary Leland Hume Chapter, Spring Hill, \$15; Robert E. Lee Chapter, Puryear (yearly), \$5; same, friends of Puryear, \$10.20; John Sutherland Chapter, Ripley, \$5; First Tennessee Regiment Chapter, Nashville, \$25; Tennessee Division, Atlanta pledge, \$50; Gen. A. P. Stewart Chapter, Chattanooga, \$5; Fifth Tennessee Regiment Chapter, Paris, \$20; Miss Sallie Pickett, Paris, \$1; Joe Wheeler Chapter, Stanton, \$2.50; Ab Dinwiddie Chapter, McKenzie, \$2.50; J. Lauderdale Chapter, Dyersburg, \$5; picture of Lee and his generals, 50 cents; Francis M. Walker Chapter, St. Elmo, \$15; Nathan Bedford Forrest Chapter, Humboldt, \$12.50; Gen. A. P. Stewart Chapter, Chattanooga, \$2.50; Mary Latham Chapter, Memphis, \$10; John W. Thomas Chapter, Monteagle, \$5; Children Auxiliary, Law and M. Latham Chapters, \$5; Robert E. Lee Chapter, Puryear, \$5; John W. Morton Chapter, Camden, \$10; Dresden Chapter, Dresden, \$5; Bigby Gray Chapter, Mount Pleasant, \$5; G. M. Goodlett Chapter, Clarksville, \$5; Tennessee Division, U. D. C. (second half), Norfolk pledge, \$50; Stonewall Jackson Bivouac, McKenzie, \$25; Mrs. F. Z. Metcalf, Fayetteville, \$2; Mrs. O. Z. Bond, Mount Pleasant, \$2; little Miss Eleanor Folk, Nashville, \$3; Sarah Law Chapter, Memphis, \$50; Winnie Davis Chapter, Columbia, \$5; Kirby Smith Chapter, Sewanee, \$5; Musidora McCory Chapter, Jackson, \$10. Total, \$388.70.

UTAH.—Robert E. Lee Chapter, Salt Lake City, \$5.

VIRGINIA.—Richmond Chapter, Richmond, \$15; Virginia Division, U. D. C., \$38; E. D. Taylor, Richmond, \$10; Blackhorse Chapter, Warrenton, \$10; Jefferson Davis Chapter, Accomac, \$5; Dr. Harvey Black Chapter, Blacksburg, \$1; Julia Jackson Chapter, Clifton Forge, \$2.50; Withe Grays Chapter, Wytheville, \$2; Scottsville Chapter, Scottsville, \$1; Stonewall Chapter, Berryville, \$10; Warren Rifles Chapter, Fort Royal, \$2; Holston Chapter, Marion, \$1; John W. Daniel Chapter, Newport News, \$5; Mrs. G. W. Nelms on pictures, Newport News, 50 cents; Culpeper Chapter, Culpeper, \$1; Seventeenth Virginia Regiment Chapter, Alexandria, \$10; Suffolk Chapter, Suffolk, \$1; Richmond Chapter, Richmond, \$10. Total, \$125.

WEST VIRGINIA.—West Virginia U. D. C., \$25; Robert E. Lee Chapter, Fairmont, \$1.35. Total, \$26.35.

GENERAL ORGANIZATION U. D. C.

INTEREST.—January 1, 1909, \$57.99; October 1, 1909, \$76; October 2, 1909, \$11.57. Total, \$145.56.

SUMMARY.—Total collections for the year 1909, \$2,179.51; total collections for the year 1908, \$3,256.71; total collections for the years 1908 and 1909, \$5,436.22; less expense of Treasurer's office, \$6; total in hands of Treasurer, \$5,430.22.

PAMPHLETS BY MRS. STONE AND MRS. BEHAN.

Two very fine pamphlets have been received. The able report made by the President General U. D. C., Mrs. Cor-

nelia Branch Stone, at the Convention in Houston is attractively gotten out, its suggestive gray cover adding to its appearance. Mrs. Stone has given in this pamphlet a concise statement of her work covering the period of a year. She touches upon her efforts to aid the restoration of the name of President Davis to Cabin John Bridge and tells of her interesting visits to the different Divisions during their Conventions and the chief events that marked each. She feels that the prize offered for the best essay upon "The South's Part in the War between the States" should be continued, and she urges greater activity in the establishment of Children's Chapters, feeling the importance of this work. She also calls attention to the duty of placing pictures of President Davis and General Lee in the schools, as Southern children should have the influence of such eminent men to aid their mental growth. She asserts also that good Southern histories should be given them, naming several Southern writers as especially advantageous in the development of their young minds. She recommends "Heroes in Gray," by Samuel Sherrill, and a book on "Davis and Lee," which will soon be published by De Leon, the blind writer. She especially commends the CONFEDERATE VETERAN to all Chapters, Camps, and Southern people generally. She notes a change of sentiment in the North which is exemplified by the ordering of monuments or markers for Southern graves, contributions from Northern sources to the Arlington Confederate monument, the return of many captured flags, and the proposed erection at Gettysburg of a hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar monument to brave Southern dead as well as the men of his own command by Mr. Charles H. McConnell, color sergeant of the 4th Michigan Regiment of the "Iron" Brigade.

Mrs. Stone cites several constitutional questions which have been decided during the past year and submits several suggestions: (1) That the Corresponding Secretary be elected from the same city as the President; (2) that all printed matter be sent direct by the Recording Secretary (not as now) to the Corresponding Secretary, to be sent by her; (3) that the recommendations of Mrs. James B. Gannt as to the better conducting of the office of Registrar be adopted; (4) that all Chapters of the U. D. C. will hold their annual election of officers early in November, so a correct roster may be placed in the general minutes; (5) that with the consent of the Executive Board, as required, the title of "honorary associate member" be conferred upon Mr. S. A. Cunningham, of Nashville, Tenn., for his distinguished service to the Confederate cause.

Mrs. Stone thanks all her "staff" and "her Daughters" generally for their courtesy and kindness to her during her term of office, and concludes with a quotation from "Tiny Tim": "God bless everybody!"

Equally good is the other pamphlet under consideration, "Restoration of the Name of Jefferson Davis to Cabin John Bridge," written or arranged by Mrs. J. Enders Robinson, which contains all the official correspondence and all the indefatigable efforts of the distinguished president of the commission, Mrs. William J. Behan, of Louisiana, in carrying out this great work. The pamphlet also contains many important newspaper articles which have bearing upon the subject. The portraits are particularly good, the frontispiece being an excellent picture of Mr. Davis as Secretary of War, and the engraving of Mrs. Behan is especially well done. The book is published by the Confederate Southern Memorial Association of New Orleans, La., and can be obtained from them.

Additional U. D. C. matter will appear in the January issue.

JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION.

CONTRIBUTIONS BY CONFEDERATE CAMPS.

Urquhart-Gillette Camp, No. 1611, Franklin, Va.....	\$5 00
Neff-Rice Camp, No. 1194, New Market, Va.....	7 50
Bell County Camp, No. 122, Belton, Tex.....	10 00
J. J. Dickerson Camp, No. 1617, Starke, Fla.....	6 70
Sterling Price Camp, No. 1030, Fresno, Cal.....	10 00
Catawba Camp, No. 162, Hickory, N. C.....	5 00
Nassau Camp, No. 104, Fernandina, Fla.....	10 00
Joseph E. Johnston Camp, No. 1444, Farmersville, Tex.	6 00
Lomax Camp, No. 151, Montgomery, Ala.....	10 00
J. J. Whitney Camp, No. 22, Fayette, Miss.....	6 00
Bedford Forrest Camp, No. 1251, Arlington, Tex.....	5 00
William Rose McDary Camp, No. 157, Bessemer, Ala.	18 00
George W. Johnson Camp, No. 98, Georgetown.....	38 00
Camp Ben McCulloch, No. 30, Decatur, Tex.....	10 00
Camp Bedford Forrest, No. 1606, Portales, N. Mex....	5 00
Camp Marion County, No. 56, Ocala, Fla.....	5 00

CHAPTERS.

H. L. Grinstead Chapter, Camden, Ark.....	\$ 5 00
Ransom-Sherrill Chapter, Newton, N. C.....	5 00
A. A. Shuford Chapter, Hickory, N. C.....	5 00
Gen. Tyree H. Bell Chapter, Fresno, Cal.....	10 00
Cordelia Moore Chapter, Monticello, Ark.....	1 00
Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, San Francisco, Cal..	10 00
J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, Riverside, Cal.....	10 00
James F. Fagan Chapter, Benton, Ark.....	1 00

INDIVIDUALS.

Mrs. F. C. Floyd, Lockesburg, Ark.....	\$ 1 00
Lev Young, Lexington, Ky.....	1 00
Gen. James R. Rogers, Cane Ridge, Ky.....	5 00
Mrs. S. O. Laughlin, Wheeling, W. Va.....	1 00
Col. George L. Shepley, Providence, R. I.....	2 00
E. S. Honaker, Confidence, W. Va.....	1 00
C. C. Vaughan, Franklin, Va.....	1 00
J. P. Gay, Franklin, Va.....	1 00
C. G. Smith, New York City.....	2 00
Richard D. Knight, Providence, R. I.....	2 00
Miss Pauline Eckenroth, Louisville, Ky.....	2 00
A. B. Thompkins, Walton, Ky.....	1 00
Clifton R. Breckinridge, Fort Smith, Ark.....	5 00
James Sims, Ocala, Fla.....	1 00

SUBSCRIPTIONS FROM FARMERSVILLE, TEX.

W. S. Warner.....	\$1 00	J. Mart Rollins.....	\$1 00
John Murchison.....	1 00	H. W. Harris.....	1 00
J. L. Perkins.....	1 00	J. P. Hale.....	1 00
A. J. Candler.....	1 00	Jeff D. Graham.....	1 00
Ham Neal.....	1 00	E. W. Beland.....	1 00

SUBSCRIPTIONS FROM HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

Mrs. J. W. Carloss.....	\$1 00	W. D. Cooper.....	\$1 00
J. T. Johnson.....	1 00	M. C. Forbes.....	1 00
Mrs. Mary D. Callis.....	1 00	Dr. J. W. Harned.....	1 00
James Cate.....	1 00	Mrs. M. H. Wood.....	1 00
J. H. Cate.....	1 00	Mrs. U. Woodriddle.....	1 00
J. A. Eddins.....	1 00	Mrs. T. C. Clark.....	1 00
G. W. Armistead.....	1 00	Capt. Darwin Bell.....	1 00
Rev. W. L. Nourse.....	1 00	R. E. Cooper.....	1 00
J. M. Darling.....	1 00	Dr. E. H. Barker.....	1 00
Tandy D. McGee.....	1 00	Dr. F. M. Stites.....	50
G. D. Dalton.....	1 00	Waller & Trice.....	1 00
Miss Mattie E. Haydon.....	1 00	Dr. E. N. Fruit.....	50
Dr. H. H. Wallace.....	1 00	Dr. M. W. Williams.....	1 00
Dr. T. W. Blakey.....	1 00	Dr. Feirstine.....	50

Dr. A. H. Edwards.....	\$1 00	Mrs. J. B. Jackson.....	\$1 00
Dr. J. E. Stone.....	1 00	J. J. Van Cleave.....	2 00
J. H. Skany.....	50	Luther Hubbard.....	1 00
Howard Brame.....	1 00	Miss Minnie McKee.....	1 00
P. K. Redd.....	1 00	E. W. C. Edwards.....	1 00
A. W. Wood.....	1 00	Mrs. W. G. Hord.....	50
A. J. Casey.....	1 00	R. B. Hall.....	25
W. H. Boyd.....	1 00	Miss May Ware.....	50
Miss Non Walker.....	1 00	Mrs. L. McF. Blakemore.....	1 00
Mrs. J. J. Metcalfe.....	1 00	Mrs. Hunter Wood, Jr.....	1 00
Mrs. R. T. Stowe.....	50	Mrs. Tillie B. Thomas.....	1 00
Miss Annie Smithson.....	50	Mrs. Elmo Trahern.....	1 00
Mrs. D. F. Smithson.....	50	Miss Annie Fruit.....	25
F. M. Quarles.....	2 50	Alex. Henderson.....	1 00
Mrs. C. H. Garland.....	1 00	Dr. J. B. Jackson.....	1 00
Mrs. R. M. Bronaugh.....	1 00	Kress & Co.....	1 00
Ben C. Foster.....	1 00	Dr. A. H. Tunks.....	1 00
Mrs. M. B. King.....	1 00	Cook & Higgins.....	1 00
Mrs. John White.....	1 00	R. F. Rives.....	5 00
M. B. King.....	1 00	J. W. Cross.....	1 00
J. M. Dulin.....	1 00	Dr. Robert Morrison.....	1 00
Mrs. L. L. Leavelle.....	1 00	T. D. Gray.....	1 00
Charles L. Daniel.....	1 00	Dr. I. R. Paine.....	1 00
Mrs. N. S. West.....	50	C. E. Mann.....	1 00
Mrs. A. J. Casey.....	1 00	J. W. Petrie.....	1 00
Mrs. J. P. Braden.....	1 00		

SUBSCRIPTIONS FROM GEORGETOWN, KY.

Dr. John A. Lewis.....	\$5 00	W. H. Haggard.....	\$1 00
John S. Gaines.....	5 00	Will A. Gaines.....	1 00
G. C. Zeveing.....	5 00	Ed P. Halley.....	1 00
W. N. Oifutt.....	5 00	W. H. Donovan.....	1 00
Dr. G. B. Brown.....	5 00	E. M. Snaverly.....	1 00
Elley Blackburn.....	5 00	R. S. Sprakes.....	1 00
J. F. Askew.....	1 00		

The foregoing are reported by Capt. John H. Leathers, of Louisville, Ky., the Treasurer.

LIST OF SUBSCRIPTIONS SENT TO THE VETERAN.

Col. William L. DeRosset, Wilmington, N. C.....	\$20 00
L. S. Ross Chapter, U. D. C., Vernon, Tex.....	10 00
Thomas Ruffin Chapter, U. D. C., Goldsboro, N. C.....	5 00
W. C. Dodson, Atlanta, Ga.....	5 00
T. J. Bowling, Huching, Ga.....	5 00
Col. G. W. Howard, College Park, Ga.....	1 00
Rent.....	5 00

The Dick Dowling Camp, No. 107, of Houston, Tex., was left out from the list of contributors to the Davis Home Fund, as published in the October VETERAN. This Camp generously gave ten dollars, and should have been duly credited.

SENTIMENT NORTH ABOUT THE MEMORIAL.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch, after explaining that the birthplace of Jefferson Davis had been purchased for memorial purposes, commented as follows: "It will not mean that the Southern people are any the less loyal or that there is a lingering thought of disunion. It will mean simply that in the Southern memory there is a spot of living green for those who risked their all to make those beliefs a reality. Such a sentiment of personal gratitude is not at all inconsistent with loyalty to-day. It is human nature, and we who practice it with regard to our dead ought to look without disapproval on the corresponding practice by our fellow-Americans, as truly as they ever were or ever could be."

LEXINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MONTH ENDING OCTOBER 31, 1909.

Receipts.

Balance on hand, \$13,140.94.

Robert E. Lee Chapter, No. 644, U. D. C., Washington, D. C., \$100.

Mrs. J. B. Gantt, Director for Missouri, \$20. Contributed by Carlton-Joplin Chapter, No. 720, U. D. C., Caruthersville.

Miss Caby M. Froman, Director for Kentucky, \$110.90. Contributed by Winnie Davis Chapter, No. 515, U. D. C., Carlisle, Ky., \$1; Tom Johnson Chapter, No. 886, U. D. C., Princeton, Ky., \$2.50; Col. R. G. Stoner Chapter, No. 501, U. D. C., Sharpsburg, Ky., \$2; Lexington Chapter, No. 12, U. D. C., Lexington, Ky., \$5; Mary W. Price Chapter, No. 805, U. D. C., Lancaster, Ky., \$1; Alex Poston Chapter, No. 387, U. D. C., Cadiz, Ky., \$1; Joe Desha Chapter, No. 343, U. D. C., Cynthiana, Ky., \$5; Gen. Basil Duke Chapter, No. 207, U. D. C., Henderson, Ky., \$1; Joseph H. Lewis Chapter, No. 194, U. D. C., Frankfort, Ky., \$1; A. E. Reese Chapter, No. 622, U. D. C., Madisonville, Ky., \$1; Earlington Chapter, No. 1169, U. D. C., Earlington, Ky., \$1; Col. Tandy Pryor Chapter, No. 389, U. D. C., Carrollton, Ky., \$10; Paducah Chapter, No. 341, U. D. C., Paducah, Ky., \$1; E. M. Bruce Chapter, No. 1089, U. D. C., Covington, Ky., \$10; Capt. Gus Dedman Chapter, No. 522, U. D. C., Lawrenceburg, Ky., \$1; J. N. Williams Chapter, No. 805, U. D. C., Murray, Ky., \$1; Warren Grigsby Chapter, No. 346, U. D. C., Stanford, Ky., \$1; Christian County Chapter, No. 590, U. D. C., Hopkinsville, Ky., \$1; Joshua Gore Chapter, No. 1010, U. D. C., Bloomfield, Ky., \$3; Tom Barrett Chapter, No. 306, U. D. C., Ghent, Ky., \$1.20; Private Robert Tyler Chapter, No. 720, U. D. C., Hickman, Ky., \$3.20; Bowling Green Chapter, No. 104, U. D. C., Bowling Green, Ky., \$1; James Q. Chenoweth Chapter, No. 421, U. D. C., Harrodsburg, Ky., \$10; Gen. H. A. Hickman, Hickman, Ky., \$25; Mrs. Charles Semple, Louisville, Ky., \$5; Mrs. T. A. Lyons, Louisville, Ky., \$5; Mrs. Vincent Davis, Louisville, Ky., \$5; Mrs. A. W. Bascom, Owingsville, Ky., \$1; Miss Caby M. Froman, Ghent, Ky., \$2; Crepps-Wickliff Chapter, No. 332, U. D. C., Bardstown, Ky., \$1; Aston Madeira Chapter, No. 448, U. D. C., Covington, Ky., \$2.

Mrs. G. J. Grommett, Director for Illinois, \$40. Contributed by Stonewall Jackson Chapter, No. 1038, U. D. C., Chicago, Ill., \$25; Southern Club, Chicago, Ill., \$15.

Mrs. Clementine Boles, Director for Arkansas, \$19.80. Contributed by Winnie Davis Chapter, No. 849, U. D. C., Paris, Ark., \$2.50; Sterling Price Chapter, No. 158, U. D. C., Rodgers, Ark., \$1; H. L. Grinstead Chapter, No. 575, U. D. C., Camden, Ark., \$16.30.

Mrs. Ada Atkins Schooling, Director for Utah, \$7.50. Contributed by R. E. Lee Chapter, No. 732, U. D. C., Salt Lake, Utah.

Southern Cross Chapter, No. 804, U. D. C., Washington, D. C., \$10.

Sumter Chapter, No. 470, U. D. C., Livingston, Ala., \$1.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, \$6.50. Contributed by Edward Croft Chapter, No. 744, U. D. C., Aiken, S. C., \$1.50; John C. Calhoun Chapter, No. 945, U. D. C., Clemson College, S. C., \$5.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocoek, Director for Virginia, \$91. Contributed by John W. Daniels Chapter, No. 876, U. D. C., Newport News, Va., \$50; W. R. Terry Chapter, No. 580, U. D. C., Bedford City, Va., \$10; Richmond Chapter, No. 158, U. D. C., Richmond, Va., \$25; friends, \$6.

Mrs. J. W. Clapp, Director for Tennessee, \$80.35. Con-

tributed by Tennessee Division, U. D. C., \$50; R. E. Lee Chapter, No. 924, U. D. C., Puryear, Tenn., \$5; Kirby Smith Chapter, No. 324, U. D. C., Swanee, Tenn., \$5; George W. Gordon Chapter, No. 461, U. D. C., Waverly, Tenn., \$5; Zollicoffer-Fulton Chapter, No. 16, U. D. C., Fayetteville, Tenn., \$5; Russell Hill Chapter, No. 305, U. D. C., Trenton, Tenn., \$2; Joe Wheeler Chapter, No. 1077, U. D. C., Stanton, Tenn., \$1.35; John Sutherland Chapter, No. 1010, U. D. C., Ripley, Tenn., \$5; Old Hickory Chapter, No. 747, U. D. C., Dickson, Tenn., \$5.

Kate Morrison Breckenridge Chapter, No. 454, U. D. C., Danville, Ky., \$3.45.

Mrs. John W. Tench, Director for Florida, \$10. Contributed by Anna Dummett Chapter, No. 1080, U. D. C., St. Augustine, Fla.

Mrs. Lillie F. Worthington, Director for Mississippi, \$115. Contributed by Mississippi Division, U. D. C., \$50; J. Z. George Chapter, No. 228, U. D. C., Greenwood, Miss., \$25; Addison Harvey Chapter, No. 920, U. D. C., Canton, Miss., \$10; Private Taylor Rucks Chapter, No. 913, U. D. C., Greenville, Miss., \$5; Miss Nellie White, Hernando, Miss., \$15; Mrs. Lillie F. Worthington, Wayside, Miss., \$10.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, \$52. Contributed by J. K. Melver Chapter, No. 92, U. D. C., Darlington, S. C., \$5; a friend, 29 cents.

Mrs. Mary E. Wiltberger, Director for Ohio, \$10. Contributed by Robert E. Lee Chapter, No. 519, U. D. C., Columbus, Ohio.

Mrs. Joseph B. Dibrell, Director for Texas, \$45.60. Contributed by J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, No. 230, U. D. C., Wharton, Tex., \$5; Camp Buchel Chapter, No. 1121, U. D. C., Fredericksburg, Tex., \$1; Lamar Chapter, No. 258, U. D. C., Paris, Tex., \$5; Mrs. J. D. Roberdean, \$34.60.

Lewisburg Chapter, No. 316, U. D. C., Lewisburg, W. Va., \$25.

Berkeley County Chapter, No. 264, U. D. C., Martinsburg, W. Va., \$10.

Total, \$13,852.33.

Expended nothing.

WALLACE STREATER, *Treas.*

REPORT OF PENSIONERS—A REDUCTION.

J. L. Davenport, Acting Commissioner, reports the number of pensioners on August 31, 1909, as 943,828. Gains for that month were 2,105, of which 2,041 were new names. There was a loss to the roll during the month as follows: By death, 3,306; by "remarriage," 64; by "legal limitation," 95; other causes, 49. Total, 942,419.

The number of pensioners on September 30 was 942,419, showing a decrease of 1,409. The loss to the roll during September by death was 2,355.

A FEDERAL'S DELICATE TRIBUTE TO GEN. R. E. LEE.—M. F. D., born after the war and yet an ardent Southerner, writes as follows: "I went to the Vermont Soldiers' Home and talked to an old man who had gone through the war, and when he referred to the surrender he said with a light in his eyes that was a tribute to General Lee greater than anything I have ever read: 'That was the only time I ever saw General Lee.' Being a Federal, he might have used an inflection, a certain satisfaction regarding the surrender; but his remembrance of the victory was secondary to that of having seen the South's hero for the 'only time.' A man is great indeed when his enemies show him such reverence."

ON MONUMENT TO FOUNDER OF G. A. R.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN STEPHENSON

Major, Surgeon, Fourteenth Illinois Infantry Volunteers

Founder of the Grand Army of the Republic.

First Commander in Chief (Provisional), 1866.

Adjutant General, 1866-1868.

Born October 3, 1823.

Died August 30, 1871.

Dr. B. F. Stephenson was a son of James Stephenson, of South Carolina, who emigrated to Kentucky, where he met and married Margaret Clinton, of North Carolina. Dr. Stephenson was born in Wayne County, Ill., October 3, 1823.

When twenty-three years of age he read medicine with his elder brother, William, at Mount Pleasant, Iowa, attended medical lectures at Columbus, Ohio, and at Rush Medical College, Chicago, receiving his diploma from the latter institution February 7, 1850. He located at Petersburg, Ill., and built up a large practice.

On March 30, 1855, he was married to Miss Barbara B. Moore, a native of Kentucky, at Springfield, Ill.

He was among the first to offer his services to the Union, enlisting at Jacksonville, Ill. He was elected surgeon of the 14th Illinois Infantry Volunteers, commanded by Col. (afterwards Maj. Gen.) John M. Palmer. For meritorious services in the battle of Shiloh Governor Yates in February, 1862, appointed him brigade surgeon with rank of major. His term of service expired May 25, 1864, when he returned home and was mustered out June 24, 1864.

As citizen, member of a learned profession, and soldier he ranked well; but the service that places his name among the makers of history is the founding of that great order, the Grand Army of the Republic, of which he was the first (the Provisional) Commander in Chief. In January, 1866, he conceived the idea of a national society composed of honorably discharged Union soldiers and sailors, whose motto should be: "Fraternity, Charity, and Loyalty." On April 6, 1866, he mustered Post No. 1 of Decatur, Department of Illinois, Grand Army of the Republic.

The following resolution was adopted about him:

"Whereas we, the members of the Grand Army of the Republic, recognize in Maj. B. F. Stephenson, of Springfield, Ill., the head and front of the organization; be it therefore

Resolved, That for the energy, loyalty, and perseverance manifested in organizing the Grand Army of the Republic he is entitled to the gratitude of all loyal men, and that we as soldiers tender him our thanks and pledge him our friendship at all times and under all circumstances."

"This memorial is the joint tribute of a grateful nation and his loving comrades, all that are left of an army of nearly three million men (waiting for the world's good night) who are of the men who were."

The monument to Dr. Stephenson in Washington, D. C., is very handsome. The engraving herewith printed represents one of the tablets.

While Dr. Stephenson was an ardent Union man, he never forgot right regard for the people of his ancestral Southland, while his daughter, Miss Mary H. Stephenson, is one of the ablest writers on the American press, and she is ever equally ardent for the best to both sections.

DRESDEN, TENN., WANTS A MONUMENT.—The Dresden Chapter of the U. D. C. appeals to all who love the memory of that noble band who wore the gray to give some substantial token of interest by a contribution for the erection of a Confederate monument. The Chapter as a beginning subscribes one hundred dollars. They say: "Solicitors have been appointed, but do not wait for them to call. Do as you did in the long ago—volunteer and do your best, as you did on the march and on the field of battle! Give generously. This appeal is to veterans, to the sons, to the daughters, and to all who would pledge loyalty to the South, who would inscribe upon the tablets of memory and upon marble their love for the most dauntless army that the world has ever known." The officers are: Mrs. C. M. Ewing, President; Mrs. Sue F. Mooney, Chairman Monument Committee; Mrs. D. M. McElwraith, Treasurer.

LOUISIANA CONFEDERATE U. C. V. The proceedings of the Confederate veterans at the nineteenth annual convention of the Louisiana Division, held in Alexandria September 9 and 10, have been sent the VETERAN. The pamphlet is very dainty in its cover of pale gray embossed with the Southern flag. The address of Hon. R. A. Hunter is given in full, as are the report and address of T. W. Castleman, Commander of the U. C. V. Both addresses are very fine and worthy of careful reading. In the resolutions explanatory of the Association's change of Memorial Day from June 3 to April 6 the heat of June and the dearth of flowers at this season are given. The observance of June 3 by memorial services and as a legal holiday is indorsed.

POEMS FROM THE PIEDMONT—Dixie Chapter, U. D. C., of Anderson, S. C., have gathered and printed in a dainty booklet the poems of Miss Kate Cornish, a talented member of the Chapter. Miss Cornish is not Southern by birth, but she has breathed the air of the land of her adoption till every poem is tinged with the spirit of the Southland. The booklet is filled with gems, each one seemingly more fair and brilliant than the last. The lines are steeped in the perfume of poesy and have the rhythmic flow of a mountain stream. Miss Cornish has the true poetic nature. She feels the beauties she so aptly portrays, and her songs are of the heart and linger in the heart long after their reading.



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Trial and Death of Henry Wirz

Being an account of the execution of that
Confederate officer, containing the letter of his
lawyer, a full account of Andersonville Prison,
and a letter published at time of the trial by a
Federal officer, a prisoner at Andersonville,
completely exonerating Wirz.

This compilation deserves to be preserved in
permanent form. It will be read with breath-
less interest.—*The Christian Observer*, Septem-
ber 2, 1908. Price, 35 cents. Address
S. W. ASHE, 628 Hillsboro St., Raleigh, N. C.

Beautiful and Appropriate Christmas Gift



The above cut is that of the great painting of "Lee and His Generals," by George B. Matthews, of Virginia. General Marcus J. Wright indorses it as follows: "I regard it as one of the finest paintings I ever saw. The truthfulness of feature of all these great generals is most remarkable. The Lithograph copy is a most striking and accurate reproduction of the original. I hope all Confederates will procure copies." The Lithograph is in color. Size, 27 x 16 inches. State agents can make most liberal contracts. Agents wanted in every city and town in the South. Sent by mail on receipt of 55 cents. Every home should have a picture. Only a few thousand left—the plates have been destroyed, and so there will be no reproductions. Address

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It is a Household Necessity, for Burns, Scalds,
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Guaranteed to do as represented or money re-
funded. To you promptly by mail, with ex-
plicit instructions, 1 doz. 50 cents, 1/2 doz. 25
cents. Prepared only by R. W. GRAVES,
Room 269, Wood Bldg., 389 Main St., Spring-
field, Mass.

R. F. McGinty, of Fayette, Miss., in-
quires for a brother or other relative
of James Conklin, who belonged to Cap-
tain Cowan's battery, of the 1st Missis-
sippi Artillery Regiment.

A correspondent of the VETERAN asks
for a history of the Colonel Hutchenson,
of a Tennessee regiment of cavalry, who
was killed at Woodbury or Snow Hill.
He was attached to John Morgan's com-
mand.



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BROTHER

O. H. STOKES,

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Mohawk, Florida.

J. G. Pillow, of Coleman, Tex., would like to know where he can get a copy of the old book called "Boys in Gray," in which he remembers there was a poem, "Ashes of Glory."

J. W. Hardin, of Terrell, Tex., wants to hear from some survivors of the 6th Illinois and 7th Iowa Regiments, which met the 1st Mississippi and 6th Texas in battle in North Mississippi on the Wolf River.

Capt. Joseph T. Cobbs, of Angleton, Tex., writes in behalf of the widow of James K. P. Reeves, who is in need of a pension. She says her husband joined Forrest's escort in 1862 in Mississippi, and remained with that command to the close of the war. Any information of his service may be sent to Judge E. G. Atkinson, Angleton, Tex.

J. M. Gann, Secretary Trustees of Confederate Cemetery, Marietta, Ga., makes inquiry for relatives of Col. James A. McMurrey, of the 4th Tennessee Infantry, who was killed at Chickamauga. He is buried in the cemetery at Marietta, and the trustees wish to confer with his relatives about the removal of the grave, which is badly located at present.

The widow of Capt. Ben H. Atkinson, of Company B, Forrest's Cavalry, is trying to locate some members of that command who can vouch for her husband's record, since all the papers he had preserved were burned some time since. Those who remember her husband will serve her by writing to Mrs. Virginia A. Atkinson, 319 Sixth Street, San Antonio, Tex., giving their recollections of his service.

Mr. Roe Reisinger, who served in Company H, 155th Pennsylvania (Bucktail) Volunteers, residing at Franklin, Tenn., makes inquiry for a young Confederate soldier named Keen or Kean, of Hood's or Heth's troops, with whom he was sent from Gettysburg to Harrisburg, and there put in the West Walnut Street Hospital, where they were in the same ward. The young Confederate was severely wounded, and bore his sufferings with such fortitude that it is remembered by his companion so many years after. He will be glad to hear from him if still living or to get some information of his fate.



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Confederate War Pictures

BY GILBERT GAUL,
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Exquisitely reproduced in four colors, on heavy polychrome paper.

Those who love the South and her brave old veterans have desired for many years to have their courage, their devotion, their unmatched heroism, and the home life of their families crystallized on canvas. After nearly a half century this has just been done. Gilbert Gaul, of New York, was employed several years ago, and has now finished the series. It is called **With the Confederate Colors, 1861-5**, and consists of six paintings, as follows:

No. 1. Leaving Home.—Shows a typical Southern interior of the period. A lad is telling his home folks good-by. One sees the newspaper fallen to the floor, the favorite bird dog pleading intimately with his eye, the father, mother, sister, slaves—all done as if a photograph had been magically turned into colors.

No. 2. Tidings.—A pretty Southern girl is reading a letter from the front to the groups of women and slaves. A grandfather bends forward eagerly to listen, and a wounded soldier on furlough forgets his bandaged arm as he hears tidings from the firing line. A beautiful and touching picture.

No. 3. Waiting for Dawn.—A camp fire scene. The snow covers the ground. A farmhouse burns in the distance. The "enemy's" battle line glows on the horizon. A masterpiece.

No. 4. The Picket and the Forager.—Companion pieces sold as one picture. The first shows a lonely picket on duty. The second presents a bread- and chicken-laden forager

United Confederate Veterans,
Office of Commander in Chief,
Columbus, Miss., April 1, 1908.
Southern Art Publishing Co., Publishers of
Gilbert Gaul's Famous War Paintings.

Gentlemen: I congratulate you on publishing the portfolio of pictures, "With Confederate Colors," by the most distinguished painter of military subjects in this country. As an artist he is indorsed by the National Academy of Design and others of highest repute. It seems most timely that the South is at last to have pictures which are really historic documents, and which must appeal to her people, because Mr. Gaul's pictures are really a sympathetic translation of the war period. The portfolio should be not only in every Southern but in every American family. These paintings, with their pathos, their tragedy, and the great sorrow of the great war period, will perform a great duty in pointing the younger generation to avoid drifting into channels which might provoke a like repetition of our great Civil War.

With kindest wishes for the success of your praiseworthy undertaking, I am,
Yours truly,
STEPHEN D. LEE.

returning to camp after a day's excursion.

No. 5. Betting on the Flag.—The boys in blue are backing their cause with a pile of coffee in a social game of cards between the lines. Southern tobacco is the bet of the "Johnny Rebs" that the bars will be victorious. One of the most popular of the series.

Mr. Gaul's strong brush has portrayed with much realism, not their bitterness and recriminations, but their magnificent motive, their magnanimous courage, their unmatched devotion. Those who love the real values of the Old South will prize these pictures beyond price, and indeed they should appeal to every intelligent American, man or woman.

Pictures, 15x19 inches, reproducing every shade of tone and motive, and embossed so as to give perfect canvas effect. Each one is a masterpiece, depicting the courage, sacrifice, heroism, sufferings, and home life of the Southern soldier.

Realizing how essential to the success of our magazine its circulation is, we have just made a deal with the publishers of the above series of paintings, and are now offering to every loyal Southerner a proposition that, for real value and merit, has never been equaled by any other magazine. These paintings have been selling for \$3.50 each or \$17.50 per set. Here is our splendid offer: we will send your choice of any four of the series, and two years' subscription, one each, to the **CONFEDERATE VETERAN** and **TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE**, all for the sum of \$7.80, payable \$1 with your order and \$1 per month until paid. If full amount, \$7.80, is remitted with the order, we will send the whole series, making six paintings in all. Order to-day, as this order may be withdrawn at any time.

THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

Please send me your magazine and the paintings designated, as per your offer above. Incl used is \$.....

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BEFORE RICHMOND.

Grant will hurl a thunderbolt
At the heart of the world.

We shall see.

Other men have tried and failed,
Other men have blanched and quailed
Facing Lee.

What though Jackson, dear to God,
Lies beneath the battle sod.

Dark and cold?

What though Stuart to earth is laid,
Lie that won in rapid raid
Spur of gold?

Longstreet in his anguish lies;
Tears are making soldiers' eyes

Strangely dim;

And we hold our breath and say:
"Does Death's angel come this way
Seeking him?"

Yet the Lord of hosts who gave
These great chiefs our land to save
Knoweth best.

We to the last man will fight,
Doing battle for the right—
His the rest.

On then, Grant! We seek the fray;
Kill your myriads that ye may,
Crush the free;

But there are great deeds to do
Ere your mercenary crew
Passes Lee!

These verses were copied from an old English magazine published at the close of the war, and are typical of English sentiment toward the South and General Lee.

W. V. Carlock, of Goldthwaite, Tex., who served in the 32d Mississippi Infantry, Lowry's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps, wishes to make application for a pension, and asks that any surviving comrades will write him, testifying to his service.

Z. T. Hunt, of Madisonville, Tenn., who served in Company B, 50th Tennessee Infantry, enlisting at the age of fifteen and a half years, was captured at Piedmont, Va., in June, 1864, and taken to Camp Morton, where he stayed until March, 1865, being then taken to Richmond, Va., and paroled. He would like to hear from any comrades of Barracks No. 3, where he was confined during his imprisonment.

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SORE EYES USE **DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER**

AMERICAN SOUTHERN POETS



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The face expressing the bold, brave gentleman of Charleston.

These portraits have been carefully selected. ¶ Wherever honor is paid to genius this picture will be appreciated. It is so splendidly executed and is of such distinctive merit that the VETERAN is pleased to use it as a premium and confidently expects every purchaser to be delighted with its possession.

Chancellor Kirkland, of Vanderbilt University, says: "This is a beautiful piece of art, and shall be given a place on University wall with a great deal of satisfaction."

Will Allen Dromgoole, a widely known critic and writer in the South, says: "No five singers could have been more pleasingly selected. Every one is a **Southerner Good and True.**"

India prints in Sepia and Steel Plate Color. Size, 32 x 18 inches, **\$2.00.** With the VETERAN one year, **\$2.50.**

It will be given as a premium for five new subscriptions.

William H. Bailey, of Sampson City, Fla., who served with Company B, 15th Arkansas Regiment, wants to hear from any of the command now living. E. V. Notts was his captain and Dandridge McRay his colonel in the brigade of General Green.

C. B. Archer, who served in Company F, 62d Alabama Regiment, under Colonel Echols, afterwards transferred to the 21st Artillery, wishes to prove his record, and to that end asks that any surviving comrades will write to W. R. Ramage, of Texarkana, Ark., giving what information they can of his service. He says he was captured early in March at Fort Blakely, and was a prisoner on Ship Island when Lincoln was killed. He was paroled at the Federal hospital at Vicksburg on the 11th of May, 1865, while his regiment was paroled a little later at Meridian, Miss.

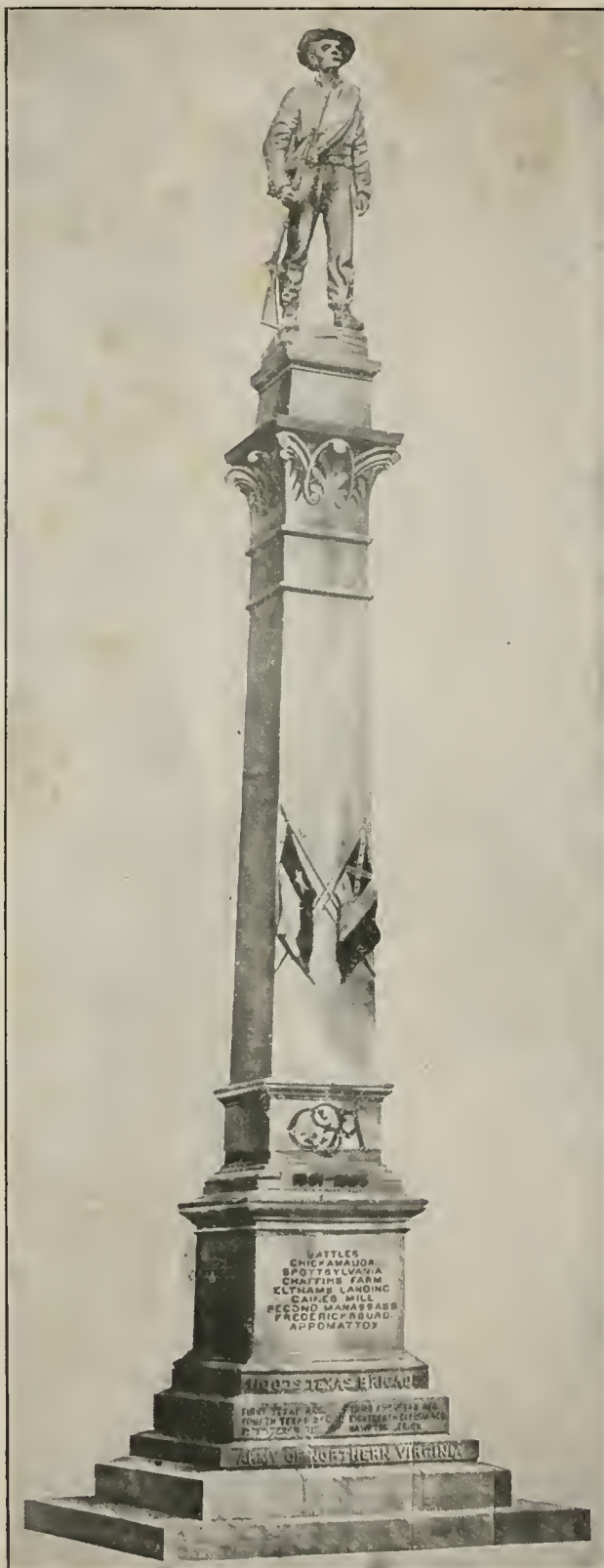
A. C. Oxford, of Birmingham, Ala., has a great many back numbers of the VETERAN, as well as complete volumes from 1900 to date, which he wishes to dispose of at the regular price. Write him of what you need.

Referring to the article in the VETERAN for September by J. N. Potts, in which mention is made of Gen. "Mudwall" Jackson, Dr. M. S. Browne, of Winchester, Ky., writes: "My purpose is to correct Comrade Potts as to the Jackson to whom the objectionable epithet 'Mudwall' was applied. It was given to Gen. Alfred E. Jackson, of Jonesboro, Tenn., and not to Gen. William H. Jackson, of Tennessee (I infer that William H. was meant instead of William L.), who was conspicuous where Forrest rode, and never served in East Tennessee and Southwest Virginia, I think."

P. O. Keen, of Pine Level, Fla., has all the copies of the VETERAN since January, 1894, which he wishes to dispose of. Those who wish to make up a file should write him at once.

H. Behrend, of Huntington, W. Va., is anxious to secure some information of his father's service in the Confederate army, knowing only that he was a member of the Florenz Guards. The father's name was Elon Behrend, and his native State was _____.

Mrs. W. J. Travis, of Tullahoma, Tenn., has a collection of war relics consisting of guns, swords, pistols, cannon balls, canteens, etc., which she wishes to dispose of at a reasonable price. Her husband was a Confederate soldier and had secured quite a collection of these relics before his death.



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IN the April issue of the VETERAN we announced that we had sold monuments to 37 U. D. C. Chapters, and called the attention of the Daughters to our proposition to furnish the different Chapters with our plans for raising funds for Confederate monuments.

In response to this advertisement we have received numerous requests from Chapters throughout the South, each of whom we have gladly furnished with plans. These Chapters are now on the high road to success, and several of them have already placed their orders with us.

Since our last advertisement our list of Chapters sold has been increased from 37 to 53, the following new Chapters having been added: Franklin, N. C., El Dorado, Ark., Monticello, Ga., McDonough, Ga., Jacksonville, Ala., Dresden, Tenn., Ozark, Ala., Union City, Tenn., Tifton, Ga., Eastman, Ga., Lakeland, Fla., Griffin, Ga., Tampa, Fla., Cochran, Ga., Marianna, Ark., and a \$15,000 monument to be erected to Hood's Texas Brigade, State Capitol Grounds, Austin, Tex.

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